







BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY.

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CONTENTS.

Miss Perkapple and the Gothics' Ball,	1
Thefts from the Percy Reliques, No. I. The Boy and	113
the Mantle.—No. II. Sir Aldingar.—No. III.	By Albert Smith, 221
The Lady turned Serving Man,	390
A Go-a-head Day with Barnum,	522, 623
Captain Spike; or, the Islets of the Gulf, by J. Fenimore Cooper,	8, 121, 227, 365, 471, 590
Irene of Sestos, by W. G. J. Barker,	29
The Wofully Wedded, by Mary Howitt,	31
To a Moth,	44
Keeping up Appearances,	85
Winter,	119
A Bacchanalian Vision,	By Alfred Crowquill, 247
A True Love Song,	364
The Ghost of a Story about a Ghost,	458
The Holster Pistol,	557
Shots from an Old Six-Pounder, by Portfire,	45
The Shakspeare Album,	50
The Broken Vow, by Mrs. Romer,	51
Address to the New Year, 1847,	62
A Visit to the Old Cemetery of St. John's,	
Nuremberg,	65
Curiosities of Nuremberg.	By H. J. Whitling, 199
A Ramble among the Hills and Valleys of	
Switzerland,	511
The Palmer's Trial,	By Captain Bracegirdle, 69
The Midnight Dirge,	256
The Flâneur in Paris, by the Author of "Second Love."	70, 453
The Old Storm King,	78
Honest and Happy,	By G. Linnæus Banks, 141
To Ellen,	318
Queen Elizabeth and her Dancing Chancellor,	79
Nelson and Caraccioli,	142
The Spanish Succession and Spanish Marriages,	By D. W. C. Taylor, 246
The Massacre of St. Bartholomew,	500
A Merchant-Prince of the Middle Ages,	
Brian O'Linn, by the Author of "Wild Sports of the West,"	91, 152, 257, 413
Sketch of Thomas Ingoldsby,	103
The Little Match Girl,	105
An Episode in the Life of Ole Bull,	By H. Andersen, 272
Grandmother's Story about a Darning Needle,	508
Poets, Places, and Pensions, a Gossip with William Howitt,	106
The White Rose, by "The Old Major,"	118
How will it look? by H. T. Craven,	150
Speculation; a Tale of a Bank, by John Parsons Hall,	166
A Game at St. Stephen's Chapel, by the late Rt. Hon. George Canning,	176
My Wedding Suit, by G. Browne,	177
A Gossip upon Christian Names, by Mrs. Mathews,	185
Reminiscences of the late Bishop of Norwich, by one of his Daughters,	194, 311
Lucretia; or, The Children of Night,	204

	PAGE
The Two Enthusiasts, by John Hamilton Reynolds,	209
The Wars of the Fronde,	213
King Charles of Spain,	220
Laugh with Nature, } By the Rev. George Aspinall,	271
The Old Orchard Plot, }	435
A Sentimental Journey through Normandy, by Odard,	274, 395, 528
A Rencontre with some Bachtiani Bandits, between Ispahan and Shiraz, by the Hon. Charles Savile,	290
Biographical Sketch of Daniel Webster,	299
Festivities and Superstitions of Devonshire, by Mrs. James Whittle,	301
English Artists in Rome,	319
Jenny Lind's Letter-Bag, by a Begging-Letter Writer,	325
Spring-tide ; or, The Angler and his Friends, by Paul Pindar,	333
The First of April,	341
Whitehall and its Predecessors, by Mrs Thomson,	346
An Envable Legatee,	360
A Bishop "very considerably disguised," } By the Author of "Experiences of a Gaol Chaplain,"	436
The Hebrew, the Saracen, and the Christian,	385
A Dying Wife to her Husband,	423
Memoir of William Hickling Prescott, by William Rufus Griswold,	429
Spring, by Carlos,	451
Doings at Stamford Hill, by W. Law Gane,	465
The Little Fat Man in Grey, by Greensleeves,	492

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Don Cæsar de Bazan in Difficulties	1
Sir Christopher Hatton	79
The Boy and the Mantle	113
Louis XIV., from the Original in the Versailles Gallery	213
Death of Sir Aldingar	221
Portrait of Daniel Webster, Esq.	229
" " Jenny Lind	325
The Early-one in trouble	413
Portrait of William H. Prescott, Esq.	429
The Elopement	465
Portrait of J. F. Cooper, Esq.	533
" " Charlotte Corday	570



BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

MISS PERKAPPLE AND THE GOTHICS' BALL.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

MISS PERKAPPLE was the oldest young lady we ever knew ; and we wager the world to a China orange—which are long odds, but which, at the same time, there is no possibility of settling, even if you lose, so they may always be laid with tranquillity—that if you had known her, you would have thought the same. And we will even allow you to have lived amidst a legion of old young ladies, who had fallen back upon the calm of tracts and canaries, from the anxiety attendant upon man's insincerity.

Miss Perkapple's nose was sharp, and always got red in cold weather before anybody else's ; and she had very uncomfortable shoulders, with curious points and peaks about them, unknown in popular social anatomy. She had also great evidence of collar-bone ; and wore spectacles, with glasses of a light bluish tint : and she was accustomed to dress her hair in fanciful designs, the like of which had never been seen before—not even in the imaginative range that begins in the fashion-books and terminates on the waxen brows of hair-dressers' dummies. From these it may be conceived, by intelligent minds, that Miss Perkapple was also literary.

Not that all literary ladies are like her—very far from it. For some have white rounded shoulders ; and some have finely chiselled profiles ; and in others, nothing of red is remarkable on the features, except where it ought to be—glowing on the lips and faintly flushing on the cheeks. And there is one sweet lady whose face you could gaze upon for ever, and marvel not that, between the beauty of her floating glittering eyes and glossy braided hair and rosy mouth, and that of the sweet thoughts she can give utterance to, there should be some close analogy.

But these are not of Miss Perkapple's *clique*. For when we state that, in addition to her other characteristics, she wore gloves generally, without regard to temperature, with the tops of the fingers cut off, through which the real ones protruded, as though they had thrust themselves out, to see what was going on, like caddis-worms ; and was reported to have a fine ankle, which at times she needlessly exhibited on a footstool ; and was a beautiful figure—not a bit made up—principally from the want of any *appui* for crinoline to rest upon : when we whisper all this, it will be seen at once that Miss Perkapple belonged to the high-purposed, rather than the popular, style of literature. So, those of her class, acting on the same notion that framed the proverb, " The nearer the church the farther from Heaven," addict themselves to subjects of domestic family interest,

dependant in no small measure upon that holy state, which they have not the most remote chance of ever knowing anything about.

Perhaps Miss Perkapple was a trifle more romantic than the majority of her co-poetesses. She believed in Venice—in fact, she had a very great idea of Venice—and she had written a great many ballads to her gondolier. She had never been there; but she had a beautiful lithograph of the Grand Canal, from the title-page of a song; and a line engraving of the Piazza San Marco, cut from an Annual; and she had, moreover, read Cooper's "Bravo;" and had once seen "The Bottle Imp" acted in London, with "its bright and glittering palaces;" so that she was quite qualified to address her gondolier whenever she chose. She was also much attached to Spain, and had written of Boleros and bull-fights; and spoke of Andalusian eyes, and the sparkling Guadalquivir, and rich Aragon blood; she never said much, however, about Spanish Onions, or Castile Soap, they were too commercial to be romantic; and she touched but lightly upon Seville Oranges. But she had a pair of castanets hung up in her room, which, by the way, she could not play; and in a corner of the "Fogthorpe Messenger" she had written various Spanish ballads, in which she called thirty-shilling sherry "her golden wine of Xeres," and alluded to "The Cid," and made some hazy mention of the "Alhambra;" though, from her knowledge of the latter place being somewhat vague, albeit she had never been there, she was very nearly putting her foot in it. But what she lacked in absolute acquaintance with Spain, she made up in enthusiasm.

It must not be presumed that Miss Perkapple always lived at Fogthorpe. She had friends in London, who occasionally asked her to stay with them, and took her about to literary *soirées* at Institutions, and pointed out to her the popular writers of the day; and, although they sometimes made slight mistakes, and whispered that Mr. Thackeray was Mr. Douglas Jerrold; and called Mr. Macaulay Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett; and pointed out Mr. Edwin Landseer as Mr. Alfred Crowquill, the funny gentleman; yet, as she was not undeceived at the time, these things made Miss Perkapple equally happy. Indeed, she was determined to enjoy everything; for she had got over her Christmas literary labours, and written a seasonable tale, called "The Frost on the Window-pane," after having turned the Every-day Book inside out to find some new winter subject; all the yule logs, wassail-bowls, mistletoes, plum-puddings, holly boughs, new-year's days, and snows, having been long used up.

The friends of Miss Perkapple were most respectable tailors. Not common tailors, understand; there was no shop with little wax boys at the door; and remarkable ready-made waistcoats labelled "The Thing!" in the window. They did not throw books into railway omnibuses, nor advertise poetically, nor publish small works of fiction pertaining to their calling; such as "The Walhalla of Waistcoats," or "Paletot Palace," or "The Kingdom of Kerseymere." No. They had a quiet window with a wire gauze blind, on which their name alone appeared; and sometimes you would see a single pair of trowsers—generally of a very noisy check pattern—hanging over the blind aforesaid; and if you went in, there was Mr. Straggs, the principal, working problems on rolls of cloth with French chalk,

and mighty scissors that looked more fitted to cut off the heads of pantaloons in a pantomime, than to cut out their legs on a shop-board. There was a private entrance in the passage, too; fitted up with one of those irritable, snappish little brass knockers which always flourish on inner doors; and if you chanced to be inside when the postman attacked it from without, the sharp percussion would well-nigh make your heart leap up to your mouth—only such a start is anatomically impossible. We have hinted that the Straggses did all they could to render Miss Perkapple's visits agreeable; and they never made her more happy than when they announced to her their intention of taking her to the Gothics' Ball, which was a very gay ten-and-sixpenny affair at the Hanover-square Rooms, subject to such proper regulations as kept its visitors in the sphere of its conductors. For, as Paris has its Longchamps, so has London—or recently had—its Gothics; either being the *fête* of intelligent *costumiers* to exhibit those dresses which they wish to render most popular in the ensuing season.

The choosing of a wedding-gown was not a matter of more difficulty, than the choice of a costume was to Miss Perkapple when she decided to go. She wished to make a hit; she felt it due to her literary reputation to do so; albeit the "Fogthorpe Messenger" was not extensively read in town. And first she thought of going as the Comic Muse, but there was nothing in the dress marked enough; and she did not like the notion of being obliged to lean against a column, with a mask in her hand, all the evening, to support the character; for, although there were two columns under the royal box well adapted for such a purpose, yet the attitude, however appropriate, might become monotonous after a time. So *Thalia* was discarded.

Miss Perkapple next thought of *Sappho*; but being somewhat fluttered at a few traditionary stories respecting the fair Lesbian, she decided it would not be proper: more especially as the common world will not always look at things in an artistic spirit; and as an artistic spirit, like charity, will cover any amount of impropriety, this is unfortunate. Then she thought of going *poudrée*, after some of the sketches from the Queen's Ball in the "Illustrated News:" but, although a white wig sets off a pretty face, it is fearfully trying to even one of ordinary mould; and spectacles of light blue tint don't improve the general effect. Her glass hinted this to Miss Perkapple very mildly, and the powder was abjured.

She ran over a variety of other costumes, including the cheap and popular one of the plaid scarf and Scotch bonnet, to typify any Highland lassie in general: the favourite Plantagenet tunic of pink cotton velvet trimmed with white rabbit-skin: the *Marquise*, with the habit and whip. She knew that with a two-shilling tambourine an *Esmeralda* could be got up at a small expense, but her hair was not long enough to plait down her back; it would only make two little horns, and she mistrusted false tails. It would be so awkward if one was to come off. At last she remembered that her pink satin dress might be turned to good account. It was a little *passé*, to be sure, but deep flounces of black lace would hide its weak points, and she could go as a Spanish girl. She could also "support the character"—a conventional notion connected with fancy balls—with great effect; and quote her own Spanish poetry. How very nice!

The evening came at last, and Mr. Straggs, in tight red legs and pointed shoes; and Mr. J. Straggs as a white mousquetaire; and Miss Straggs after the Marie Antoinette of Madame Tussaud, together with Miss Perkapple as the Cachucha, all got into a coach; followed by Mr. Spong, who paid attentions to Miss Straggs, and went all alone by himself, in a Hansom's cab, as a Crusader. With a beating heart she gave her ticket to the George the Second nobleman at the door, and they then went up-stairs and entered the room.

"What enchantment!" said Miss Straggs, as the gay scene broke upon them. "I scarcely know whether I am on my head or my heels."

Miss Perkapple blushed deeply as she thought upon the terrible effect one of those positions might produce. But she replied:

"How gorgeously brilliant! don't speak to me."

And hereon Miss Perkapple fell into apoetic reverie, and thought of something for the "Fogthorpe Messenger," beginning:

"I pace the gay and glittering scene,
And feel thou art not there;"

And then she ran over, mentally, "queen, green," "between, mien"—that was good—"my altered mien:" having got which rhyme, she proceeded to build the line up to it, which is a safe plan in writing poetry—proceeding

"And shudder at my altered mien;"

and was going to finish with "and look of blank despair," when Mr. Straggs hoped she would stand up in a quadrille with him, just then forming. So she left the "Lines to ——" for a little while, and took her place.

The programme of the evening's dances was printed on a card, with places to pencil down the engagements. Perhaps it carried out the name of the ball better than any others of its components; for there were "Spanish dances," and "Country dances," in the middle of the evening; and "Polka quadrilles" and a "Cellarius waltz," and other Terpsichorean vagaries, which savour more of the dancing academy than the drawing-room. And some of the company bowed to their partners, and to the corners when they began; and others, in the Polka, did fandango figures, and launched into wild intricacies and attitudes. But there only were two Polkas down on the card; for the Gothics preferred the good old steady quadrille. Their notions of the *Valse à deux temps* were limited; and the Post-Horn Galoppe was beyond them altogether. One or two graceless *debardeurs*, who had been used to faster things, expressed audible disapprobation at the arrangements. But when one of the stewards came up, and intimated his astonishment at their vulgarity, their discontent was soon knocked on the head, and the Gothics immediately looked on the *debardeurs* with much contempt—their notions of them being indistinct, but rather tending to the belief that they were foreigners who had come in their shirt sleeves.

To the Spanish dance Miss Perkapple looked anxiously forward. She was always very great in it; and as most old young ladies are indefatigable dancers, she calculated upon making an effect in her

Cachucha costume ; and when Mr. Straggs introduced her to a Spanish nobleman, who she learned was Don Cæsar de Bazan, a thrill passed through her frame. She took his arm, and they wandered down-stairs for refreshment.

"Have you travelled this last autumn?" asked Miss Perkapple, with her most insinuating tones.

"I was from London two months," replied Don Cæsar.

"In sunny Spain?" inquired the lady softly, as she looked at the cavalier from his plumed hat to his boots. "Seville?"

"No—Rosherville," answered the Don.

Miss Perkapple, fortunately for her feelings, did not know where Rosherville was ; and she would not shew that she was ignorant. So she played with her coffee, lifting spoonfulls out of her cup to bale them in again.

"Your dress is charming," continued the lady : "so tasteful—so exact ! Where did it come from?"

And Miss Perkapple concluded that the sun of Madrid had gleamed upon it.

"It is from Nathan's," replied De Bazan. Miss Perkapple did not know in what department of Spain the *locale* was situated. "Your costume is also most characteristic," continued her companion, who had learned what it was from the pictures of Duvernay.

"I am glad you like it," answered Miss Perkapple—"a simple thing, but correct in detail." And she advanced her foot a little way beyond the lowest lace flounce. "But I adore everything Spanish,—don't you? Its eyes and mantillas——"

"Its onions and liquorice," said the Don.

"Playful fellow!" thought Miss Perkapple. "What a nice sense of the ludicrous he possesses! how cleverly he banters. May I trouble you to put my cup down," she added, aloud.

Don Cæsar rose, and did as he was requested with infinite grace. Miss Perkapple was enchanted, and thought she had never before seen so efficient a stem for the tendrils of her young heart to cling to. His figure—his dark moustache—his air altogether—were perfect. "Can it be possible that I love again?" she thought. And then she sighed as she recollected the faithless editor of the "Fogthorpe Messenger," who had printed all her poetry in the top left hand corner of the last page, and which he must have seen was addressed to himself ; and all the time was courting the Doctor's daughter, whom he ultimately married.

The Spanish dance was performed, and Miss Perkapple's share in its mazes was unequalled. Nobody else could come up to the spirit of her attitudes ; she bounded forward in the true Andalusian fashion, and swung round her *vis-a-vis*, and beat audible time with her feet to call attention to them, and in the waltz-poussette was especially great, turning her head alternately to the right and left as she went round ; in fact, as a coarse-minded Polka nobleman observed, who was looking on, she was all legs and wings like an untrussed chicken. But the anti-confidential style is that which old young ladies greatly incline to, and very different to the present acknowledged one ; which we take to be — figures in tolerable approximation ; heads over each other's right shoulder ; your left arm extended well out from the side as the hand sustains your partner's right and keeps it

almost on a level with the top button of your waistcoat ; her left hand on your shoulder ; a well-kept short *deux-temps* step, and then—go-a-head. But the Gothics don't try that yet.

Supper came ; and under the influence of the champagne, and lights, and feathers, and spangles, Miss Perkapple believed in all the fairy tales she had ever read ; and she established a great flirtation with Don Cæsar de Bazan, who engaged himself to her for all kinds of dances. For she was entertaining in her conversation, and the Don was at the same time somewhat overcome by her flattering speeches. And she introduced him to Miss Straggs, whilst she danced with the Crusader lover, and all went merry as a marriage-bell—if that announcement of the addition of two more victims to a popular delusion can be considered so. But though she was anxious to get the Don to dance the last quadrille on the programme with her, she could not prevail on him to stay. He *must* go he said ; he had business—great business of importance to transact before he retired to rest, and must tear himself away. Miss Perkapple admired him more than ever : what could he be ? An *attaché* ; or perhaps a literary gentleman on a newspaper, and that a London one !

The time of parting arrived ; and when Don Cæsar had wished her adieu, Miss Perkapple enjoyed the revelry no more. She went up to the Royal box, and gazing on the festive triflers below, thought how fleeting was happiness, and quoted some of Medora's lines to herself, until the last dance upon the card arrived—The British Navy Quadrille—and the Straggses prepared to depart. Shawls were recovered ; coaches called ; and, in the cold grey of morning, amidst a mob of early risers who were loitering round the door to watch the company out, they drove away.

Miss Perkapple thought but on one subject—the partner of the evening ; and, with her eyes closed, pretended to be asleep as she conjured up his image before her. But she was aroused from her reverie by a laugh from Mr. Straggs, and a cheer in the streets, as if from boys, which somewhat startled her. Looking from the windows a spectacle met her own pair that well nigh brought on a fit of hysterics. They were in a West End thoroughfare ; and there, in front of a shop—a common normal grocer's shop—was Don Cæsar de Bazan, as he had appeared an hour previously, taking down the shutters to the delight of a crowd of boys on the pavement, who were madly dancing about him. Some unprovoked assault upon his cloak caused him to turn sharply round as the hackney-coach passed, and Miss Perkapple saw that he had only one moustache ! The other had been danced off in the last polka, and was now lying on the floor of the Hanover-Square Rooms ; for he had trusted to composition instead of springs, which latter had set him so sneezing that he had well nigh blown his head off before he came. As he turned, his eye caught Miss Perkapple's. Despite the cold air of morning he blushed crimson, and shot the shutter he held down a grating under the window with a precipitancy that looked as if he would have given worlds to have gone down after it ; after which he rushed into the shop and disappeared behind a monster coffee grinder, but whether he merely hid for the moment, or committed suicide by throwing himself into it, remained a mystery.

The spell had been too rudely broken : and Miss Perkapple saw

that the secret of his anxiety to "leave the halls of dazzling light" was fully explained. She suppressed the cry that rose to her lips as well as she was able, and pulling her shawl over her head, at the great peril of her cachucha comb, and the—shall we say it!—and the back plait attached to it, was alone in her misery. For Mr. Straggs had kindly gone in the cab by himself to let Mr. Spong ride with the beloved object of his heart, and of course they were only occupied with one another; and Mr. J. Straggs's white mousquetaire costume was too small for him, so that he had been in an ill-temper all the evening, and scarcely spoken to anybody, and therefore our heroine felt as only old young literary ladies can feel under such circumstances.

The discovery was so cruel! Had she seen him reeling from the contiguous posada—it was a gin-shop in common language—followed by his brawling companions it would have been something; or if he had attacked one of the bulls, who were going by on their way to Smithfield, it would still have been in character; despite the cold, she would have waved her handkerchief from the window in passing recognition. But shutters! dreary things only used to close shops, and carry accidents of unromantic character upon; her very soul revolted from the association. To be sure even that would have been nothing in Madrid; but in London that was quite another thing. For the glamour of distance—both of time and space—that makes poetic temperaments conceive Swiss girls and Vivandières to be beautiful creations, and invests 'prentices of the middle ages with more ennobling attributes than those of the present time, had great sway over Miss Perkapple.

The blow was never recovered. The next day Miss Perkapple looked forlorn and deserted: and when she did look so it was to a remarkable extent. Her friends put it down to fatigue: but she alone knew whence the chill upon her heart arose. London had lost all its charms for her: the Cachucha dress became a *souvenir* of by-gone happiness, as mad brides, in affecting stories, gaze upon the faded orange-blossoms that tell of brighter hours. She retired early to her room, and began some touching "Stanzas for Music," but her spirits failed her, and after another immature attempt at "The Spirit Weary, a sonnet," she went to bed.

The day after that she left London. Her visit had a marked effect upon her writings. It is said that no author is worth half-a-crown a-page until he has been in love or difficulties; and Miss Perkapple felt that for one bright evening in her life's gloom she had been the former. Hitherto she had, in the manner of her class, described hapless flirtations entirely from imagination—except that with the editor, which could scarcely be called one—creating her lovers on purpose to be deserted by them; but now her genius took a more decided turn. The "Fogthorpe Messenger" was, in consequence, a gainer thereby; and the Spanish Ballads became a great feature in its columns, for they told so plaintively of wretched hopes and happier hours.

Indeed, they are about to be collected for re-publication, by subscription, with a preface by Miss Perkapple, stating that "many of her friends—in this instance, she fears, too partial ones—have urged her to the venture." But she is at present undecided as to whether they shall be dedicated to "The Spanish Legion" or "The Memory of the Past."

CAPTAIN SPIKE;

OR,

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

"The western wave was all a flame,
 The day was well-nigh done,
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright sun :
 When that strange ship drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the sun."

The Ancient Mariner.

CHAPTER III.

AT that hour on the succeeding morning, when the light of day is just beginning to chase away the shadows of night, the Molly Swash became visible within the gloom of the high land which surrounds so much of the Bay of Hempstead, under easy sail, backing and filling, in order to keep within her hiding place, until a look could be had at the state of things without. Half an hour later she was so near the entrance of the estuary as to enable the look-outs aloft to ascertain that the coast was clear, when Spike ordered the helm to be put up, and the brig to be kept away to her course. At this precise moment, Rose appeared on deck, refreshed by the sleep of a quiet night, and with cheeks tinged with a colour even more delicate than that which was now glowing in the eastern sky, and which was almost as brilliant.

"We stopped in this bit of a harbour for the night, Miss Rose, that is all," said Spike, observing that his fair passenger was looking about her, in some little surprise, at finding the vessel so near the land, and seemingly so much out of her proper position. "Yes; we always do that when we first start on a voyage, and before the brig gets used to travelling. Don't we, Mr. Mulford?"

Mr. Mulford, who knew how hopeless was the attempt to mystify Rose, as one might mystify her credulous and weak-minded aunt, and who had no disposition to deal any way but fairly by the beautiful, and in one sense now helpless, young creature before him, did not think fit to make any reply. To offend Spike he did not dare, more especially under present circumstances, and mislead Rose he would not. He affected not to hear the question, therefore, but issuing an order about the head-sails, he walked forward as if to see it executed. Rose, herself, was not under as much restraint as the young mate.

"It is convenient, Captain Spike," she coolly answered for Mulford, "to have stopping places for vessels that are wearied; and I remember the time when my uncle used to tell me of such matters, very much in the same vein, but it was before I was twelve years old."

Spike hemmed, and he looked a little foolish; but, Clench, the

boatswain, coming aft to say something to him in confidence, just at that moment, he was enabled to avoid the awkwardness of attempting to explain. This man, Clench, or Clinch, as the name was pronounced, was deep in the Captain's secrets, far more so than was his mate, and would have been filling Mulford's station at that very time, had he not been hopelessly ignorant of navigation. On the present occasion, his business was to point out to the Captain two or three lines of smoke that were visible above the waters of the Sound in the eastern board, one of which he was apprehensive might turn out to be the smoke of the revenue craft from which they had so recently escaped.

"Steamers are curiosities in Long Island Sound, Clench," observed the Captain, levelling his glass where the smoke looked most suspicious;—"that must be a Providence or Stonington chap, coming west, with the Boston trains."

"Either of *them* would have been farther on by this time, Captain Spike," returned the doubting, but watchful boatswain. "It's a large smoke, and I fear it is the revenue fellow coming back, after having had a look well to the eastward, and satisfying himself that we are not to be had in that quarter."

Spike growled out his assent to the probability of such a conjecture, and promised vigilance. This satisfied his subordinate for the moment, and he walked forward, or to the place where he belonged. In the meantime, the widow came on deck, smiling and snuffing the salt air, and ready to be delighted with anything that was maritime.

"Good morning, Captain Spike," she cried; "are we in the offing yet? You know I desired to be told when we are in the offing, for I intend to write a letter to my poor Mr. Budd's sister, Mrs. Sprague, as soon as we get to the offing."

"What is the offing, aunt?" inquired the handsome niece.

"Why, you have hardly been at sea long enough to understand me, child, should I attempt to explain. The offing, however, is the place where the last letters are always written to the owners and to friends ashore. The term comes, I suppose, from the circumstance that the vessel is about to be off, and it is natural to think of those we leave behind at such moment. I intend to write to your aunt Sprague, my dear, the instant I hear we are in the offing, and, what is more, I intend to make *you* my amanuensis."

"But how is the letter to be sent, aunty? I have no more objections to writing than any one else, but I do not see how the letter is to be sent. Really the sea *is* a curious region, with its stopping places for the night, and its offings to write letters at!"

"Yes, it is all as you say, Rose, a most remarkable region is the sea! You will admire it, as I admire it, when you come to know it better; and as your poor uncle admired it, and as Captain Spike admires it too. As for the letters, they can be sent ashore by the pilot, as letters are always sent."

"But, aunty, there *is* no pilot in the Swash, for Captain Spike refused to take one on board."

"Rose!—you don't understand what you are talking about! No vessel ever yet sailed without a pilot, if, indeed, any *can*. It's opposed to the law not to have a pilot; and now I remember to have heard your

dear uncle say, it was not a voyage if a vessel didn't take away a pilot."

"But if they take them away, aunty, how can they send their letters ashore by them?"

"Poh! poh! child; you don't know what you're saying; but you'll overlook it, I hope, Captain Spike, for Rose is quick, and will soon learn to know better. As if letters could not be sent ashore by the pilot, though he was a hundred thousand miles from home! But, Captain Spike, you must let me know when we are about to get off the Sound, for I know that the pilot is always sent ashore with his letters before the vessel gets off the Sound."

"Yes, yes," returned the Captain, a little mystified by the widow, though he knew her so well, and understood her so well. "You shall know, ma'am, when we get off soundings, for I suppose that is what you mean."

"What is the difference? Off the Sound, or off the soundings, of course, must mean the same thing. But, Rosy, we will go below and write our letters at once, for I see a light-house yonder, and light-houses are always put just off the soundings."

Rose, who always suspected her aunt's nautical talk, though she did not know how to correct it, was not sorry to put an end to it now by going below and spreading her own writing materials, in readiness to write, as the other dictated. Biddy Noon was present, sewing on some of her own finery.

"Now, write as I tell you, Rose," commenced the widow.

"My dear sister Sprague.—Here we are at last, just off the soundings, and light-houses all around us, and so many capes and islands in sight, that it does seem as if the vessel never *could* find its way through them all. Some of these islands must be the West Indies—

"Aunty, that can *never* be!" exclaimed Rose. "We left New York only yesterday."

"What of that? Had it been old times, I grant you, several days might be necessary to get a sight of the West Indies; but, now when a letter can be written to a friend in Boston, and an answer received in half an hour, it requires no such time to go to the West Indies. Besides, what other islands are there in this part of the world? They can't be England."

"No, no," said Rose, at once seeing that it would be preferable to admit they were the West Indies. So the letter went on.

"Some of these islands must be the West Indies, and it is high time we saw some of them, for we are nearly off the Sound, and the light-houses are getting to be quite numerous. I think we have already past four since we left the wharf. But, my dear sister Sprague, you will be delighted to hear how much better Rose's health is already becoming."

"My health, aunty! why, I never knew an ill day in my life!"

"Don't tell me that, my darling; I know too well what all these deceptive appearances of health amount to. I would not alarm you for the world, Rosy dear, but a careful parent—and I am your parent in affection, if not by nature—but a careful parent's eye is not to be deceived. I know you *look* well, but you are ill, my child, though, Heaven be praised, the sea air and hydropathy are already doing you a monstrous deal of good."

As Mrs. Budd concluded, she wiped her eyes, and appeared really glad that her niece had a less consumptive look than when she embarked. Rose sate, gazing at her aunt in mute astonishment. She knew how much and how truly she was beloved, and that induced her to be more tolerant of her connection's foibles than even duty demanded. Feeling was blended with her respect, but it was almost too much for her, to hear that this long, and, in some respects, painful voyage, was undertaken on her account, and without the smallest necessity for it. The vexation, however, would have been largely increased but for certain free communications that had occasionally occurred between her and the handsome mate, since the moment of her coming on board the brig. Rose knew that Harry Mulford loved her, too, for he had told her as much with a seaman's frankness; and though she had never let him know that his partiality was returned, her woman's heart was fast inclining towards him, with all her sex's tenderness. This made the mistake of her aunt *tolerable*, though Rose was exceedingly vexed it should ever have occurred.

"Why, my dearest aunt," she cried, "they told me it was on *your* account that the voyage was undertaken."

"I know they did, poor dear Rosy, and that was in order not to alarm you. Some persons of delicate constitutions—"

"But my constitution is not in the least delicate, aunt; on the contrary, it is as good as possible; a blessing for which, I trust, I am truly grateful. I did not know but that *you* might be suffering, though you do look so well, for they all agreed in telling me you had need of a sea voyage."

"I a subject for hydropathy! Why, child, water is no more necessary to me than it is to a cat!"

"But going to sea, aunty, is not hydropathy—"

"Don't say that, Rosy; do not say that, my dear. It *is* hydropathy, though on a large scale, as Captain Spike says, and when he gets into blue water, he promises that you shall have all the benefit of the treatment."

Rose was silent and thoughtful; after which she spoke quickly, like one to whom an important thought had suddenly occurred.

"And Captain Spike, then, was consulted in my case?" she asked.

"He was, my dear, and you have every reason to be grateful to him. He was the first to discover the change in your appearance, and to suggest a sea voyage. 'Marine hydropathy,' he said, 'he was sure, would set you up again,' for Captain Spike thinks your constitution good, at the bottom, though the high colour you have, proves too high a state of habitual excitement."

"Was Dr. Monson consulted at all, aunt?"

"Not at all. You know the doctors are all against hydropathy and mesmerism and the magnetic telegraph, and everything that is new or quick; so we thought it best not to consult *him*."

"And my aunt Sprague?"

"Yes, *she* was consulted after everything was settled, and when I knew her notions could not undo what had been already done. But she is a seaman's widow, as well as myself, and has a great notion of the virtue of sea air."

"Then it would seem that Dr. Spike was the principal adviser in my case!"

"I own that he was, Rosy dear. Captain Spike was brought up by your uncle, who has often told me what a thorough seaman he was. 'There's Spike, now,' he said to me one day, 'he can almost make his brig talk'—this very brig, too, your uncle meant, Rosy, and of course one of the best vessels in the world, to take hydropathy in."

"Yes, aunty," returned Rose, playing with her pen, while her air proved how little her mind was in her words. "Well, what shall I say next to my aunt Sprague?"

"Rose's health is already becoming *confirmed*," resumed the widow, who thought it best to encourage her niece by as strong terms as she could employ, "and I shall extol hydropathy to the skies, as long as I live. As soon as we reach our port of destination, my dear sister Sprague, I shall write you a line to let you know it, by the magnetic telegraph."

"But there is no magnetic telegraph at sea, aunty," interrupted Rose, looking up from the paper, with her clear, serene, blue eyes, expressing even her surprise, at this touch of the relict's ignorance.

"Don't tell me that, Rosy, child, when every body says the sparks will fly round the whole earth, just as soon as they will fly from New York to Philadelphia."

"But they must have something to fly on, aunty, and the ocean will not sustain wires or posts."

"Well, there is no need of being so particular; if there is no telegraph, the letter must come by mail. You can *say* telegraph, here, and when your aunt gets the letter, the post-mark will tell her how it came. It looks better to talk about telegraphic communications, child."

Rose resumed her pen, and wrote at her aunt's dictation, as follows:—"by the magnetic telegraph, when I hope to be able to tell you that our dear Rose is well. As yet, we both enjoy the ocean exceedingly; but when we get off the Sound, into blue water, and have sent the pilot ashore, or discharged him, I ought to say, which puts me in mind of telling you that a cannon was discharged at us only last night, and that the ball whistled so near me, that I heard it as plain as ever you heard Rose's piano."

"Had I not better tell my aunt Sprague, what is to be done when the pilot is discharged?"

"No, tell her about the cannon that was discharged, first, and about the ball that I heard. I had almost forgot that adventure, which was a very remarkable one; was it not, Biddy?"

"Indeed, Missus, and it was! And Miss Rose might put in the letter how we both screamed at the cannon, and might have been heard as plainly, every bit of it, as the ball."

"Say nothing on the subject, Rose, or, we shall never hear the last of it. So, darling, you may conclude in your own way, for I believe I have told your aunt all that comes to mind."

Rose did as desired, finishing the epistle in a very few words, for rightly enough, she had taken it into her head, there was no pilot to be discharged, and consequently that the letter would never be sent. Her short, but frequent conferences with Mulford were fast opening her eyes, not to say her heart, and she was beginning to see Captain Spike in his true character, which was that of a great scoundrel. It is true, that the mate had not long judged his commander so harshly,

but had rather seen his beautiful brig and her rare qualities, in her owner and commander, than the man himself; but jealousy had quickened his observation of late, and Stephen Spike had lost ground sensibly with Harry Mulford, within the last week. Two or three times before, the young man had thought of seeking another berth on account of certain distrusts of Spike's occupations, but he was poor, and so long as he remained in the Swash, Harry's opportunities of meeting Rose were greatly increased. This circumstance, indeed, was the secret of his still being in the "Molly," as Spike usually called his vessel, the last voyage having excited suspicions that were rather of a delicate nature. Then the young man really loved the brig, which, if she could not be literally made to talk, could be made to do almost everything else.

A vessel, and a small vessel, too, is rather contracted as to space, but those who wish to converse can contrive to speak together often, even in such narrow limits. Such had been the fact with Rose Budd and the handsome mate. Twenty times since they sailed, short as that time was, had Mulford contrived to get so near to Rose, as to talk with her unheard by others. It is true, that he seldom contrived to do this so long as the captain was in sight, but Spike was often below, and opportunities were constantly occurring. It was in the course of these frequent, but brief conversations, that Harry had made certain dark hints touching the character of his commander, and the known recklessness of his proceedings. Rose had taken the alarm, and fully comprehending her aunt's mental imbecility, her situation was already giving her great uneasiness. She had some undefined hopes from the revenue steamer, though, strangely enough, as it appeared to her, her youngest and most approved suitor betrayed a strong desire to escape from that craft, at the very moment he was expressing his apprehensions on account of her presence in the brig. This contradiction arose from a certain *esprit de corps* which seldom fails, more or less, to identify the mariner with his ship.

But the writing was finished, and the letter sealed with wax, Mrs. Budd being quite as particular in that respect as Lord Nelson, when the females again repaired on deck. They found Spike and his mate sweeping the eastern part of the Sound with their glasses, with a view to look out for enemies; or, what to them, just then, was much the same thing, government craft. In this occupation, Rose was a little vexed to see that Mulford was almost as much interested as Spike himself, the love of his vessel seemingly overcoming his love for her, if not his love of the right. She knew of no reason, however, why the captain should dread any other vessel, and felt sufficiently provoked to question him a little on the subject; if it were only to let him see, that the niece was not as completely his dupe as the aunt. She had not been on deck five minutes, therefore, and during which time several expressions had escaped the two sailors touching their apprehensions of vessels seen in the distance, ere she commenced her inquiries.

"And *why* should we fear meeting other vessels?" Rose plainly demanded, "here in Long Island Sound, too, and within the power of the laws of the country?"

"Fear!" exclaimed Spike, a little startled, and a good deal surprised at this straightforward question. "Fear, Miss Rose! you do

not think we are *afraid*, though there are many reasons why we do not wish to be spoken by certain craft that are hovering about. In the first place, you know it is war time. I suppose you know, Madam Budd, that America is at war with Mexico?"

"Certainly," answered the widow, with dignity—"and that is a sufficient reason, Rose, why one vessel should chase, and another should run. If you had heard your poor uncle relate, as I have done, all his chasings and runnings away in the war times, child, you would understand these things better. Why, I have heard your uncle say that, in some of his long voyages, he has run thousands and thousands of miles, with sails set on both sides, and all over his ship!"

"Yes, aunty, and so have I; but that was running before the wind, as he used to call it."

"I suppose, however, Miss Rose," put in Spike, who saw that the niece would soon get the better of the aunt, "I s'pose, Miss Rose, that you will acknowledge that America is at war with Mexico?"

"I am sorry to say that such is the fact, but I remember to have heard you say, yourself, Captain Spike, when my aunt was induced to undertake this voyage, that you did not consider there was the smallest danger from any Mexican."

"Yes, you did, Captain Spike," added the aunt. "You did say there was no danger from Mexicans."

"Nor is there a bit, Madam Budd, if Miss Rose and your honoured self will only hear me. There is no *danger*, because the brig has the heels of anything Mexico can send to sea. She has sold her steamers, and as for anything else under her flag I would not care a straw."

"The steamer from which we ran last evening, and which actually fired off a cannon at us, was not Mexican but American," said Rose in a pointed manner, which put Spike to his trumps.

"Oh! that steamer!" he stammered, "that was a *race*—only a race, Miss Rose, and I wouldn't let her come near me for the world. I should never have heard the last of it in the insurance office and on 'Change, did I let *her* overhaul us. You see, Miss Rose,—you see, Madam Budd,"—for Spike found it most convenient to address his mystifying discourse to the aunt, in preference to addressing it to the niece,—“you see, Madam Budd, the master of that craft and I are old cronies,—sailed together when boys, and set great store by each other. We met only last evening, just a'ter I had left your own agreeable mansion, Madam Budd, and, says he, 'Spike, when do you sail?'—'To-morrow's flood, Jones,' says I. His name is Jones—Peter Jones, and as good a fellow as ever lived.—'Do you go by the Hook, or by Hell-gate?' ”

"Hurl-gate, Captain Spike, if you please; or Whirl-gate, which some people think is the true sound; but the other way of saying it is awful!"

"Well, the captain, my old master, always called it Hell-gate, and I learned the trick from him."

"I know he did, and so do all sailors; but genteel people now-a-days say nothing but Hurl-gate or Whirl-gate."

Rose smiled at this, as did Mulford; but neither said anything; the subject having once before been so recently before them; as for ourselves, we are still so old-fashioned as to say, and write,

Hell-gate, and intend so to do, in spite of all the Yankees who have yet passed through it, or who ever shall pass through it,—and that is saying a great deal. We do not like changing names to suit their uneasy spirits.

“Call the place Hurl-gate, and go on with your story,” said the widow complacently.

“Yes, Madam Budd. ‘Do you go by the Hook, or by Whirl-gate?’ said Jones.—‘By Whirl-a-gig-gate,’ says I.—‘Well,’ says he, ‘I shall go through the gate myself in the course of the morning; we may meet somewhere to the eastward; and, if we do, I’ll bet you a beaver,’ says he, ‘I shew you my starn.’—‘Agreed,’ says I, and we shook hands upon it. That’s the whole history of our giving the steamer the slip last night, and of my not wishing to let her speak me.”

“But you went into a bay, and let her go past you,” said Rose, coolly enough as to manner, but with great point as to substance; “was not that a singular way of running a race?”

“It does seem so, Miss Rose; but it’s all plain enough when understood. I found that steam was too much for sails, and I stood up into the bay to let them run past us, in hopes they never would find out the trick. I care as little for a hat as any man; but I do care a good deal about having it reported on ‘Change that the Molly was beat, by even a steamer.”

This ended the discourse for the moment, Clench again having something to tell his captain in private.

“How much of that explanation am I to believe, and how much disbelieve?” asked Rose, the instant she was alone with Harry. “If it be all invention, it was a ready and ingenious story.”

“No part of it is true. He no more expected that the steamer would pass through Hell-gate than I expected it myself. There was no bet, or race, therefore; but it was our wish to avoid Uncle Sam’s cruisers, that was all.”

“And, why should *you* wish any such thing?”

“On my honour, I can give you no better reason, so far as I am concerned, than the fact that, wishing to keep clear of her, I do not like to be overhauled. Nor can I tell you why Spike is so much in earnest in holding the revenue vessel at arm’s length. I know he dislikes all such craft, as a matter of course; but I can see no particular reason for it just now. A more innocent cargo was never struck into a vessel’s hold.”

“What is it?”

“Flour; and no great matter of that. The brig is not half full, being just in beautiful ballast trim, as if ready for a race. I can see no sufficient reason beyond native antipathy why Captain Spike should wish to avoid any craft, for it is all humbug his dread of a Mexican; and, least of all, here in Long Island Sound. All that story about Jones is a tub for whales.”

“Thank you for the allusion; my aunt and myself being the whales.”

“You know I do mean—*can* mean nothing, Rose, that is disrespectful to either yourself or your aunt.”

Rose looked up, and she looked pleased. Then she mused in silence for some time, when she again spoke:—

"Why have you remained another voyage with such a man, Harry?" she asked earnestly.

"Because, as his first officer, I have had access to your house, when I could not have had it otherwise; and, because I have apprehended that he might persuade Mrs. Budd, as he had boasted to me it was his intention to do, to make this very voyage."

Rose now looked grateful; and deeply grateful did she feel, and had reason to feel. Harry had concealed no portion of his history from her. Like herself, he was a ship-master's son; but one better educated and better connected than was customary for the class. His father had paid a good deal of attention to the youth's early years; but had made a seaman of him, out of choice. The father had lost his all, however, with his life, in a shipwreck, and Harry was thrown upon his own resources, at the early age of twenty. He had made one or two voyages as a second mate, when chance threw him in Spike's way, who, pleased with some evidences of coolness and skill that he had shewn in a foreign port, on the occasion of another loss, took him as his first officer; in which situation he had remained ever since, partly from choice, and partly from necessity. On the other hand, Rose had a fortune, by no means a large one; but several thousands in possession from her own father, and as many more in reversion from her uncle. It was this money, taken in connection with the credulous imbecility of the aunt, that had awakened the cupidity and excited the hopes of Spike. After a life of lawless adventures, one that had been chequered by every shade of luck, he found himself growing old, with his brig growing old with him, and little left besides his vessel and the sort of half cargo that was in her hold. Want of means, indeed, was the reason that the flour-barrels were not more numerous.

Rose heard Mulford's explanation favourably, as, indeed, she heard most of that which came from him, but did not renew the discourse, Spike's conference with the boatswain just then terminating.

The captain now came aft, and began to speak of the performances of his vessel, in a way to shew that he took great pride in them.

"We are travelling at the rate of ten knots, Madam Budd," he said exultingly, "and that will take us clear of the land before night shuts in ag'in. Montauk is a good place for an offing; I ask for no better."

"Shall we, then, have *two* offings this voyage, Captain Spike?" asked Rose a little sarcastically, "if we are in the offing, now, and are to be in the offing when we reach Montauk, there must be two such places."

"Rosy, dear, you amaze me!" put in the aunt. "There is no offing until the pilot is discharged; and when he is discharged there is nothing but offing—it's all offing. On the sound is the first great change that befalls a vessel as she goes to sea; then comes the offing; next the pilot is discharged—then—then—what comes next, Captain Spike."

"Then the vessel takes her departure,—an old navigator like yourself, Madam Budd, ought not to forget the departure."

"Quite true, sir. The departure is a very important part of a seaman's life. Often and often have I heard my poor, dear Mr. Budd talk about his departures. His departures, and his offings, and his——"

"Landfalls," added Spike, perceiving that the ship-master's relict was a little at fault.

"Thank you, sir; the hint is quite welcome. His landfalls, also, were often in his mouth."

"What is a landfall, aunty?" inquired Rose; "it appears a strange term to be used by one who lives on the water,"

"Oh! there is no end to the curiosities of sailors! A 'landfall,' my dear, means a shipwreck, of course. To fall on the land—and a very unpleasant fall it is, when a vessel should keep on the water. I've heard of dreadful landfalls in my day, in which hundreds of souls have been swept into eternity in an instant!"

"Yes; yes, Madam Budd. There *are* such accidents, truly, and serious things be they to encounter," answered Spike, hemming a little, to clear his throat, as was much his practice whenever the widow ran into any unusually extravagant blunder,—“yes, serious things to encounter. But the landfall that I mean is a different sort of thing; being, as you well know, what we say when we come in *sight* of land a'ter a v'y'ge; or meaning the land we may happen first to see. The departure is the beginning of our calculations, when we lose sight of the last cape, or headland, and the landfall closes them, by letting us know where we are, at the other end of our journey, as you probably remember."

"Is there not such a thing as clearing out, in navigation?" asked Rose gravely, willing to cover a little confusion that was manifest in her aunt's manner.

"Not exactly in navigation, Miss Rose; but clearing out, with honest folk, ought to come first, and navigation a'terwards. Clearing out means going through the custom-house accordin' to law."

"And the Molly Swash has cleared out, I hope?"

"Sartain—a more lawful clearance was never given in Wall Street. It's for Key West and a market. I did think of making it Havanna and a market; but port charges are lightest at Key West."

"Then Key West is the place to which we are bound?"

"It ought to be, agreeable to papers; though vessels sometimes miss the ports for which they clear."

Rose put no more questions; and her aunt being conscious that she had not appeared to advantage in the affair of the "landfall," was also disposed to be silent. Spike and Mulford had their attention drawn to the vessel, and the conversation dropped.

The reader can readily suppose that the Molly Swash had not been standing still all this time. So far from this, she was running "down sound" with the wind on her quarter, or, at south-west, making great headway. As she was close under the south shore, or on the island side of the water she was in, the vessel had no other motion than that of her speed, and the females escaped everything like sea-sickness for the time being. This enabled them to attend to making certain arrangements necessary to their comforts below, previously to getting into rough water. In acquitting herself of this task, Rose received much useful advice from Josh, the steward, though his new assistant, Jack Tier, turned out to be a prize indeed in the cabin. The first was only a steward; but the last proved himself not only a handy person of his calling, but one full of resources,—a genius in his way. Josh soon became so sensible of his own inferiority in contributing to the

comforts of females, that he yielded the entire management of the "ladies' cabin," as a little place that might have been ten feet square was called, to his uncouth-looking, but really expert deputy. Jack waddled about below as if born and brought up in such a place, and seemed every way fitted for his office. In height, and in build generally, there was a surprising conformity between the widow and the steward's deputy,—a circumstance which might induce some to think they must often have been in each other's way in a space so small; though, in point of fact, Jack never ran foul of any one. He seemed to avoid this inconvenience, by a species of nautical instinct.

Towards the turn of the day Rose had everything arranged, and was surprised to find how much room she had made for her aunt and herself, by means of Jack's hints, and how much more comfortable it was possible to be in that small cabin than she had at first supposed.

After dinner, Spike took his *siesta*. He slept in a little state-room, that stood on the starboard side of the quarter-deck, quiet aft; as Mulford did in one on the larboard. These two state-rooms were fixtures; but a light deck overhead, which connected them, shipped and unshipped, forming a shelter for the man at the wheel when in its place, as well as for the officer of the watch, should the last see fit to use it, in bad weather. This sort of a cuddy Spike termed his "coach-house."

The captain had no sooner gone into the state-room, and closed its window, movements that were understood by Mulford, than the latter took occasion to intimate to Rose, by means of Jack Tier, the state of things on deck; when the young man was favoured with the young lady's company.

"He has turned in for his afternoon's nap, and will sleep for just one hour, blow high, or blow low," said the mate, placing himself at Rose's side on the trunk, which formed the usual seat for those who could presume to take the liberty of sitting down at all on the quarter-deck. "It's a habit with him, and we can count on it with perfect security."

"His doing so now is a sign that he has no immediate fears of the revenue-steamer?"

"The coast is quite clear of her. We have taken good looks at every smoke; but can see nothing that appears like our late companion. She has, doubtless, gone to the eastward on duty, and merely chased us as a bit of by-play on her road."

"But, *why* should she chase us at all?"

"Because we ran. Let a dog run, or a man run, or a cat run, ten to one but something starts in chase. It is human nature, I believe, to give chase, though I will admit there was something suspicious about that steamer's movements,—her anchoring off the fort, for instance. But, let her go for the present. Are you getting things right, and to your mind, below decks?"

"Very much so. The cabin is small, and the two state-rooms the merest drawers that ever were used; but, by putting everything in its place we have made sufficient room, and no doubt shall be quite comfortable."

"I am sorry you did not call on me for assistance. The mate has a prescriptive right to help to stow away."

"We did without your services," returned Rose, slightly blushing. "Jack Tier, as he is called,—Josh's assistant—is a very useful person, and has been our adviser and manager. I want no better for such services."

"He is a queer fellow, all round. Take him altogether, I hardly ever saw so droll a being; as thick as he is long, with a waddle like a duck, a voice that is cracked, hair like bristle, and knee high; the man might make a fortune as a show. Tom Thumb is scarcely a greater curiosity."

"He is singular in 'build,' as you call it," returned Rose, laughing; "but, I can assure you that he is a most excellent fellow in his way,—worth a dozen of Josh. Do you know, Harry, that I suspect he has strong feelings towards Captain Spike,—though, whether of like or dislike, friendship or enmity, I am at a loss to say."

"And, why do you think that he has any feeling at all? I have heard Spike say he left the fellow ashore somewhere down on the Spanish Main, or in the islands, quite twenty years since; but a sailor would scarce carry a grudge so long a time for such a thing as that."

"I do not know; but, feeling there is, and much of it, too; though, whether hostile or friendly, I will not undertake to say."

"I'll look to the chap now you tell me this. It is a little odd the manner in which he got on board us, taken in connexion with the company he was in; and a discovery might be made. Here he is, however; and, as I keep the keys of the magazine, he can do us no great harm, unless he scuttles the brig."

"Magazine! Is there such a thing here?"

"To be sure there is; and ammunition enough in it to keep eight carronades in lively conversation for a couple of hours."

"A carronade is what you call a gun, is it not?"

"A piece of a one;—being somewhat short, like your friend, Jack Tier, who is shaped a good deal like a carronade."

Rose smiled,—nay, half laughed; for Harry's pleasantries almost took the character of wit in her eyes; but she did not the less pursue her inquiries.

"Guns! and where are they, if they be on this vessel?"

"Do not use such a lubberly expression, my dear Rose, if you respect your father's profession. *On* a vessel is a new-fangled Americanism, that is neither fish, flesh, nor red-herring, as we sailors say,—neither English nor Greek."

"What should I say, then? My wish is not to parade sea-talk, but to use it correctly when I use it at all."

"The expression is hardly 'sea-talk,' as you call it; but every day English,—that is, when rightly used. *On* a vessel is no more English than it is nautical; no sailor ever used such an expression."

"Tell me what I ought to say, and you will find me a willing, if not an apt scholar. I am certain I have often *read* it in the newspapers, and that quite lately."

"I'll answer for that; and it's another proof of its being wrong. *In* a vessel is as correct as in a coach, and *on* a vessel as wrong as can be; but you can say *on board* a vessel, though not *on* a vessel! Not on the boards of a vessel, as Mrs. Budd has it."

"Mr. Mulford!"

"I beg a thousand pardons, Rose, and will offend no more ; though she does make some very queer mistakes."

"My aunt thinks it an honour to my uncle's memory to be able to use the language of his professional life ; and, if she do sometimes make mistakes that are absurd, it is with a motive so respectable that no sailor should deride them."

"I am rebuked for ever. Mrs. Budd may call the anchor a silver spoon, hereafter, without my ever smiling. But, if the aunt has this kind remembrance of a seaman's life, why cannot the niece think equally well of it ?"

"Perhaps she does," returned Rose, smiling again—"seeing all its attractions through the claims of Captain Spike."

"I think half the danger from him gone, now that you seem so much on your guard. What an odious piece of deception, to persuade Mrs. Budd that you were fast falling into a decline !"

"One so odious that I shall surely quit the brig at the first port we enter ; or, even in the first suitable vessel that we may speak."

"And Mrs. Budd—could you persuade her to such a course ?"

"You scarce know us, Harry Mulford. My aunt commands when there is no serious duty to perform ; but we change places when there is. I can persuade her to anything that is right in ten minutes."

"You might persuade a world !" cried Harry, with strong admiration expressed in his countenance, after which he began to converse with Rose on a subject so interesting to themselves, that we do not think it prudent to relate any more of the discourse, forgetting all about the guns.

About four o'clock of a fine summer's afternoon, the Swash went through the Race, on the best of the ebb, and with a staggering south-west wind. Her movement past the land, just at that point, could not have been less than at the rate of fifteen miles in the hour. Spike was in high spirits, for his brig had got on famously that day, and there was nothing in sight to the eastward. He made no doubt, as he had told his mate, that the steamer had gone into the Vineyard Sound, and that she was bound over the shoals.

"They want to make 'political capital' out of her," he added, using one of the slang phrases that the "business habits" of the American people are so fast and so rapidly incorporating into the common language of this country. "They want to make political capital out of her, Harry, and must show her off to the Boston folk, who are full of notions. Well, let them turn her to as much account, that a-way, as they please, so long as they keep her clear of the Molly. Your sarvant, Madam Budd," addressing the widow, who just at that moment came on deck ; "a fine a'ternoon, and likely to be a clear night to run off the coast in."

"Clear nights are desirable, and most of all at sea, Captain Spike," returned the relict, in her best complacent manner, "whether it be to run off a coast, or to run on a coast. In either case a clear night, or a bright moon, must be highly useful."

Captain Spike rolled his tobacco over in his mouth, and cast a furtive glance at the mate ; but he did not presume to hazard any further manifestations of his disposition to laugh.

"Yes, Madam Budd," he answered, "it is quite as you say, and I

am only surprised where you have picked up so much of what I call useful, practical knowledge."

"We live and learn, sir. You will recollect that this is not my first voyage, having made one before, and that I passed a happy, happy, thirty years in the society of my poor, dear husband, Rose's uncle, and the best of men! One must have been dull, indeed, not to have picked up, from such a companion, much of a calling that was so dear to him. He actually gave me lessons in the 'sea dialect' as he called it; which probably is the true reason I am so accurate and general in my acquisitions."

"Yes, Madam Budd, yes,—hem—you are—yes, you are wonderful in that way. We shall soon get an offing, now, Madam Budd—yes, soon get an offing, now."

"And take in our departure, Captain Spike," added the widow, with a very intelligent smile.

"Yes, take our departure. Montauk is yonder, just coming in sight; only some three hours' run from this spot. When we get there, the open sea will be before us, and give me the open sea, and I'll not call the king my uncle."

"Was he your uncle, Captain Spike?"

"Only in a philanthropic way, Madam Budd. Yes, let us get a good offing, and a rapping to'gallant breeze, and I do not think I should care much for *two* of Uncle Sam's new fashioned revenue-craft; one on each side of me."

"How delightful do I find such conversation, Rose! It's as much like your poor, dear uncle's, as one pea is like another. Yes, *he* used to say, too, 'let me only have one on each side of me, and a wrapper round the topgallant sail, to hold the breeze, and I'd not call the king my uncle.' Now I think of it, *he* used to talk about the king as his uncle, too."

"It was all talk, aunty. He had no uncle, and what is more, he had no king."

"That's quite true, Miss Rose," rejoined Spike, attempting to bow, which ended in a sort of jerk. "It *is* not very becoming in us republicans to be talking of kings, but a habit is a habit. Our forefathers had kings, and we drop into their ways, without thinking of what we are doing. Fore-top-gallant yard there!"

"Sir."

"Keep a bright look-out ahead. Let me know the instant you make anything in the neighbourhood of Montauk."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"As I was saying, Madam Budd, we seamen drop into our forefathers' ways. Now, when I was a youngster, I remember, one day, that we fell in with a ketch—you know, Miss Rose, what a ketch is, I suppose?"

"I have not the least notion of it, sir."

"Rosy, you amaze me!" exclaimed the aunt; "and you a ship-master's niece, and a ship-master's daughter! A catch is a trick that sailors have when they quiz landmen."

"Yes, Madame Budd, yes; we have *them* sort of catches, too; but I now mean the vessel with a peculiar rig, which we call a ketch, you know."

"Is it the full jigger, or the half jigger sort, that you mean?"

Spike could hardly stand this, and he had to hail the top-gallant-yard again, in order to keep the command of his muscles; for, he saw by the pretty frown that was gathering on the brow of Rose, that she was regarding the matter a little seriously. Luckily, the answer of the man on the yard diverted the mind of the widow from the subject, and prevented the necessity of any reply.

"There's a light of course, sir, on Montauk, is there not, Captain Spike?" demanded the seaman who was aloft.

"To be sure there is—every head-land, hereabouts, has its light; and some have two."

"Ay, ay, sir—it's *that* which puzzles me; I think I see one light-house, and I'm not sartain but I see two."

"If there is anything like a second, it must be a sail. Montauk has but one light."

Mulford sprang into the fore-rigging, and, in a minute, was on the yard. He soon came down, and reported the light-house in sight, with the afternoon's sun shining on its summit, but no sail near.

"My poor dear Mr. Budd used to tell a story of his being cast away on a light-house in the East Indies," put in the relict, as soon as the mate had ended his report, 'which always deeply affected me. It seems there were three ships of them together, in an awful tempest, directly off the land.'

"That was comfortable, any how," cried Spike; "if it must blow hard, let it come off the land, say I."

"Yes, sir, it was directly off the land, as my poor husband always said, which made it so much the worse you must know, Rosy, though Captain Spike's gallant spirit would rather encounter danger than not. It blew what they call a Hyson in the Chinese seas."

"A what, aunty? Hyson is the name of a tea, you know."

"A Hyson, I'm pretty sure it was; and I suppose the wind is named after the tea, or the tea after the wind."

"The ladies do get in a gale, sometimes, over their tea," said Spike, gallantly; "but I rather think Madam Budd must mean a Typhoon."

"That's it,—a Typhoon, or a Hyson,—there is not much difference between them, you see. Well, it blew a Typhoon, and *they* are always mortal to somebody. This my poor Mr. Budd well knew, and he had got his chronometer out for that Typhoon."

"Excuse me, aunty, it was the barometer that he was watching,—the chronometer was his watch."

"So it was,—his watch on deck *was* his chronometer. I declare I am forgetting a part of my education. Do you know the use of a chronometer, now, Rose? You have seen your uncle's often, but do you know how he used it?"

"Not in the least, aunty. My uncle often tried to explain it, but I never could understand him."

"It must have been, then, because Captain Budd did not try to make himself comprehended," said Mulford; "for I feel certain nothing could be easier than to make *you* understand the uses of the chronometer."

"I should like to learn them exceedingly from you, Mr. Mulford," answered the charming girl, with an emphasis so slight on the "you,"

that no one observed it but the mate, but which was clear enough to him, and caused every nerve to thrill."

"I can attempt the office of instructor," answered the young man, "if it be agreeable to Mrs. Budd, who would probably like to hear it herself."

"Certainly, Mr. Mulford; though I fancy you can say little on *such* a subject that I have not often heard already from my poor dear Mr. Budd."

This was not very encouraging truly, but Rose continuing to look interested, the mate proceeded.

"The use of the chronometer is to ascertain the longitude," said Harry; "and the manner of doing it is simply this. A chronometer is nothing more or less than a watch, made with more care than usual, so as to keep the most accurate time. They are of all sizes, from that of a clock down to this which I wear in my fob, and which is a mere watch in size and appearance. Now, the nautical almanacs are all calculated to some particular meridian."

"Yes," interrupted the relict, "Mr. Budd had a great deal to say about meridians."

"That of London, or Greenwich, being the meridian used by those who use the English almanacs, and those of Paris, or St. Petersburg, by the French and Russians. Each of those places has an observatory, and chronometers that are kept carefully regulated the year round. Every chronometer is set by the regulator of the particular observatory, or place, to which the almanac used is calculated."

"How wonderfully like my poor, dear Mr. Budd, all this is, Rosy! Meridians, and calculated, and almanacs! I could almost think I heard your uncle entertaining me with one of his nautical discussions, I declare."

"Now the sun rises earlier in places east, than in places west of us."

"It rises earlier in the summer but later in the winter, every where, Mr. Mulford."

"Yes, my dear madam, but the sun rises earlier every day in London than it does in New York."

"That is impossible," said the widow dogmatically. "Why should not the sun rise at the same time in England and in America?"

"Because England is east of America, aunty. The sun does not move, you know, but only *appears* to us to move, because the earth turns round, from west to east, which causes those who are farthest east to see it the first. That is what Mr. Mulford means."

"Rose has explained it perfectly well," continued the mate, "how the earth is divided into three hundred and sixty degrees, and the day is divided into twenty-four hours. If three hundred and sixty be divided by twenty-four, the quotient will be fifteen. It follows, that for each fifteen degrees of longitude there is a difference of just one hour in the rising of the sun all over the earth, where it rises at all. New York is near five times fifteen degrees west of Greenwich, and the sun consequently rises five hours later at New York, than at London."

"There *must* be a mistake in this, Rosy," said the relict, in a tone of desperate resignation, in which the desire to break out in dissent was struggling oddly enough, with an assumed dignity of deportment. "I have always heard that the people of London are some of the latest

in the world. Then, I've been in London, and know that the sun rises in New York in December a good deal earlier than it does in London, I know *that* by the clock—yes, by the clock."

"True enough, by the clock, Mrs. Budd; for London is more than ten degrees north of New York, and the farther north you go, the later the sun rises in winter, and the earlier in summer."

The relict merely shrugged her shoulders, as much as to say that she knew no such thing; but Rose, who had been well taught, raised her serene eyes to her aunt's face and mildly said—

"All true, aunty; and that is owing to the fact that the earth is smaller at each end than in the middle."

"Fiddle faddle with your smaller and larger ends, Rose—I have been in London, dear, and know that the sun rises later there than in New York; that is, in the month of December, at the time I was there, and that I know by the clock, I tell you."

"The reason of which is," resumed Mulford, "because the clocks of each place keep the time of that place. Now, it is different with the chronometers. They are set in the observatory of Greenwich, and keep the time of Greenwich. This watch-chronometer was set there, only six months since, and its time, as you see, is near nine o'clock, when in truth it is only about four o'clock here, where we are."

"I wonder you keep such a watch, Mr. Mulford!"

"I keep it," returned the mate, smiling, "because I know it to keep good time. It has the Greenwich time; and, as your watch has the New York time, by comparing them together, it is quite easy to find the longitude of New York."

"Do you, then, keep watches to compare with your chronometers?" asked Rose with interest.

"Certainly not, as that would require a watch for every separate part of the ocean, and then we should only get known longitudes. It would be impracticable, and load a ship with nothing but watches. What we do is this: we set our chronometers at Greenwich, and thus keep the Greenwich true time wherever we go. The greatest attention is paid to the chronometers, to see that they receive no injuries; and usually there are two, and often more of them, to compare one with another, in order to see that they go well. When in the middle of the ocean, for instance, we find the true time of day at that spot, by ascertaining the height of the sun. This we do by means of our quadrants, or sextants; for, as the sun is always in the zenith at twelve o'clock, nothing is easier than to do this, when the sun can be seen, and an arc of the heavens measured. At the instant the height of the sun is ascertained by one observer, he calls to another, who notes the time on the chronometer. The difference in these two times, or that of the chronometer and that of the sun, gives the distance in degrees and minutes, between the longitude of Greenwich and that of the place on the ocean, where the observer is, and that gives him his longitude. If the difference is three hours and twenty minutes, in time, the distance from Greenwich is fifty degrees of longitude, because the sun rises those three hours and twenty minutes sooner in London than in the fiftieth degree of west longitude."

"A watch is a watch, Rosy," put in the aunt, doggedly—"and time is time. When it's four o'clock at our house, it's four o'clock at your Aunt Sprague's, and it's so all over the world. The world *may* turn round—I'll not deny it, for your uncle often said as much as *that*; but

it cannot turn in the way Mr. Mulford says; or we should all fall off it, at night, when it was bottom upwards. No, sir, *no*; you have started wrong. My poor, dear, late Mr. Budd, always admitted that the world turned round, as the books say; but, when I suggested to him the difficulty of keeping things in their places, with the earth upside down, he acknowledged candidly, for he was all candour, I *must* say that for him—and owned that he had made a discovery, by means of his barometer, which shewed that the world did not turn round in the way you describe, or by rolling over, but by whirling about as one turns in a dance. You must remember your uncle's telling me this, Rosy?"

Rose did remember her uncle's telling her aunt this, as well as a great many other similar prodigies. Captain Budd had married his silly wife, on account of her pretty face, and when the novelty of that was over, he often amused himself by inventing all sorts of absurdities, to amuse both her and himself. Among other things, Rose well remembered his quieting her aunt's scruples about falling off the earth, by laying down the theory that the world did not "roll over" but "whirl round:" making it a sort of a whirl-gate. But Rose did not answer the question.

"Objects are kept in their places on the earth, by means of attraction," Mulford ventured to say, with a great deal of humility of manner, "I believe it is thought there is no up, or down, except as we go from, or towards the earth; and that would make the position of the last a matter of indifference, as respects objects keeping on it."

"Attractions are great advantages, I will own, sir, especially to our sex. I think it will be acknowledged there has been no want of them in our family, any more than there has been of sense and information. Sense and information, we pride ourselves on; attractions being gifts from God, we try to think less of them. But all the attractions in the world could not keep Rosy, here, from falling off the earth, did it ever come bottom upwards. And, mercy on me, where would she fall to!"

Mulford saw that argument was useless, and he confined his remarks, during the rest of the conversation, to shewing Rose the manner in which the longitude of a place might be ascertained, with the aid of the chronometer, and by means of observations to get the true time of day, at the particular place itself. Rose was so quick-witted, and already so well instructed, as easily to understand the principles; the details being matters of no great moment to one of her sex and habits. But Mrs. Budd remained antagonist to the last. She obstinately maintained that twelve o'clock was twelve o'clock; or, if there *was* any difference, "London hours were notoriously later, than those of New York." Against such assertions arguments were obviously useless, and Mulford perceiving that Rose began to fidget, had sufficient tact to change the conversation altogether. And still the Molly Swash kept in swift motion. Montauk was, by this time, a-beam, and the little brigantine began to rise and fall, on the long swells of the Atlantic, which now opened before her, in one vast sheet of green and rolling waters. On her right, lay the termination of Long Island; a low, rocky cape, with its light, and a few fields in tillage, for the uses of those who tended it. It was the "land's end" of New York, while the island that was heaving up, out of the sea, at a distance of about twenty miles to the eastward, was the property of Rhode Island, being called Blok Island. Between the two, the Swash shaped her course for the ocean.

Spike had betrayed uneasiness, as his brig came up with Montauk;

but the coast seemed clear, with not even a distant sail in sight, and he came aft rubbing his hands with delight, speaking cheerfully.

"All right, Mr. Mulford," he cried, everything ship-shape and brister fashion. Not even a smack fishing here-away, which is a little remarkable. Ha! what are you staring at, over the quarter, there?"

"Look here, sir; directly in the wake of the setting-sun, which we are now opening from the land—is not that a sail?"

"Sail! Impossible, sir. What should a sail be doing in there, so near Montauk—no man ever saw a sail there, in his life. It is a spot in the sun, Madam Budd, that my mate has got a glimpse at, and sailor-like, he mistakes it for a sail! Ha—ha—ha—yes, Harry, it's a spot in the sun."

"It is a spot *on* the sun, sir, as you say, but it's a spot made by a vessel—and here is a boat pulling towards her, might-and-main, going from the light, as if carrying news."

It was no longer possible for Spike's hopes to deceive him. There was a vessel sure enough, though, when first seen, it was so directly in a line with the fiery orb of the setting-sun, as to escape observation. As the brig went foaming on towards the ocean, however, the black speck was soon brought out of the range of the orb of day, and Spike's glass was instantly levelled at it.

"Just as one might expect, Mr. Mulford," cried the captain, lowering his glass, and looking aloft to see what could be done to help his craft along; "a revenue cutter, as I'm a wicked sinner! There she lies, sir, within musket shot of the shore, hid behind the point, as it might be, in waiting for us, with her head to the southward, her helm hard down, topsails aback, and foresail braild: as wicked looking a thing as Free Trade and Sailors' Rights ever ran from! My life on it, sir, she's been put in that precise spot, in waiting for the Molly to arrive. You see, as we stand on, it places her as handsomely to windward of us, as the heart of man could desire."

"It is a revenue cutter, sir; now she's out of the sun's wake, that is plain enough. And that is her boat which has been sent to the right to keep a look-out for us. Well, sir, she's to windward; but we have everything set for our course, and, as we are fairly a-beam, she must be a great traveller to overhaul us."

"I thought those cutters were all down in the Gulf," growled the captain, casting his eyes aloft again, to see that everything drew; "I'm sure the newspapers have mentioned as many as twenty that are down there; yet here is one, lying behind Montauk, like a snake in the grass!"

"At any rate, by the time he gets his boat up, we shall have the start of him—ay; there, he fills and falls off, to go and meet her. He'll soon be after us, Captain Spike, at racing speed."

Everything occurred as these two mariners had foreseen. The revenue cutter, one of the usual fore-top-sail schooners that are employed in that service, up and down the coast, had no sooner hoisted up her boat, than she made sail, a little off the wind, on a line to close with the Swash. As for the brig, she had hauled up to an easy tow-line, as she came round Montauk, and was now standing off S.S. East, still having the wind at S. West. The weatherly position of the cutter enabled her to steer rather more than one point freer. At the commencement of the chase, the vessels were about a mile and a half apart, a distance too

great to enable the cutter to render the light guns she carried available, and it was obvious from the first that everything depended on speed. And speed it was, truly; both vessels fairly flying; the Molly Swash having at last met with something very like her match. Half an hour satisfied both Spike and Mulford that by giving the cutter the advantage of one point of a freer wind, she would certainly get alongside of them; and the alternative was to keep off.

"A starn chase is a long chase, all the world over," cried Spike. "Edge away, sir; edge away, sir; and bring the cutter well on our quarter."

This order was obeyed, but to the surprise of those in the Swash, the cutter did not exactly follow, though she kept off a little more. Her object seemed to be to maintain her weatherly position, and in this manner the two vessels ran on for an hour longer, until the Swash had made most of the distance between Montauk and Blok Island. Objects were now becoming dimly apparent on the last, and the light on the point was just becoming visible, a lone star above a waste of desert, the sun having been down now fully a quarter of an hour, and twilight beginning to draw the curtain of night over the water.

"A craft under Blok," shouted the look-out, that was still kept aloft as a necessary precaution.

"What sort of a craft?" demanded Spike fiercely, for the very mention of a sail at that moment aroused all his ire. "Ar'n't you making a frigate out of an apple orchard?"

"It's the steamer, sir. I can now see her smoke. She's just clearing the land, on the south side of the Island, and seems to be coming round to meet us."

A long, low, eloquent whistle from the captain succeeded this announcement. The man aloft was right. It *was* the steamer, sure enough; and she had been lying hid behind Blok Island, exactly as her consort had been placed behind Montauk, in waiting for their chase to arrive. The result was to put the Molly Swash in exceeding jeopardy; and the reason why the cutter kept so well to windward was fully explained. To pass out to sea between these two craft was hopeless. There remained but a single alternative from capture, by one or by the other, and that Spike adopted instantly. He kept his brig dead away, setting studding sails on both sides. This change of course brought the cutter nearly aft, or somewhat on the other quarter, and laid the brig's head in a direction to carry her close to the northern coast of the Island. But the principal advantage he obtained over the steamer, was in her course, for the latter could not keep off without first standing a mile or two, or even more, to the westward, in order to clear the land. This was so much clear gain to the Swash, which was running off, at racing speed, on a North-East course, while her most dangerous enemy was still heading to the westward. As for the cutter, she kept away; but it was soon apparent that the brig had the heels of her, dead before the wind.

Darkness soon began to close around the three vessels, and the brig and the schooner were becoming visible to each other principally by means of their night glasses; though the steamer's position could be easily distinguished by means of her flaming chimney. This latter vessel stood to the westward for a quarter of an hour, when her commander appeared to become suddenly conscious of the ground he was losing, and

he wore short round, and went off before the wind, under steam and canvas, intending to meet the chase off the north-eastern side of the island. The very person who had hailed the Swash as she was leaving the wharf, who had passed her in Hell-gate, with Jack Tier in his boat, and who had joined her off Throgmorton's, was now on her deck, urging her commander, by every consideration, not to let the brig escape. It was at his suggestion that the vessel went round. Nervous and eager to seize the brig, he prevailed on the commander of the steamer to change his course. Had he done no more than this, all might have been well; but, so exaggerated were his notions of the Swash's sailing, that, instead of suffering the steamer to keep along the eastern side of the island, he showed her commander the necessity of standing off, a long distance to the northward and eastward, with a view to get a-head of the chase. This was not bad advice, were there any certainty that Spike would stand on, of which, however, he had no intention.

The night set in dark and cloudy, and the instant that Spike saw, by means of the flaming chimney, that the steamer had wore, and was going to the eastward of Blok, his plan was laid. Calling to Mulford, he communicated his project to him, and was glad to find that his intelligent mate was of his own way of thinking. The necessary orders were given accordingly, and everything was got ready for their execution.

In the meantime, the two revenue craft were much in earnest. The schooner was one of the fastest in the service, and had been placed under Montauk as described, in the confident expectation of her being able to compete even with the Molly Swash successfully; more especially if brought up upon a bow-line. Her commander watched the receding form of the brig with the closest attention until it was entirely swallowed up in the darkness, under the land, towards which he then steered himself, in order to prevent the Swash from hauling up, and turning to windward, close in, under the shadows of the island. Against this manœuvre, however, the latter had taken an effectual precaution, and her people were satisfied that escape in that way was impossible. On the other hand, the steamer was doing very well. Driven by the breeze, and propelled by her wheels, away she went, edging further and further from the island, as the person from the Custom-house succeeded, as it might be, inch by inch, in persuading the captain of the necessity of his so doing. At length, a sail was dimly seen a-head, and then no doubt was entertained that the brig had got to the northward and eastward of them. Half an hour brought the steamer to the side of this sail, which turned out to be a brig that had come over the shoals, and was beating up into the ocean, on her way to one of the southern ports. Her captain said there had nothing passed to the eastward.

Round went the steamer, and in went all her canvas. Ten minutes later, the look-out saw a sail to the westward, standing before the wind. Odd as it might seem, the steamer's people now fancied they were sure of the Swash. There she was, coming directly for them, with square yards. The distance was short, or a vessel could not have been seen by that light, and the two craft were soon near each other. A gun was actually cleared on board the steamer, before it was ascertained that the stranger was the schooner! It was now midnight, and as nothing else was in sight but the coasting brig, reluctantly the revenue people gave the matter up, the Molly Swash having again eluded them, though by means unknown.

IRENE OF SESTOS.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

All hail ! (he cried,) thy country's grace and love,
Once first of men below, now first of birds above !

OVID, *Met.* B. 12.

“ There happened a marvellous example about the city Sestos, of an eagle ; for which in those parts there goes a great name of an eagle, and highly is she honoured there. A young maid had brought up a young eagle by hand ; the eagle again, to requite her kindness, would first, when she was but little, fly abroad a-birding, and ever bring part of that she had gotten unto her said nurse. In process of time, being grown bigger and stronger, would set upon wild beasts also in the forest, and furnish her young mistress continually with store of venison. At length, it fortune'd that the damsel died ; and when her funeral fire was set a-burning, the eagle flew into the midst of it, and there was consumed into ashes with the corpse of the said virgin. For which cause, and in memorial thereof, the inhabitants of Sestos, and the parts there adjoining, erected in that very place a stately monument, such as they call *Heroum*, dedicated in the name of Jupiter and the Virgin, for that the eagle is a bird consecrated unto that god.”

HOLLAND'S *Plinie*, 10. 5.

THE EAGLE.

I.

CALMLY the dewy moonbeams sleep
Where Helle's restless billows sweep
Round Sestos' height ; the sky is clear,
And o'er that scene to love so dear
Broods silence, save for the low plash
Caused by the waters as they dash
Against the rocks with trembling motion,
Making soft music o'er old ocean.
Rich odours float upon the air
From groves of limes and citrons rare ;
And all the flowers asleep that lie
Send up sweet incense to the sky,
Whence many a planet's lambent glow
Showers influence o'er the world below.

II.

It is a spot from eldest time
In song renown'd through eastern clime,
Since Helle in her blooming age,
Flying to 'scape unnatural rage,
Found 'neath those waves her destined
grave,
And to the strait a title gave.
And sadder still the interest thrown,
O'er sea and land, o'er cliff and stone,
By young Leander's fate, who died
Love's martyr in the storm-lash'd tide ;
And her's who, having lit in vain
Her lamp, to guide through wind and rain
That hapless youth, beheld him borne
Lifeless beneath her tower at morn,
And faithful, chose the same dark doom,
Sharing alike his death and tomb.

III.

Yet not peculiar to that place,
Its clime serene, and classic race,

Are the sweet legends minstrels tell
Of lovers who but loved too well ;
For every land beneath the sun
Can boast some tale of marvels done
By fond affection,—cape and bay,
Mainland and isle, through Beauty's sway
Have hallow'd been ; and every clan
Of the wide scatter'd tribes of man,
How rude soe'er in all beside,
Still treasure up with jealous pride
Traditions sad, for ages kept,
O'er which long since their fathers wept ;
Stories of young hearts' deep devotion—
Love's ardent hopes, and words, and
sighs ;

That passion pure, whose true emotion
Never save with existence dies.

IV.

On Sestos' towers the moonbeams rest,
Casting a radiance solemn
Around each temple's sculptured walls,
Carved frieze, and polish'd column :
The marble statues of the Gods,
Lit by their silver streaming,
Resemble those celestial forms
We only see when dreaming.
Amid the sombre cypress groves
The light in circles glances,
On Juno's fountain's murmuring stream,
As if in sport it dances.
Not brighter was that radiance shower'd
When Night, with tardy pinion,
Saw Dian watch on Latmos mount
The wakening of Eudymion.

v.

Gaze not upon those sacred towers,
But rather turn, where girt with flowers,
A mansion stands of modest size,
Round which the dark green chestnuts rise;
Against the sky : there, in a room
Half-shaded by the pleasant gloom
Of vine and clematis that twine
About its casement, and combine
Their tendrils sportively ; half lit
By beams that on its pavement flit
Like elvish visitants, is laid
In slumber deep a youthful maid,
Her ivory arm her rose-cheek pillows,

That cheek is with a faint blush warm,
And floating down in raven billows,

Her dark hair partly veils her form :
Amid its fragrant tresses lie
Sea-pearls, and blooms, whence scent and
dye

Have hardly faded ;—though repose
Has made those snowy eyelids close
On glorious orbs, whose tender light
Is as the evening planet bright,
Not all-unconscious is she now—
A smile illumines both lips and brow—
Her bosom heaves—one low-voiced word
She speaks, so soft 'tis scarcely heard.

vi.

Ah, truant Love ! in sleep revealing
The tender thoughts that maiden care,
Through the long sunshine hours conceal-
ing,

Forbids the dearest friend to share :
In dreams thou still dost promise bliss,
Fitter for brighter worlds than this ;
Painting with heaven's ethereal hues
The darkest scene thy votary views,
And kindling hopes which after-pain
Too late will prove were lit in vain.
Restraint may be around thee thrown
By day, but night is all thy own ;
And 'twas thy purest, holiest flame,
That, when she murmur'd Cleon's name,
Called to Irene's cheek the blush
Mantling it yet with roseate flush.

vii.

Has Jove from high Olympus sent
His own celestial bird

To guard the dreaming maiden's rest,
And whisper some sweet word
In her entranced ear ; and keep
Fantastic visions from her sleep ?

Or did an earthly eyry bear
The glorious eagle watching there
Beside her couch ? His flashing eyes

Are partly closed, as if he slept ;
And smooth each folded pinion lies,
That late thro' storms unruffled swept—
Smooth as the wood-dove's silver wing
Seen through the pine-bough's shadowing.

viii.

Upon a lofty rock of Thrace
To life that eagle sprung ;

A youthful band assail'd the place,
Destroy'd the parents of the race,
And seized their unfledg'd young.

One nestling Cleon proudly bare
In triumph to Irene fair,
And gave ;—love-gifts were prized of old
As much when slight as when of gold.
The gentle girl right tenderly
Nourish'd the helpless bird, for she
And Cleon loved ;—besides, the task
Was such as maiden care might ask ;
Pleased she beheld the white down shed
And sprouting plumage deck his head,
And saw each callow wing unfold
Its feathers bright of brown and gold :
The noble creature well repaid
The kind affection of the maid ;
On pinions weak would round her fly,
Or haste to meet with joyous cry,
Striving how best he might express
The love he bore her tenderness ;
And when at length the chase he sought,
And slew the leveret or the quail,
Triumphantly his prize he brought,
From rocky glen or fertile vale,
And laid it at Irene's feet,
So offering homage strange but meet.

ix.

The maiden joy'd to watch his flight,
Upsoaring through the highest clouds,
As if to him belonged a right

To pierce the azure veil that shrouds
The dwellings of the gods from sight,
And bask amid eternal light.

A thousand dreams her fancy blended
Of bowers and bliss beyond those skies,
Till mark'd she, as the bird descended,

The soften'd glories of his eyes ;
Whilst downwards through pure ether
stooping,

On wings that scarce her tresses fann'd,
Closely around his mistress swooping,

Beside her he resumed his stand—
Folding his pinions—as her hand
Would smooth each plume, and careful deck
With favourite flowers his glossy neck ;

And his mute gestures eloquent
You well might deem responses meant
To her caresses. When the sun

Low in the western main was sinking,—
When beasts their lairs, and birds their nests
Sought, and the day-blooms dews were
drinking,—

When sweet repose upon her bed
Irene wooed,—above her head
His wings the eagle always spread,—
Like guardian from a better land,
An avatar of Heaven's bright band ;
And whilst in guiltless dreams she slept,
His watch and ward unwearied kept.
The tale was bruited, and some few,
Who almost more than mortals knew,
Said, Jove upon that Eagle had conferr'd
High gifts, and deem'd him a celestial bird.

THE WOFULLY WEDDED.

BY MARY HOWITT.

A FEW summers ago we were travelling in the north of England, and made a chance sojourn for a couple of days in that part of Westmoreland which borders on Yorkshire. This is one of those districts in which primitive habits and feeling exist in greater purity than may reasonably be expected in those parts of England where the intercourse of strangers is of daily occurrence, and large towns, and a wealthy population have introduced new fashions and new manners.

The hospitality of the people here, who were mostly small farmers, cultivating their own land, was unbounded, and our popularity among them extreme, because they found us willing to be pleased by their friendly attentions and interested in their simple concerns.

Many were the histories that were told to us; old fireside traditions, and events of a later date, which had occurred among themselves. One little history that was told was of an unhappy marriage, the simple, touching details of which were extremely affecting. The narrator was a middle-aged woman, half-sister to the poor young wife. I will not attempt to give the story in the dialect of the dales, interesting and picturesque as that dialect is, and curious as it is, too, from retaining such unmistakable traces of its northern origin; but, though I will drop the dialect, I will still retain her own simple phraseology, and style of narration.

There hung in the little parlour of the farm-house where we then were a sampler, framed and glazed, and worked in blue silk. The last words upon it were, "Agnes Satterthwaite, aged 14, her work."

I read these words, and inquired from our kind country hostess if this were her own work. She dusted the old oak table that stood by the wall with her apron, and for a second or two made no reply.

"It is very neatly done," said I, still looking at the sampler.

"You may well say so," replied she at length. "Poor Agnes! nobody in all the dale could work like her!"

"Was she your sister?—or your daughter, perhaps?" said I, seeing the sorrowful expression of her countenance.

"In some sort she was both," said the good woman. "Poor thing! she was a very bonny and a very light-hearted lass when she did that. It is a brave thing that young folks know nothing of the trouble they are born to, or how could they be merry before the dark time has come?"

"Was she crossed in love, then?" asked I.

"Yes, that was she; sorely crossed in love, and broken in heart, too. Many is the woman that a tyrant of a husband is the death of, and yet there's no law against it; no law in all this law-making country for the poor wife against the husband. Endure she must: that is all the remedy. And all the time that she is wearing away with his hard usage he is a mighty respectable man in the world's eye. Warden of his church, maybe, or overseer of the poor; pays his way like an honest man; and, when he dies, has a fine epitaph on his gravestone, setting forth his virtues, and yet, for all that, he may have been a black-hearted tyrant all his days, wringing out his poor wife's heart's blood drop

by drop, and filling that bosom with fear and despair which he has vowed before God to love and cherish! Woe's me! and what is a poor woman to do that is tied to such a man?—why, nothing but die,—die, as my poor Agnes did. But, sit you down, and I'll tell you all, for my heart's full, as it always is when I think upon poor Agnes and her troubles; and it will do me good to talk. Sit you down, and I'll begin at the very beginning.

"Why, you see," continued she, "I was twenty years older than Agnes, poor child! She was my half-sister; for my father married again when I was nearly a woman grown. He was a handsome man was my father, and had a pretty little property of his own, and I was his only child. But, poor dear man! although he had managed with a hired housekeeper a matter of ten years, just at the very time when I was grown up, and would have taken the management of all upon myself, what must he do but marry. She was not so many years older than I, my new stepmother, a fine, young, strapping lass, with four hundred pounds to her fortune, and a very comfortable home she had with us, for she and I were more like two sisters than stepmother and daughter. But, poor thing! her time was short with us, for she died just twelve months after she was married, and left a little girl behind her, and that was my poor Agnes. Well, you see, the poor motherless child was thrown upon my hands from its very birth, and the last words that the dying mother said were, 'God bless you! and be a mother to the child!'

"There needed no promise on my part, for the child was as dear to me as if it had been my own, and yet I went down upon my bended knees, as she wished, and promised before Heaven to be a mother to it—and so I was. It lay in my arms all night, and never was out of my sight all day. My father did not seem at first to feel much, and yet after her death he never was the man that he had been. He grew very still, and walked with a slow step like an old man; and his hair got greyer and greyer every day. He left off going to wakes and merry-makings; and never stopped to drink with his old friends at market, as he had used to do; and yet he said nothing about his trouble to anybody; but I could see that he was sorely cut down, for she was a very bonny woman, and had made him, though she was so much younger than him, a very good wife.

"I might have been married myself over and over again; but I kept myself single many a year for the child's sake; and when at last I married our Michael, father and she came here with me, and we all lived together like one family. Michael was very fond of the old man, and Agnes was now grown up a little lass, as lovely as a lily in June. She went to school at Sedborough; and there it was that she worked yon sampler. Everything that she did was well done. She had more sense than most people, and a way of doing things like nobody else. The parson of Sedborough himself would have had her when she was but sixteen; but 'No,' said she, 'I will not marry any man yet awhile; I will not tie myself to sorrow so soon!'

"Good would it have been if she had always kept in that mind; but it was her fate, I reckon; and what is a body's fate there is no fleeing from. Well, our Michael had a nephew, a matter of three years older than she; and he was at Lancaster, with a bookseller there, who was a cousin of his mother's. A fine, well-grown, free-spoken lad was Christopher Benson,—Christy, as we always called him; and, though

he was dale-born and bred, he had the manners of a true gentleman. He was a great favourite with all the lassies, let him go wherever he would ; and there was more than one lady in Lancaster in love with him. But it all mattered nothing to him ; his fancy had taken its direction, and that was the reason that he used to come here to see us, and stop a week or two at a time, for we were all fond of him. Agnes and he had been children together ; and it always run in my mind that they two were meant for each other. She was very fond of him ; but for some time there was more love on his side than on her's, for he loved her as his own life. A fine young man he was ; and there was something very off-hand and determined about him : a little too hot-tempered, perhaps, he was ; but we are none of us perfect. However, before he was of age he let us know what his errand was, and Agnes made no hesitation in accepting him ; but one thing she stuck to, she would not be married till she was one-and-twenty. It was soon known that Agnes and Christy were to be married ; but for all that she had other lovers in plenty, but she was stedfast ; Christy was the man she had chosen, only he must wait her time.

"Our old father, as I said before, gave up the farm when I was married, and came and lived with us ; and, though he had let the farm to a good tenant, who paid the rent to the day, yet he was so pleased with Christy that he said that he should have the farm any time when they could make up their minds to marry. It was a good offer that he made them, for there was not a better homestead in all the dale than that, and the pasture-land was like a flower-garden. Agnes liked the thoughts of living in the dale among all those whom she had known and loved from childhood ; but Christy, though he was ready enough to be married, had no fancy for farming, or a country life. He was fonder of the town ; and that was no more than one might expect in such a young fellow as he : and, but for the sake of our Agnes, he would not have set foot in the dale from one year's end to another. And, besides this, he had gone to London on some bookselling business, and nothing would do now but he must go and live in London. This was a thing we were none of us prepared for ; so you may fancy what a surprise it was when one day he comes all suddenly. He was, he told us, just about going into partnership in a bookselling concern in London, and he now wanted Agnes to marry out-and-out at once, that he might have her in London with him, and so begin business and housekeeping together. This was a thing nobody had thought of. Agnes was not twenty ; and, though she might have been persuaded to go as far off as Lancaster, she could not make up her mind to his going to London. But Christy was resolute,—go to London he would. Michael and the old man asked what his cousin, who had been like a father to him in Lancaster, said to his scheme of taking this London concern ; and then it came out — for Christy was not the man to deceive anybody, — that his cousin did not much like the scheme, and would not raise any money for him ; but he had a friend, he said, in London, who would do that, and Agnes would have five hundred pound to her fortune,—that he knew as well as we did ; and, somehow, her father thought that he wanted her to marry to get hold of this money, and so he set his face against it, and said that though he would have willingly given them the farm any day they would be married and live in the dale, he never would consent to her going to London, where it was a chance if Christy did not lose every penny either he or she was worth ; and so he might

do as he would. Christy was sorely hurt at this, and he appealed to Agnes.

"‘You know my mind, Christy,’ says she, ‘I mean not to be married before I am one-and-twenty. I am now but nineteen. If you must e’en go to London, go. In two years time you will have tried what London is. Maybe in two years you will not care to marry a simple girl out of the dales; but, however, I shall be true to you. I tell you truly London is not a place I should like to live in. There is a deal of wickedness and misery in London: it’s a great place; and what would the folks there care about us? Think of that, Christy. Here everybody loves us, and knows us: they are all here like one family.’

"Christy laughed at all this. London was the place, he said, to make money in; and to London he would go. Somehow or other I took Christy’s part, and sorely angry were our Michael and my father that I did so; and, as to Agnes, I shall never forget her words.

"‘Nay,’ said she, and she cried while she said it, ‘do not take Christy’s part against me. I know not why, but I have a sore heart whenever I think of my own wedding.’

"In a week or two Christy came again, and this time, with a very bright countenance; his cousin in Lancaster had begun to take a different view of the London scheme, and would lend him five hundred pounds at a low rate of interest to begin business on. He could talk about nothing but the nice house, all full of good furniture, that he should have, and now appealed to me to take his part, and persuade Agnes to have him that autumn. But it was not for me to do anything; our Michael and the old man were as resolute against London as ever; and her father had made Agnes promise him that she would not marry till the two years were out; that by that time, at all events, the London scheme might have had a fair trial. It was not such a very unreasonable thing, I must say, and so Agnes thought, and that made her more determined.

"There are times when a light word breeds mischief, and a mere joke turns into sorrowful earnest. So was it now. Agnes said that if Christy would not wait her time, he might marry somebody else, and welcome. With this Christy’s blood was up. He was unusually testy and short-tempered at this time, as many men are when their wishes are crossed; and so, from little it grew to more, and they parted with cold words on either side.

"Christy left us and went to London, and we heard nothing of him. He had been gone two or three weeks, when one day there comes to the house a dumb woman who told fortunes, and Agnes said, quite in joke, that she would have her fortune told, to see whether, after all, she should be married to Christy Benson. The dumb wife looked at her with such a queer look, and then laughed, and then asked for a tea-board, as such folks always do, that she might write the name of the man she was to marry upon it with white chalk. The tea-board was covered with a handkerchief, and under this the dumb woman wrote, looking all the time on Agnes. When she had done, and the handkerchief was taken off, what name, think you, should be written there but Thomas Kirkenshaw! As soon as Agnes said the name she turned as white as a sheet, for Thomas Kirkenshaw was a man twice her own age,—a proud, hard-hearted man, the greatest tyrant in all Bardale. He had offered her marriage a twelvemonth before. Poor thing! when

she saw this name she said not a word, but looking as if she were ready to drop, gave the dumb wife sixpence, and opened the door for her to go out of the house.

"Nothing shall ever make me believe but this was all Thomas Kirkenshaw's own doing; for it soon got out among the neighbours that there had been words between Agnes and Christy, and that maybe it was now all over between them; and this Thomas Kirkenshaw was a man that would stick at nothing! Lord have mercy on us!—folks said that he was the death of his own mother, but in such a way as the law could not touch him; and I can believe it, for sure enough he was the death of our Agnes!"

"Did she then marry him?" exclaimed I.

"She did, more was the pity," said Mrs. Swailes, "but not till four years after then. Well, well! This Mr. Kirkenshaw, you must know, was a man of substance; he had two farms of his own, and a right bonny homestead, that was where he lived; people called him a respectable man—a very respectable man—for he had always money in the bank; and though he gave nothing away, he always paid his debts to a penny. He was churchwarden and overseer of the poor—but that is what money will do for a man! Thomas Kirkenshaw was a hard man, with a heart like the nether millstone; he had a proud, cold way of his own, that set down a poor body at once, as much as if he had said, 'it's no manner of use for *you* to talk to *me*!' And then, what always vexed me worst of all, was, that he was one of those men who look down upon women. He looked upon men as the lords of creation, and women as their slaves and tools! He would not have thought any woman too good to black his shoes for him! Woe's me that ever he darkened our doors!"

"Well, Christy took it sadly to heart that Agnes would not be married. We saw nothing of him for twelvemonths, but we had heard of him in the meantime. Whether it was that he had grown reckless after the words that passed between him and Agnes, or whether he had not strength to resist the temptations of London, I know not—nor, justly, how it was altogether—but this is sure, that he was not steady; and the man he went into partnership in London with and he quarrelled. He paid back the five hundred pounds to his kind cousin in Lancaster, and sent word to him that he was going off to America.

"This news hurt us all very much, and hardly had we received it when one day we were surprised by a visit from Christy himself. It was now twelvemonths since we had seen him, and he was very much changed in that time. He was very well dressed, and looked very handsome, but there was a worldly half-libertine look about him—so different to what he had been! Never shall I forget Agnes when she first set eyes on him, for the first glance at his face shewed her what a change there was in him, and that they were now parted for ever. His cousin in Lancaster had borne testimony to his upright behaviour in money matters. There was nothing against him in that way; and when our Michael and father saw him at first, they thought that he was now come back to make all straight, and to consent to live on the farm, and so they were civil enough to him. But there was a deal for them yet to learn in Christy. Heaven knows what justly was his motive for coming to us; if it were first and foremost to make all up with Agnes, he took a strange way of doing so. It might be that he was piqued by her manner, for she seemed to avoid him. However, all

might have been right, according to my thinking, if he had only gone the right way about it. But, instead of that, when he saw that Agnes avoided him, what does he do, but take no notice of her, no more than if she had been nobody; and worse than that, he never let pass any opportunity of talking slightly of women, and boasted of the favour he had been in with them in London. He had got free-thinking notions, too, in religion, and had grown a great radical in politics, and seemed to have a pleasure in saying things that shocked everybody. This was very displeasing to our Michael, and even to me, and so we both of us told him; and then he carried all off with a reckless, swaggering air, as made even me think that perhaps Agnes had done well not to have made matters up with him. But I was maybe wrong. He stayed three days with us. The last day he was very still, and looked unhappy, and in the evening he asked Agnes to take a walk with him. 'The last walk we may ever take together!' said he. I was coming into the house as he said these words. There was something very particular in the tone—it was just as he used to speak. 'That is the true Christy that is speaking now,' said I to myself, 'and there's grace in him yet!' I felt so pleased I cannot tell; it seemed to me as if a great load was taken from off my heart, and I thought sure enough that now all would be right and straight, and just as it used to be.

"It was a moon-shiny night, and I went up into my room on pretence of looking for some yarn, just to see how they went on. For I was very fond of Christy, and nothing would have pleased me better than to have received him this night as the forgiven prodigal son. Backwards and forwards they walked in the garden, and then they went and sate them down in the arbour. 'It's all right,' said I, and I felt so lightsome, and came down stairs thinking what was the very nicest thing I could get that night for supper. When I got down stairs I saw the old man sitting on the settle by the fire, and looking vexed.

"'What's amiss, father?' says I, for I felt as if I could bear everybody's troubles.

"'I hope now,' said he, 'that she is not going to make it all up with that castaway!'

"'Why not, father?' said I, shocked at his words, so different to my own state of feeling; 'you may depend upon it there is a deal of good in Christy after all.'

"'He is a good-for-nothing!' said he, striking his stick violently against the floor—and by that I know that he was in a great passion—'a libertine and infidel, and I do not like his talk a bit!'

"'Father,' said I, wishing to satisfy him, 'depend upon it, Christy has made himself out worse than he is. He has had a sad heart all this time—for all his talk, and I am sorry for him.'

"'I'll tell you what, Alice,' says he, 'the man that could not keep himself right for love, will never be tied by matrimony, and so I'll never give my consent, and that's the long and short of it.'

"There might be some truth in what the old man said, but for all that I was just then in the humour to forget and forgive. I was sure that he loved Agnes still, and though I saw plain enough that father was very angry, I still put in a word for Christy. But I could make no impression, and all I could get him to say was, that he had seen the cloven foot, and that was enough for him.

"In many respects Agnes took after her father. She had very strict notions both in religion and morality, and Christy's foolish way of talk-

ing had displeased her sadly. After that, it was too late to undo what was done. But what really passed between them on that evening I never knew, only when they came into the house it was plain enough to see that it was all up between them. Agnes first of all came in: she looked very pale and sad, and I could see that she had been crying, she took up her bed candlestick and wished us all good-night. The father looked at her, and said nothing, but he was satisfied that all was as he wished. In about a quarter of an hour Christy came in: he looked, I thought, flurried and distressed, but nobody else thought so. He held himself very stiff, and said, in a cold voice, that he was going away that night; that the ship in which he was going sailed next day. Nobody asked him to stop. I could not even say a kind word to him, there was something so repulsive in his manner. He had cased himself up in his pride, and he seemed as if he would shew us all that it was *he* who cast us off. God knows who amongst us was wrong! I have had misgivings in my own mind that it was us; and if it were so, a heavy punishment came in due time. Well, Christy, as he said, sailed the next day from Liverpool for America: he fell in with a merchant on shipboard from Boston; he entered into his service, and in a few years was a well-doing man on his own account. He married a relation of the merchant that he was with; and from all this I think, as I always thought, that there was a deal of good about him! Ah, it was a sad thing altogether; and if wrong was done, we were severely punished, and most of all was she punished, poor young thing! who meant so honestly to do right! But we are all of us poor short-sighted creatures, who ought never to lose sight of two things—not to put temptation in one another's way; and when we have done so, to keep a little bit of charity alive in our hearts towards them.

“The old man, as I said, took against Christy, and our Michael thought that Agnes had done quite right. As for me, I never mentioned his name—I thought that was the best way; and I tried to be cheerful, and would have asked company now and then, and gone out with Agnes more than ever if she would. But she preferred stopping at home. She was naturally very still, and kept all her feelings to herself; but it was plain to me that she was sadly cut down, and if I were to say that she never laughed after that day, I should not tell a falsehood. But for all that, she was the same kind, considerate creature for others that she had ever been; she heard the children their lessons, and waited on her old father just as ever; and he, poor old man, did not seem to think that he could do enough for her.

“But, to make a long story short, Christy had not been gone long before our Michael brought word from market how civil Mr. Kirkenshaw was to him. Some of the cattle were ill, and he sent over a famous cowleech, and then he came himself and brought the old man all the news of the country round. He would sit for hours talking to him, while Agnes, who seemed to take but little notice of anything, sate at her work beside the window. Thomas Kirkenshaw was a tall, precise man, who dressed as plain as a Quaker. Mighty particular was he about all his things; his gaiters never were splashed, nor was there a speck upon his prim cravat. He had, as I said, a pretty property of his own, a well-furnished house and large garden; he kept a woman servant at good wages, and had a horse and gig, and plenty to do with in every way. There was only one thing against him—and that was himself! It was his canting, hypocritical self that spoiled all that was Thomas Kirkenshaw's!

"I never liked him. He was a religious-talking man. To have heard him, you would have thought that he had studied at Oxford or Cambridge, but for all that, to my thinking, there was not a savour of grace in any of his words. Somehow or other, however, he got on the blind side of the old man and our Michael, and with them it was Thomas Kirkenshaw this and Thomas Kirkenshaw that, and Thomas Kirkenshaw everything!—and at last, what must father say, but that it would be a rare thing if Thomas Kirkenshaw would marry our Agnes!

"I was setting on a stocking as he said these words; but I let go my count, and, 'Father,' says I, 'are you in your right senses to say such a thing?'

"'Ay, lass,' said he; 'nothing would please me better than to see our Agnes wed such a respectable man as Thomas Kirkenshaw.'

"I was quite vexed to hear him say so; and all the more because our Michael said, in his quiet way, that he thought she might go farther, and fare worse.

"'What! and have you two been laying your heads together to play into the hands of a black-hearted, hypocritical villain like Thomas Kirkenshaw!' said I, quite in a passion. 'I could not have thought it of you. Young, and lovely, and good as she is, to give her into the power of a child of Satan like Thomas Kirkenshaw!'

"'It is not for you to talk in this way, Alice,' says father, knocking his stick upon the house-floor, as he always did when he was put out; 'you, that took part with a reprobate like Christy Benson. Hold your tongue, Alice, for I've made up my mind; Agnes is my daughter, and I wish her no better than to wed Thomas Kirkenshaw.'

"The first and last real quarrel that ever father and I had was that night, and all about Thomas Kirkenshaw; and the hardest words that ever passed between our Michael and me were on the same subject. No wonder that I hated the very swing of his coat-tails.

"Well! Agnes had already refused him twice; but, for all that the cunning old fox knew that he had friends in our house; so he got a new suit of clothes, pepper-and-salt, made by the first tailor in Kendal, with a pair of short, black gaiters, and comes driving here on a Christmas Eve, in his new gig, with a fine great-coat hanging over the back, with a matter of a dozen capes to it. The very sight of him gave me a turn, and I walked up stairs, out of his way; for, I thought, maybe he is only come for a call on the men-folks. But, no—no! Thomas was come, in all his new finery, to make matters sure. He put up his horse in the stable, and drew the gig under the cart-house, just as if he had been at home, and then went in and seated himself upon the settle close beside the old man. It was Christmas Eve, and cold weather, so I was forced after awhile to come down stairs, and there I found them all three sitting as snug as could be. Our Michael, when he saw me come in, looked a little bit ashamed of himself; but not so Thomas! Up he got, smiling, and held out his hand to shake mine; but I pretended not to see it. With that, not a bit abashed, he sets me a chair, and says he, as civil as could be,

"'Come into the circle, Mrs. Swailes: we'll make room for you.'

"'Thank you, Mr. Kirkenshaw!' said I coldly, speaking out the Mr. as plain as could be, that he might see that I was not friends with him; 'I can take care of myself!' and with that I seated myself in another chair which I brought in, thinking to myself that I *would* join the circle, and that maybe by so doing I should spoil all their plotting

and scheming. But they had been too deep for me. They had had it all their own way while I was upstairs, and so had got their business done, and father had told him that he meant to give Agnes five hundred pounds down on her wedding-day,—which was a good lump of money,—and promised him his good word, and so had our Michael. So, as I was come down among them, they talked of nothing but fairs, and cattle, and their own business; and I, thinking that I was, perhaps, mistaken, and there might, after all, be nothing in the wind, got tea, and was civil to Thomas. Agnes, poor thing! was out of the way; she was gone to spend the night at a neighbour's, and our Michael was to go and fetch her home in the tax-cart, at nine o'clock. So at half-past eight I told him he should be getting ready; and, with that, up got Thomas Kirkenshaw, and went out with him. I thought that he was going, and so I said, quite civilly, 'Good night, Thomas Kirkenshaw.'

" 'I shall see you again, neighbour,' says he, and went out.

" I was vexed that he was coming back, and thought that he was only gone out with our Michael to help him with the tax-cart; and you may, therefore, think how angry I was not to see him, but our Michael come in again.

" 'Thomas has taken his gig to fetch her home,' says he, as if he were half ashamed of himself; 'it's so much better riding in a gig than in a tax-cart.'

" I saw how it was at once, and I never was so angry before.

" 'I tell you what,' said I, taking up a candle, for I thought I'd go to bed, and leave them to it,— 'I tell you what, Michael, it would be a deal better to go through life on a tumble-car than in a coach-and-six with Thomas Kirkenshaw.'

" Next morning, at breakfast, Agnes looked very serious; and says she to our Michael, 'Why did you send *him* to fetch me home last night? If I had known of that beforehand, I would not have gone at all!'

" Father talked to her, and so did our Michael; and, if I were to go on from now till night I could not tell half that was done to bring about her marriage with Thomas Kirkenshaw. The times that she said over and over again that she could not abide him, and that even to his face; and it's my opinion that it never would have been brought about at all if it had not been for Christy Benson's own letter from America, which his uncle in Lancaster sent over for us to read, which gave an account of his marriage, and what great things he was doing; and after that she did not seem to care what became of her.

" And so, the end of it was that she married. It was on Midsummer Day that she was married,—a sunshiny, lovely day,—and yet it was more like a burying than a wedding. I never was so cut down in my life as when I saw her go off with him. Father said nothing; but our Michael stuck to it that it would turn out a good day's work for her. But, woe's me! men always think of the land and the money; and our Michael never thought that anything could be wrong where there was plenty of these, and he took it for a good sign that Thomas made such a fine wedding. But this was how it was. Thomas loved his own self; and it was just for his own pleasure that he came in a post-chaise quite grand all the way from Kendal, and drove off in it from the church-door. To be sure, Michael was hurt that he would not come and eat any of the handsome dinner that we had cooked, and which we could never eat ourselves; but he did not say much.

"Yes, the beginning and the end were alike, and so father and Michael soon found out; but then it was too late.

"Well, they stopped at Kendal to dine; and he never so much as handed her out of the chaise, but walked into the house, with his head on one side, as was his way, and left her to follow as she could. She could not eat any dinner, poor thing!

"'Oh! Thomas,' said she, 'you might have given me your hand as I got out of the chaise! My poor old father would not have left me in that way.'

"Thomas was eating his dinner as coolly as could be.

"'Maybe not,' says he; 'but I'm beginning as I mean to go on; and I am sorry if my ways do not please you!'

"Thomas meant now to punish Agnes for the slight she had so often put on him. He was a man that despised women; and so, as he said, he was beginning as he meant to go on. It was a bad beginning. Nor was that the only speech that cut her to the heart on her wedding-day.

"They reached home in the evening; and, as days were long, and it was quite light, she went into the rooms to take a look round her. There was a picture of a young woman, in a close cap, hanging over the parlour mantelpiece.

"'And, pray you, Thomas, who may this be?' said she; 'for it is a sweet face.'

"'Ay,' said he, 'You may well say so. And I better love that woman's little finger than all the rest of the women in the world.'

"'That is not a kind word to say to me, Thomas, fair though she be,' said she, with a heart well-nigh broken, 'seeing that I have been your wife but so few hours.'

"'Truth may as well be out,' says he; 'and you must make your best of it.'

"Thomas thought that she loved Christy Benson far better than she loved him, and so he meant to revenge himself on her. Ah! he was a miserable, precise body, with a black, venomous heart in him; and under pretence of keeping up man's prerogative,—that was the word always in his mouth,—he made his poor wife's life worse than that of a gin-horse.

"He knew, and well enough, too, that I liked neither him nor his ways, and that I had done all in my power to keep him from wedding Agnes; and, therefore, they had not been man and wife two months before he let me know that his wife had enough to do in looking after his concerns without my company.

"Agnes was naturally very gentle; and this treatment cut her down sadly; and she had no spirit to stand up for herself, and a weary time she had with him. None of her old friends went near her, and she never said a word to any soul of what she endured; but everybody who looked at her could see that her peace in this world was gone for ever.

"Well, at last I could bear it no longer; and, as I had heard that she had been poorly for some time, I set off one Wednesday morning with our Ben and the mare, and rode behind him to Kendal, and from there took a car to the next town, which was only four miles from her home, and that four miles I walked; for I did not wish to take anybody with me,—not even a car-driver,—for I did not know how my visit might turn out. Agnes, poor thing! had now been married getting on

for two years. It was the end of May and the hedges were all like a posy with hawthorn, and the birds were singing like mad. Little flowers, all yellow and blue, were growing thick upon the banks by the roadside; and shining beetles, and cow-ladies, and butterflies, were enjoying themselves in the sunshine. 'Lord!' said I to myself, 'how can a man be bad enough to ill-use a woman in a beautiful world like this? What a paradise it would be if pride and cold-hearted villany did not mar it!' I never, in all my days, saw such a sweet country as that was! The fields were so green, and the cattle lay chewing their cud in the sunshine, as did one's heart good to see it. In the midst of these fields, and standing by the roadside, was a very pretty place. I came up to it, and stood for a minute just to admire it. I thought that I was, maybe, half a mile from Thomas Kirkenshaw's. A very pretty place it was, with white pales in front, all in good order, and a green porch and window-shutters, and nice white-fringed blinds in the windows. Just as I was standing looking over the little white gate at the end of a nice gravel walk, with a box-edging, that led to the house, a little child came past with a flock of geese.

"'Pray ye, my child, must I go straight on to Thomas Kirkenshaw's?' for, as I had never been there, I did not rightly know whether the road turned off.

"'Mr. Kirkenshaw!' said the child, 'why, he lives here. This is his garden-gate.'

"It gave me quite a turn; and I stood looking at the house and the green fields round it, and thought again what a nice place it was; and, somehow, I could not all at once make up my mind to go up to the door, for I did not know how he would take my visit. Maybe he would not let me cross his door-sill, for he had said as much more than once.

"I had not stood long, however, before I saw a woman come walking slowly up the garden, with a large shawl over her head; the next minute she turned round, and saw me.

"'Oh, Lord! is that you, sister?' said she, in a thin, weakly voice; and I then knew that it was my poor Agnes.

"'Lord have mercy on us!' I cried out; but I did not say what was in my mind, for she was sorely changed, and looked more like a woman of forty than one not four-and-twenty.

"'How are you, Agnes, dear?' said I, 'for you look but badly.'

"She made me no direct answer; but opened the garden-gate.

"'He's not at home,' said she; 'he's gone a long journey; so come in, for I have a deal to say to you!' and with that she caught hold of my arm; and when I looked at her she was fainting. I set her down on a garden-seat that was just by, and, as I had my smelling-salts in my pocket, she soon came to.

"She took me into a pretty parlour, with papered walls, and a good carpet on the floor, and plenty of mahogany furniture in it; and there, poor thing! she kissed me, and cried,—she was so glad to see me! She then took me upstairs into their bedroom; where was a four-post bed, with moreen hangings, and all carpetted, and like a lord's house,—for he loved to make himself comfortable; and there, poor thing! she told me such a tale of his tyranny, and his cold-hearted 'man's prerogative,' as quite curdled my blood, and made me take no more pleasure in all his fine furniture, and things.

“ I saw that she was not long for this world, and my first thought was to take her back with me ; but I know not if I should have dared to do so but for her own self.

“ ‘ I know,’ said she, ‘ that my days are numbered, and I pray God that it may be so, for I’ve no pleasure in life ; and if it be consistent with His will, I would wish never to see Thomas’s face again in this world. I could die at peace with him while he is away—but oh ! the very sound of his footsteps sends a chill to my heart ! I ought never to have married him, sister ! I know very well that it is wicked in me to have such thoughts towards the man that I have promised before God’s altar to love and obey, and this makes my sorrow all the greater—but I had no business to marry him, for I never loved him as a wife should—God forgive me !’

“ And then she went down upon her knees before the large arm-chair, and with her thin hands clasped together, and the tears running down her pale face, she prayed for a matter of five minutes—but for what, I never knew ; that was all between God and her own soul.

“ ‘ Sister,’ said she, after she had a little calmed herself, and we had had some seed-cake and coffee together, ‘ you must take me back with you. You must take me *home*—for this is no home to me, never has been, and never can be ! You cannot refuse me this ; I know that I have not long to live, and I think that God has sent you to me at this time for this purpose !’

“ ‘ And so think I !’ said I, ‘ and please God you shall never set foot again in this house, for all its fine flounced window-curtains and its carpeted floors !’

“ I need not tell you the history of our journey, nor how father and Michael were almost beside themselves when they saw what a poor death-stricken creature she was, and we had never heard anything about it ; for he would not let her write, and it was all by a mere chance that we heard of her being ill. My heart was nearly broken to see her come back in that fashion, she that I had nursed upon my knee, and carried in my bosom, and loved like my own child.

“ I laid her on the best bed in the house, and made her chamber as lightsome and pleasant as I could. I set her a small glass of cowslips and another of garden-flowers upon the dressing table, for I knew she was fond of flowers ; and whatever I thought she could fancy, I made for her—but she had no more appetite than a bird.

“ ‘ Sister,’ said she, two or three days after she had come to us, ‘ may the Lord bless you for all your kindness to me ! I have just one thing now to beg of you—do not let Thomas come near me ! I have forgiven him what’s past, and I can die at peace with him, but oh ! I cannot see him again ! It’s wrong, I know, for a wife to take against her own husband ; and oh, as regards marrying him, I did very wrong !—but I thought that he was a religious man, and that I should have found peace and comfort under his roof ! Religion is a spirit of love and forbearance, and is full of pity, and kindness, and humility ! Thomas is not a religious man—but for all that he is my husband, and with my last breath will I pray for him ; and as I hope for forgiveness from God for all my wrong-doings and my pride, and my hard-heartedness, and my want of forbearance to others, so do I forgive him !—but I cannot see him ! Promise me this, sister—promise that you will keep him from my bedside if he should come—but I think that *even he* cannot have the heart to trouble my dying-bed !’

"I knew not justly what to do, nor what was right in such a case; but, however, I promised her, and all the more because the doctor said that she would not last long, and that any sudden excitement might be the death of her; and the minister too, he took her part when he came to pray with her; and my hope was, that Thomas would not come near us. However, I was wrong in that, for in less than a week, as I was sitting by her bedside, thinking that she might be going almost any minute, she starts up in her bed, and 'who is that?' she said.

"I thought she was delirious, for I heard nothing.

"'It is *he*!' said she, and fell back upon her pillow, and a cold shudder passed over her.

"It was not long before Michael came up and tapped at the door.

"'Now, do not let him in, I pray you,' says she.

"'It's only our Michael!' said I, and went out.

"'Here's Thomas Kirkenshaw,' said Michael, 'what must I do? for he is fit to take the house-side out, he is so angry, and he will not believe that she is so badly.'

"'Go down to him, the brute!' said I, but in a low voice, that she might not hear, 'and pray you keep him quiet, and tell him from me, that if he will wait till to-morrow, he will maybe see her a corpse—she is as badly as that! tell him.'

"When I went back into the room, there was the poor thing sitting up in bed, all in a cold sweat and a shivering fit. She had heard every word we said, and one fainting fit after another took her, and all the time I could hear Thomas's voice growling down in the house-place; and it was all that Michael and father could do to keep him down stairs.

"When the shivering and fainting had left her, I could only keep life in her with brandy and water, and every now and then the cough seized her, and sure, I thought she would have died. In the evening she grew easier, and I thought that she dozed a little, for she lay quite still; and then, in the dusk hour, she called me to her bedside: I shall never forget the angelic look of her face at that time.

"'Sister,' said she, 'there are seasons when a great deal is learned in a short time, and I now see things differently to what I did. It is, I believe, my duty to see Thomas—a hard duty, but which I will not shrink from; and I feel that God will give me strength to go through my trial, blessed be his name! You may tell my husband that I would bid him farewell before we part in this world for ever!'

"How those words of hers went to my heart! I saw that she was right, and I kissed her and told her so.

"She asked me to stay with her, and I promised that I would; and then I went down stairs and fetched him up.

"He stood beside the bed, and hastily pulling aside the curtain, asked her how she dared to leave his house.

"'Thomas,' returned she, looking calmly at him, 'do not make my last hour a bitter one! I would fain part in peace, and here's my hand in token of it! Fare-ye-well, Thomas, and forgive me all my faults and all my shortcomings, for I can see well enough now, that we are poor, imperfect creatures, and as I freely forgive you, so may God have mercy on my soul!'

"As she said these words, I saw her head falling backwards. I stood on the other side of the bed, and I put my arm round her to support her, and she laid her head upon my bosom. Those were her last words. In less than five minutes her spirit had departed from this world.

"Thomas had taken the hand which she held out to him, and he kept it in his till she was dead—but he said not one word. It was too much even for him, and with his other hand he took out his blue cotton handkerchief and wiped away a tear or two; and that was no more than any one might expect, for it was a very affecting death-bed, and people say that it was not without its effect even on him. But of that I can say nothing from my own knowledge, for we had none of us anything to do with him after the funeral.

"She lies, poor thing, in the dale-church, just beside her own young mother; and it is somewhat remarkable that they were, within one week, each other's age, and, within a few days, also was she buried just two years after her own marriage.

"Her death cut us all up sadly; and I cannot say that it did me any good, when, three months afterwards, Thomas Kirkenshaw put up on her grave a fine head-stone that cost a deal of money, on which he called her 'his beloved wife,' and himself 'a sorrowing husband.'"

Such was the history of poor Agnes Satterthwaite, a dale-beauty and heiress; a history which affected me greatly when I heard it, and in which I quite agreed with good Mrs. Swailes, that Agnes made a wrong choice, and that choosing wrong in marriage is the greatest misfortune that can befall any woman.

TO A MOTH.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

ALAS! little moth,
 I am loth
 To let such an atom as you
 Raise my wrath,
 Little moth;
 But pray,
 Just say,
 Why you nibble my very best blue?
 Where you come from's a puzzle to me;
 What use in the world can you be,
 Except, as I state,
 Folks to aggravate,
 And you know the assertion is true;
 For my wife who's as mild
 As a child,
 Comes to me with woe-begone face;
 You tip it
 Her tippet,
 And nip it
 -Until the thing's quite a disgrace.
 Then into our coffers you pop,
 And stop,
 Unseen with your gimlet nose,
 Like a sieve,
 As I live,
 Or a cullender making the clothes.
 Then her very best chinchilla boa,
 By which she sets very great store,
 Flies in bits, when she goes in the air,
 Quite ruined, for you have been there.
 What, the deuce,
 What's the use
 Of those coats or those breeches to you?

Beware if I catch you—
 I'll match you—
 And preciously double-mill you.
 Why not fly in the sunshine and light,
 You have wings, why then surely you
 might,
 And revel 'midst flowers,
 For hours,
 With much more extatic delight?
 Why not live as an insect should do
 In the cup of a violet blue?
 Or take a short ride,
 On the tide
 Of a stream in some dark leafy wood?
 Just try it for once,
 If you're not a dunce,
 And you'll find it will do your health
 good;
 Or dance with the gnats in a ring,
 To the music in twilight they sing,
 And without aspersion,
 Seek other diversion,
 And don't at man take such a
 fling.
 But I've made up my mind, so that's flat,
 Be it coat, breeches, fur, or a hat,
 Any more
 That you bore,
 I'll take you some day by surprise;
 I'll so pepper your nob,
 That I'll finish your job,
 And you'll die like a thief ever dies.

SHOTS FROM AN OLD SIX POUNDER.

BY PORTFIRE.

"My aide-de-camp knows all, and has no objection to tell it."
MARQUESS OF —'s *Letter*.

THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY AT WOOLWICH.

THE Military Academy at Woolwich was founded during the master-generalship of the celebrated Duke of Richmond, who, among other innovations, changed the uniform of the engineers into blue turned up with black velvet—a peculiarity of costume which had the effect of quickening the promotion of that erudite corps, by making it the especial object of the enemy's fire the moment an engineer popped his nose into the trenches. This change of uniform gave rise to the well-known epigram :—

"When Richmond's duke the Ordnance took,
He thought great things to do :
The Engineers pricked up their ears,
He pinched 'em *black* and *blue* !"^{*}

One of those cumbrous, fantastic brick buildings by Vanbrugh, which contributed to originate another well-known epigram,[†] and which may still be seen in the Royal Laboratory, was appropriated to this pet institution,—originally, on a much smaller scale than it afterwards became. At the time I joined the Academy, the number of cadets had increased to one hundred and eighty-eight; sixty of whom were located at the junior department in the arsenal, whence they were removed, according to the progress they made in their studies, and vacancies occurred, to the upper barracks on the common—a mongrel erection by the elder Wyatt, compounded of a castle, a religious house, and a college. The buildings we slept in had quite a monastic air—in wet weather we paraded under gothic cloisters, we studied in a huge keep, and dined in a chapel. There was a racket court in either flank of this anomalous edifice, which, it must be confessed, however, was not ill-contrived for the purpose for which it had been erected.

The Academy was conducted on severer principles and a simpler plan than the more costly, but far less efficient, establishment at Marlow. In point of fact, the institutions were misnamed. They would have been more appropriately designated by an exchange of titles. The College, despite the pomp and circumstance with which it was invested, was nothing more than an overgrown seminary, where the boys were confined within certain limits, and subjected to punishments which would have disgraced a preparatory school. At Woolwich, on the other hand, we were treated with becoming dignity. We were taught to consider ourselves men—whilst, indeed, we were very well disposed to do—no control was placed on our "whereabout,"—we roved where we listed—

* At Badajos, eleven out of the thirteen engineer-officers employed, were put *hors de combat*; hence the restoration of the uniform to its original scarlet.

† "Lie heavy on him, Earth! For he," &c.

were always styled "*Mr. I*"—shaved for beards—took the head of the column at garrison parades, and shone as minor planets at the mess-balls, for which a certain number of tickets were invariably placed at our disposal. On these occasions we sported handsome dress-coats, with gold epaulets on the right shoulder if we were corporals, and bullion shoulder-straps if we were not.

At Marlow, if a cadet had money or interest, as the majority *had*, he studied or not, as he pleased. He knew, from the anomalous nature of the institution, that it didn't signify a doit whether he looked into his Dolby, or read the novel he kept concealed under it—he was sure of getting a commission in either case—perhaps, had already gotten it. But to the educated corps, there existed no golden key, no royal road. A commission in these regiments could be obtained only by *swat** and *spinning* through the plates of Landmann and Malorti. Consequently, a cadet at Woolwich was *compelled* to study; and the harder he studied, and the greater his progress, the sooner he got his commission. Still, in spite of the superiority of its system, the academy might have accomplished more. The course of education was not so *practical* as it might and ought to have been. Too much time was dedicated to the higher branches of mathematics, and in obtaining a superfluous proficiency in drawing. What mattered it whether the cadet comprehended the nature of asymptotes, or executed his plans like a professor, so long as they were intelligible and laid down correctly: I have myself seen a sketch of the field of Waterloo, taken by the Duke of Wellington's order, previous to the battle, by Colonel Carmichael Smith, commanding engineer, than which nothing could be rougher; and I very much question whether Sir Alexander Dickson, one of the first artillery officers of his time, could have solved a problem in fluxions.†

On the other hand, French was the only foreign language we were taught; and though an excellent riding-school stood at hand, strange to say, we were not allowed to avail ourselves of the *manège*, so that it frequently happened, that, when a young officer went out to his field exercises, for the first time, mounted on a strange horse, he emulated Johnny Gilpin or Commodore Trunnion, which, of course, raised him considerably in the estimation of the men he was destined to command.

I trembled at the idea of joining the Academy, of which terrible stories were extant. I was given to understand that I must merge—if not into a hewer of wood—most certainly into a drawer of water. That castigating a *neux*, as a newly joined cadet was called, constituted the usual pastime of the seniors, and that if I had the good fortune to escape being roasted alive, I should infallibly be starved, &c., &c. There was much truth, with some exaggeration in this.

My *neux*-ship commenced under P——, brother to the present Bishop of E——, who was head of my room. I cannot say he used me at all unkindly, he was too good a fellow for that. But T——, the nephew of another bishop, who was also in the same room with me, proved less lenient. It is astonishing how deeply the recollection of the injustice or

* Mathematics.

† The cadet should have been earlier familiarised with the theodolite and the chain. The spade and the mattock should then have been put into his hands, and he might have actually assisted in sapping, throwing up field-works, or even a segment of a rampart, on a piece of waste ground behind the barracks, which was well suited to this purpose. The *materiel* used for gabions and fascines would afterwards have served for firewood.

cruelty we experience in early youth, sinks into the mind, and how potently it sways it ! Were I to live a thousand years, I should never forget the petty cruelties T—— exercised on me ; nor could I meet him even at this distance of time, without experiencing a repugnance, which would diminish that cordiality I should otherwise feel for one, whose character is every way estimable. This, perhaps, is the strongest argument that can be adduced against the policy of permitting fagging in our public schools. But NEUXING, as we shall see presently, went far beyond what is understood by *fagging*, and, as the Military Academy was constituted, was calculated to produce much mischief as well as serious detriment to the service.*

I was sitting in “doleful dumps” the second day of my noviciate, inwardly deploring the necessity I found myself under, of fetching water, at least, twice a day, from a pump at the farthest extremity of the barracks, when my reverie was interrupted by the entrance of a tonsorial-looking personage, who, with a low bow, respectfully inquired “whether I was not the gentleman who had just joined ?”

“Yes !” growled I, sullenly, wishing myself anywhere else.

“Then I must cut your hair, sir, if you please,” continued he, throwing a large cloth over me, “I’m Mr. Denning’s young man !”

“Mr. Denning’s !”

“Yes, sir, Mr. Denning’s ; Mr. Denning’s hair-dresser to the company. We always has to cut the hair of gentlemen just joined, sir—cut it according to the regulation. It’s Captain Thompson’s order—allow me, sir.” So saying, this *soi-disant* barber pulled out a comb and scissors, and hacked away at my unlucky *chevelure* with such good will, that in a few minutes it resembled a furze patch. Then rubbing a large ball of candle-grease, mixed up with soot, well into the furrows, he removed the cloth, made me another low bow, and vanished. The result of this hoax was, that, at the next inspection-parade, the lieutenant on duty placed me in arrest, the pretended hair-dresser, who was one of the corporals, looking on very gravely all the while.†

Had *neuxing* been confined to this, it would not have mattered. Unfortunately, it went much farther. A *dique*, called *The Gang*, actually kept a book, like Claverhouse’s in “Old Mortality,” in which were duly registered the names of those *neuxes* who had rendered themselves obnoxious to this self-constituted tribunal, together with the particulars of their offences. To judge from results, the following may be assumed as a specimen :—

“A—, Obstropolous, { That is, A— had ventured to remonstrate,
when threshed within an inch of his life. Mem.
{ To be brought to his senses.

* This is evident, when we consider how often the relative positions of the parties became reversed ; and that the *ci-devant* senior at the Academy, frequently found in the *neux*, he had so maltreated and tyrannized over, his *superior*, and perhaps *commanding officer*.

† *Apropos* of military punishments : I rejoice—from my soul ! rejoice—that flogging is likely to become a dead letter in our military code, as we are at present circumstanced. Nevertheless, let us meet the subject fairly. Though I have no doubt whatever the cat may be *entirely* dispensed with in the time of peace, I do doubt the practicability of abolishing its use on active service in the field. The power of inflicting summary punishment *must* exist, or our army will cease to do so ; and surely, it is better to flog a man, than to hang or shoot him ! especially, where lives are so valuable !

"B—, A Count,

Or, in other words, had discovered symptoms of incipient dandyism; or gone to the mess-halls in his father's carriage; or used polite phrases; or committed some other horrible crime of a similar description. N.B. To have the conceit threshed out of him.

"C—, A Swatt!!! (good at mathematics)



} Go it, Ned! &c."

This last was a most unpardonable crime, and always punished with corresponding severity. In the evening when *The Gang* wished *pour s'amuser*, the book was produced—a victim selected—and "lay on, Macduff!" *pour encourager les autres*.

On one occasion, however, these gentlemen caught a tartar:

L— was an excellent mathematician. It was intimated to him that he "was to get it." Accordingly, the following evening, as he was conning over his Hutton, a loud trampling on the stairs convinced him that his present occupation was just about the worst he could be engaged in. He had barely time to put down his book, when T—, and Y—, and K—, followed by the rest of the *clique*, armed with Westminster knots, rushed into the room.

"Now, L—, you cursed *neux*!" cried T—, brandishing his weapon, "you're going to get it! Lay on, lads!"

"Stop!" shouted L—, starting up and seizing the poker, "I give you, and all of you, T—, fair warning," continued he, in a more deliberate tone, "that I'll floor the first man who strikes me! I will, upon my honour!"

This was the hare turning upon the hounds with a vengeance! the gang had no sooner recovered from their surprise, than they set up a loud laugh.

"O! what! you sport spunky! You sport spunky, do you, *neux*!" said T—, speaking through his teeth, "But we'll soon cure you of that, ha, ha! we'll soon bring you to your senses, my boy. Whoop! hang the poker! at him, lads!" and T— sprang upon his victim.

"Whoop!" echoed the gang, following.

L— was as good as his word. At the very first blow he nearly broke T—'s arm; and continued to use the poker with such effect, that he soon cleared the room of his assailants, two of whom were subsequently expelled for an attack equally unjustifiable and cowardly, on another cadet. Indeed, so severely beaten was this latter, that it came to the ears of the authorities, who took prompt measures for eradicating an abuse which ate, like a canker, into the very heart's core of an institution founded on a principle of emulation; and this they were more especially bound to do, since a cadet's position, in a single monthly return, might make the difference of *years* on his promotion. Latterly, I was chummed upon two Wexford men, whose families had suffered severely in the rebellion. D— used to relate, with tears in his eyes, that he had seen his father piked and thrown over the bridge at Wexford. This gentleman afterwards married a daughter of Sir Ludford Harvey.

Colonel—or, as we familiarly styled him, *Jemmie*—West, was the principal resident officer. We liked him; and with reason. *Jemmie*, to

be sure, was neither a handsome man nor a smart man ; still less could he be called a polite man ; yet we liked him. Though the husk was rough, the kernel was good. West had an excellent heart. His judgment, too, was sound. He was firm ; but essentially indulgent. I doubt, on the whole, if a man could have been found better qualified for his position. Like Washington, West exacted, and always insisted on paying, the last farthing in the settlement of his accounts.

But the most popular, as well as most efficient, among our officers was Cruttenden. Like Wright,* he was a strict disciplinarian, though he had nothing of the martinet about him. Not content with putting us through the usual routine of parade drilling, Cruttenden frequently took us to Plumstead Common, where the inequalities of the ground gave him an opportunity of showing us how guns ought to be drawn up acclivities, lowered down steep banks, placed *en batterie*, &c. There was a variety in these drillings, which made them a labour of love. They carried us, in imagination, to that glorious epoch, when, as commissioned officers, we might hope to gain

“ The bubble, reputation, *from the cannon's mouth.*”

Cruttenden mixed familiarly in our sports, and took a fall at foot-ball with the greatest good-humour.

But, odds bobs ! I must not forget Serjeant-Major Calder ; the most important functionary of all—in his own opinion. Calder's conceit was unmistakable. It gave a genuineness to the man ; otherwise the ludicrous importance of his swagger, combined with his huge cocked-hat, enormous pig-tail, copper-headed cane, and tawdry uniform, would have made you suspect he was an actor hired to burlesque himself. It was laughable to hear Calder drilling us :—“ Halt !—Front !—Dress !—Eyes right now !—Keep your heads more back'arder !—Mr. Smith ! keep your head more back'arder ; I shall rapport you to the Colonel, if you don't mind what I say. Eyes front now, and stand steady. Now *that*, gentlemen, is what *WE* calls forming *three-thirds* of the square. Raally, gentlemen, this conduct is highly improper. It is, raally ! It's quite impossible for me to drill you if you keeps a laughing so. If you 're soldiers, behave yourselves as sich, and act according-*ly* !”

Among the professors were Hutton, Bonnycastle, Olinthus Gregory, and Barlow—great names ; M'Culloch lectured on chemistry ; Landmann and Malorti taught fortification ; Sandby, drawing ; Roland, fencing ; and Catty and Warren, French.

What I have said of Dolby applies equally to the principal mathematical professors at Woolwich—they made but indifferent teachers. Their minds were too abstracted. They needed the flappers of Laputa to enable them to pay proper attention to their pupils ; who, as Montgomery Maxwell observes, “ had only to go a-head.” Keep saying something—no matter what—to obtain the necessary signature. It was amusing to observe Bonnycastle, who always progressed by *stumbles*, for he could not be said to *walk*. He had a habit of *maundering* from desk to desk, steadying himself by the iron rod which ran along the top of each, so wholly immersed in

“ Cogibundity of cogitation,”

* See page 239.

that when he came to the last desk in the row, he ran great risk of toppling on his nose. Bonnycastle, however, was always wide awake when he lectured. He needed no flapper *then*; and, certainly, the academy, even at that period, turned out some excellent mathematicians; though not so excellent as it did subsequently, under the lieutenant-governorship of Colonel Mudge, who, a first chop *swatt* himself, spared no exertions to make the pupils so, and render the course of education at the academy effective.

Warren, the junior French master, had as little of the Frenchman in his appearance as in his name. But for the cross of St. Louis at his button-hole, he might have passed muster in the court of aldermen, or been mistaken for his namesake of blacking-making celebrity. Warren had lost a leg in the service of the Bourbons. He deeply resented any indignity offered to his timber toe. One night he was overturned in the Woolwich coach. The coachman, in his anxiety to extricate him, lugged him out by his wooden leg, to the unappeasable wrath of its proprietor, who, as soon as he could speak, vociferated, "How dare you touche my leg dat vay, sare? Do you tink he is a parcel?"

Sir Francis Bond Head, Major Jebb, superintendent of prisons, that amusing writer, Benson Hill, and Warde, the actor, were my contemporaries at the academy.*

* Five and thirty years appear to have wrought no improvement in the *morals* of the Woolwich cadet. Too much study is said to predispose him to those excesses which are so loudly complained of; and in my time, if the hours of study were not too many, they were certainly too continuous. When Bonnycastle lectured, the cadets in the first academy were detained at their desks four hours. They had little more than time to swallow their dinner, when they were called into evening study—three hours more—making a total of seven hours' study every Thursday during summer. But, after all, is the standard of morality much higher at our great public seminaries and crack colleges than it appears to be at Woolwich? *Sydenham—Peter Priggins—Tales by a Barrister*, with fifty other works, too surely answer this question.

THE SHAKSPEARE ALBUM.†

Of mighty Shakspeare's birth, the room we see—
That where he died, in vain to find we try;
Useless the search, for all *Immortal* he—
And those who are *immortal* never die!

WASHINGTON IRVING, *his second visit*, Oct. 1821.

Shakspeare, thy name reverèd is no less
By us, who often "reckon," sometimes "guess;"
Tho' England claims the glory of thy birth,
None more admire thy scenes well "acted o'er"
Than we of "States unborn" in ancient lore.

JAMES H. HACKETT, 25 June, 1833.

† Copied from the book at Shakspeare's House, Stratford-on Avon, Sept. 10, 1836.

THE BROKEN VOW.

BY MRS. ROMER.

" She was false as water." SHAKSPEARE.

IN my various visits to Italy I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to diversify the journey by approaching it through every pass of the Alps which is open to the convenience of a carriage-road ; and thus, in turns, I have made myself acquainted with the beauties and the horrors of the Simplon, the Mont Cenis, the Splügen, the Stelvio, the St. Bernard, the St. Bernardino, and the St. Gothard. And now, were I asked to which of the three latter passes (the least frequented by English travellers) I give the preference, I should scarcely know "*à quel Saint me vouer ;*" but I believe that the Mount St. Gothard *l'emporterait sur les autres*, from the truly feminine reason of something like a romantic interest having been attached to my wanderings through its sublime scenery.

Some few years ago I returned to Italy through that part of Switzerland known by the name of William Tell's Country, and had accomplished the passage of the monstrous alp already alluded to, as far as the Italian side of the mountain, when an accident, which happened to my carriage between Airolo and Giornico, detained me for a whole day at the latter place. Now to break one's carriage without the excitement of a fright or adventure, to be quietly handed out of it, and, after walking the short distance which intervenes to the next relay, to be condemned to pass the day in the dirty hotel of a dull and dirty little town, is so vulgar and common-place an incident, that I was beginning to look very blank upon it, and to wonder how I should get through so many hours, when mine host put me in the way of lightening their load by informing me that he had an excellent *char-à-banc*, or, if I preferred it, a safe and sure-footed pony, "*con una sella Inglese*," at my disposal, if I chose to profit by the fine weather and "*far un giro per veder le belle site della montagna ;*" and that he would give me for a guide one of those useful bipeds distinguished in all Italian inns as "*il piccolo*," ("the little fellow,") without any reference to their age or stature, just as the same *genus* in Ireland is invariably designated, from the age of seven to seventy-five, as "the boy about the house."

This was too agreeable a proposition to be declined by one threatened by *ennui* in its dreariest form ; and, therefore, having giving the preference to the pony, I set forth on my peregrinations, accompanied by my doughty little squire on foot, and ascended the mountain by certain devious zigzag paths, which carried me in a sidelong direction from Giornico, until, after an hour and a half's scrambling, he brought me to a halt upon a beautiful opening, which commanded a view such as can only be seen on the Italian side of the Alps. Frowning crags, roaring torrents, and dark forests of pine trees rose in sublime confusion above us, surmounted by the mountain's hoary crest, crowned with wreaths of mist, which hung upon it like garlands of marabout feathers ; while beneath lay scattered many a smiling hamlet, with its picturesque and

graceful *campanile* peeping through clusters of poplar, chestnut, and fig-trees, and interspersed with rich pastures and vineyards; and the wandering Tessino, rolling its silver flood through the fair landscape, gave the last finishing touch of beauty to a scene which so happily blended the stern wildness of Switzerland with the more refined and luxurious characteristics of Italy.

"*Più avanti, lei vedrà sulle falde della montagna il più bel paese del mondo,*" said my guide, pointing to a green platform, from which we were divided by a rapid torrent. The stream was spanned by a rude stone bridge, on the centre of which had been erected one of those picturesque little chapels which are so often to be seen in the highways and bye-ways of Italy, and whose walls, generally adorned with frescoes of grim Saints and flaunting Madonnas, or it may be with a startling delineation of the pains of purgatory, serve either to persuade or to terrify the wayfaring passenger into a prayer for the souls of those who are expiating the fleeting sins of the flesh by ages of torments passed in fires unquenchable. But the chapel in question was simply white-washed, and less calculated to appeal to the *imagination* than to the *piety* of Catholic votaries; and as I walked my pony slowly past it, and my guide reverently crossed himself, my attention was withdrawn from the little edifice to an old woman seated upon a stone in front of it, who eagerly turned her sightless orbs towards me, and dropping her distaff, stretched forth her withered hand in earnest supplication.

"*In nome della santissima Madonna, Madre di Dio,*" said she, "*datemi qualche cosa per l'anima del povero figlio mio Antonio!*"

She was dressed with too much attention to cleanliness and comfort to be a common beggar, and yet there was no mistaking the accent or the action of entreaty with which she reiterated her demand.

"Good morrow to you, mother Cecca," said the *piccolo* to her; "have you got much to-day?"

"*Ohimè no!*" she answered, with a deep sigh; "*Niente, niente affatto!*" I put a *zwanziger* into her hand, and leaving her to the childish delight which the possession of such a coin appeared to occasion her, quitted the bridge and gained the platform, from whence, according to the promise of my guide, I was to obtain so charming a view.

Nor did the reality fall short of the expectation. A beautiful village lay spread out upon the slope of the mountain beneath me, like a scattered pack of cards upon a *tapis vert*! orchards, and gardens, and vineyards were interspersed among the white cottages; the church with its tall belfry, and the house of the *parocco* or parish priest, stood conspicuously apart from the other buildings; while, at a greater distance, the handsome villa-like residence of the rich *possidente*, or lord of the manor, appeared embosomed in groves of chestnut-trees, and surrounded by luxuriant pastures, corn-fields, and vineyards, which covered the whole slope of the mountain. It was a charming picture of rural repose, a pastoral scene worthy of being peopled with the ideal shepherds and shepherdesses of Florian and Gessner, those graceful and poetical conceptions, whose type, alas! never existed in vulgar human nature. Fortunately for my illusions no coarse reality was visible to destroy the vision I had conjured up; probably the noon-tide meal had called the labourers from the field, for not a human being was to be seen,—the flocks had gathered to repose under the shade of spreading trees, and the deep silence which reigned around, the golden light of an Italian autumn steeping

rocks, trees, and valleys in a flood of softened brilliancy, cast a dream-like character over the fair landscape.

Much as I was charmed with it, however, I could not forbear recurring in thought to the blind old supplicant upon the bridge.

"How does it happen," said I, at last, to the *piccolo*, "that your beggars in this country are better dressed than your peasantry? That old woman who asks for charity at the chapel——"

"Oh," interrupted he, "*quella non è mendicante; è pazza, sta povera Cecca.*" ("Oh, as for poor Cecca, she is not a beggar, she is crazed.")

And now my curiosity was raised, and many were the questions I asked him; but he could tell me nothing beyond his belief, that she had lost her wits from grief at having lost her only son; that it was a very sad story, but, as it had happened before he was born, he did not know much about it; however, the *padrone* had the whole history at his fingers' ends, and could relate it as if he was reading out of a book, so that I should only have to ask him to repeat it to me when I returned to the inn.

I did not fail to profit by this hint; but, as I did not return to Giornico until the hour was past at which I had ordered my dinner to be ready, I was obliged to satisfy my hunger before I could satisfy my curiosity, and to discuss the *minestra*, *stufato*, and *frittura*, of which it was composed, before I asked for the *padrone*. At last he appeared; and, after complimenting him upon the excellence of his Italian dinner, I proceeded to eulogize the beauties of his native village, and thence by easy degrees arrived at the bridge, the chapel, and the old blind woman. No sooner had I alluded to her, than putting himself into an orator's attitude, and preparing himself for effect, mine host exclaimed, "'Tis a piteous tale, but you ought to have heard it, as I did, from the lips of old Cecca herself."

"And who," said I, "is this old Cecca?"

"She was the mother of Antonio," he replied, "and once the happiest woman in the whole country;—and Antonio," he hastened to add, evidently fearing another interruption from me, "was her only son. I knew him well, for I was born in the same village with him, and we were friends until the day of his death. He was the handsomest youth that eyes could behold; the gayest, the most light-hearted fellow in the district; he excelled in every manly exercise, and surpassed all his companions in shooting at a target, wrestling, leaping, or dancing on the village-green to the sound of the hautboy. What is better far, he was the best of sons and the kindest of friends—*era il re degli uomini, quel povero Tonino!* Added to these personal advantages, he was not ill provided with the gifts of fortune; his cottage was one of the prettiest in the hamlet, and the fine orchard that surrounded it, with a grove of chestnut-trees which shade the left branch of the stream, were his also. In short, he possessed everything to make him happy, and yet he became the most miserable of men. He fell in love with a young girl of whom I shall speak to you presently, and from thenceforward there was no peace for him—his doom was sealed.

"Teresina was the daughter of a herdsman in the service of the rich *possidente* of Antonio's village, and had been brought up with no higher aim than to tend the sheep upon the mountain side. She had no education, but she was beautiful beyond description—fair as a lily, fresh as the wild rose that blushes among our rocks, with eyes radiant as stars,

and a smile, oh ! a smile that wiled away one's heart before one could guard against the mischief that lurked there. But, alas ! mere beauty of feature, when unaccompanied by beauty of mind and goodness of heart, is a fatal gift to those who possess it, and still more fatal to those whom its delusive charm has entrapped into love. The heart of Teresina was not mirrored in her fair face—pity that it had not been so, for then much misery would have been spared ! She was capricious, idle, vain, cold-hearted, and above all ambitious of bettering her fortune ; she was not fit to be the daughter or the wife of a poor man, for she disdained labour, and knew nothing of household work. Her only study was to adorn her person, and to dress herself in a manner much too elegant for her station in life.

“Antonio, above all others, was captivated by her numerous attractions ; morning and evening he would linger about her habitation, or follow her upon the mountain, watching for a glimpse of her among the chestnut-trees, or upon the margin of the fountain where she loved to idle away the noon-tide hours. Sometimes she would find the most beautiful flowers placed there for her, sometimes a basket of the finest fruits of the season ; if her lambs strayed beyond the limits of their pasture, Antonio would gather them together and drive them back to her ; and when she warbled forth her rustic songs, they were echoed in the distance by the flageolet of Antonio, with a fidelity and expression which love only could have taught him.

“Teresina, when she saw herself the object of so much solicitude, began to turn in her mind whether it would not be worth while to secure her young lover by ties more binding than those of admiration. Her heart was too cold to be touched by his love, but her vanity was gratified by it : she knew that his hand was coveted by all the young maidens in the neighbouring villages—she knew also that his fortunes were far beyond her own—and those two circumstances were sufficient in themselves to determine her as to the line she should pursue. She had always coquetishly encouraged his attentions—now she began to flatter him—to feign sentiments as tender and as exclusive as his own : the guileless youth was completely duped by the semblance of so much affection—his infatuation knew no bounds—he offered his hand, and was accepted.

“‘What a handsome couple,’ we would all say, when we saw them going to mass together, or to the neighbouring villages where Teresina liked to show herself upon market or fair days—‘what a handsome couple they will make, and what a happy life they will lead together !’ But Cecca thought otherwise, for even at that moment she saw things in their true light. ‘O my poor Tonino !’ she would exclaim each time that a neighbour congratulated her on the engagement of her son, ‘I would give my right hand that he had fallen in love with any one else !’ And when I would ask her, ‘When is the wedding to take place, neighbour Cecca ?’ she would answer, with a deep sigh, ‘Neighbour Battista, it will take place—when God pleases.’”

Here Battista paused a moment to wipe his forehead and his eyes ; he had gradually laid aside the oratorical tone in which he had commenced his recital, and, allowing his natural feelings to predominate, had really become eloquent, because he spoke from the heart.

“Pardon my emotion,” he said, “it will be justified by the sequel of my story.”

I placed before him the remainder of the bottle of Nostrano that was

on the table, and assured him of the deep interest with which I listened to him. “*Tante grazie, cara lei,*” he replied, with that affectionate familiarity which any marks of condescension from a superior never fails to elicit in the lower class of Italians, and which I never yet knew to degenerate into offensiveness; “and now give me your attention, for *now only* is the real interest of my story beginning.” And having refreshed himself with a glass of wine, he proceeded.

“Already was the day of the marriage fixed, and the priest had published the banns for the first time from the altar, when suddenly there arrived at the village the nephew of the rich *possidente*, who, having just succeeded by the death of his uncle to all his property, had come to take formal possession of that part of it which lay in our country. All the farmers throughout the valley, who were his tenants, waited upon him to welcome his arrival, and among them appeared Teresina’s father, the herdsman of the late *possidente*, accompanied by his daughter.

“I have already told you how beautiful she was when adorned only by her native graces; but on that day, dressed in her holiday clothes, with all the care and coquetry for which she was distinguished, her beautiful black hair entwined with natural flowers, and fastened up with gold bodkins, and her white neck encircled with a massy gold chain, which Antonio had given to her, she surpassed herself, and looked more like a princess than a peasant. Her young landlord was evidently struck by so much grace and beauty; he could not for a moment avert his gaze from her radiant countenance, and it was apparent to all present that amidst the crowd which surrounded him, he thought only of the lovely Teresina. From that day forward he sought for every pretext of seeing her as much as possible—he required that the milk, butter, cream, and eggs with which his table was supplied should be daily brought to his house by Teresina, and daily did he contrive to whisper in her willing ear those dangerous flatteries which his experience in gallantry had taught him to be as successful as they are persuasive with nine-tenths of the vain and credulous part of her sex. But the town-bred gallant had met with more than a match for himself in the apparently simple village maiden; and deep as his designs were, they were surpassed by her artifice. Respectful in her manner towards him, yet coldly and calmly reserved, she put on a semblance of such modest dignity as damped his wildest hopes, and irritated him nearly to madness. To all his protestations of tenderness she would reply with proud humility, ‘Remember the distance that separates us—the humble Teresina is not worthy of the love of one so far above her!’ Vainly did he argue with her—vainly struggle against his own mad passion—he would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to conquer for a moment the uncompromising virtue which he could not forbear admiring even while it drove him to despair; but she gave him no advantage over her,—she was too deep for that! and when at last, by her unvarying self-possession, she had nearly driven hope from his breast, she artfully changed her manner, and with blushes and sighs appeared to avoid his presence as though she then feared to betray to him some hidden feeling. At that time he accidentally heard of her engagement with Antonio, and the intelligence nearly cost him his senses.

“‘Do you really love this Antonio?’ he one day said to her; ‘do you really love him so much as to render you insensible to the misery you inflict upon me?’

“ ‘He is my betrothed,’ she answered, sighing, ‘and I ought to love no other than him.’ ”

“ ‘And if I would marry you, Teresina, would you then abandon Antonio for me ?’ ”

“ ‘You marry me, Signore ! that is impossible ; you are too rich, too great, to think of me—I, alas ! am too poor, too humble, to become your wife !’ and thus saying, with a well-affected burst of tears, she rushed from his presence.

“What more can be said ? The designing Teresina knew but too well how to play upon the feelings of her new admirer ; the difficulties she threw in his way served only to encourage the ardour of his affection, and so completely did he allow himself to be subjugated by it, that, forgetful of the disparity of their birth and fortune, he determined to sacrifice all worldly considerations to the gratification of his passion, and to offer her his hand in marriage. Her triumph was then complete—her conscience was silenced by the false reasoning of worldly feelings—and without a struggle or a regret, she promised to become his wife.”

“And where,” said I, “was Antonio all this time ?”

“Antonio was ignorant of all that was passing ; he had gone to Bellinzona shortly after the arrival of the new *possidente*, about a lawsuit which a miller had brought against him on account of a stream of water which both litigants claimed as belonging to their property. Lawsuits in our country are obstinate and tedious affairs, and yet they are undertaken upon the most frivolous pretexts ; the one in question obliged Antonio to proceed from Bellinzona to Milan, so that a month elapsed before he returned home ; and during that little month all his hopes of happiness had been remorselessly sacrificed upon the altar of ambition by the faithless Teresina. But as soon as he had arranged his business, he lost no time in setting out homewards ; and he wrote to Teresina, and to his mother, to apprise them of the day and the hour when they might expect him.

“ ‘She will come and meet me !’ said he to himself, as he approached his native place ; and his heart fluttered with rapture at the thoughts of once more beholding her ; while busy imagination pictured to him the joy of their meeting, and led him to mistake every distant object for the fair form of the fond and impatient Teresina, stretching out her arms to welcome him back.

“When Antonio reached that part of the mountain which commands a view of the village, he paused to take breath, for the excess of his happiness had nearly overcome him. He cast his eyes over the beloved scene, and saw that the whole place appeared to be deserted—not a human being was to be seen near the habitations—not a human voice was to be heard. The sun had set in dark threatening clouds ; the shades of evening were fast gathering around ; the wind swept mournfully through the trees, and the long grass waving to and fro upon the mountain side betokened a coming tempest. Something like a gloomy presentiment crept over him, and chilled the glow of happiness which but a moment before had been almost too great for endurance, for it appeared to his sensitive imagination that the whole face of nature spoke to him of some impending misfortune. He sat down upon a stone, and burying his face in his hands, endeavoured to surmount the sudden sadness which had oppressed him. The sound of footsteps approaching,

roused him from the conflict of emotions which he could neither conquer nor define; and looking up, he beheld a female form standing before him. It was Cecca—but where was *she* upon whom his thoughts and expectations alone dwelt at that moment?

“‘You here, and alone, mother!’ he said; ‘And Teresina, where is she?’”

“‘She is engaged elsewhere,’ replied his mother, in a tremulous voice.

“‘Elsewhere!’ he repeated; ‘How? where? with whom?’ and he started from his seat with a look of terror.

“Cecca threw her arms around him, and burst into tears. ‘O my son!’ she said, ‘be composed, or I shall not have courage to tell you all. It was the will of heaven that your marriage with Teresina should never take place.’

“‘Great God!’ interrupted the unhappy youth, ‘is my Teresina then dead?’

“‘Dead! yes, she is dead to thee, my poor Tonino.’

“At that moment a discharge of fire-arms was heard in the direction of the village; resplendent sky-rockets shot through the cloudy atmosphere, and fell in showers of fire around, and a brilliant illumination, lighted as if by magic, suddenly revealed the open space before the church crowded with people, whose joyous acclamations resounded through the valley, and were repeated from afar by the mountain echoes.

“‘It is a wedding!’ said Antonio, in a voice hoarse from emotion. ‘And Teresina, where is she?’

“‘Think no more of Teresina—she is unworthy of you—she is to be married to-morrow to our rich *possidente*,’ murmured Cecca; but scarcely had the fatal words escaped her lips, when Antonio fell to the earth as if struck by a thunderbolt.”

“Was he dead?” I inquired. “No,” replied my host, “for grief does not kill.

“The morning succeeding to that dreadful evening, as at early dawn I was descending from my vineyard on the mountain, running to escape from the rain that had overtaken me, I met Antonio coming towards me by the same path, bare-headed, his hair dishevelled, his countenance pale as death, and his mind evidently abstracted from all that surrounded him. The rain fell in torrents—it hailed—it thundered—the elements appeared to be all in commotion—but he heeded neither rain, nor hail, nor thunder, nor wind; the tempest within his own bosom rendered him insensible to that which raged around! He passed by me without seeing me, or answering my salutation, and went and seated himself upon a ledge of rock that overlooked the valley, motionless and absorbed, his hair and clothes streaming with water, and looking more like a statue than a living being. He could from thence dimly descry through the mist the cottage of Teresina’s father, and the road which led from it to the elegant habitation of his wealthy rival; and his eyes wandered from one to the other with a gloomy wildness which made me tremble for him.

“Notwithstanding the violence of the storm, I remained within reach, silently watching him with the deepest compassion; and there I was joined by his mother, who had anxiously followed the traces of her unhappy son. She recognised me at once, and without uttering a word pointed to Antonio, but with a gesture and a look to which no language

can do justice. Then drawing me behind the rock upon which he had seated himself, she fell upon her knees and murmured in a broken voice, 'Merciful God! have pity on my son—console him for the loss of this unworthy girl—let me not lose my Antonio—take not from me the sole remaining support of my declining years!' And then turning towards me, whilst the tears coursed each other down her pale cheeks, she added, 'Do you remember my prophetic forebodings about that ill-assorted marriage? They are verified, neighbour Battista: Alas, alas, the misgiving of a mother's heart never lead her astray!'

"'Take courage, my dear neighbour,' I replied; 'our poor Tonino is stunned by the blow that has fallen upon him, but in a short time he will be himself again; he is like yonder trees that bend and groan beneath the tempest, and yet they will resist its fury unharmed, and to-morrow will see them wave in the summer breeze as though no rougher blast had ever visited them!'

"'No,' answered the unhappy mother; 'he will sink under the blow! It will be with him as with yonder sapling,' and she pointed to a young oak which had been snapped asunder near the root, and lay prostrate upon the ground; 'the stroke which he has received is a mortal one! What a night, what a dreadful night has he passed! Scarcely had he recovered from the swoon into which he was thrown by the first announcement of Teresina's perfidy, than he ran like a madman towards the village, and I after him. The storm, which had threatened burst forth with fury extinguishing the illuminations and dispersing the crowd: the dancing had ceased, the orchestra was mute, it was as though the heavens frowned upon the treachery which had driven to desperation one of the best and kindest of God's creatures! The guests invited to the *fête* were running hither and thither to regain their homes as fast as they could; and Teresina, leaning on the arm of her happy lover, and followed by her father, whose head was nearly turned with joy, were seen running towards the priest's house to shelter themselves from the tempest. At that moment Antonio rushed before her, pale, gasping, and trembling in every limb. "Save me from Antonio!" she shrieked, throwing herself into the arms of her lover. "Save you from Antonio!" repeated my son. "Traitor! do you then feel remorse for your crime?"—"Oh save me, save me!" she continued, wildly putting her hands before her eyes. A crowd of friends had now gathered around; the priest ran towards them, the tenants of the rich bridegroom surrounded Antonio and dragged him away, while others led Teresina into the church, the doors of which were closed upon the perjured maiden. My poor son, exhausted by his emotions, made no further effort to approach her; a few friends conducted him back to his home, and the good priest himself accompanied him thither, uttering words of heavenly consolation and human sympathy. But he heard them not—he saw nobody in that terrible moment—the delirium of fever appeared to have seized him, and all the night he remained under its dreadful influence, deaf alike to my prayers, to my counsels, and to my tears, with his arms crossed upon his bosom, pacing up and down the room with rapid strides, and for the first time in his life wholly unmindful of his mother's presence. At last, as dawn approached, he roused himself: "I must see her once more," he muttered—"once more—and then let fate do its worst!" and he rushed out of the house.'

"While the unhappy mother was thus unburthening her heart by the

recital of her fears and anxieties, the rain had ceased, and as the dense clouds broke up, and were drifted in masses across the horizon, the sun burst forth, and shed a flood of brightness over the scene, while the mist which had hung like a gray pall over the valley, shrouding it in darkness and gloom, slowly rolled upwards floating in fleecy clouds upon the mountain's side, and shewed everything to be in movement in the hamlet which but a short time before had been buried in silence and obscurity.

"Antonio rose from the spot where he had so long remained transfixed, and straining his eyes in the direction of Teresina's house, stood for a moment in a listening attitude. The church bells rang forth a merry peal, and joyful voices responded from afar to the festive sounds.

"Suddenly a cry burst from his lips—'*Eccola!*' (There she is!) he exclaimed, and dashing down the rocky footpath, he flew with the rapidity of lightning towards the valley. 'My son, my son!' cried his mother, following him as quickly as her strength would permit. I endeavoured to overtake them, but a turn in the path shut them from my view, and I did not succeed in rejoining them until too late for my presence to be of any avail.

"At the first stroke of the bell the young bride had left her home, accompanied by her father and all her female friends. She was elegantly attired, and looked beautiful as an angel, although her cheeks were paler than usual, and that an expression of uneasiness and anxiety caused her eyes to wander restlessly around, as if in expectation of seeing some object which she feared to encounter. It was evident that the still small voice of conscience had made itself heard within, and that, if she did not absolutely repent of the step she had taken, some compunctious visitings caused her to tremble for the result.

"In order to reach the church from that part of the village where Teresina's habitation stood, it was necessary to ford the torrent; but the recent tempest had so much swollen the volume of its waters, that the bridal party was obliged to take a somewhat circuitous route, and to ascend to the platform which overlooks the hamlet, where a little wooden bridge at that time traversed the torrent from one precipitous bank to the other.

"Antonio, who had taken a short cut towards the same point, reached the bridge by the right bank just at the precise moment that Teresina stepped upon it from the left. She uttered a cry at beholding him, and terrified and irresolute, remained transfixed to the spot, while Antonio, impetuously rushing towards her, threw himself at her feet, and grasped her hands in his. Her friends would have interposed, but in a voice of authority he required them to stand back, and not to interrupt the last words he wished to address to Teresina; and awed by his manner, perhaps too touched by the grief depicted in his countenance, they silently obeyed him, and retiring a few paces, left him alone with the bride.

"'Hear me, Teresina!' he exclaimed; 'for the last time listen to me! I love you still! Yes, in spite of your treachery my heart still clings to you with the desperate energy of a first and only love! Are you resolved to fill up the measure of your perfidy to me? Answer me—are you resolved? for, O Teresina, from your own lips only will I receive the confirmation of your guilt!'

"'Antonio,' she answered, struggling to speak calmly, and to appear composed, 'things have now gone so far that it would be impossible for me to recede a single step, even if I wished it. Believe me, all is for the best.

You and I were not destined for each other,—our dispositions did not suit,—we should not have been happy together,——’

“‘And your promises, cruel Teresina, and your oaths—did you think thus when you made them? And the banns published from the altar—was that but a mockery? And the wedding-ring which I placed upon your finger,—that ring which was to bind us to each other for ever, and which you still wear!’

“At these words Teresina shuddered, and glancing at her hand, she indeed perceived upon it Antonio’s ring, which, by some strange oversight, she had continued to wear up to that moment. She hastened to draw it from her finger, and holding it towards him, said in a trembling voice, ‘I return it to you,—take it back, Antonio,—it is not meet that I should now retain such a pledge.’

“At that moment a burst of joyful voices was heard in the direction from which Antonio had approached the bridge; and the happy bridegroom, surrounded by a numerous escort of friends, was seen eagerly advancing to meet his bride.

“‘You have still time—you have still time to repent!’ urged the unhappy Antonio, gasping with emotion, and rejecting the offered ring. ‘All shall be forgiven—all forgotten! O my Teresina, one word, one little word from those dear lips will save me from despair!’

“‘Teresina!’ cried the young bridegroom, stepping upon the bridge, and most disagreeably surprised and confounded at beholding Antonio upon his knees at the feet of his affianced wife. ‘Teresina, what is the meaning of this?’

“Teresina’s failing courage was suddenly restored to her at the sound of that voice, and strong in the protection of her lover, every trace of feeling was quickly effaced from her voice and countenance. ‘Leave me, Antonio,’ she cried in a resolute tone; ‘it is too late for me either to change, or to repent of what I have done,—take back your ring!’ and she threw it towards him with a gesture of contempt.

“The ring fell upon the bridge, rebounded from thence with violence, and rolling over into the torrent, was buried in the foaming waters beneath.

“‘Go seek it,’ she continued, impatiently disengaging her dress from his grasp, and endeavouring to pass by him.

“‘Thou shalt come and seek it with me!’ cried Antonio in a voice of thunder, fury flashing from his eyes as he started to his feet, and springing upon Teresina grasped her in his arms. Her father and her lover rushed forward to her assistance, but too late to rescue her; for, quick as lightning, Antonio sprang from the bridge with his struggling victim. A smothered shriek for help—a sullen plunge in the torrent below—and all was over. The remorseless waves opened to receive the betrayer and the betrayed—for a moment whirled them to the surface, and then closing over them, swept their bodies from the gaze of the horror-stricken spectators.

“Every effort to save these victims of love and treachery was ineffectual, and it was not for many hours after the catastrophe that their lifeless bodies were discovered in a shallower part of the stream, still locked in a fast embrace. They were buried in the same grave, in a lonely glen far removed from the sacred precincts of our village cemetery; no prayer consecrated the funeral rite; no stone marks the unhallowed spot; no epitaph records the sad event. The wild thorn and bramble alone spring

from the neglected dust of all that was once loveliest and best, most honoured and most admired, in that secluded district. But the memory of the unfortunate lovers has become identified with the scenes that witnessed their tragic fate; and as long as the torrent which engulfed them flows from mountain to valley, the names of Antonio and Teresina will live in the recollection of their country-people.

"The bereaved bridegroom, touched too late by remorse at the part he had taken in influencing Teresina's abandonment of her first betrothed, caused the fatal wooden bridge which had been the theatre of their tragedy to be demolished and replaced by a stone one, (now known through all the country as the Bridge of the Betrayed,) and an expiatory chapel to be erected upon it to the memory of the lovers, where masses might be said for the repose of their souls. There for the last twenty years the unfortunate Cecca has daily repaired to weep, and fast, and pray; and often, formerly, when strangers have lingered on the bridge, and moved by the sight of her tears, inquired the reason of them, she would relate the history of her woes to them '*con parole che i sassi romper ponno!*' and cold must have been the heart that could have listened to her sad eloquence unmoved! The time for those recitals has passed away, and age and sorrow have done their worst for her at last; her intellect has become unsettled—her sight and memory have failed her—even the recollection of the calamity which deprived her of her son has become blunted, dull, and confused; and if you were now to ask her to tell you the history of Antonio, she would not be able to do so. Yet amidst this wreck of feeling and faculties, the pious sentiments, the religious duty which for so many years formed the directing principle of her actions, have, as though by a special dispensation, escaped the general ruin. She has forgotten to weep for her son, but she has not forgotten to pray for him! And every day, throughout the year, be the weather what it may, the blind, aged, and insane Cecca may be seen repairing to the chapel on the bridge, under the guidance of a little girl whom the good *parocco* has placed about her; and there, mingling her tremulous accents with the hoarse voice of the torrent, she gives utterance at the approach of every footstep to the only connected words which now ever escape her lips—the only sentiment which remains distinct and unbroken upon the shattered tablets of her memory:—'*Date qualche cosa in suffragio dell' anima del povero figlio mio Antonio!*'

"God rest his soul!" added Signor Battista solemnly, as he concluded. "Amen!" I responded. And having thanked mine host and dismissed him, I passed the remainder of the evening in noting down in my journal the details of this rustic tragedy.

ADDRESS TO THE NEW YEAR, 1847.

OFFSPRING of light and life, thou new-born year !
 That o'er the midnight of departed days
 Shed'st thy mild lustre on our darken'd sphere,
 And gild'st our orbit with thy orient rays,

Far in thy lengthening track behind are seen,
 Fast fading in the oblivious gulf of time,
 The shadowy forms of things that once have been,
 And persons loved and honour'd in their prime.

There many a heart, that with affection's flame
 Once throbb'd, now sleeps in everlasting rest ;
 That bore a father's—friend's—endearing name,
 And left a pang surviving in each breast.

There beam'd fair beauty's fascinating eye,
 That held in chains the world, a willing slave,
 Who pray'd for her an immortality,
 Extinguish'd in the inexorable grave.

There spoke the manly voice of eloquence,
 That roused admiring senates to applause ;
 That lit the spark, and built the firm defence,
 Of social liberty and equal laws.

There empires sank, there commerce died away,
 That shadow'd ocean with her countless sails ;
 There mighty cities moulder'd to decay,
 Whilst o'er their ruins desolation wails.

Before thee, quickening to successive life,
 Loosed from pale Winter's icy bonds and snows,
 With procreant seeds and budding foliage rife,
 From one vast embryo, Creation grows.

Soft breezes play around thee, and young flowers,
 Whilst dawning Spring thy welcome advent greets,
 Respond to fostering suns and genial showers,
 And breathe from opening blossoms, blending sweets.

Dispenser dread of future good or ill,
 Thou as a king, who newly to a throne
 Is summon'd, some high destiny to fill,
 With outward smiles, but purposes unknown,

May'st wound with misery, ah ! too soon reveal'd,
 Which we be doom'd, frail mortals, to endure ;
 Or yield thy happiness, too long conceal'd,
 Too fleeting yet thy misery's pangs to cure.

In thy approach, through Heaven's ethereal gate,
 Quick gathering on thy untravell'd way,
 Man's baffled passions eager round thee wait,
 And seek from thee a new and brighter day.

Envy, that languishes with jaundiced eye
 To turn all others' happiness to grief ;
 Wild, restless, self-tormenting Jealousy,
 That on suspicion feeds her vain relief :

Vengeance, that brandishes with treacherous arm
 Her secret dagger at her neighbour's breast ;
 Whilst Murder skulks to perpetrate the harm,
 And deluge in his blood the hidden guest.

Next, mad Ambition, with triumphant cry,
 And painted banner to the winds unfurl'd,
 Thro' slaughter seeking immortality,
 Weeps that to conquer there's no second world.

Beneath thee, agonised with inward throes,
 From red volcanoes casting liquid fire,
 Earth trembles, shaken from her deep repose,
 And seems within her ashes to expire.

Or lurid pestilence, with poisonous breath,
 Contaminates the atmosphere around ;
 Whilst, like autumnal leaves, disease and death
 Strew with unburied carcases the ground.

Yet to this world thou com'st not to destroy,
 Or cherish ills in their pernicious birth ;
 E'en midst thy chastenings burst forth gleams of joy,
 And banish'd hope returns to gladden earth.

Thus the fierce tempest arm'd with forked light,
 That threatens the pilgrim in his upland way,
 Oft cheers with vivid flash the trackless night,
 And guides him safely to the realms of day.

The virtues flourish 'neath thy fostering hand,
 With grateful impulse and with glad increase ;
 Thou " showerest blessings on the smiling land,"
 And add'st to joy security and peace.

Thou, like the watchful eye of Providence,
 Pervadest all things with unwearied sight ;
 Direct'st them with unerring influence,
 Sustain'st them by thy presence and thy might.

The mountains hail thee, whose primeval walls
 Are cased with ice eternal to their peaks :
 To thee, from high, the sounding cataract calls,
 Which down the rocks' rude ramparts thundering breaks.

Thou view'st the rolling mist, the sparkling spray,
 The exhausted waters which in calmness flow,
 The halo where prismatic sunbeams play,
 The placid lake that glitters far below.

Thou tarriest midst the awful solitude
 Where man ne'er planted his exploring foot,
 Nor thing that breathes has ever dared intrude,
 Nor vegetation struck her fibrous root;

Within whose desert caves no voice is heard,
 Save echo answering to the pealing storm ;
 O'er whose bleak cliffs no change has e'er appear'd,
 Save flitting clouds that shed their shadowy form.

Thou tread'st the verge of animated life,
 Where massy forests, struck by tempests, cleave
 Their dense, umbrageous foliage midst the strife
 Of warring elements that boisterous heave

Their arms gigantic, letting in the light
Where all was darkness, opening to the day
Deep glades, which slumber'd as in shades of night,
Woke by the slanting sun's transiucient ray.

Here nature greets thee with one general voice
From bird, beast, insect, vibrating in air,
In varied tones that seem to cry, "Rejoice!"
As urged by instinct they their pleasures share.

Where winding vales expand to boundless plains,
Thou bid'st the grain in rustling breezes shine;
Whilst to the sickle bend the willing swains,
Or cull the purple clusters of the vine.

Where lengthening teams, high-laden waggons move
Tow'rd some fair city, whose resplendent dome
Gleams in the sun, whilst in each wain above
Rocks the rich vintage and the harvest-home,

There, crown'd with garlands, joyful peasants raise,
Thro' the arch'd concave of the cloudless Heaven,
United songs of gratitude and praise,
For labours ended, and for mercies given.

Next, Winter, like hoar age, from Autumn's brow
Plucks every charm and grace that lingers there;
Each blushing fruit, each flower and leafy bough
That woos the sun, or fans the balmy air:

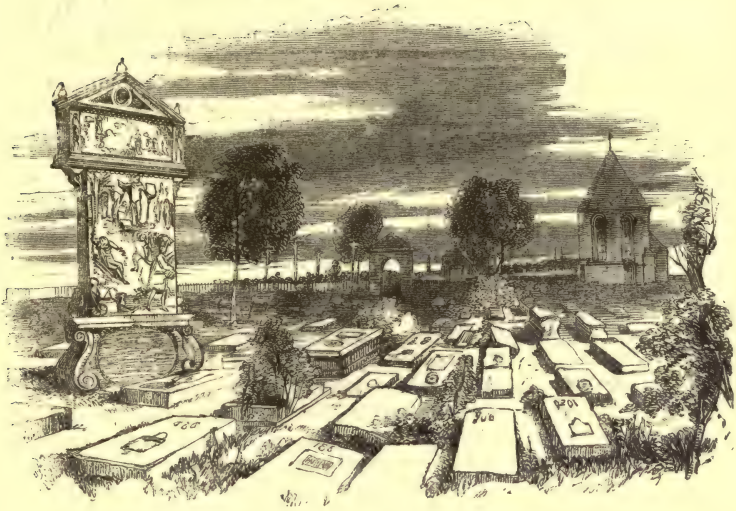
Whilst earth congeal'd, beneath a mass oppress'd
Of stiffening frosts and cumulating snows,
Scarce warms the germ within her torpid breast,
To rise more beauteous from her deep repose.

These are thy works thro' each ensuing day:
Thou temperest the seasons in their course;
Creation's changes 'midst thy potent sway,
Derive from thee their energy and source.

But, lo! with rapid pinions, fleeting Time,
Circling the southern boundary of the sphere,
Cuts the keen ether to the Polar clime,
And swiftly ushers in another year.

Whilst thou and all thy attributes remain,
No more on earth vicissitudes to bring;
Fallen like a meteor from thy starry reign,
Till Time in vast Eternity shall close his wing.

W. B.



A VISIT TO THE OLD CEMETERY OF ST. JOHN'S, NUREMBERG,

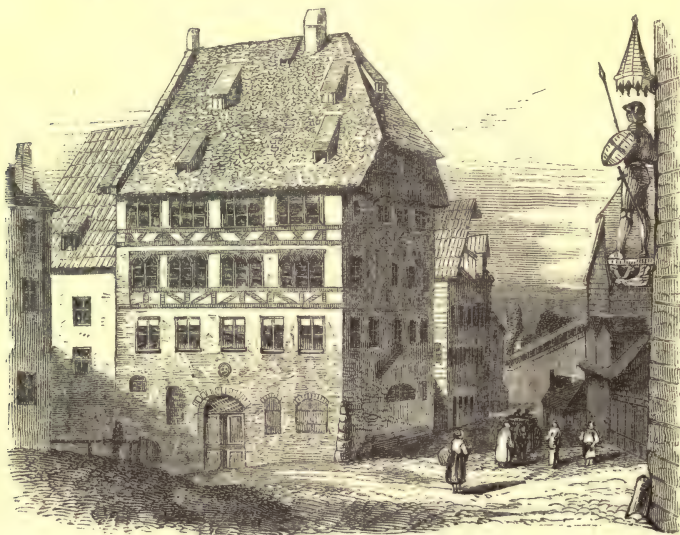
BY H. J. WHITLING.

I HAD been turning over the pages of an old German book, which casually spoke of St John's as a noted burying-place in Nuremberg more than five hundred years ago ; and coming down to later times, much eulogised the beautiful design and execution of the bronzed escutcheons adorning the tombs and monuments of that most interesting cemetery ; when my curiosity stimulated me to visit this wilderness of tombs, this ancient region of the storied dead, whose names and doings the metal archives have, through so many generations, enduringly proclaimed, and are yet bearing proudly down in wondrous perfection for the benefit and admiration of future ages. Laying the book aside, therefore, and the morning being perfectly fine, I started off as directed in quest of " Pilate's house."

I wandered alone, up one street and down another, till availing myself of the kind directions of a very pleasant-faced woman, to whom, on that account, I had addressed myself, the object of my search was at length discovered. Whatever you do, always in such cases apply to women. Some German author gives the same counsel, and having for a long time past tested it by the most satisfactory proofs, I cannot do better than put you in possession of this valuable piece of advice, for which it is expected you will soon find reason to be thankful.

Having thus reached the house of Pilate, whose whereabouts shall be presently mentioned, I turned my face westward, and walked towards the cemetery by the gardens in the suburb of St. John, known as the Dolorous Way, in consequence of some alleged points of similarity between it and the approach to Mount Calvary from

Jerusalem. This discovery seems to have been first made by one Martin Kötzel, who had undertaken a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in the year 1470; on which occasion he ascertained the number of paces between the Hall of Pilate and Golgotha, determining upon his return, to erect here, at certain intermediate stations, pieces of sculpture, commemorative of some of the latter events in the life of our Saviour! But, alas! when he got home, and felt in his pockets, he found—not the measurements, but that he had lost them! Nothing daunted, however, in his purpose, and his exemplary piety not permitting him to illustrate the *qui facit per alium!* in the following year he joined the retinue of Otho, Duke of Bavaria, who, fortunately for him, fancied it at that time necessary to visit Palestine; and upon this occasion, taking better care to secure the object of his pilgrimage, he succeeded in carrying out his intentions, and accordingly set up the relieves still to be seen here. They are the work of Adam Kraft; but time, neglect, and mischief, have grievously damaged some of them; which is much to be lamented, since they are no less interesting from their great age and history, than from the strength and vigour with which the artist has executed his subjects. The limits within which they are erected, are the “House of Pilate,” where Kötzel formerly dwelt, now known as No. S. 439, near that of Albert Dürer, which is embellished with the statue of an armed



THE HOUSE OF ALBERT DÜRER.

knight, and the old Church of St. John, near to which is a Calvary where are three crosses, bearing three figures in stone, which stand on a gentle eminence, hard by the gate of the cemetery.

The church itself is an ancient structure, raised by hands that ages ago have mouldered into dust. It appears to have been founded in 1307, and consecrated in 1328: the churchyard was

afterwards enclosed, and laid out in those narrow beds, which have since received the remains of many of the noble and mighty—of the wise men and counsellors of the venerable town behind you, whose old towers, rising in well-disposed groups, stand boldly out to ornament the landscape.

A low wall and pillared gateway, over whose broken pediment the willow bends mournfully, mark this place of tombs; the space is sprinkled with trees, and to the south a verdant shelter of more stately branches, opening occasionally upon the distant view, increases the deep solemnity which must always breathe its hallowed impress from amidst the receptacles of the dead; for in all such places, and particularly here, there is something which calms down all earthly passion, and stills us into a "disposition of quiet reverence."

In the grave itself, though there is no conversation—no tread of friends is heard—no voice of affection, but all is silence, dust, and darkness; yet may it be a faithful monitor, and a churchyard an impressive school of wisdom. Drowned in the confusion incident to worldly affairs, the gentle whispers of instruction are lost, or, perchance, pass by unheeded, but in these moments of retirement comes serious meditation—conscience will be heard; and what so calculated to check the undue cares and anxieties of the mind—to regulate the heart aright, and to bring the soul to a just estimate of honour, wealth, and worldly good, as a visit to such a resting-place of the lingering relics of mortality!

"*Mista senum ac juvenum densantur funera*"—and the old bronze records here imbedded tell of a mixed and promiscuous multitude, who have lain down together without regard to age, talent, or superiority, reduced to a common level; some, perhaps, even blended in the same undistinguishable dust. Men of conflicting interests and opposite views are here, once irreconcilable and sworn enemies, but now, like brethren, they dwell together in unity; death stepped in as the mediator, and under his hand, their anger no longer burned, embittered thoughts were overcome, and their differences brought to a peaceful conclusion; as though the "great teacher" would from out these gloomy mansions admonish us, that as animosity is no longer cherished in the abodes of the dead, wrath, and malice, and evil speaking, should equally cease in the land of the living.

Poets, architects, and painters, too, lie here, men who have left to the world treasures of wisdom and of art, and golden wreaths of science and of song. Here you meet with the proudly displayed cognisance of ancient and once powerful patrician families—the great and noble of other days—some of whom have filled the nation with their doings, and history with their renown; but death touched the bubble of their glory, and it burst, and went to nothing;—so true is the golden comment, that "man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain."

Thus, at least, lie buried, if not forgotten, all the incentives to human pride; the ambition of the worldling enters not here. The haughty senator of this once-famed republic sleeps lowly at the foot of a pauper; and the sick, from what was the neighbouring lazaret-house, rest as softly and as well as the rich man "clothed in purple and fine linen, and who fared sumptuously every day." Emblems of in-

nocence and childhood, too, are here ; of those untasked, untried ones, mercifully taken away from the evil to come ; who, washed in the laver of that regenerating stream shed by Him who called them to his arms, have, through his grace, received the crown for which they did not *strive*, and could not even *seek* ; side by side are those who have borne the burthen and heat of the day, and who having passed through the storms and tempests of this troublous life, are now quiet and at rest in the regions of undisturbed repose.

Time has left his hoary impress on these ancient tombs ; the dark grey stones are for the most part discoloured by age ; succeeding seasons have clad some in a thin covering of moss, and careless footsteps have worn others almost away : but their record yet lives, and in no faint inscription. The almost imperishable bronzes have received the charge, and shewn themselves worthy trustees, of the names, deeds, and armorial honours of those who have long since passed away ; and, in spite of time, neglect, and careless footsteps, still do they exist in almost original freshness and glory, and exact a passing homage to the ashes that lie gathered below them ; albeit there is a saddened feeling produced by the mingling of these mouldering stones, and still speaking emblems of "once living and breathing humanity ;" the one seeming to proclaim to the other, in powerful accents, the decay and "oblivion which sooner or later must pass over all."

I found several of the tombs adorned with circlets of leaves and flowers, and deposited upon others may sometimes be seen a solitary nosegay : the former, however, appears to be not so much the poetic offering of affection, as a cold compliance with an ancient form, since the care of it is not unfrequently delegated to those whose business it has become to renew from time to time the customary tribute. Now, although one cannot but greatly honour all such established usages, there is, to my mind, little that harmonizes in the offering of wreathed flowers upon blocks of stone, as they appear to require for their votive altar neither the sculptured tomb, nor the emblazoned shield, nor ought beyond a grassy hillock bound with osiers ; yet care for the departed brings to the survivors a sacred anxiety to preserve in quiet the ashes that lie beneath ; and thus the mournful defences of stone and railing are jealously set up, lest, perchance, a heedless footstep should disturb one hallowed relic of those we loved.

But while sitting here the sound of the passing-bell tells of another exit, and yonder is the newly-made grave, which is soon to receive its approaching tenant ; the sombre train draws near chanting a mournful melody over the departed, whose bier, adorned with a chaplet, and preceded by females bearing lemons and flowers, is now entering the church ; the singing has ceased for awhile to be renewed at the grave. But the still speaking "iron monitor" seems to call us to a serious contemplation of our own future reckoning, and of the utter nothingness which Providence for our learning has here legibly written upon all earthly things. It calls to us to have our loins girded and our lamps burning, like those who watch for the coming of their Lord ; and admonishes us to secure our title to that heavenly crown—that one only heritage—incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Other sounds, however, break upon the ear, and occasionally disturb the scene,—the sharp ring of the rifle from the neighbouring ground,—the lumbering waggon and lowing oxen,—the distant roll of the drum—the bustle of the town—the shouts of children, and the cry of the peasant to his team, amidst which contemplation takes wing; we are again recalled to the sense and duties of active life, and our feelings of meditation are for a time dispelled by the tide of busy existence, whose murmurs float over these mansions of the dead.

I arose and turned my steps homeward, deeply revolving in my mind what I had seen, and the reflections naturally awakened, during my visit to that singularly-interesting and impressive burying-place, the Old Cemetery of St. John's.

THE PALMER'S TRIAL.

A LEGEND OF OLDEN TIME.

BY CAPTAIN BRACEGIRDLE.

IT was the time when Christ his masse,
Was celebrate below ;
And anthem's swell in proud chapelle
Did, mystic rising, flow.

The censers waving down the aisle,
Their clouded incense flung ;
As throngs intent low kneeling bent,
And holy mass was sung.

A form conceal'd in silence kneel'd,
Where darkness deepest fell ;
Such garb he wore as pilgrims bore,
With palm and sacred shell.

But 'neath his garb was a robe of fur,
Enwrapp'd in many a fold ;
Yet chilly he shook and trembled sore,
As struck with deadly cold.

Chilly he shook though firm his frame,
And strong his arm in fight ;
'Twas not with fear, for his name to hear,
Was the name of a stalwart knight.

On his head, 'twas said, a ban was laid,
For deeds of former ill ;
And night or day, in calm or fray,
His heart was deathly chill.

Long time in vain on eastern plain,
Beneath a burning sun,
His dauntless brand throughout the land,
A glorious name had won.

In vain he strove each spot divine,
With pilgrim feet to trace ;
In vain at high Loretto's shrine
Implored our Ladye's grace.

All, all in vain, till, heavenward led,
He reach'd this sacred pile ;
And sad was his look, as he trembling
shook,
Where he kneel'd in the darken'd aisle.

'Twas past ; the kneeling groups were
gone ;
All hush'd that lonely road,
Where the palmer grey, in the closing
day,
With folded vestment strode.

He shook in the rush of the icy blast,
In the chill of the drifted snow :—
Deep rose a groan from copse-wood
lone,
Of a man in mortal woe.

Beside that moanful ancient man
Stretch'd frozen, blood congeal'd,
All doff'd his robe in ruth unwont,
The warrior pilgrim kneel'd.

The chill wind pierced his bosom bared,
Yet, firm by mercy nerved,
The wanderer old from wintry cold
His folded robe preserved.

Fur-clothed, the stranger's aged breast
Soon genial glow'd—when, lo !
As warmth return'd the pilgrim burn'd
In heart with kindred glow.

'Tis said the ancient man in gloom
All shadowy sank away ;
But the glow he gave with the pilgrim
stay'd,
And bless'd his heart for aye.

The times are gone when saints to men
Came down in sacred hour ;
Yet till this day there are who say
The spell doth hold its power.

But, though 'twere all a fabled dream,
A holy glow, 'tis sure,
Still crowns the blessing of that God,
Whose children are the poor.

THE FLÂNEUR IN PARIS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SECOND LOVE."

"FLÂNEUR.—A busy loungeur ; an industrious idler ; an observing street-tramper ; a peripatetic philosopher of the *pavé* ; a wisdom-seeking wanderer about the world."—*Dictionary of common usage, not of the French Academy.*

THE wish to please forms so powerful an ingredient in the composition of a French mind, that a Frenchman is constantly employed in trying to please not only friends but enemies. So engaged is he in seeking effect, in attitudinizing, so to say, that the women have a hard race to run, in order to beat the men upon their own field of coquetry. As to fashion, the queen, who is supposed in other lands to rule with so heavy a sceptre over the destinies of society, in Paris, the *flâneur* can say no more, than that he never could discover that her rule went to any much greater extent than that of Queen Pomare ! Some few devoted servants she may still possess, among her former female followers ; but how far less exclusive is their adoration, how far less do they now bow down to fashion's influence ! Without desiring to play upon paradox, it may be said, that the character of fashion at the present day, is to have no character at all, or rather, perhaps, to exhibit a mixture of all kinds of character. A little of everything seems the order of the day, as much in fashions, as in education, accomplishments, politics, and literature. Generally speaking, the former despotic sway of the "*La Mode*," has been attacked by revolutionary principles, like many other despotisms. She is no longer able to govern with the tyrannic rule that formerly marked her power ; her male courtiers have wholly deserted her ; thousands of her former servants refuse to bow the knee at all ; and in the place of the commands which she imperiously issued in the days of her glory, and which were as servilely obeyed, there is confusion, opposition, reform. Political parties in her ancient domain, have grown as numerous as in that of Louis Philippe. The followers of any infatuation, one and exclusive, as they existed formerly, have now split into a thousand sects. No new folly, which, in the more palmy days of fashion, would have recruited for itself a mighty force, can muster now more than half-a-dozen partisans under its banner. No ! Fashion's idols have been broken and cast down ; her haughty priests no longer issue the mandates of her divine will to the worshippers at the altar. Heresy has come down from matters of conscience into the affairs of private life ; and the principle of liberty of opinion and investigation, has invaded even the mysteries of the tailor and the bootmaker. Every one in this new Babel, lives, eats, drinks, gets up, and lies down again, walks, rides, or dances, according to his own individual fancy. He dares, without fear of banishment from society, promulgate his own opinions, discuss, reject, or adopt any certain cut of collar, or of coat, any make of boot, or any way of wearing his hair, with as little ceremony, as if it only concerned a controverted passage in the Scriptures.

The party which, perhaps, counts the most numerous followers among the scattered ranks of Fashion's followers, and vaunts the loudest its ascendancy, is the Anglomaniist faction, which musters all those devoted admirers of everything that crosses the Channel in an English guise, to whom allusion has been already made. These humble

imitators of the sublime exclusiveness and indifference to all but self of the English exquisite consider that supreme *bon ton* consists in wearing stiff shirtcollars, shaving their whiskers to a little patch upon the face, sticking the fingers of their left hand into their waistcoat-pocket, or peradventure their waistcoat armhole, and holding out two fingers of the right to shake hands, with a grin of their upper lip and a protrusion of their front teeth. Out of this party arose the institutors and supporters of the Parisian Jockey Club—the gentlemen drivers and riders,—the heroes of that hybrid imitation of English races, called the *Courses du Champ de Mars*. The characteristic type of this party has an instinctive aversion to every article that does not smell of coal smoke and Folkestone steam-packets. The cloth of his coat must have been manufactured in England, his cabriolet built in London, and even his linen washed on the other side of the water. His “groom,” or “jockey,”—the name is generally considered, unless by the very knowing ones, as synonymous—is nicknamed after some trainer of the day, and, if not a genuine John Bull, (and such a valuable treasure is not easy to be snapped up now-a-days,) is at least taught to answer “Yes,” or “G—damn,” at random. He himself talks of “sport” and “turf,” and even “*sportmans*” and “*turfmans*,” with the strangest confusion in the application of the terms; and even gets up such words, as making up his “book,” and doing matters “racing-like,” without misusing them more than twice out of thrice. He moreover vents the most sarcastic ridicule upon all French manufactures, rejects the French *cuisine* for pure English cookery, in spite of being told by old gentlemen that this unaccountable taste is an evident proof of the aberration of his stomachic intellect, and finally declares even Paris uninhabitable, were it not for his “Club.”

Be it said also, *en passant*, that the prevailing influence of the Anglomaniya party has been the original cause of the great change effected in the face of society in France, by the establishment and progressing increase of Clubs; and yet, strange to say, the effect of this new feature in Parisian life has been totally different, in one respect, from that produced in the country of its origin. In England Clubs have ever been the offspring, and in turn the progenitors, of an exclusive and aristocratic feeling: in France they have been the produce of a generally levelling system, and have fostered confusion of ranks and orders of society.

Another tolerably dominant party in the former domains of Fashion, although it has lost, in the last few years, many of its adherents, is that which comprises, under various shapes, all the lovers of artistic feeling—the admirers of the picturesque—the worshippers of the splendid types of Giorgione or Velasquez. They look upon their black coats and “dittoes to match” with indignant scorn, as fit only for the personification of a lawyer or a doctor in a farce. If they could possibly get the permission of the Director of the Louvre Museum to use it as a tiring room, they would probably have their hair and beards trimmed *au moyen age* before a picture of the Venetian school.

Among composers, artists, and authors, the confusion of the *mode* is “twice confounded.” These wild Republicans in Fashion’s domains startle you at every turn in the street, in every artistic *salon* you may enter, by the extravagance of their strange devices of attirement and costume.

In wandering amongst the multitude, the pictures that strike the

observer's eye might be supposed to be painted, from the life, in menageries filled from every quarter of the globe. That last elegant invention in modern costume—that last effort of human genius to combine the comfortable with the picturesque—that graceful leveller of all forms, stout or thin, ill-shaped or well-shaped, deformed or straight, to the same appearance, which has done for the whole body what the trouser commenced for the legs—the *paletot*, if we must name it—has certainly maintained a certain degree of supremacy, and still maintains it, amongst the latest ordinances of Fashion: but still, in the Parisian streets may be found diversity and opposition. Italian cloaks, arranged *à la toga*, rub themselves against Hungarian coats, trimmed with fur,—hats, high or low, large or small, with brims broad or narrow, flaunt their independence of opinion at each other's heads,—beards, and hair, and moustachios, each preserve their individual liberty of whim on each individual face. In fact, the Parisian world is now one great masked ball, where every sort of domino is admitted. Liberty of fancy, according to the humour of each or all, is the order of the day. No one imposes his task on no one. At the head of modern Parisian society there is neither a Brummel nor a D'Orsay. The tailor has lost his power and influence; and were he to say, "This waistcoat is of the newest fashion—the very same Count So and So wore yesterday," his assertion, formerly so powerful, would not turn the balance of the wavering decision of a mere lawyer's clerk.

Although in female circles Fashion still attempts to cling to the last tottering remnant of her power, yet even there she cannot but mourn over the state of anarchy that prevails. There is no one now to rule society, as so many have ruled in days gone by. There is no one who ventures to raise the standard of her caprice in the midst of the *salons* of the great, and bid others fall down and worship. There is no one who can say in triumph as Madame de R— once said of old, on returning from an evening party, "Thank heaven I had not one black ball to-night, except that of Countess M—, who has grown blind ever since the time that no one looks at *her*." The Queen of Fashion (a title so ephemeral, but so flattering, so all-glorious to a woman's vanity) no longer exists to issue, in the council of her milliners, her mandate for a bonnet or a dress, which occupied at least as much time in construction as a modern constitution. No! the dynasty of "woman" has suffered in these days, like other ancient dynasties; and with her sway has that of Fashion also passed away.

SCRAP VI.

A Ministerial crisis.—Its effect upon all classes.—The *Émeute*.—A popular Comedy.

As it is the *flâneur's* task to wander from scene to scene, from comedy to comedy of Parisian life, he will offer no apology for starting away at a tangent from the stage of society to another upon which comedies, no less amusing, are acted—the stage upon which statesmen and ministers perform the principal parts. Of course the *flâneur* cannot pretend to analyse the depths of the drama in which great interests of the world form the principal incidents: neither his tastes nor his calling go beyond what the French call "*la comédie de mœurs*."

It is a comedy which, were not the grave question of a country's

welfare connected with it, would afford the best subject for the hearty laugh of all the world—in a word, the comedy entitled “The Parturition of a French Cabinet.”

The manœuvres, and intrigues, the vexations, the torments, the mixture of interests and animosities, the littlenesses of the great men of the day, mixed up in the process of the dissolution and formation of a French Ministry, compose a dramatic *pot pourri* of the most amusing ingredients. What a confusion is there also in the stage exits and entrances—what a complication of difficulties in the conciliation of personal hatreds and rival ambitions, until the whole drama be worked out, and the *dramatis personæ* established. A ministry, formed of seven old French coquettes—and old coquettes are far more intractable than young ones—would be far less difficult to be made to harmonise than a French cabinet. It is a Chinese puzzle, the pieces of which it is impossible to put together: two or three of them belong to a different game, and will not fit; and after an eternity of trying and studying, doing and undoing, the puzzle remains a puzzle and the form unformed. How can any one, who looks on, ever believe that the general welfare forms the chief compound in this infernal brewery, when, every time it is stirred up, nothing but the pettiest rivalries appear among the dregs of its composition? All these manœuvres are littlenesses it is true, but they are littlenesses which are fatal to a country. They are the prickings of a pin inflicting mortal wounds. The ever-recurring changes and incertitudes which so often and so long have agitated the French government, with all the inevitable delays attendant upon such crises, are discouragement, barrenness, death to a country. What project can be executed when the workmen remain mere idle instruments?—How march on when the road is not traced out?—How sow the seed of prosperity upon a moving quicksand?—What can the labourer expect, who passes his season of labour in choosing the horses to be put to the plough, and, when the time of harvest comes, is not yet decided? And such is the condition of the French government continually. It passes its time in inaction, selecting those who are to act. The whole caravan stands still at the risk of perishing in the desert, while the drivers, who should conduct it, are fighting among themselves. Why cannot the words of our poet Marlowe ever be written up in the face of France, as the letters on the wall, “The use of time is fate!”

In the midst of the principal action of this comedy, the underplots are more various and extensive than might be at first supposed. Everywhere is confusion, anxiety, and doubt; for, in France, where the ramifications of place and office, with all their fibre-like dependencies, strike so deeply into society, even to its lowest strata—where the *bureaucratie*, as it has been termed, exercises so wide a sway—where place-holders, and place-hunters, deputies, and dependents, with all their attendant friends and relations, wives, mothers, sisters, and cousins, are all more or less concerned, a change of the kind stirs up the individual interests of so many of all classes, even to their veriest dregs.

What a scene, of the liveliest interest, is acted among the ladies engaged in the “stage business!” What a vital importance to the female members of those qualified for the cabinet in modern France, is necessarily attached to the momentous question of “to be or not to be!” Women naturally cling to place even more tenaciously than their husbands in France; for, by reason of the arrangements made for the accommodation of the high in place in Paris, the women have all the

pleasures, the men all the *ennuis* of office. To them the difference consists in a life of gaiety and excitement, or one of common-place monotony—in receiving ambassadors and princes as their very good friends, in the rich apartments of the *ministère*, or in being cut off from all these supposed delights to be a simple *bourgeoise* in a remote second floor—in having their boxes at every theatre, or in the prospect of a sulky *tête-à-tête* at home—in a glittering equipage, or a *fiacre*—in short, in being surrounded, courted, flattered, and caressed, or in being forgotten. No wonder that their whole souls should be so deeply interested in all the lingering doubts of a ministerial crisis.

What a variety of amusing scenes may be found again, in the underplot carried on by the friends of the falling ministry, who assail the “powers that be,” even in their last gasp, in order to drag from their dying fingers some last appointment to place or pension, which their last ministerial signature may ratify! What a hurry, what a scramble in all their movements, especially among those who are anxious to get their last share of the cake in time to be able to go and seat themselves at the fresh feast spread out for their voracity by a new ministerial arrangement—no unusual or unrecognised occurrence! Certainly the comedy wants not for animation or for interest.

And, should a dissolution of ministry entail a dissolution of the chamber, what fresh complications are created by the events of a ministerial crisis! What pitiable creatures are the unfortunate deputies—the clowns and pantaloons of the ministerial troop—thumped about by this tap of harlequin’s wand, and kicked away from their establishments in Paris, their balls, opera, and dinners, in order to be hurried down to their distant provinces and go through all the harassing fatigues of an election! The curious grimaces made by these comfortable gentlemen on being turned adrift upon the world—most probably at the gayest season of Paris, and the most disagreeable season of the year—are very entertaining to look at. And their grimaces are occasioned by still deeper grievances than the mere disturbance to their comforts. In the lottery of political life their Paris sojourn has turned up a complete blank to them. They had come to the capital, their mouths watering for ministerial dinners; and they find themselves on their way back to the country to give dinners to their constituents. They had come with their minds made up to be seduced by the good things of this world; they return to seduce their neighbours. They had come with their consciences open to bribes of place, power, and fortune; they have now to spend instead of to receive, promise instead of accept, appear once more on the debtor and not on the creditor side of the books of political influence. But let them go with their disappointment and annoyance; for these unhappy representatives of their country may perchance have an opportunity of judging, by a sort of retributive justice, of the miserable state in which the roads of their *belle France* have been left, whilst they struggled in the chamber for some petty matter of party spite. Broken postchaises, overturned carriages, or diligences blocked up in that deep slough of despond, called a French highroad, may now avenge their country on them for their neglect of its essential comforts, and remind them, that, whilst they have been deluded into building fortifications for imaginary enemies, they have allowed themselves to remain behind all Europe in civilisation and the progress of material advantage in railroads.

The drama of a ministerial crisis, often acted as it has been, remains nevertheless the most popular piece of the day, to judge at least by the

interest it excites; and in this the Parisians cannot certainly be accused of a love of novelty, considering how many times since the Revolution of July the same performance has produced the same excitement. A ministerial crisis becomes the all-absorbing topic of the day throughout all classes, sexes, and ranks. All other subjects, however intimately connected with the interests of Europe or the world in general, must give place, even in the *salons* of the foreign ambassadors, to the chit-chat rumours afloat connected with the personal interests of Mr. A—— or Mr. B——, or any other aspirant to the cabinet, or minister tenacious of place. Petty politics are then fondled, dandled, fed, and bolstered out, until they swell from a very dwarf to be a bug-bear giant. Once blown out to these proportions, the demon reigns in tyrannical despotism over every conversation—every *tête-à-tête*, may be. And, perhaps, a not inappropriate picture, illustrative of a ministerial crisis in Paris, might be painted, representing Politics, not Poverty, driving Love out of the window. Criticism and scandal, literature and love, marriages and separations, in fact, all the topics serving as fodder to the maw of babble in the great French metropolis, are thrown aside, trod on, annihilated by them. Every *salon* lies oppressed under their heavy spell: the *foyer* of the opera is deafened by them into all unconsciousness of art and artists. Music has no longer any “charms to soothe the savage breast” of those under the claw of the monster. The general evil of the day is far more deeply rooted than that of Saul: for the harp of David is without its power. During the day the demon of politics marches abroad in highways and byeways, seeking ministers and finding none. In the evening it weighs upon every dinner-party and every *soirée* where men, and women too, watch each other’s smiles, and looks, and gestures, to know who hopes and who fears. Many a fair lady, even, who has spread out her choicest nets to catch all hearts, and who would willingly strangle with her own gentle hands, if she could, the spirit that thus foils her plans and poisons all around, is obliged to follow in the train, and lisp political combinations of which she understands not the meaning, in order to catch a glance or a word. Probably by night Queen Mab is compelled to obey the monster’s mandates and make men dream political dreams; for certain it is, that, on first waking, all Paris demands its newspaper before its breakfast, and devours its *Moniteur* before its *cotelettes*.

In no nation under the sun is the hungry craving for its daily food of curiosity, novelty, and excitement, more developed than in the Parisian. He must have his bone to gnaw every morning; and how he crunches it into powder when he gets it! And of a surety, one silly sheep set a running how all the rest will follow at his tail! True, the rage for the new matter of interest does not last very long; the good sheep easily run themselves out of breath. But still some matter there must be to fodder the public. The “*Panem et Circenses*” for which the old Romans clamoured, in the Parisian mouth is, “our daily coffee and our lion.” The “lion” is as indispensable to the Parisian as the air on which he breathes. He fixes it on the pedestal of notoriety for a time, adores or curses it, humbles or exalts it, as the whim of the moment may be, and, after having anticked around it to his heart’s content, he breaks the statue, sweeps away the ruins of this his last idol, and seeks another lion before which to lay down its interest and curiosity. To calculate the number of objects of the kind, which the Parisian consumes during the year, would puzzle even the most accurate statistical observer. The Minotaur himself, of ancient renown, in

spite of his celebrated appetite for young damsels, would have died of indigestion, had he been pitched to devour against a Parisian *quidnunc*. And when the lion comes out in a political dress it is decidedly the most sulky, growling, uneasy, and ugly lion of all.

Under these circumstances, the reading rooms (*cabinets de lecture*), news-rooms, *cafés*, and other warehouses of the latest babble of the day, with which the Parisian capital abounds, swarm with visitors. On ordinary occasions they are always hushed in all the solemn silence necessary to the grave importance of reading the last day's gossip, each individual being buried in the deep interest of his newspaper or review; but during such a political crisis as a change of ministry, they assume a general appearance of excitement and impatience, very much resembling a phlegmatic man under the unusual influence of a fit of hysterics. The rush and crush and general stretching forth of the arms, as soon as the evening paper makes its appearance, remind the frequenter of the Louvre of one of David's famous classical legs-and-arms pictures, in which the body and head are lost sight of in the general exhibition of the other members. A dozen pair of hands all grasp at the impatiently-expected newspaper at once; but half a dozen at least have established their claims to it beforehand; and it is to be dealt out in order. The lucky or unlucky fellow favoured of fortune—for the preference may be deemed one or the other—who first gets the paper into his hand, is watched with eager eyes, accompanied by a continued murmur of uncontrollable and reproachful impatience: and, let him endeavour to fly through the long columns as quickly as he will, he can never escape from being overwhelmed by a general "Ah!" of remonstrance at his tardiness, when he lays it down. As soon as he has done, he is surrounded by a host of co-frequenters of the room, more or less, or even not at all, known to him, who press him to retail out to them the most important points of the great news. A group is formed, and then another and another, whilst the paper continues to pass slowly from hand to hand; and, throughout the room, a general buzzing and whispering and humming ensues, which constantly excites the angry coughs, half-murmured expostulations, and impatient "hush" of the rare one or two who, indifferent to the political movement of the day, are striving quietly to feed their dramatic hobby-horse upon play-house reports, or to absorb their minds in the abstruse matters of a scientific review. If the interior of these diffusion shops of general knowledge, at the price of five, four, three, or two *sous*, wear an animated appearance, their exterior—the street corner, with its stone post, which serves as the people's reading-room by the light of the gas lamp—exhibits groups as eager and impatient. In the streets the vendor of the evening journals is at his post, with his three-cornered lantern posted before him, the illuminated letters of which proclaim the titles of his papers, whilst he himself screams out at intervals, "*Le Moniteur Parisien*," "*Le Messager*," &c.; and, not far from his *al fresco* magazine of knowledge of good and evil, may be seen two or three groups of workmen, who have clubbed their separate *sous* to purchase the journal, the important news of which one details aloud to all the rest; and the beggar and the passer by, too poor to spare a *sou* to satisfy his political curiosity, stretches his eager ear to catch whatever stray crumbs of intelligence he may pick up from the table of those richer than himself; and the crowd disseminates itself through the thousand arteries of the great city, carrying fever and excitement into its remotest members.

In the drama of a ministerial crisis, at the same time, there is as much of the tragic as of the comic vein. A painful feeling weighs upon the whole city, like a heavy nightmare. Trade is at a stand-still. Affairs in general remain like a clock run down, and waiting to be wound up again. Industry and commerce fold their arms, and look with an impatience, which amounts almost to agony, upon the conflict of personal views and ambitions, which clash and strike together without eliciting one single spark of happiness, or even temporal advantage, for the country. It is the invariable practice also of the lower classes, upon these occasions, to have wonderful visions and signs in the skies, and a belief in a quantity of little superstitions, truly worthy of the *soi disant* most civilized people in the world. At such times blood-red circles are said to have been seen round the moon, and combinations of clouds, blue, red, and white, arranged as tri-coloured banners in the heavens; and old men remember that precisely similar signs in the skies foretold the first great revolution; and some old prophecy of the famous old Pythoness of the empire, now deceased, Mademoiselle Lenorman, which has foretold that the streets of Paris would be deluged with blood in such a month of such a year (of that, of course, the next following) is circulated from mouth to mouth with awe; and old porters tremble in their slippers and old portresses in their sandals. But whether these popular rumours arise solely, like heat spots on the skin, from the fever naturally attendant upon any minor convulsion of the state, or whether they originally arise from police manœuvres, to alarm the middle classes, and thus urge measures and ensure votes to preserve the *statum quo*—as the opposition journals tell you—or whether, again, they are produced by the underhand instigations of agents of the revolutionary party, in order to prepare the public mind for a crisis of convulsion, and create uneasiness and agitation,—certain it is, that a distinct rumbling, like the under-ground announcement of a coming earthquake, is always sure to run through the whole community on these occasions.

Sometimes this more comic-tragical part of the drama goes beyond mere rumour, and is actually put into action. Of the genuine, real, and living tragedies acted in the streets of Paris by misguided and fool-hardy men, there can be no mention here; but only of the little episodes of the comedy of a political convulsion in the shape of public disturbances, when got up by party manœuvre to serve some turn. When produced by the Government party, under the immediate management of the police, for purpose or purposes unknown, these petty riots are a pretty farce enough, and very amusing and convenient to see, as the performance is generally given gratis upon the Boulevards, and more commonly at the aristocratic hour of eight. The plot of the little piece entitled the "*Émeute*," ought to be well known in the world, so often has it been played in Paris during the last sixteen years: but the manner in which its *programme* is drawn up may not be unworthy of recording, even when it does not go beyond the licence of the censureship. A few minutes before the curtain is drawn up, several detachments of cavalry and infantry, completely armed, arrive upon the scene of action: the shops are hastily shut: and when the military force is ranged in battle order, and the spectators are conveniently placed, some invisible and mysterious prompter directs the piece to begin. It commences by a chorus of ill-favored men, attired in *blouses*, singing the *Marseillaise*: and then a few low-comedy fellows come forward and let loose a little

slang upon the public authorities. The police then mount the stage ; and the other principal actors retire hastily to the side scenes. The same amusing game continues to go on, alternating, with very slight variations, through a certain number of acts, for a couple of hours : and then the curtain falls ; and every one goes quietly home. The authors of the piece, if called for, obstinately refuse to appear : and the police, in its pretended efforts to discover them, somehow always contrives to make neither head nor tail of the matter. If the revival of this little after-piece is attended with any of the success to which it aims, it is generally played for a certain number of nights, until it has had its run, and both actors and audience get tired of it : if not, it is hastily suspended by superior order.

The convulsion of a ministerial crisis passes away, however, as all things pass away and are forgotten in Paris. The effects these repeated attacks may eventually leave, however, may be more questionable. They have been compared, by an ancient witnesser of revolutions, to a country's fits of indigestion, which, upon the application of a new cabinet as a slight purge, are removed, until there comes a new surfeit of ministerial measures. But does not every new attack, every new drenching and dosing, weaken, shake, and tend to destroy the body politic?

THE OLD STORM KING.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS,

AUTHOR OF "SPRING GATHERINGS," ETC.

WHO, who is this fearful old stranger
we see,
So mighty in aspect, so reckless and
free,
With death in his fierce glance—a brow
lit with ire ;
A helmet of darkness, and buckler of
fire ;
Whom the clouds, and the winds, and
the oceans obey,
In conflict engage, or pass swiftly
away ?
Who, who is this dread foe, and what
doth he bring ?
I learn from his vesture—the "Old
Storm King."

In grandeur terrific he cleaveth the
sky,
With sheets of blue lightning swift
winged on high,
The whirlwind and red-bolt his chariot
and wheel,
The storm-cloud his banner and thun-
der his peal ;
He dasheth along to each violent deed,
With woe for his Pæan, and wrath for
his creed—
And the shafts he so wildly around doth
fling,
Proclaim him to be the "Old Storm
King."

He shouts from his throne, and the
loud thunders crash,
The torrents descend, and the forked
lightnings flash ;
Deep wailings of wonder, distress, and
despair
O'er land and o'er ocean embosom the
air.
The strong man may laugh, and the
tiny one jeer,
But a spell is upon them when he com-
eth near ;
And the grey locks of Time to creation
may cling,
But are all blotted out by the "Old
Storm King."

He cometh in terror, the vast moun-
tains shake,
The citadel flames, and earth's huge
pillars quake ;
The proudest achievements of man are
his spoil,
He wars with the forest, and tears up
the soil :
The vessel he hurls on the merciless
rock,
And the universe groans with a mad-
dening shock ;
The grandest, the strongest, the state-
liest thing,
Must bow to the nod of the "Old
Storm King."

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER DANCING CHANCELLOR.

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

GRAY, in his account of the old mansion of Stoke Pogeis, has recorded all that the world, in his day, knew, or cared to know of "the dancing Chancellor," as Hatton was irreverently denominated :—

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him ;
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls,
The seal and maces danced before him.

His bushy beard and shoe-strings green ;
His high-crown'd hat and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

Lord Campbell, influenced by pardonable because professional indignation against the appointment to the first legal dignity of the realm, of one whose chief qualifications were face, figure, and agility, dealt rather harshly with Hatton in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, and thus summoned to the rescue Sir Harris Nicolas,* a knight whose prowess has been proved by many a deed of literary chivalry. To Sir Harris, however, the warning addressed to Puff in the Critic—"No scandal about Queen Elizabeth!"—would have been given in vain; scandal there is in abundance to satisfy Mrs. Candour herself, and the scandal is supported by evidence sufficiently strong "to go to the jury."

A curious volume might be written on the history and importance of dancing. "Solemn dances," says the *Cyclopædia*, "were on great festivals and celebrations admitted among the primitive Christians, in which even the bishops and dignified clergymen were performers. Scaliger says that the first bishops were called *Præsules*,† for no other reason than that they led off these dances." If then there was a time when no one would be surprised to see

Clerks, curates, and rectors, capering all,
With a neat legg'd bishop to open the ball,

Lord Campbell might abate somewhat of his horror of legal dances, and forgive Hatton an acquirement, deemed so important in his day, that in the year 1610, the under-barristers of Lincoln's-Inn were menaced with expulsion for refusing to dance before the judges. It was at one of these legal balls that Hatton was first seen and admired by Elizabeth; he literally *stepped* into her good graces, Naunton declares "for his activity and person, which was tall and proportionable, he was taken into

* *Memoirs of the Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton, K.G., Vice-chamberlain and Lord Chancellor to Queen Elizabeth*, including his Correspondence with the Queen and other distinguished persons. By Sir Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G. Bentley, London.

† Literally, first dancer.

the Queen's favour." He was appointed a gentleman pensioner, promoted to the Privy-Chamber, and presented with grants of manors, lands, and lucrative offices, with a lavish liberality, the more striking on account of the notorious parsimony of Elizabeth in rewarding her most meritorious servants. Among the charges made by Mary, Queen of Scots, on the real or pretended authority of the Countess of Shrewsbury, Elizabeth's partiality to Hatton occupies a leading place: "she (the Countess) said that you forced yourself upon Hatton, exhibiting your love so publicly that he was himself compelled to withdraw; and that you boxed Killigrew's ears for not bringing you back the said Hatton, when he went off in a pet on account of your having insulted him for wearing certain gold buttons on his doublet. And further, that she (the Countess) had exerted herself to bring about a marriage between Hatton and her daughter, the late Countess of Lenox, but that through fear of your jealousy she had abandoned her intention."

That there was some ground for these charges appears evident from a letter of Edward Dyer to his friend Hatton; warning him against evincing too jealous a hatred of some unknown handsome rival in the Queen's favour. "You must consider with whom you have to deal, and what we be towards her; who, *though she do descend very much in her sex as a woman*, yet we may not forget her place, and the nature of it as our sovereign." In another paragraph this sage adviser says, "The best and soundest way in mine opinion is to put on another mind; to use your suits towards her Majesty in words, behaviour, and deeds; to acknowledge your duty, declaring the reverence which in heart you bear, *and never seem deeply to condemn her frailties, but rather joyfully to commend such things as should be in her, as though they were in her indeed.*" Had not this letter been fully identified and authenticated, one might have supposed that it referred to Catherine of Russia, instead of Elizabeth of England.

We shall now make a few extracts from Hatton's own letters to the Queen, premising that they were superscribed in cypher for the obvious purpose of averting suspicion. In the first of the series he says, "I speak the truth before God, that I have *entirely loved your person* and service; to the which, without exception, I have everlastingly vowed my whole life, liberty, and fortune."

After being restored to favour, Hatton went into the country for the benefit of his health, and after an absence of two days we find him thus writing to Elizabeth. "The time of two days hath drawn me farther from you than ten when I return can lead me towards you. Madam, I find the greatest lack that ever poor wretch sustained. No death, no not hell, no fear of death shall ever win of me my consent so far to wrong myself again as to be absent from you one day. God grant my return, I will perform this vow; I lack that I live by. The more I find this lack, the further I go from you. Shame whippeth me forward, shame take them that counselled me to it." Making every allowance for the extravagant gallantry of the day, there are few who will not agree with Sir Harris Nicolas that these expressions resemble more the address of a successful lover to his mistress than the language of an attached subject to his sovereign.

Again, writing from Antwerp, Hatton, on whom Elizabeth had bestowed the pet-name of Lidds—probably in allusion to some peculiarity of his eye-lids, says, "This is the twelfth day since I saw the brightness



Herod. pinx.

J. Cook. sculp.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.



of that sun that giveth light unto my sense and soul. I wax an amazed creature. . . . Bnt Madam, forget not your Lidds that are so often bathed with tears for your sake. *A more wise man may seek you, but a more faithful and worthy can never have you.* Pardon me my most dear, sweet lady, I will no more write of these matters, I wish you like welfare your presence might give me : it is, I assure you, the best farewell that was ever given you."

Another letter, remarkable for its quaint metaphors, deserves our notice. In the strange epistle Hatton designates himself as "the Queen's Sheep or Mutton," refers to a jewel she had sent him as a branch, and warns her against his rival, the Earl of Oxford, as "a Boar," that animal being his Lordship's crest. "The lack I feel doth make me know your greatest worth, I speak in the presence of God. I find my body and mind so far divided as yourself shall judge, that melancholy (conceived by this unwonted absence) hath made myself forget myself. *Your Mutton is black* ; scarcely will you know your own, so much hath this disease dashed me. I pray God you may believe my faith. It is the testament of your greatest excellences. *It might glad you*,—I speak without presumption—that *you have so dearly loved* with all sincerity of heart and singleness of choice. *I love yourself. I cannot lack you.* I am taught to prove it by the wish and desire I find to be with you. Believe it, most gracious Lady, there is no *illud nutius*, you are the true felicity that, in this world, I know or find. God bless you for ever. The branch of the sweetest bush I will wear and bear to my life's end. God doth witness I feign not. It is a gracious favour most dear and welcome unto me. Reserve it to the Sheep, he hath no tooth to bite, whereas the Boar's tusk may both rase and tear."

Having received a letter from Elizabeth, making some tender inquiries about his health, enclosed in one from Mr. Heneage, Hatton, under the signature of "Lyddes," replies, "The lining of Mr. Heneage's letter warmeth the heart's blood with joys above joys. Full sweet will such a life be, that by so noble a sweet creature is with so glad and kind devotion asked at the Almighty's hands. God grant it you. Not for myself I ask it ; but that your everlasting bondman, with pure love, and careful, diligent faith, may everlastingly serve you, *God grant him grace to give you as small trouble, as you give him most inestimable great cause of the contrary.*"

When Hatton applied to Dr. Cox, Bishop of Ely, for the lease of the episcopal house in Ely Place, Holborn, that prelate prepared to defend the property of his See ; but Elizabeth interfered on behalf of her favourite, and terrified the poor bishop by sending him the following characteristic letter :—

"PROUD PRELATE, I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement, but I would have you know that I who made you what you are, can unmake you : and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by God, I will immediately unfrock you.

"ELIZABETH."

In 1580, Hatton, who then held the office of Vice-Chamberlain, wrote in the following blasphemous terms to the Queen :—"Your kingly benefits, together with your most rare regard of your simple and poor slave, hath put this passion into me to imagine that for so exceeding and infinite parts of unspeakable goodness, I can use no other means of

thankfulness than by bowing the knees of my own heart with all humility, to look upon your singular graces with love and faith perdurable.

"I should sin, most gracious Sovereign, against a Holy Ghost most damnably, if towards your Highness I should be found unthankful. Afford me the favour, therefore, most dear lady, that your clear and most fair eyes may read and register these my duties, which I beseech our God to requite you for."

Even more remarkable is a letter from Hatton to Sir Thomas Heneage, the confidant of the intimacy between him and the Queen; but even to him it is remarkable that Hatton should contrast his love for Elizabeth with that of her royal suitor, the Duke of Anjou, "I have presumed to send my servant, that I may daily know either by my own or yours the true state of our Royal Mistress, whom through choice I love not less than he that by the greatness of a kingly truth and fortune is most fit to have her. I am likewise bold to commend my most humble duty by this letter and ring, which hath the virtue to expel infectious airs, and is, as is told to me, *to be worn betwixt the sweet dugs—the chaste nest of most pure constancy.*"

When Sir Christopher Hatton became jealous of the rising favour of Sir Walter Raleigh, he sent through Sir T. Heneage a letter of remonstrance, accompanied by three symbolic tokens, a bucket—typical of his rival, whose Christian name was then pronounced Water,—a bodkin, and a book. Heneage's account of the reception of the letter and presents is both amusing and characteristic, and the references to Hatton as the Queen's Sheep, are highly ludicrous. We quote it at full length.

"SIR, Your knowledge of my love shall suffice, I trust, to satisfy you of my best endeavour to do that which may best content you. I received your letters, with your token to her Majesty, before ten of the clock this morning, which I carried up immediately to her Highness, then ready to ride abroad to kill a doe in the parrock of the great park; and desiring to furnish her Majesty with the bucket, because I thought, (as it happened) water should be so nigh her as soon as she came out of her drawing chamber, I presented her withal together with the letter you wrote, which she took in her hand, and smiling said, 'there was never such another.' And seeking to put the bodkin in her head, where it could not well abide, she gave it me again, and the letter withal; which when she came into the standing in the parrock she took of me and read, and with blushing cheeks uttered many speeches (which I refer till I see you), the most of them tending to the discovery of a doubtful mind, whether she should be angry or well pleased; in the end showing upon conference her settled opinion of the fidelity and fastness of your affection, and her determination ever to give you good cause nothing to doubt her favour. That which I was willed to write unto you is this: that she liked your preamble so ill, as she had little list to look on the bucket or the book; and that if Princes were like Gods, (as they should be,) they would suffer no element so to abound as to breed confusion. And that *pecora campi* was so dear unto her that she had bounded her banks so sure as no water nor floods could be able ever to overthrow them. And, for better assurance unto you that you should fear no drowning, she hath sent you a bird, that (together with the rainbow) brought the good tidings and the covenant that there should be no more destruction by

water. And further she willed me to send you word, with her commendations, that you should remember she was a Shepherd, and then you might think how dear her Sheep was unto her. This was all that I was willed to write, which she commanded me with her token to deliver to Mr. Killigrew, whom she meant to send to bring her word how you did. Since you went, her Majesty hath had very sharp disposition, as it appeared to Sir Thomas Leighton and my Lady Tailboys. Yesterday all the afternoon Stanhope was drawn in to be with her in private, and the Ladies shut out of the Privy chamber. To conclude, water hath been more welcome than were fit for so cold a season. But so her Majesty find no hurt by it, I care the less, for I trust it shall make neither me nor my friend wetshod : with which hope I commend me wholly to your taking pity of Jacques' long and late journey. From the Court, hastily, this 25th of October 1582. Your own so bound ever,

“ THOMAS HENEAGE.”

Still jealous of Raleigh, Hatton sent by the same hand a new token, “ a fish prison ” instead of “ a bucket.” We quote Heneage's account of the reception of the token, and the letter by which it was accompanied.

SIR, There is no office I more willingly execute than to satisfy your desire, or to testify unto you the service of my best good-will. The fine fish prison, together with your letter this bearer brought me, I presented immediately to the delightful hands of her sacred Majesty, who read it, well pleased to see you a little raised from your sour humour, and hath willed me to write unto you that the water, and the creatures therein, do content her nothing so well as you ween, her food having been ever more of flesh than of fish, and her opinion steadfast that flesh is more wholesome ; and further, that if you think not *pecora campi* be more cared for of her both abroad and at home, and more contenting to her than any waterish creatures, such a beast is well worthy of being put in the pound. Besides, but for stirring choler in you, that for the most part carrieth men too far, her Highness told me she would have returned to you your token ; but worn it is with best acceptance. And to conclude : to please you and not to play with you, by her looks and words, which be no charms of guile, but the charters of truth, I am fully persuaded you are so sure of her blessed favour as may comfort your life, content your heart, and conclude you to be most happy. In which estate God long hold you till He take you to Himself. From the Court, 29th of December 1582. Your own, whilst I am anything,

“ T. HENEAGE.”

In 1584, some coolness appears to have arisen between the Queen and “ her Sheep,” for we find Hatton addressing her in a contrite letter, containing the following remarkable passage :—“ My negligence towards God, and too high presumption towards your Majesty, have been sins worthily deserving more punishments than these. But, Madam, towards yourself, *leave not the causes of my presumption unremembered* ; and though you find them as unfit for me and unworthy of you, yet in their nature, of a good mind, they are not hatefully to be despised.”

We must insert another letter from the convenient Sir Thomas Heneage, whom Hatton had again employed in conveying letters and love-tokens to the Queen.

"SIR, Your bracelets be embraced according to their worth, and the good-will of the sender, which is held of such great price as your true friend tells you, I think in my heart you have great cause to take most comfort in, for seldom in my life have I seen more hearty and noble affection expressed by her Majesty towards you than she showed upon this occasion, which will ask more leisure than is now left me particularly to let you know. The sum is, she thinks you faithfulest and of most worth, and thereafter will regard you: so she saith, so I hope, and so there is just cause. She told me, she thought your absence as long as yourself did, and marvelled that you came not. I let her Majesty know, understanding it by Varney, that you had no place here to rest yourself, which after standing and waiting you much needed; whereupon she grew very much displeased and would not believe that any should be placed in your lodging, but sending Mr. Darcy to understand the matter, found that Sir Wa. R. lay there, wherewith she grew more angry with my L. Chamberlain than I wished she had been, and used bitterness of speech against R. telling me before that she had rather see him hanged than equal him with you, or that the world should think she did so. Messengers bear no blame; and though you give me no thanks, I must tell you, that her Highness saith you are a knave for sending her such a thing and of that price, which you know she will not send back again; that is, the knot she most loves, and she thinks cannot be undone; but I keep the best to the last. This enclosed, which it pleased her to read to me, and I must be a record of, which if I might see surely performed, I shall have one of my greatest desires upon earth; I speak it faithfully. The Queen is glad with me that the priest is taken; I pray God you may make him open all truth that may advance her surety, and to your Honour, which I wish in all kind as long and as happy as any man's living, and so commend me all unto you till I see you, which I hope and think best to be as her Highness cometh home to-morrow at night. From Croydon the 2nd of April 1585. Your own ever sure so,
 "THO. HENEAGE."

Hatton's elevation to the Chancellorship appears to have put an end to his love-passages, and it was most probably for this reason that an office for which he was notoriously so unfit was thrust on him. The cruelty of the Queen in exacting payment of large sums advanced to him is said to have hastened his death, and though the news of his danger revived all her former affection, and brought her to his bedside, the remedy came too late. The Queen does not appear to have been much grieved for his loss, she probably derived consolation from the attention of younger lovers.

Although the researches of Sir Harris Nicolas have thrown new and valuable light on many of the controverted questions connected with the history of Elizabeth's reign, it has been deemed advisable in this notice to confine attention to one point—the nature of the intimacy between the Queen and her dancing Chancellor. It may have been purely a Platonic affection, and no one has a right to quarrel with those who arrive at such a very charitable conclusion; but there is certainly reasonable grounds for suspecting that Plato's laws may have been interpreted by the comments of Epicurus. It is to be regretted that Elizabeth's letters to Hatton have escaped the active research of Sir Harris Nicolas; if they at all resembled the effusions of which we have given some specimens, the two united would have formed an unrivalled model of amatory correspondence.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE keeping up of appearances is a disease not peculiar to one individual or one class. All the world is always trying to keep up appearances. It is the means by which everybody deceives everybody, and more curious still, constantly deceives himself.

When any unfortunate individual fails in the attempt to keep up appearances, all the rest of the world flies at him and tears him piecemeal. He is dragged before judges appointed for the purpose, in a court solely appropriated to try such fools; and there placed in confinement, that he may not have the opportunity of again disgracing the world by failing in his attempt to keep up appearances; nine-tenths of his judges and detractors all the while trembling on the verge of the same destructive fall: yet they smile on, as if in the greatest state of security, lavishing their means with troubled souls, because they must keep up appearances.

The world is always straining and overreaching itself, in all its grades, to be in the one above it. Every one wishes to be thought something more than he or she really is. Thus you see the maid of all work, or family drudge, hunger for her holiday; and when it arrives, fag herself to death by wandering through the streets in her best things—many degrees too fine—with a veil and a boa which she must put in her pocket before she returns home; merely for the fleeting vanity of being taken for somebody who did not know the shape of a mop or a scrubbing brush.

Many a man who is obliged to keep up appearances by dressing well—which is a very expensive part of the delusion—must cut down his expenses in other quarters; consequently his lodging loses in respectability of situation what his coat gains in texture and cut. To have his boots and hat always in an undeniable state, he must put up with a second floor back; and if insane enough to indulge in a tag-lioni with velvet facings and a Llama shawl, suppers must be represented by hard biscuits.

The cheap locality in which this kind of single appearance lives is of very little consequence to him. His cautious manœuvres to get out of it, from his nervous apprehension of being seen by the world that really cares nothing about him, are amusing and droll. He pops out suddenly with a hurried glance around, to see that the coast is clear: the door is slammed to with a nervous twitch, as if he placed the trap upon the domestic demon in possession of his secret. But before emerging from the end of the street into the world, he looks about as if he had missed his way; looks up at the name of the street, when, seeing all right, he starts out upon the broad pavement, defying the world to say or believe that he had cleaned his own boots of unexceptionable make.

The keeping up of appearances is in the main a drollery, prompted by vanity, pride and folly; yet in many cases it is a thing of much pathos, and through its workings are shown some of the most beautiful feelings of our nature. Who can see unmoved the stripping issuing from his widowed mother's door to seek the drudgery of his office, that promises him, ere long, a remuneration that will ena-

ble him to place that fond mother in comfort—see his nicely folded collar, white as snow, falling over the scrupulously brushed jacket ; and the old silk handkerchief tied on by her careful hand to guard against the early morning cold. In a neat paper packet, he bears his frugal dinner, unknowing that his mother makes her tea do for dinner and all, that she may have a comfortable meal for her darling boy on his return ; thus touching on the very verge of starvation that he may keep up appearances.

The clerk of narrow stipend who alone did brilliantly is taken in by appearances, until he finds it impossible to disentangle himself from the enthrallments of blue eyes and ringlets, and in that moment, which most men have in their lives, proposes for the fair one to the old people, cunning in keeping up appearances, who accept him accordingly, and he soon marries a young lady with a very nice voice, and a charming performer on the pianoforte, that is left behind her for her younger sisters to practise upon.

Here begins his struggle to keep up appearances. He must cake and wine his friends, or they would think him as poor as he is. "To be poor and seem so, is the devil," say the old people, and he commits all sorts of follies accordingly. In the course of time the first child is christened—everybody comes. This is about the last scintillation. Common sense comes to the young couple, and they find that they must pull up, or they will soon be unable to keep up appearances at all. Now commences his hard work. Hats will get shabby, clothes will get seedy, boots are not everlasting : yet it wont do for the nattiest man in the office to lose his place in the scale. The young wife struggles, and does without her new silk dress, that he may have a new coat ; she cuts and contrives to furbish up last year's bonnet, and with the aid of a new riband, people who are not too prying might really take it for a bonnet just sent home. Her songs and her vanities are forgotten in her anxiety that they should keep up appearances. If asked to sing, she stumbles for want of practice, and seldom sings except to baby, who is no great judge.

She follows her husband to the door, on his morning departure, with the brush in her hand to take off the last bit of flue, or have another brush at his hat ; and he walks out looking at least five hundred a year, if not more ; and no one, to look at him, would think that he was a man likely to tremble at a water-rate, for he keeps up appearances uncommonly well.

Another child is born ! His hat must get shabbier, and he has much more difficulty in preparing it for the public gaze. He sighs as he sees the summer approach, which he has hitherto welcomed with pleasure ; for he must lay by his cloak, which has been such a good friend to him during the winter, assisting him in every way to circumvent the prying eyes of his friends from discovering that his clothes were worn more than they ought to be, considering his grade in society, which is, if he were not bitten with the general mania, something with three times his income.

The consequence of all this is, that he gets into debt, and in his attempts to appear very respectable he, in reality, becomes not at all so. His quarter's salary, though much increased since his marriage, is bespoke twice over. The baker turns morose, and the butcher savage. He gets nervous and timid, and is afraid of his own knockery and he undergoes an hourly torture, because he will keep up appear-

ances. He will have a larger house than he wants—he will give wine to his friends when they dine with him, although he mentally calculates the value of each glass as his dear friends swallow it, with the full belief that the more they drink the more he is gratified ; for from appearances, he is well able to afford it.

His wife, although a good one, knocks herself up both mentally and bodily in providing and cooking a more profuse dinner than is necessary, because people should think that they were very well off ; and sees them to the door, on their departure, with the most reckless flaring of wax candles ; when, if any one of the party were to return for his umbrella, he would be greeted by the smell of their rapid extinguishing, which she is sure to perform before the echo of their footsteps has ceased to sound down the street ; whilst her husband is making the bottoms of wine into one bottle to be carefully put by. After a tedious putting away, and the selecting the borrowed from their own, they crawl off to bed, solaced in their fatigue by the hope that they have astonished their friends and kept up appearances.

An old lady, some years ago, who belonged to a family of some standing, voluntarily banished herself far a field from the locality where she was known, that she might save part of her stipend to remit to her elder sister, who still lived in the house that the family had occupied in more prosperous times. She paid her regular visits, few and far between, as if she were as rich as ever, which she managed to do by coming by the cheapest conveyance to the nearest posting town, and rattling in from thence to her native place in style. Here, for a short time, she lived in the luxury of keeping up appearances as they used to be, by which she was repaid for all the rest of her time being spent in almost penury. At last her sister died, and she came, in her turn, a lone woman, to reside in the family house. She gave her sister, of course, a splendid funeral, worthy of the family, and invited all the highest of her acquaintance to follow, in honor of her ancient name.

After the interment she left her two old servants to keep house, who were as jealous of her honor as herself, and proceeded to her distant home to settle, as she said, her affairs there, ere she took permanent possession of the family house. She was absent for some months upon this errand, merely to economise after the dreadful expenditure incurred by her sister's funeral.

She returned, however, apparently consoled for her loss, and gave her stiff ceremonious parties exactly as her sister had done before her. Time wore on, and she died, but not before she had provided for appearances, which she did by selling her house and costly furniture to a distant purchaser, that the people immediately adjacent might think he inherited it, and leaving her cottage far away, with a small annuity, to the old married couple who had served her family so faithfully. She then devoted the remainder of her effects to her own funeral, which was to be as splendid as the money could provide. Thus, having made preparation to be deposited in the family vault, she died, fully satisfied that she had kept up appearances to the last.

Some fifty years ago, a young man who found himself the last of his family, with the small remainder of a once splendid fortune, which had been squandered by a few showy generations, until it descended to him in the shape of about six hundred a year, shuddered as he

looked at the paltry sum that was to keep him in the fashionable circle to which he was so much attached, and out of which he would have ceased to exist. His carriage must be put down! That admirable conveyance, the envy of his brother beaux. His embroidered coats, the admiration of the world—the fashionable world—would be ridiculous without all the luxurious adjuncts of servants, carriages, &c. Six hundred a year could not do it. Despair seized him at the idea of cutting off a single domestic from his establishment or one frog from his coat. He knew too well that the lynx eyes of his dear fraternity would perceive the defalcation in an instant, and triumph in his declension. His whole life having been hitherto spent in pondering on the colour of his chariot, and cutting out paper patterns for his tailor, he felt that he could only live as he had lived, or die. He was feeble-minded, but honorable. To get into debt was repugnant to his feelings as a gentleman, and he also foresaw that such a course would soon overwhelm him with disgrace.

He pondered upon suicide, now that he might die without the fading of a single ray from his glory; but he felt poignantly what a loss he would be to his followers and the *beau monde*, by whom he was looked upon as a pure and unquestionable pattern card.

Amidst these dark ponderings, a sudden light broke in upon him. His resolve was taken. Bright and happy thought! If he could not shine all his life, he would shine half. He would illuminate this earth but as a sun, appearing brighter from its occasional absence, which left the world in darkness.

This strange resolve he accordingly put in practice, by informing all whom it might concern, that he intended to travel abroad to improve his taste—not in articles of vertu, or by antiquarian research, but in studying the elegance of foreign manners and costume. He continued the gayest of the gay during the remainder of the fashionable season in the metropolis, then flitted, no one knew whither, and no one had a right to ask. He had no living relative, and the friendship among beaux is of that quiet, candle-light nature, that they feel no enthusiasm except in a crowd, and their knowledge of each other is only of the outside.

Time wore on, and tailors and corset makers had become busy. London again opened its eyes, and the fashionable season had commenced. With it returned our hero. Where he had been no one knew: where he came from no one cared: but there he was—the ornament of his circle—the admired of the admired. He was No. 1.

Before the rainbow of fashion again faded from the sky of *ton*, he vanished like a creation of the brain, or the brainless. Tailors sighed, and carriage builders mourned. Season after season came and went—so did he. Age crept on him, but he still maintained his supremacy among fools. The hanging of his sword and the tie of his cravat were patterns: his manner of taking snuff was attained by very few—but to approach him was excellence: and so did he keep up his appearance until he disappeared.

But the secret of his being able to keep up such an appearance was this—and it is no fiction that I am penning: at the end of each of his performances, or seasons, his carriage was packed, and his borrowed valet discharged with his hotel bill: his embroideries were laid in lavender, and he departed “into the depth of the cloud that shadowed Borgia,” which was a humble cottage near the sea side, where

he boarded with a decent couple during his eclipse, and amused himself in his banishment by cutting out puzzlers for tailors in paper. Thus he lived a harmless, silly life ; a victim to keeping up appearances ; and died satisfied that he had gained immortal glory in the fashionable world by his tact.

In some professions the keeping up of appearances is most essential, though commonly understood, and hardly wearing a veil. The young medical practitioner must keep up an appearance. He can scarcely ever succeed without a carriage. A wet umbrella and muddy boots bespeak want of ability. Consequently his arrangements for home must be limited to pay for his horse's corn, and carriage wheels : his house, therefore, is like that which you see, in a pantomime, painted on the scene—there are window curtains, blinds, brass cages, and brass plates, labelled “ day and night ; ” but if you were admitted through the door, you would find the same empty void that exists in the aforesaid pantomime house. All this delusion is quite necessary in the every day world, and he could not rise without it.

Many a young chemist and druggist is forced, for the sake of keeping up appearances, to lavish the whole of his little funds in his shop, in harmless rows of bottles and jars, perfectly innocent of contents, but labelled with names denoting all the horrors of medicine. His inner room, shielded from public gaze by the highly French-polished door and plate glass, is comparatively a den furnished in the most scanty manner, being

“ Parlour, kitchen, and all.”

But it can't be helped ; he must keep up appearances.

In a country town on the north road, a surgeon, who was his own dispenser, was celebrated for his stylish shop ; his stylish turn-out, as also the whispered style of his living ; for, when patients called, they were shown into a handsomely furnished apartment, the folding doors of which were left a-jar. If early in the morning, they had a glimpse of a splendid urn and tea-service, of apparently the most costly kind ; or, if late in the day, a table, scrupulously elegant, laid for dinner. The plate and silver covers, with the glistening glass and decanters, promising a kingly repast. This struck them with awe, and gave them a very high idea of the doctor's wealth and ability.

A bluff and honest farmer, who was collector of the rates, found some difficulty in getting a heavy one—just made, from the young doctor ; so, one day seeing him alight, touched him familiarly on the shoulder and followed him in. He was asked politely into the show-room, and was dazzled, as others had been, by the glimpse of the dinner-table. After stating the reason of his call, he said that a gentleman placed as the doctor evidently was, ought really to hold out no example to poorer people to avoid the payment of necessary rates ; and that it might militate greatly against him should it become known.

The doctor listened to him with patience : then, with a frank smile, led him into the next room, and begged him to be seated and take dinner with him. After some short trial at evasion, he consented ; and the doctor, with the most undisturbed countenance, raised one of his silver covers before the expectant eyes of the hungry farmer, when a single chop was discovered, flanked by two potatoes. The farmer stared aghast ; for he had expected to see some rich delicacy under so choice a cover

"You see," said the young doctor, "that I treat you with frankness. This, and the like, is my usual dinner. This sherry at my side is innocent of a sea voyage. It is made in my kitchen: it is simple toast and water. To keep out of debt, and to keep up appearances, I am forced to limit my appetites; and I am actually as poor a man at present as there is in the town. With the aid of this outward show my prospects are brightening, but it is sometimes a hard struggle. I shew you this, because I know your character, and trust your discretion with my secret; wishing for your good opinion."

After this strange interview, the doctor's gig was often seen bowling down the lane to the farmer's beautiful home, and his tiger had to fetch him late in the evening from his comfortable quarters, more than once: and many wondered where was the charm in the blunt old farmer's conversation for a man of the doctor's erudition and elegance.

Time discovereth all things. He rolled on, and the gossips found that it was the farmer's fair daughter that kept the gig so long at the gate—which eventually brought her home with orange flowers in her bonnet. The old man dined with them, and the covers no longer covered a single mutton chop; and they were never more used for the sake of keeping up appearances.

A fussy old woman in single blessedness, who lived in a large town not many miles from London, and who was celebrated for the brightness of her brass knob and knocker, the polish on her windows, the whiteness of her steps, and the constant beating of her carpets, always received her unexpected visitors with a style and preparation as if they had not been self-invited. The dinner was unexceptionable, and startling as to quantity, when the visitors knew she would have dined alone had they not had the luck to be invited to stop. The large joint and ponderous cheese shewed splendid housekeeping; the puddings and tarts were delicious, but very large for such a small establishment, she only keeping two servants,—the keeping up of such appearances didn't seem to put her at all out of the way. Nor did it, although her income was small, for an inquisitive friend, one unfortunate day, discovered the secret of all this apparently wasteful luxury. In the absence of her kind entertainer from the room, she stood at the window, which looked out into the busy street, and saw her friend's little maid-of-all-work stagger, with a load carefully covered, across the road to the cookshop, and return with the napkin only in her hand, and presently proceeded in like manner to the cheesemonger's.

The fatal truth was discovered. The cookshop-keeper weighed his joint, last up, and lent it to the managing housekeeper, who returned it when done with, and paid for the wanting weight. The cheesemonger also lent his most massive cheese in cut, and was paid on its return for the nibblings; thus she kept up appearances without any waste, and astonished her friends with her house-keeping.

Appearance is everything. A man of genius in a brougham is very differently looked upon from the man of genius in a shabby hat and a split boot; and is paid for his genius accordingly.

A man that would be well with the world must appear to be well with himself. Everybody is eager to patronise one who can apparently patronise in his turn, and to give him a lift who can ride in his own carriage. Consequently the necessity of keeping up appearances.

BRIAN O'LINN ;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

CHAPTER XIX.

I waylay Miss Harley in the Park—Propose and am rejected.—The lady parleys—and matters appear as if they would end in housekeeping,

LEAVING Mr. O'Linn engaged in warlike preparations, I acted promptly on the hint so kindly given me by the stout gentlewoman in the parlour, and betook myself to St. James' Park—saw the guard trooped, and then repaired to the Serpentine—a lake greatly frequented by nursery governesses and gentlemen from Ireland—children and their attendants—the former to feed the swans, and the latter to converse with some nice young man in the Blues. The Serpentine is also commonly resorted to by deserted dressmakers, who, deceived by "villanous man," come to the resolution of "going to heaven by water." On the classic banks of this amatory pool I had taken three turns, and observed as many flirtations, when the expected fair one appeared, and, as if by accident, I advanced to meet her.

"Can it be Miss Harley?" I said with affected surprise—for under cover of a thick veil, the young lady endeavoured to keep her incognita, and pass on without greetings in the market-place. "How early you are abroad. Come hither for morning exercise, or like me, to sentimentalise among the swans?"

"My errand is very different," returned Miss Harley with a smile; "and were I given to the sentimental, the Serpentine is not the exact locality I should select for its indulgence."

"Will Miss Harley permit me to be the escort of her morning walk?"

"I should feel pleasure in your society, Mr. Elliott," returned the lady, "were mine what you suppose it to be, a visit to the Park for exercise; but such is not the case. I am merely passing through to call on an old domestic, whose years and infirmities confine her to the house."

"Still, dear Miss Harley, allow me to accompany you—I would feel grateful did you grant me an opportunity to converse with you," and I offered her my arm, which she accepted.

"Is this precisely correct," she said, half-seriously and half-smiling. "In the good old times of my grandmother, what would Sir Charles Grandison have thought of a young lady, who, on the acquaintance of a few hours, appeared *tête-à-tête* with a gentleman in the Park? And yet I feel that it would be overstraining propriety, were I to decline accepting an arm to-day, to which last night I was indebted for deliverance from insult."

Turning the conversation at once to the general topics of the day, we reached the street where the invalid resided, and suspecting that the sick visit would be a short one, I determined to remain, intercept the fair girl on her return, and come to business matters at once.

In half an hour, as I had anticipated, the lady issued from the dwelling of the invalid, and started when she found me like a sentry at the corner. The veil concealed her face—but the tone of her voice evinced evident displeasure, as she quickly observed, "Is this fair, Mr. Elliott?"

"That which is based on honourable intention cannot be otherwise, my dear Miss Harley. Think not, for a moment, that I presume on a trifling service to become intrusive. If I have offended, let sincerity of purpose and motives the most respectful, obtain your pardon for the trespass."

"I believe from my heart that you would not permit me to err through want of judgment; for I feel no hesitation in saying, the mistake should not originate in want of principle,—still, my dear Mr. Elliott, the world is a severe censor, and purity of intention is too often found a poor protection for the innocent. Give me your arm—I take it as I would a brother's."

"And let us extend our walk, with your permission, a few minutes," I replied, as we re-entered the Park, and took the more circuitous and less frequented route towards Charing Cross.

I opened the conversation.

"I am ignorant of the world—act from honest impulse—and should I speak what I feel, and with a candour that might be mistaken for presumption, will Miss Harley attribute my offending to the true cause, and find for it some apology?"

"Unquestionably," was the reply. "You never would, I feel assured, address aught to me, which a gentleman might not speak, and a lady listen to."

"Then start not at an abrupt disclosure, for alas! I know not words to woo with,—Julia, I love you, ardently, faithfully, honourably."

The day was warm—she had thrown her veil back for better air—and I saw, as I looked in trembling doubt to read what effect my bold declaration might produce, the sweetest countenance a lover's eye had ever dwelt on, redden to the very brows.

"I see, dearest Julia, that your cheeks are blushing for my boldness,—say to me only, that it is not anger which has coloured them."

"Mr. Elliott," replied a voice, whose agitation was too apparent; "we are almost strangers: and a declaration such as yours, my ear for the first time has listened to—What means it?"

"Means it, Julia?" I replied. "In simple language—for such best becomes sincerity—that I tender you my heart and hand, and in return ask permission to win yours."

By Saint Andrew! this was coming stoutly to the point; I felt that I had jumped to conclusions, as my friend Brian would say, "in less than no time;" and, faith! the lady appeared to hold the same opinion.

"That I feel astonishment, is but natural—that I feel flattered I confess. I believe you fancy what you say, and therefore have paid me the highest compliment that man can offer woman. But, my dear Mr. Elliott, the feeling must be delusory,—we have known each other but eight-and-forty hours;" and she shook her head and smiled.

"And, nevertheless, all that I have said is true. Nay, more—you will smile perhaps—eight-and-forty hours before I saw you, I felt myself half in love."

"Indeed!—forgive me, but I must smile," and she laughed outright. "Will you pardon me a second time, if I express doubts as to your country; for nothing but an Hibernian imagination could parallel this last flight. Nay, you could not have even seen my portrait; for the only one I ever sate for, is a small miniature which my father wears always in his bosom."

"And yet I loved you from description, lady."

"And might I enquire who wasted time in giving you one?" said Miss Harley.

"One who did ample justice to the person she described—Mrs. Honeywood."

"Oh! stop! stop! I warn you against reposing the slightest faith in it. In her too partial estimation I possess the better portion of the cardinal virtues. But, to be serious, sir; I must be candid as yourself—ay, to the full,—even though disclosures must be made which pride revolts against. My father's rank,—a long command in India,—the circumstance of my being an only child,—all lead people to imagine that I shall be left well-portioned. Alas! the reverse is the case: for my unsuspecting parent became the dupe of artful men, who wormed themselves into his confidence only to abuse it. Unhappily, he followed their pernicious counsels,—embarked his all in ruinous speculations,—was cheated, fooled, and left, in old age and accumulating infirmities, to exist upon half-pay, and resign luxuries he was through the latter portion of his life always accustomed to. His health had not been strong; the blow he had provoked himself,—that conviction, added to the misfortune, was too heavy to stand against, and body and mind have unfortunately yielded together. It may be wounding to a woman's pride, but I feel it in no way lessening to my respectability, to add, that on the demise of my dear father,—and for far different feelings than selfish considerations, may the day that robs me of him be distant,—but, when he goes to the narrow house, the only inheritance he leaves his daughter will be—the reputation of a soldier, whose long and honourable career terminated *sans peur et sans reproche*."

"All this, sweet Emily, I knew; and let that foreknowledge prove to you how totally apart from every feeling but adoration and respect is the homage I tender for your acceptance."

"And, how could you have learned all this?" she exclaimed hastily. "Ha! Mrs. Honeywood has been, through mistaken partiality, a little too communicative, I fear."

"Oh! blame her not; she loves you dearly as a child. Now, hear me, Julia, and credit all I say, as being spoken in the truth and devotion of a heart which burns to make itself worthy of your acceptance. Your father's declining years require a son's strength on which to repose their weakness; and, when that event shall occur to which mortality looks forward as the only certainty assigned to our ephemeral existence, you too will need a protector. I am not rich, dear Julia; but I can offer an asylum to the parent, and an independence to the child. Let me speak to the Colonel; and, dearest Julia, teach me how to woo and win thee!"

I never attempted a speech but one, and that was returning thanks on the part of a fat bullock at a Border cattle-show. As no reporters attended, I know not the opinion of the public press upon my claims to eloquence; but I could infer they were not considered very brilliant by the company, from overhearing a Lowland laird observe at the conclusion of the oration to his next neighbour,

"Jock! the lad has been blatherin' these five minutes; and, de'il ha' my saul! if I ken whether the beast was fatted on green-meat or oil-cake after a'!"

But, mark what love will do,—I, who was deemed by a score of cattle-dealers incompetent to return thanks for a bullock, too corpulent to undergo any exertion himself, now, with Cupid at my elbow, urged my suit in good round terms, and that, also, without even coming to a check.

The ardour with which I delivered words that came directly from the heart was not lost upon the soldier's daughter. By turns her cheeks flushed and paled; and I felt the arm that reposed on mine tremble. A minute elapsed before she could muster sufficient confidence to answer me.

"Sweet Julia!" I said, as I remarked her hesitation, "listen favourably to the suit of one who will hold a life too short to prove the value he attaches to the heart and hand of Miss Harley."

"I was not prepared for this scene, Mr. Elliott; and it is the first time I have heard a declaration of man's regard such as you have been pleased to make. I believe it to be sincere; and no words that I could command can express my gratitude; for, unschooled as I am in worldly matters, I am aware that I have received from you the most flattering mark of man's respect. Bear with me if I seem to make a cold response where the glowing language of gratitude might be expected. I believe you all you look, and all you claim to be—a gentleman; but that is mere belief,—and a more intimate and extended knowledge would be, according to my opinion, indispensable, to enable us to mutually ascertain how far in taste and temper we were likely to contribute to the happiness of each other. But circumstances at present forbid me to enter on any engagement. I have a painful but a holy duty to perform. The author of my being demands my undivided care. My heart whispers that a husband's love might in some degree weaken the all-absorbing affection I feel for a father. I dare not risk the venture; and while my parent lives, my love, my affections, my duty, must all be centred in him—unabated and undivided."

"Ah, Julia, understand me perfectly," I exclaimed. "I would not sever the sacred bond which binds the child and father. Let the old soldier live with us; and, instead of being deprived of a daughter's care, will not a son's be superadded? Dearest Julia, let me speak to the Colonel, and plead my cause with him."

"No—Mr. Elliott—call it not false pride which makes me decidedly object to what you propose. Were I orphaned—as, thank God! I am not,—had I known you longer, and proved you all my heart prompts me to believe, with deep-felt gratitude I would at once have accepted the generous offer that gave a destitute being, such as I should be, an honourable protection. In return for his disinterested love, my husband's happiness should engross my every thought, my very dreams. That could be the only offering that the orphan could present to her benefactor. In life, the gentler offices that woman can bestow should be lavished on him; and, if Heaven willed that I survived him, these hands should close his eyes; on these lips his parting sigh should be breathed away; and every affection of a widowed heart should centre in his grave, until my ashes mingled with his who living was lord of my love. Call me not an enthusiast. If I cannot love thus, live thus, die thus, I never will kneel at the altar, and plight my faith to man."

I looked at her,—her brilliant eye sparkled with unwonted lustre, and told that the sentiments she uttered came gushing from the heart. I would have clasped her to my bosom had I dared it, and made her my own for ever!

"Admirable girl!" I passionately exclaimed, "were a world at my disposal, it should be thine—thine, like my heart altogether."

The excitement with which she had just spoken was speedily controlled; and, recovering her habitual ease of manner, she playfully replied to my rhapsody.

"Indeed, Mr. Elliott, in that case the world would be ill-bestowed. But come, we have been treading on dangerous ground; and let us return to the ordinary topics of conversation."

"But, beloved Julia," I ardently continued, "will you not allow me to plead anew to-day?—this evening?—to-morrow? Name but a time, however distant, and let me live in hope."

"Well,—in twenty-one years, should we then be living and unmarried, I give you free permission; for then I shall have no reason to complain of short acquaintanceship."

"Ah! Julia, the Patriarch waited but seven for his Leah; and would you treble my probation? But I did not hear aright. It was days you meant to say, or probably hours."

"Years—years!" she repeated, laughing; "and when the period I named shall have come round, our own years will be those of discretion; and they will not be able to tax us with precipitation. Come now, let us discuss the weather. Look at the weathercock on the Admiralty, and tell me how it points. Oh! that a poet like Southey, whom I once so much admired, should have become the libeller of our sex!"

"Only perhaps a portion of them," I said.

"Not at all; the whole! root and branch, in one sweeping condemnation. Listen, and defend him afterwards, if you can. These lines he puts into the mouth of a Welsh gentleman, who passes for a second Solomon," and she playfully and pointedly repeated a passage from Madoc.

"Three things a wise man will not trust;
The wind—the sunshine of an April morn—
And woman's plighted faith. I have beheld
The weathercock upon the steeple's point
Steady from morn 'till eve; and I have seen
The bees go forth upon an April morn,
Secure the sunshine would not end in showers—
But when was woman true?"

"Oh! what a horrid man to doubt our faith and constancy. But here we are in Craven Street."

"And, dear, dear Julia! may I be permitted to visit you this afternoon?"

"Certainly not," she replied, laughing. "But, should my father be at home to an evening call, I am not answerable for it."

I pressed her hand warmly as I liberated her arm from mine, and knocked at the hall-door, which the landlady opened.

"Step in," she said, leading the way to the parlour, and evidently gratified to see us return together,—“step in for a moment. I never saw a young lady with whom an early walk agreed so well. You're positively rouged. No—no; Nature's own roses. The old gentleman

is fidgetting his life out. You had hardly reached the park when a letter addressed to the Colonel was delivered by a private messenger. I brought it up, and your father read it ten times over. It was something of importance. 'Ha! strange!' he muttered several times, as he walked up and down the room."

"Bad news, I fear," observed Miss Harley, rising suddenly.

"No. He rubbed his hands repeatedly together; and you and I know that this generally is an expression of satisfaction. 'Where is that baggage? Won't she be surprised?' he exclaimed with a smile; and ever since he has been pacing the room, and re-reading the letter."

When Miss Harley had left the parlour, and, after a short absence, the stout hostess had returned, I inquired more particularly whether she apprehended that the despatch received by the old gentleman contained anything disagreeable.

"I should certainly say not, judging from the Colonel's manner while perusing it. But I am puzzled to think why his daughter should be so much affected as she appeared to be when she read this mysterious communication. I cannot even conjecture any cause why she should," said Mrs. Honeywood.

"Some overture of marriage," I replied.

Julia "Oh! no; Emily has no male acquaintances, let alone admirers," returned the fat widow. "But, had you a pleasant walk? Was Miss Harley agreeable or reserved? In a word, was the favourable impression that *Julia* made at first, weakened or confirmed by your morning tête-à-tête?"

"My answer, Mrs. Honeywood, shall be brief as you require. The first moment I turned my eyes on Miss Harley's,—the first words which issued from her lips,—fancy told me she was a being that none could look on, and not love. But when a bold declaration of my attachment and an offer of my hand, elicited a full confession of her feelings and her sentiments, I felt that Emily was one of those rare creatures whom Nature seldom frames; in whom worth, and beauty, and heart, and intellect unite, so intimately blended too, that he who looks, and hears, and worships, cannot point out the quality that predominates. In Miss Harley my heart and soul are centred. Her's is the only love I shall ever seek; her's the only finger on which mine shall place a ring."

"But, how did she receive your proposals?" inquired the hostess.

"With excellent good taste, and a total absence of affected bashfulness."

"And what was her answer to your suit?"

"A decisive refusal," I replied.

And I narrated to Mrs. Honeywood every particular that marked our morning tête-à-tête.

"And you offered an asylum to the old man, and a husband's protection to one who knows not the moment it will be required. Mad girl! to reject that which was so ingenuously and so honourably proposed! Mr. Elliott, where is there a mortal perfect? One fault, and one alone is Emily's, counterbalanced as it is by fifty virtues. She is proud—for her own happiness dangerously proud. She dreams not that you were apprized how painfully the old man was but lately situated, and the sacrifices she was obliged to make. With this knowledge, yours was indeed a generous offer, for worldly considerations were all opposed to it."

"I shall merely add, Mrs. Honeywood," I returned, "that, should this mysterious letter convey to the Colonel the sad tidings that his ruin is complete, my arms shall be open to receive the destitute daughter; and while a roof covers my head, it shall afford shelter to the old man."

A message from Miss Harley interrupted farther conversation, and begged that Mrs. Honeywood would come to her; and the stout gentlewoman rose and obeyed the call.

"Don't ye be cast down," she said, as she took my hand. "Before three months pass there will be no Miss Harley, if I can induce her to take another name," and away she bundled.

To Brian, who I found writing an epistle to his mistress, I was obliged to recount all the "sayings and doings" in the park a second time—and the motives which had induced Miss Harley to reject my proposal seemed more unaccountable to the young Irishman even than they had been to the landlady.

"Well, the only woman whose motives I could fathom without trouble is poor Susan's—I can't make fish or flesh of Miss Emily; and, by Saint Patrick! the very causes she alleges against immediate house-keeping, in my poor opinion, should have made her jump at your offer, like a cock at a blackberry. But the ladies have puzzled wiser heads than ours, and will continue so to do, even to the end of the chapter. You said you had letters to write; and I'll leave you for an hour or two. I have two or three little matters to purchase for dear Susan."

Off went Mr. O'Linn on his travels, leaving behind him, in his own parlance, the most bothered gentleman within the parish of St. Martin.

Write letters! My brain was in a whirl, and I could not have correctly addressed a note to my bootmaker. I held the "Times" mechanically in my hand; but I neither comprehended, nor wished to comprehend, a single paragraph. In this pleasant mood two hours had been already dreamed away, when a tap at the door partially awoke me; and in came Mrs. Honeywood.

"Why, what is the man brooding over? Have ye seen a ghost?" said the jolly landlady, with her hearty laugh. "'Pr'ythee, why so pale, fond lover?' as I used to sing to poor dear Mr. H. in our court-ing-days, when he used to get jealous of the handsome baker, and swear that he would either 'list and go to Portingale, or do something worse off London Bridge."

"Egad!" I said to myself, "I think the same bridge will see the *finale* of my career, as it witnessed that of my worthy great-grandfather."

"What are ye muttering about?" pursued the stout hostess. "I come with a message from a lady. But you're deaf, blind, and stupid; and I need not waste time in delivering it."

"Speak!" I exclaimed, springing on my feet like a racket-ball. "A message? and from whom?"

"Miss Harley," was the brief reply.

"For heaven's sake tell me the darling girl's commands at once. Do, like a dear, good, charitable, kind-hearted"——

"Why, I can't; for she has not told them to me."

"And what in the foul fiend's name means your first announcement?" I asked impatiently.

"Nothing more than that the young lady prefers to communicate in person to Mr. Francis Elliott certain matters, of which I am at present in blissful ignorance."

"I'll wait upon her instantly."

And three strides brought me to the door.

"Nay, stop. Get ready a tirade of gratitude. The lady condescends to visit you here, as I happen to have two or three country friends lunching in the parlour. And now I go to conduct her; and then I must leave you to yourselves."

"Should Mr. O'Linn return?"—

The jolly dame interrupted me.

"I will just tell Mr. O'Linn to take half an hour's smart exercise in the park, to sharpen his appetite for dinner," and off she went.

Never was a Border gentleman more bewildered by a lady's message than I by the intimation that Miss Harley was about to honour me with a visit, and in my own apartments, too. I knew that she was delicate even to fastidiousness; and I concluded that it must be no common-place affair which now induced her to venture to do an act, which, although free from impropriety, I knew under ordinary circumstances she would have recoiled from. What had occurred to oblige a timid girl to cast her fears aside, and seek an interview in private with a man, which in public, a few hours since, he had almost sought in vain? Whatever the causes might be, that mysterious letter contained them. Ha! it must be so. Julia had owned, when excited by the ardour with which I pressed my suit, that, had she been destitute and unprotected, she would have accepted the hand I offered, and repaid what she called my generosity with the richest recompense on earth—a woman's love! Ah! the mystery was penetrable now. A last and shattering blow had fallen on the old man's fortunes,—filial piety had conquered pride,—and Julia would entrust her happiness to me, and, before fortune's tempest had time to burst, secure a "shelter from the storm" for her unfortunate father. Blessed be the cause, whatever it might be, that gave the loved one to me, and enabled me to prove how ardently and how honestly I adored her!

Having thoroughly persuaded myself that such was the position of the old gentleman, and such the object which led Julia to seek an interview, with a heart burning to prove its truth I waited for the promised visit. Suspense was short; a light hand tapped gently at the door. I flew forward, and opened it, and Julia entered.

Pale, agitated, and embarrassed, a single glance assured me that the letter her father had received had conveyed most uncomfortable tidings. Acting upon impulse, I anticipated what I thought might be a painful disclosure, caught her in my arms, pressed her to my bosom, and murmured as I kissed her,

"Julia, you are come to tell me you will be mine!"

Never had an honest country gentleman come to a more erroneous conclusion! Astounded by my amatory onslaught, she was speechless for a moment; but instantly recovering her self-possession, she disengaged herself from my embrace, and exclaimed indignantly, as she retreated to the window, "Are you mad, sir?"

"Only with joy, dear, dear Julia! I know the fatal news that ominous letter contained; and she, the loved one, comes to claim that promise, which shall be faithfully and gratefully redeemed."

"What mean you, Mr. Elliott?—you deal in riddles. What fatal news do you allude to?"

In turn, I looked astonishment. "And is the poor Colonel not altogether ruined?" I anxiously enquired.

"Heaven forbid he was!" returned the lady.

"And was not that communication most painful to the old man's feelings?"

"Far from it," she replied; "it certainly startled me almost as

much as—I must not add a stronger term to describe it by than strange—my extraordinary reception by Mr. Francis Elliott.”

“Be assured, dearest Julia, I was hurried into an indiscretion, by having fatally indulged in the false belief, that fate or heaven, or both, had declared in favor of honest love, and given me the only treasure I coveted on earth. It was a mistake altogether. I stole a kiss—I own the delinquency, and as reparation for the felony—I am ready to return it.”

“No, no!—many thanks to your probity of intention; keep what you have purloined, and sin no more.” And we both laughed heartily.

“I came to you, Mr. Elliott, to talk on grave matters; and indeed I must confess with shame, that the order of my philosophy is the merry one. In this world the serious and the ridiculous eternally unite—and albeit that this is the first time in my life that my father’s wishes and mine have conflicted, I feel myself in the laughing mood, when ‘proper pride,’ as Miss Lydia Languish says, should have made my anger implacable. I see you are going to make a speech. Say nothing—there is my hand—the offence is pardoned and forgotten.”

I took the hand she offered, and pressed it to my lips.

“Ah! a fresh offence, but certainly of the minor degree. In future, recollect, that ‘palm to palm is holy palmer’s kiss;’ and now listen to me seriously, and hear what a sentimental young lady would blush to utter. But, Mr. Elliott, I thank heaven I am not a sentimentalist!”

What the deuce was coming? Her language was lively, and yet her brows looked grave. I bowed to mark attention—made no remark—for Miss Julia Harley was incomprehensible.

“Mr. Elliott,” she said, with an indifference that astonished me, “do you recollect a proposal that you made to a young lady in the park to-day, and which proposal she rejected?”

“I do; and that proposal was made in all the honesty of heart, which rendered its refusal the more bitter.”

“Are you aware that caprice is the besetting sin of woman?”

“I can remember nothing of her sins, when her beauty and her virtues are now embodied in my presence.”

“Gallantly said. But to come to reality—you were, in so doing, like many a silly young gentleman, hurried into an indiscretion; and no doubt you have repented it before now.”

“What was it?”—how did I offend you?”

“Oh no! you misunderstand me—you paid me a high compliment at the expense of a thoughtless declaration, that you would have made me—Mrs. Elliott—had I but consented.”

“Would to God! you would allow that offer to be repeated, and afterwards prove its sincerity by accepting it.”

“And if I did, let us see what would follow. Of course the bride would be brought to the Border, and formally introduced to the family of her liege lord. Her poverty would herald her advent—and, portionless herself, she would bring an additional encumbrance in the person of an old gentleman in declining health, with a temper soured by misfortune. How should the bride be welcomed?”

“Well may I guess, but dare not say.”

And she looked at me with an intelligent smile.

“I will answer you, sweet Julia. Without the slightest pretension to wealth, there is not in Cumberland a more independent private gentleman than my honest-hearted father. Through life, his house has been open to friend and stranger—no wayfarer claimed charity and had his claim refused; and a few thousands, at the same time, have been

put aside to dower my sisters when they wedded. Let me now sketch a picture, which I fear, alas! will only be imaginative. I have knelt at the altar—sworn eternal love—and Julia has reciprocated the vow.”

I looked at her. Her eyes were turned on the carpet, but the flush which covered her cheeks told me that she was not a passive listener.

“Your father has hallowed our union with his blessing. We have bidden this ‘mighty mass of brick, and wood, and mortar’ an eternal farewell. By easy stages we have journeyed to the former scene of love and chivalry, and at the hall-door of the old building, where for three centuries Elliotts have lived and died, an honest burly Borderer and a comely dame are waiting to welcome their daughter. ‘Dame, I have brought thee an unportioned bride.’ ‘Unportioned, boy!—what call you worth and beauty? Come, Julia, to a mother’s arms!’ ‘Father, here is my second parent—broken a little in spirit, health, and fortune.’ ‘Give me your hand, old soldier!’ exclaims the honest Borderer, ‘and under this ancient roof-tree we’ll try and find a remedy for all.’ Will you realize this sketch of fancy, Julia?”

She rose, and blushing to the brow, replied, while affected gaiety could not conceal her agitation—

“You know, Mr. Elliott, that mutability of purpose is proverbial to our sex, and by right of inheritance, I suppose from Mother Eve, we claim a privilege of changing with the wind. ‘Tis a strange world—for what can be stranger than that she, who was sued unsuccessfully this morning, should in a few brief hours almost be suitor? Within three days, should I solicit the honor of Mr. Francis Elliott’s hand, what shall be the answer?”

Ere the words had passed her lips, I had caught her to my heart. In amatory transactions, I fear the Border school is not regulated by the code of love laid down by Sir Charles Grandison; and I blush to say that the offending committed at the opening of the *tête-à-tête* was awfully repeated at its termination. Poor Julia hurried from the room, and Brian’s knock at the hall-door saved me, no doubt, from the jobation my delinquency would otherwise have evoked. Mr. O’Linn, under false pretences, was delayed down stairs until Mrs. Honeywood had satisfactorily ascertained that he might be safely admitted.

“Well, upon my conscience!” exclaimed the young Irishman, after he had heard the detail of my interview with Miss Harley. “All women in the world, save one—and that is my dear Susan—are incomprehensible. D—n it! here’s a girl you offer in the morning to take with all her engagements, and she declares off. In three hours she changes her mind, and comes to announce—‘I’m yours at command!’ as a Cork gentlewoman, if you look at her across the table, says ‘port if you please!’ Well, no matter—follow the advice given in a good old song, ‘Take her while she’s in the humour—and that’s now.’”

Two days passed. Each evening I paid a visit to the Colonel. The old man appeared gratified with my attention, but every attempt I made to obtain a private interview with his daughter proved unsuccessful; and on the second evening, when, during a short absence of the commander, I pressed her to end suspense, she smiled, shook her head, and told me that “the Ides of March were not yet come.” An early hour had been appointed by the little gentleman for our visit; and on the third day—one “big with the fate of Cato and of Rome”—supposing that I represented the advocate of suicide, and Brian impersonated “the eternal city,” we started for the residence of the dwarf.

We were admitted by Cupid, who hopped on one leg to the door, the other of his sable-coloured extremities being severely damaged by scalding water, as the little gentleman had apprised us by letter. He

grinned his customary welcome, and to a tender enquiry on my part as to his afflicted member, he responded,

"Thank ye, Massa Frank—him dam bad still."

Dispensing with his services, we ushered ourselves to the presence of his master, found him ensconced as usual in the high-backed chair, and, being true to a minute to our time, we escaped an opening jobation. The cursed beast, who had assaulted the housemaid, mewed—the parrot screamed—and the little gentleman, in the most affectionate terms, requested his "darlings" to be quiet. We obeyed his signal to be seated, and the malevolent bird and ill-looking animal having partially abated their respective noises, the dwarf was enabled to respond to our dutiful "good morning."

"How many nights, since I saw you last, did you spend in the station-house?" said the agreeable little man, as he opened the conversation.

"Really, sir," I replied, "that is a pleasure we have yet to realise; but the first night you feel inclined for a spree, we'll be most happy to accompany you."

"Humph! To come to business—I have weighed your affairs carefully, and believe you occupy a false position in society," he said, addressing himself to Brian. "Read that note at leisure after you leave me, and you will find therein a record of my opinion, with advice as to the course of action you should pursue." And he handed a sealed document across the table to the young Irishman.

"As to you," he continued, turning to me, "I have proposed, on your part, for a wife, and shall have an answer to-morrow morning."

I could not repress a smile. The boundless audacity with which the spindle-shanked animal would have automatised a man of thews and sinews like myself, really surpassed human understanding.

"Upon my word, sir," I returned, "I regret you have had the trouble, as I have employed myself in the same business, and I trust to-morrow will prove that I have done it successfully."

"Humph!" said the dwarf, knitting his brows. "Another relict of a C B-Colonel of Horse Marines, I suppose?"

"No, sir; the daughter of a retired officer of that rank."

"On the half-pay list of Utopia, I fancy."

"No, sir—on that of the Madras army."

"And where did you fall in with this tramper?" said the little scoundrel.

"Really, sir, your language is so very offensive, that it must be changed for that commonly used by gentlemen, or you will at once permit me to wish you a good morning."

"Oh! I humbly beg pardon of the lady. I have no doubt that she is estimable to the last degree—and in her humanity to save you from suspense, at the first summons, she surrendered at discretion. You met her in the Park, or probably the pit of some theatre?"

If ever there was an insulting fragment of manhood, the dwarf was the most superlative of his kind!

"I met her where ladies are generally met with—in her own house, and under the protection of her natural guardian—her father," I replied indignantly.

"She is an heiress, of course,—that is, if any body would find her a fortune," said the dwarf.

"She is not, sir," I replied. "All she has to recommend her are innocence and beauty,—for she is the daughter of a reduced gentleman."

"Not even an estate in Chancery, or the moon?"

"She has property in neither, sir."

"Hurra! for the Elliotts!" exclaimed the dwarf, with a sort of scream, to which the parrot and monkey heartily responded. "They were ever a family of fools, and have not, in your proper person, degenerated, it would appear."

"I know not by what right you charge folly on my family, sir."

"Is there much wisdom in a head that cannot contrive to keep itself on the shoulders given for its support? or in picking up a wife,—Heaven only knows who or where—whose chief quality to adorn the holy estate, consists in her being a pauper? I won't listen to it!" continued the little man. "If you have been ass enough to make her any offer, give her a ten-pound note,—a new bonnet will amply console her for the loss of as soft a young gentleman as could be found in the Modern Babylon."

"I have heard you with all the patience I could muster," I replied, looking the dwarf steadfastly in the face, "and I now tell you, plainly and decidedly, if the lady will accept it, my hand shall be hers to-morrow."

"And I as decidedly forbid the bans!" returned the little gentleman. "By what right, sir, dare you pretend to wed an unportioned bride? Have you a house, a furrow of land—an ox, an ass, or anything beyond the horse you ride, and the setters you shoot over? Whither would you convey this yielding beauty, whose virgin hand, no doubt, was surrendered on the first summons?"

"To that home which did not refuse hospitality to one who seemed to court every opportunity of insulting its honest owner."

"What know you of the extent to which my claims to that hospitality might amount?" and the dwarf looked unutterable things. "But go. Presume not, as you would bring misery on yourself, and my anger on your family, to make any engagement until you see me to-morrow at two o'clock. Wait for me, I shall be punctual;" and with a waive of his long and bony arm, the saffron-faced scoundrel signalled us to be off.

"What think you, Brian, of this pleasant acquaintance?" I said, as we sauntered arm-in-arm down the street.

"Oh! there can be but one opinion on the subject," returned the young Irishman; "he's the devil, to a dead certainty. I'm dying to open his note, and learn what he thinks of me, and my affairs."

"Out with it at once;" and Brian produced the billet. "As usual, a brimstone-coloured seal, and, to my fancy, the paper smells strongly of sulphur. How the little rascal will fry below, only that his frame-work is nothing but bones and parchment."

The opinions and instructions of the dwarf were, as his wont was, lucid and laconic. But, to do him justice, he did not beat about the bush in delivering his conclusions: he pronounced Mr. Hunsgate a double murderer—expressed his conviction that Brian was the true heir,—pointed out, with great precision, the steps that should be taken to establish his rights,—warned him against Hans Wildman, who, as he opined, would be employed to remove him,—mentioned that he had consulted an Old Bailey practitioner and a Bow Street runner, and that their views on the case perfectly coincided with his own,—and terminated his despatch, by telling the young Irishman that any sum of money necessary to work his claim out, should be forthcoming at a moment's notice.

"Is he not a queer devil after all?" said Brian, as he finished the short epistle. "What a mixture of kindness and misanthropy!"

"But what right has he to make me a puppet?" I returned. "And what mean those obscure allusions to claims he had upon our hospi-

talities, and some strange influence he can exercise over our family, if he please?"

"To penetrate the secret of who the little gentleman is—ascertain his power—and develop his designs, go far beyond my poor abilities," replied Mr. O'Linn. "But, upon my conscience! were I in your case, I would wait until to-morrow, before I finally committed myself. Why not introduce the little gentleman to the Colonel and his daughter? Allow him to look upon that sweet girl, and then let him demur to your union if he dare.

'If that won't make him,
The devil take him!'

Then marry her instantly; and while you journey to the Border with your bonny bride, let him return to the place he came from, and ornament Pandemonium with his presence."

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

A MORE delightful piece of biography than the sketch which Mr. Barham has written of the life of his amiable and highly-gifted father, it has not been our fortune to meet for many a long day. The late Mr. Barham, better known to our readers under the *nom-de-guerre* of Thomas Ingoldsby, was truly "in wit a man, simplicity a child." His exuberant and glowing fancy was held under control by a kindliness of disposition which could not endure the thought of giving pain to mortal. Even his satire was attuned by good-nature, and his nearest approach to sarcasm was a gentle jest, scarcely less amusing to its object than to the rest of mankind. To be acquainted with him, was to admire him;—to know him, was to love him. His "Ingoldsby Legends" have established his literary character as one of the first of English humourists, and his "Cousin Nicholas" is amongst the best delineations of that which is most difficult to describe, ordinary and every-day life. There are few modern writers of whom it can be said with more truth, that he was "all over English;" in thought, in style, in language, and in expression he was so intensely English, that he may be said to have been "racy of the soil." Hence his writings irresistibly seized on the national sympathies, and as fast as they appeared were read and recited through the length and breadth of the land.

But the chief charm of the third and concluding series of the "Ingoldsby Legends" consists in the memoirs, in which we find glimpses of Richard Harris Barham in social and private life. We, who knew, valued, and loved him, can well appreciate the fidelity of these delightful sketches; the inexhaustible fund of anecdote, the rich and sometimes quaint humour, the keen wit, and the generous feeling which swelled the tide of his conversation, are deeply imprinted on our memory, and the work reads to us almost as a transcript of our own recollections. All who knew Barham will value this work as a living image of the man; those who did not enjoy that privilege, should hasten to be introduced to one who, whether in his literary, his professional, or his social character, instructed while he amused, and amused while he instructed.

The anecdotes told of Barham's friends, Theodore Hook and the Rev. Mr. Cannon (the "Godfrey Moss" of Maxwell), are valuable additions to the history of modern literary life and social manners. Few

men have been more misunderstood in life, and more misrepresented after death, than poor Hook; few of his associates and intimates thoroughly understood *the man*, even when they most delighted in *the companion*. Barham possessed the true clue to the intricacies of Hook's character; he knew him well, because he loved him long. The sources of Hook's errors and of his failings were scrutinised by the keen analysis of friendship; the springs had their origin in pure fountains, though the waters were frequently embittered by the devious and tortuous channels through which they flowed. Most men looked only to the errors and failings; their censure was ready and their rebuke prepared: but the mild Christian charity of Barham followed these derelictions to their causes, and, instead of exclaiming with the proud Pharisee, "Thank God, I have not so fallen!" he said, with the benevolent divine, "Thank God, I was not so tempted!"

Clever as Hook's portraiture of "Godfrey Moss" is on all hands confessed to be, it gives but a faint and incomplete picture of the originality and eccentricities of Cannon. The anecdotes told of him in this volume will lead the readers to regret that Ingoldsby himself did not attempt the delineation of so whimsical a character.

Full justice is not done to Barham's exertions as a member of the Executive Committee and Council of the Literary Fund. We, who have witnessed them and shared in them, can well testify to his untiring zeal in the cause of charity, his indignant exposure of anything that approached favouritism; his benevolence guided by prudence, and his prudence warmed by benevolence.

On the occasion of the destruction of Sir John Soane's portrait, to which his son refers at greater length, perhaps, than the incident required, he took an earnest course, though one very repugnant to his personal feelings. He opposed from the first the spirit of flattery which proposed to gratify the old man's vanity by exhibiting his picture in the council-room; and he denounced still more vehemently the mingled vandalism and servility which urged that Maclise's beautiful picture should be sacrificed to the caprice of imbecile dotage. When an individual was found sufficiently bold to incur all the odium of destroying the picture, and thus sacrificing public property to private interest, Barham was one of the few who held that the Council had no right to grant pardon for the deed, but that the whole matter ought to be laid before the general body. It was he who discovered that the picture could not be restored, the destroyer having removed *the eyes*, either as the evidence or the trophy of his success. We need not dwell farther on a subject on which some obscurity still rests, but may wait until the chapter of accidents throws light on motives still unexplained.

It is, however, as the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends" that Barham will be best known to the next generation. The particulars of the history of these most charming and amusing compositions given in this volume are full of interest, and equal in value to the introductions prefixed by Scott to his works in the Standard Edition. We trust that the Author of the Life will show that he can imitate as well as appreciate; in the dearth of humorous literature, the loss of one who turned to such good account the stores of the Golden Legend is very severely felt: but we hope that we shall have to say of the Ingoldsby genealogical tree and branches,

Primo avulso non deficit alter
Aureus; et simili frondescit virga metallo.



Thos. Ingoldsby.



THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY H. C. ANDERSEN.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES BECKWITH.

IT was so terribly cold,—it snowed, and the evening began to be dark; it was also the last evening in the year,—New Year's Eve. On this cold dark evening a poor little girl went into the street with bare head and naked feet. It is true she had had shoes on when she went from home, but of what use were they!—They were very large shoes, her mother had last worn them, they were so large; and the little one lost them in hurrying over the street as two carriages passed quickly by. One shoe was not to be found, and the other a boy ran away with, saying that he could use it for a cradle when he got children himself. The little girl now went on her small naked feet, which were red and blue with cold,—she carried a number of matches in an old apron, and held one bundle in her hand. No one had bought of her the whole day, no one had given her a farthing. Poor thing! she was hungry and benumbed with cold and looked so downcast!—The snow-flakes fell on her yellow hair which curled so prettily round her neck, but she did not heed that.

The lights shone out from all the windows, and there was such a delicious smell of roast goose in the street,—it was New Year's Eve, and she thought of that!

She sat down in a corner between two houses—the one stood a little more forward in the street than the other,—and drew her legs up under her to warm herself, but she was still colder, and she durst not go home; she had not sold any matches or got a single farthing! Her father would beat her,—and it was also cold at home, they had only the roof directly over them, and there the wind whistled in, although straw and rags were stuffed in the largest crevices.

Her little hands were almost benumbed with cold.—Ah! a little match might do some good, durst she only draw one out of the bundle, strike it on the wall, and warm her fingers. She drew one out, *ritch!* how it burnt! it was a warm clear flame like that of a little candle, when she held her hand round it,—it was a strange light!

The little girl thought she sat before a large iron stove with bright brass balls on the top; the fire burnt so nicely and warmed so well! Nay, what was that?—The little girl stretched out her feet to warm them too, then the flame went out, the stove vanished—she sat with a stump of the burnt match in her hand.—Another was struck, it burnt, it shone; and where the light fell on the wall it became as transparent as crape: she looked directly into the room, where the roasted goose stuffed with apples and prunes steamed so charmingly on the table which was laid out, and covered with a shining white cloth and fine porcelain service. What was still more splendid, the goose sprung off the dish and waddled along the floor with knife and fork in its back;—it came directly up to the poor girl. Then the match went out, and there was only the thick cold wall to be seen.

She struck another match. Then she sat under the most charming Christmas-tree,—it was still larger and more ornamented than that she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's, the last Christmas: a thousand candles burnt on the green branches; and motley pictures, like those which ornament the shop windows, looked down at her. The little girl lifted up both her hands—then the match was extinguished,—the many Christmas candles rose higher and higher; she saw that they were bright stars,—one of them fell and made a fiery stripe in the sky. “Now one dies!” said the poor girl, for old grandmother, who alone had been kind to her, but who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul goes up to God!

She again struck a match against the wall, it shone all around, and her old grandmother stood in the lustre, so shining, so mild and blissful. “Grandmother!” exclaimed the little girl, “oh! take me with you! I know you will be gone away when the match goes out,—like the warm stove, the delicious roast goose, and the delightful Christmas-tree!”—and she struck in haste the whole remainder of matches that was in the bundle,—she would not lose sight of grandmother, and the matches shone with such brilliancy that it was clearer than in broad daylight. Grandmother had never before looked so pretty, so great; she lifted the poor little girl up in her arms, and they flew so high, so high, in splendour and joy, and there was no cold, no hunger, no anxiety,—they were with God.

But the little girl sat in the corner by the house, in the cold morning hour, with red cheeks, and with a smile round her mouth,—dead—frozen to death, the last evening of the old year.

New Year's morning rose over the little corpse as it sat with the matches, of which a bundle was burnt. She has been trying to warm herself, said they! But no one knew what beautiful things she had seen,—in what splendour and gladness she had entered with her old grandmother into New Year's Joys.

POETS, PLACES, AND PENSIONS.

A GOSSIP WITH WILLIAM HOWITT.*

THE influence of localities on genius is one of the many inexplicable facts which we feel to be true, but are unable to demonstrate. Though seven different places contended for the birth of Homer, poetry only knows him as

“The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,”

where the mixed ruggedness and beauty of the scenery realise the impressions produced by his verses; and while on the one side the mind is awed by sublimity, on the other it is tranquillised by scenery of repose. Pope's classical formality and exquisite finish were impressed on the trim lawns of Twickenham; and the pastoral affectations of Shenstone were not more manifest in his verses than in the Leasowes. Old Edinburgh, “his own romantic town,” was to Scott what Venice was to Byron, the outward form of his imaginings; and Goldsmith lived upon

* Homes and Haunts of the British Poets, by William Howitt. London, Bentley.

the memory of "Sweet Auburn." A pilgrimage through the haunts and homes of these great men, pausing to do reverence at the spots where their memory is more peculiarly enshrined, has too many charms for the intellect and imagination to be neglected when opportunity offers, and we gladly accept the guidance of William Howitt to lead us over the hallowed land.

We join him in lamenting that Stratford-on-Avon has not proved itself worthy of the honour it has received from being the birth-place of Shakspeare; the memory of the poet has been desecrated in the town of Stratford, inhabitants and visitors being about equally culpable. London was probably the intellectual home of the immortal dramatist—that London of Elizabeth, alive with the picturesque activity of incipient commerce—crowded with adventurers seeking employment as mercenaries by land, and buccaneers by sea—ruled by a sovereign having all the intellect of a man, and all the vanity of a woman—a sovereign who endeavoured to combine parsimony with patronage, and who reversed the proverb of "solid pudding for empty praise," for the praise she required was substantial, and the pudding she bestowed was thinner than water-gruel. Imagination loves to picture to itself an interview between



Shakspeare and Elizabeth; the proud Tudor believing that the privilege of touching the hem of her garment would more than compensate for one of the finest tributes ever paid in verse to the real or imaginary virtues of a sovereign, and the bard feeling at once the rustic bashfulness incident to his present position, and the confidence which genius inspired of a glorious future.

Whatever may be the decision in the case of Shakspeare, London's claim to Milton is indisputable. It is true that he resided for some time at Horton, in Buckinghamshire; and that his Comus and Arcades overflow with the imagery and feeling of the old wooded scenery of that county; but it was in London that he planned and composed the *Paradise Lost*; it was in London that he produced his immortal prose works,

which all but created the English spirit of freedom, and which have proved better and more efficacious guardians of constitutional liberty, than Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. Punch occupies a portion of the house in which the great poet of freedom once resided. Milton would not have disdained his successor, for Punch has large and liberal popular sympathies; he is not unworthy to represent a Miltonic allegro, and he has occasionally shewn power in the Penserose vein, as witness the wondrous "Song of the Shirt."

Milton's last residence was in Artillery-walk, Bunhill Fields; those fields are now the most densely populated cemetery that probably can be found in Europe, for it was at one time almost a rage to seek a resting-place near Bunyan, at the termination of a pilgrim's progress. A worthy follower of Milton's political principles, and one not undistinguished for poetic powers, has here also found a grave. Daniel de Foe, of whom his age was not worthy, has obtained a tomb in death, from the land which could afford him no better public recognition than a prison in life. But, in the days of Milton, Bunhill Fields had not yet become "a city of the dead;" they were open, airy, and quiet; in the neighbouring grounds the bold 'prentices of London had not quite forgotten the practice of archery, or, as it was then called, "artillery," from which the place derives its name. It may be, too, that the honourable company occasionally frightened their neighbours, and burned their own fingers by practice with falcons and sakers, and demisakers, and the other pieces of ordnance, whose fanciful titles perplex the military archæologist. Cavaliers might ridicule the citizen-soldiers of London as an awkward squad, but they found them no despicable enemies at Brentford, the battle which, in our belief, decided the fate of the Civil War. Milton must have felt a host of reminiscences suggested by the booming of every gun; the volleys revived the memory of a glorious past, and promised a hopeful future; they might have said, or seemed to say, in the words of Campbell, worthy of Milton himself,

We 're the sons of sires that baffled

Crown'd and mitred tyranny;

They defied the sword and scaffold

For their birthright;—so will we.

Nor were the jocund laugh and merry jest of the "'prentice bold" unwelcome to the aged bard. Old age had not destroyed his sympathies for the enjoyments of youth, though he may sometimes have indulged puritanic sourness in contemplating public sports, and asked with his own Samson,

Have they not sword-players, and every sort

Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,

Jugglers, and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics?

There were those who sneered at what they were pleased to call "the cockney school of poetry;" no doubt that critics of the kind existed in the days of Milton, but then sneers and sarcasms fell powerless on the veteran of the Commonwealth. In later days a youth, of feeble health and delicate organization, fell a victim to these savage attacks. Poor Keats! Death had set his seal on him from the hour in which he first gave way to his imaginative impulses; the rude attack of the "Quarterly" only shook the hour-glass to make the sands run faster. He died in Italy, the parent land of that romantic poetry which he seemed destined to introduce and establish in England: Rome contains his grave, but the memory of appreciating friends is in his tomb.



Our course is erratic; but Italy recalls to our memory Addison's beautiful epistle from that country, now chiefly known by an unfortunate couplet which that most coxcombical of grammarians, Lindley Murray, has cited as an example of confused metaphor,—

I *bridle* in my struggling muse with pain
That longs to *launch* into a wider strain.

The objection of Lindley Murray is, that "*bridle*" is a metaphor taken from a horse, and *launch* from a ship; but *launch*, or *lance*, both being the same word essentially, is applied by our old poets to any fleet motion. We find it used in the sense in which it was employed by Addison, by R. Brunne,

With a herd they met, a hart thereof gan *lance*.

Piers Ploughman has

Plomes and cherries
That lyghtliche *launcheth* up litel dureth.

And Chaucer in the Clerke's Tale,

And down his hand he *launcheth* to the clift
In hope for to finden there a gift.

There was no confusion of metaphor in Addison, the confusion was in Lindley Murray's conceited brains, and so there is an end to an impudent piece of pedantic criticism, which has passed unquestioned for more than half a century.

But we have something more to say on behalf of this same Addison, to whom few of the present generation seem disposed to pay the tribute justly due. If not the founder of periodical publications in England, he was the father of periodical literature, which is quite a different thing. The original "*Spectator*" has had many followers and many imitators, but it has never yet been equalled, much less surpassed. Pope's attack on him as "the Cato of a little senate," is refuted by the notorious fact, that no one was more beloved by his friends during life, and no one more sincerely lamented after death, than Joseph Addison. A visit, however, to his house at Bilton, is calculated to produce some painful feelings. He left behind him an infant daughter, whom her surviving parent deliberately trained to despise the fame and the memory of her father, and to prefer her mother's accident of birth to the glory which her sire had won. There are reasons sufficiently obvious for not dwelling on this subject, and for abstaining from the enquiry whether it has

not had something of a parallel in recent times. Miss Addison occupies a nameless tomb at Bilton; but her desecration of her father's memory dooms her to a very unenviable immortality.

Pope's villa at Twickenham was an enlarged edition of himself; he was essentially a suburban poet; Mr. Howitt talks of his sympathies for nature, but it was nature modified by artificial plantation, and laid out under the direction of Capability Brown. A Frenchman, who was once brought by some patriotic John Bull to gaze at and admire the prospect from Richmond Hill, said in a depreciating tone, "Take away the trees and the villas, and it would be hardly worth looking at." There was some truth in the criticism; Art has lent so much aid to Nature in the decoration of our English landscapes, that we doubt whether an acre of virgin Nature can be found in the kingdom. The lake-poets professed to despise Pope and his suburban scenery, but the hand of the landscape artist has been freely exercised in Cumberland; they spoiled their case by mooting as absolute what was merely a question of limits. Admiration of Twickenham and the banks of old Father Thames, is quite compatible with homage to the beauties and sublimities of Resdale or Keswick. The demand for undivided worship frequently repels pilgrims from the shrine.

Howitt has been a little unjust to Southey; his politics, and his violence on opposite sides of politics, were simply the result of intense volition, and imaginative power, not restrained by the exercise of the comparative faculties. He dreamed of a Pantisocracy, and he dreamed of a Theocracy; his republic and his despotism were equally impracticable; and the sensible part of the world laughed at both, while the fools of monarchical principle called aloud for the Attorney-General and the libel-law, in the first instance, and the fools of democracy clamoured for the vengeance of popular indignation in the second. No lover of fun can lament the ode which Southey wrote on that greatest of Irish blunders, the enthusiastic reception of George IV. in Dublin. On the contrary, we feel disposed to be angry with Byron for having perpetrated a piece of common sense on the occasion. The commemorating verses should have been, in all consistency, as absurd as the deeds commemorated, and in this respect Southey must be confessed to have succeeded to admiration. O'Connell's fraternal embrace of Abraham Bradley King—the grave proposal to build a palace by subscription—the wild enthusiasm of an excitable populace—the sentimental tears of George IV.—the unmeaning, but deceptive letter of Lord Sidmouth—and the subsequent disappointment of all parties, accusing each other of the deception which they had severally practised on themselves, were assuredly the most appropriate subjects that could be supplied for a Pindaric ode to a dreaming laureate.

Whatever may be our private opinions of the character of George IV., we doubt the propriety of Mr. Howitt's stigmatising him as "a monster;" it is not necessary to raise any question on the vices of the monarch in discussing the merits of the poet. Southey never lived in the world; his sight was only suited to an imaginative atmosphere, which he peopled with shapes and shadowy forms, having often no resemblance whatever to actual realities. Whether as republican or royalist, we find him delighting in twilight existence, and rejecting the illumination which might have showed him the nature and relation of the facts by which he was surrounded. His poetic vision, like that of the cat,

—In the daylight grew contracted,
 As 't would rather not admit it ;—
 In short, as if a man would quite
 Throw time away, who'd strive to let in a
 Decent portion of God's light
 On lawyer's mind or pussy's retina.

Hence, Southey was all but totally unconscious of his own inconsistency; he was equally satisfied with Wat Tyler and the Vision of Judgement; he would probably have asserted that the principles of both were directed to the same end, viz. human happiness; but that experience had led him to alter his means,—having failed to achieve the regeneration of mankind by democracy, he sought to accomplish it by despotism. It may further be added in his vindication, that his democracy itself was despotic in its character; it resembled the republicanism of a certain popular leader in the north of Ireland, who having frequently exclaimed, “I wish I were free! I wish I were free!” and being asked by a friend “Are you not free to do as you please?”—replied, “Yes; but I am not free to make you do as I please!” The first article of Southey's creed, and the constant burthen of his addresses to the nation was, “A prophet is among you, but ye heed him not!” He hated Canning, and he hated Byron, because both avowed their infidelity in his mission; the one having covered with ridicule his revolutionary sapphics, and the other having rendered the same service to his conservative hexameters. The capital error of Southey's life was, that he mistook deep reading for extensive observation, and contemplative deduction for practical reasoning. We have too many sympathies for the solitary student not to tolerate the *idola specûs*,—the imaginings that people the scholar's den. Mr. Howitt regards them too much in the spirit of an Iconoclast.

We admire the criticism on Wordsworth, as much as we deprecate the savage attack on Southey. The bard of Rydal Mount is the masculine counterpart of Madame Guyon,—or, what is the same thing, a George Fox bigoted to the forms of the Church of England. Howitt's comparative analysis of Wordsworthism and Quakerism is truly admirable; and what is still better, it will equally gratify the believers and the unbelievers in the poetic mission of the bard of Rydal Mount. There are those who remember Burns only as an excise-officer, and those who think of Wordsworth only as a stamp-distributor; we abandon all such to the merciless sarcasm of William Howitt, but we protest against the injustice of its distribution. He assails the court and the aristocracy for withholding patronage from literature and literary men; but we should like to know the amount of patronage given to literary talent, even when its aid was courted—by the wealthy manufacturers of Lancashire and Yorkshire? Have cotton-lords been more generous patrons than landlords? or have not both bought genius in the cheapest market, and sold it, when they could, in the dearest? Whether the question of patronage is to be decided by the laws of poetical economy or political economy, may fairly be questioned; but, whatever canons be adopted, the rule must be equally applied to all possessors of wealth, to the *millionaires* as well as the landed aristocracy. “We keeps a poet,” said Mrs. Packwood, when questioned about the clever verses, in which her husband's razors were advertised; it is not clear but that the keeping of poets by others may lead to a similar prostitution of talents in puffing.

There is something like an intrusion into private affairs in Howitt's examination of the relations existing between Moore and the Whig

aristocracy ; we could point out more than one misstatement in his account, if we were to follow the example which we condemn. But, whatever may be the short-comings of the titled friends and noble hosts with whom Moore has been associated, the gross and signal ingratitude of an entire nation throws them far, if not completely, into the shade. Moore, rather than O'Connell, deserves the title of Liberator of the Catholics of Ireland ; the Irish National Melodies were infinitely more efficacious in winning the mind of England than all the speeches made by all the orators of the Catholic Association ; and the Memoirs of Captain Rock produced a deeper and wider effect than the Simultaneous Meetings. When emancipation was denounced from the pulpit, it was preached from the piano ; the husband may have voted on the illiberal side, but the wife and daughters propounded liberal sentiments, superadding the charms of melody to the flashings of wit and the force of argument. Parliamentary majorities were scouted in the drawing-room, and the gravities of the Court of Chancery were routed by the gaieties of the saloon. Fully two-thirds of those who voted against the Catholic Bills of 1825, did so, not through dislike of the measure, but through reluctance to have it settled by their intervention. Peel's speech of that year was not so much a reply to Plunket, as an apology to the boarding-schools ; he felt that it was a hopeless task to answer songs by sermons ; he felt somewhat like the Knight in the Tale of the Honeystew, whose ponderous armour could not resist the diamond weapon wielded by the King of the Kobolds. Now, what has Ireland done for Moore ?—simply this ; it has neglected him in private and assailed him in public—made no inquiry respecting his condition, and attacked him in the columns of the "Nation." When Ireland has paid some instalment of its large debt of gratitude, it will be time enough to inquire respecting the smaller debts said to be due to the poet from the Whig aristocracy.

We visit not the homes and haunts of living poets, nor the tombs of those recently dead, to pry into their domestic secrets, or hazard conjectures, which, without vindicating the dead, cannot fail to inflict unnecessary pain on the living. We could wish that Mr. Howitt had always exercised a similar forbearance. There was no necessity for his becoming coroner at a second inquest over the unfortunate L. E. L. ; he had not, and he could not have sufficient evidence on which a verdict might be safely founded ; materials even for plausible conjecture are yet wanting ;

Then be her feelings covered by her tomb,
And guardian laurels o'er her ashes bloom !

It has not been our purpose to criticise this work ; it is too desultory from its very nature to admit of formal examination. But it contains so much of a generous appreciation of what is noble and exalted, and so much of an equally generous indignation against everything which appears mean and sordid, that we have been led along in a delightful ramble, generally concurring with the praise, but not always assenting to the justice of the blame. The most striking feature of the book is its intense individuality ; we do not so much read the book, as talk with the author ; the two volumes are William Howitt himself, with all his noble impulses and all his personal feelings,—feelings that, perhaps, in some instances too nearly approximate to prejudices. Placed before such a book, the critic was not unnaturally tempted to have a talk in his turn, and instead of a review, to give his reader a rambling conversation. That we differ from Mr. Howitt on many points, is sufficiently obvious ; but trust it is equally obvious that he possesses our respect, and his work our warmest approbation.



The Boy & the Mantle

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

A THEFT FROM THE PERCY RELIQUES.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

IN a very agreeable little volume of our English Nursery Rhymes,—which will entertain all who love to have the days of their tranquil childhood recalled in this grown-up anxious wearing struggle for existence—compiled with singular care by Mr. Halliwell, there is this metrical historical information:—

When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

Were we addicted to putting forth those hazy speculations and attempts to make facts out of nothing—as the biographers of Shakspeare and other great people delight to do—we might, perhaps, in time, glean the whole events of King Arthur's somewhat unsatisfactory career from our nursery tales. Starting from this point, it would not be a task of much difficulty to prove that the monarch and his consort were identical with the royal pair who counted out their money, and ate bread and honey during a domestic wash, in which the maid was attacked by a savage bird, and after that singular meal, whereat the dainty device of the two dozen blackbirds in the pasty eclipsed all that Soyer, great as he is, ever conceived. But we would rather come to facts: and, therefore, with admiration for the king's "goodliness,"—who, not being at all proud, stole the materials for a banquet, cooked it himself, and displayed, through his spouse, a most praiseworthy spirit of economy with respect to the *debris*,—we plunge at once into our legend, premising that, like everything else in the literary line at the present time, it is copied from something that has gone before.

It was at "merry Carleile" that the King, and Queen, and Noblemen of the ballad were assembled; and in the sunny smiling leafy May of "once upon a time"—for we have no such Mays now. The seasons have gradually been falling back, like the time of an uncared-for clock, and the year wants fresh regulating.

And merry indeed was the rout that had met together at Carlisle in the castle, and a glorious time they had of it. Queen Guenever was a fair young hostess; and not exactly the one to stop any fun once started; indeed, perhaps it is as well for her character, that the chroni-

cles concerning her are somewhat of the haziest ; since, for a married woman and a Queen, she was a desperate flirt. But her bright sparkling eyes were the loadstars that drew together a capital set of men ; who, following the newly introduced fashion of the King, wore long hanging sleeves of all fabrics and colours, and made the court very gay indeed. And since they could not all pay attention to her at once, there were be vies of handsome women to keep them from getting "slow"—fair-haired blue-eyed ladies of the pure Saxon race, with noble heads and chiselled features, and exquisite figures, and tiny hands and feet—all which attributes have been handed down to our noble lords and ladies of the present day, making even an American believe that there is something in blood and lineage after all, in spite of all that penny-a-line philanthropists and professional routers-out of the great wrongs of The People can find to the contrary.

Certest here was a goodly party of knights. There was of course Sir Launcelot du Lake, who sat next to Guenever at the round table, and whose mailed foot a page, who had crept under the table for some missing jewel, saw lightly resting upon the Queen's ; and Sir Bevis also came out uncommonly strong ; and Sir Bedivere, and Sir Kay, and also Sir Gawaine, all with handsome ladies. And there was such a rattling of armour when they sat down to dinner that it seemed as if all the Lord Mayor's show had attended, including the Life Guards. Wine was as plentiful as house beer at a club ; roasted peacocks with their tails displayed quite obscured the opposite guests ; for, independent of the King's pudding, there was something more on the table than the old conventional apples and ale-glasses of theatrical and pictorial banquets. Knights, for lack of knives, carved with their daggers for effect ; and ladies, for want of forks and dislike of fingers, picked up their food with bodkins ; and such toasts were drunk, and compliments paid, and very fair jokes made for the time of day ; that, what with the laughter and chattering, and unheeded music of the bards, the hall was quite like a playhouse when a heavy legitimate drama is over, and people are awaiting the ballet or burlesque. Two only of the company were not altogether so noisy as the rest—and these were Sir Caradoc and his lady, who was one of the prettiest persons there. But they had lived in the country nearly all their lives, and felt unequal to meet the ready wit of the Londoners, so they kept to themselves, very quiet but very comfortable, smiling at what they understood, and wondering at what they did not ; and thereby filling very useful parts in society. For without a due proportion of smilers and wonderers, your diverting guests are sadly put out of conceit ; and if you make a party of all clever people, it is sure to be a failure. They will either affect dignity and do nothing, or all be funny at once, which is a more grievous affair than the other.

Truth to tell, Queen Guenever did not much like Sir Caradoc and his lady. The former did not pay her attention enough, and she was jealous of the beauty of the latter. But Sir Caradoc was a wonderful fighter, and upon need, could slit foreigners into slices, like French rolls for rusks, so they could not be openly offended ; and Sir Caradoc and his lady, on their sides, were delighted, as country people, to be at the board of royalty—just as much as ruralpatricians are at the present day. For although years effect great changes in inorganic things, the natures of men and women remain pretty much the same—in the inundation of A. D. 1846, as in the flood of B. C. 2000. Nevertheless the Queen talked

at them now and then, not afraid to say a sharp thing or two to Sir Launcelot at their expense; and Lady Rose—that was Sir Caradoc's bride's name—now and then blushed deeply at some equivoque, that only made the Queen's eyes sparkle more brightly.

All sorts of wonderful people had been drawn together at Carlisle by the King's sojourn there;—more gleemen, and joculars, and minstrels, and extraordinary tumblers, than even Strutt himself ever dreamt of, as well as the northern Scalds, who held that place in poetry which, ages after, the Scottish Burns appropriately enough filled. They came in and out as they listed; nobody questioned them; and so nobody was surprised when, one day after dinner, before the ladies had left the table, an odd small boy entered the hall, and, walking up straight to King Arthur, made an obeisance to him.

He was a strange, quaint little fellow, and reminded one of a conjuror seen through the wrong end of a telescope; looking young and old at the same time, as the stunted trees do in the Chinese Collection. He was something like Mr. Wieland when he plays an imp; more like a dwarf one remembers to have seen for a penny on a third floor in High Holborn; but most of all like Rumpelstiltskin, where he has thrust his foot through the floor, in the comical old German tale of that name. He did not appear at all abashed, but having quietly saluted the company, said:—

“God speed you, King Arthur, and fair Queen Guenever. Thy holy wish comes, leaving me well at present, as I hope it finds all you in return.”

Whereupon he gave a frisk, cut six in the air, went head over heels, and then alighted on his feet again, as cool as an oyster at home during a hard frost.

“Gadso!” exclaimed the King, “you are a strange wight to regard, but an excellent one to perform. What else can you do?”

“More than you would perhaps like me to,” answered the old boy. “I can make every lord in this hall shiver in his armour.”

“You don't look like it,” said Sir Kay, who was in the Anglo-Saxon Blues, and wore a heavy corslet, and, if possible, heavier mustachios, which, when he was excited, almost curled up into his eyes.

“Pooh! stuff! nonsense!” added Sir Launcelot du Lake, as he crossed one leg over the other, with a noise like a hundred fire-irons all tumbling down into the fender at once.

“I should like to see you,” said Sir Gawaine, with a spasmodic laugh. Sir Gawaine was not very young, but he wore a wig and false mustachios, and his greaves were padded. Many old “Sirs” of the present day do the same.

The boy made no answer, but his eyes twinkled like an open case-ment in the sunshine on a windy day, as he drew forth a walnut from his scrip, and laid it on the table, simply adding—“There.”

“Well,” said King Arthur, pulling up his hanging sleeves as he stretched out his hand to lay hold of it, “I see nothing here but a walnut. We have finer ones at table. This is a joke.”

“Crack it,” said the stranger.

King Arthur did as he was desired, and pulled out a little doll's cloak, very bright in colour, and very fine.

“Observe,” said the little man, taking it from the King; “you see how it stretches out. You would say it was India rubber, only there is

no such thing known at present. Now, elegant as it is, no lady who is not true of heart to her liege lord will be able to put it on."

There was a great fluttering among the beauties present, and some of the knights looked uncomfortable. Indeed the pause became oppressive, for nobody would venture to try the mantle on, until the King requested Guenever to set the example. But if he had seen the look she gave Sir Launcelot out of the corners of her beautiful eyes, as she rose, he would not have done it.

A dead silence reigned as the Queen approached the odd visitor and took the mantle from him. She made all sorts of objections to its form and colour, and was sure it would not become her; and, wonderful to relate, all this time the mantle kept changing its shades like a chameleon, which the spectators attributed to the silk being artfully shot. At last Arthur got impatient, and put it on his wife's shoulders himself.

But no sooner had he done so, than it crackled with a noise that set every body's teeth on edge, and shrivelled up round the Queen's neck like a piece of parchment in the fire. Guenever blushed, as though all the scarlet had gone from the mantle to her cheeks: the King nearly choked himself in trying to wash down a morsel of his own pudding with some hippocras; and Sir Launcelot uncrossed his legs nervously, with another loud clang. And every body was aghast, as Guenever uttered the naughtiest word that had ever left her rosy lips, and throwing the hideous mantle on the ground, rushed off to her room.

"Come, Sir Kay," said the boy maliciously, "you're a stalwart man and a chivalric; prove your lady's allegiance."

Sir Kay's mustachios completely turned into spirals, like that nasty green stuff on twelfth cakes, as the stranger addressed him. But it would not do to refuse before so many people, so he told his lady to stand forth. Pale and trembling she obeyed. The mantle, which the owner had stretched out again, on being thrown over her, rustled and fluttered and flew about, although not a breath of air was stirring, and at last flapped over her head, and hid her face from the assembly. This was lucky, for not holding Kay's lady in such dread as they did the Queen, the others laughed and winked until she had thrown down the mantle, and bolted after Guenever in great confusion. And then Sir Kay's mustachios, in his agony, stuck right out from his face, as lobster's feelers would have done, and he began to drink dreadfully.

The same thing happened to almost all. Some came up as bold as that audacious alloy, brass; some trembled like aspens—knights as well as ladies; and Sir Gawaine even tried to tamper with the stranger, offering him twenty marks and his keep for a year if he could make the mantle become his lady. But it was all of no avail; the cheapest advertising tailor of the present day could not have made anything, with all his ingenuity, that fitted anybody worse than the mantle, and so, one after another, they fled in disgrace to their rooms, and the knights looked as silly as might well be.

And now there was only left Sir Carodoc's wife, Rose, and she was going to her chamber, finding that she was the only lady at the round table; when the others insisted that she also should undergo the ordeal, for they longed for the chance of annoying the pair.

"The mantle shall belong to whoever can wear it," said the boy, to get up a little new excitement.

"Win it, Rose," whispered Sir Caradoc, "win it and wear it, sweet wife. I know you can."

The lady came fearlessly from the table and took the little cloak from the stranger. As she did so, it quivered and crinkled like a living thing; and all the knights winked at one another except Sir Gawaine, whose wig was so tight that it would not let him. Sir Caradoc felt uneasy as one by one he saw the other ladies stealing back again, in the hopes of witnessing Rose's discomfiture.

"For shame, mantle," said the lady boldly, addressing the robe; "there is no cause for this: for I have never done amiss."

"Never?" asked the little visitor with emphasis.

"Never!" replied Rose. "Oh yes! once, perhaps, I might; and then I kissed the mouth of a gallant single knight under a green tree, at home."

All the ladies and knights made eyes at one another, and nudged, and twitched their companions, and laughed, as they crowded eagerly round to hear the confession.

"And who was that, Lady Rose?" asked the boy.

"He was my husband afterwards," she replied, as her blue eyes swam round towards him; and she smiled in acknowledgment of the pressure which his gauntlet inflicted on her little hand. Ladies did not wear gloves then.

No sooner had she made this confession than the mantle, which she had put over her shoulders, turned to a beautiful deep blue, with a pile on it like that of the richest velvet. Gems sparkled out one after another all over it, as the golden stars appear in a twilight sky; and it grew longer and longer until it fell down to Rose's very feet as a gorgeous mantle, in which she looked so very beautiful that the bystanders could not suppress their admiration. This was very remarkable, the more especially that one or two of the ladies were called upon to praise some one prettier than themselves, and this, with ladies generally, is a grievous trial.

But the antics of the boy who had brought the mantle soon abstracted their attention. For he jumped, and capered, and frisked about; not paying any respect to Queen Guenever, who stood sneering at Sir Caradoc and his lady; nor to Sir Kay; nor Sir Gawaine; nor Sir Launcelot; but flourishing round all of them in the maddest manner, kicking his legs and heels about as though he had been pulled by a number of strings, and banging here and there like a fantoccini, until finding himself under an open skylight he gave a final leap through it, and never came down again. The others all looked after him a long time; but he was clean gone away, and vanished.

The gentle Lady Rose bore her honours very meekly, and Sir Caradoc loved her more deeply than ever. The mantle was kept for many centuries; and tradition says that it is somewhere, even now, in Wardour Street, but that its real value is not known, as some family who once possessed it, being in difficulties, took off all the precious stones, and filled up the places with Bristol diamonds.

But this by the way: for we never believe anything connected with Wardour Street and old furniture—we do not even believe ourselves when we are there. The court of King Arthur was equally incredulous:

but, like animal magnetism and the ether insensibility, although people vapoured about and pronounced it all a humbug, they could not exactly explain it to their satisfaction. There was an old, maniacal, grey-bearded bard, however, called Oroveso, who had whilome burnt a daughter named Norma for forming an improper alliance with a pagan ; and, going mad in consequence, was kept about the court to amuse the guests of Arthur by his soothsayings. And he said that the old boy's mantle was nothing more than an embodiment of an easy conscience, which, whatever external appearances might be, would not accommodate itself in any wise to frames in which guilt and deception lurked. And so the Lady Rose's truth had won it : and, in the words of the real story :—

“ Everye such a lovely ladye,
God send her well to speede.”

[The incidents of “The Horn and the Knife,” as told in the Percy folio MS., are here passed by, as each is an anti-climax ; and in the French version, “*Le Manteau Mal-taillé*,” no mention is made of either of them.]

THE WHITE ROSE.

BY “THE OLD MAJOR.”

DEAR girl ! this modest rose accept,
And place within your breast ;
There keep it safe, and kindly let
Your lovely emblem rest ;
Ashamed to see itself surpassed,
In all it holds so fair,
'Twill blush, and dye its paleness o'er,
And turn Lancastrian there.

'Twill droop—'twill die—but rest like this
My friendship passes o'er ;
Others may flatter—others please—
But none can love thee more ;
And if, in this cold world below,
Thy hand be never mine ;
Still in this breast thy picture lies,
A rose all but divine !

WINTER.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

HAIL ! Winter ! you will do so
 And snow,
 Whether I say so, or no.
 All write in your praise
 Precious lays—
 That 's not the thing I intend, though !
 You 're a *hog*, and a cold-mawed old glutton,
 You slaughter the beef and the mutton.
 And if you 're so mightily good,
 Why raise all the prices of food ?
 You 're a crammer from first to the last,
 And thousands are glad when you 're past ;
 You 're a stupid old *file* at the best,
 Full of bills, and a horrible pest.
 How you smile with your half-drunken face,
 Shaking snow on the ground
 In flakes all around,
 As you jauntily enter the place !
 Not satisfied freezing our mugs,
 You harden the draught in our jugs,
 When thirsty we get,
 With continual whet,
 To keep out your nipping and cold.
 Just look what you cost,
 With your sleet and your frost,
 When coals at a premium are sold.
 Then such cart-loads you pop
 Of your snow, and there stop
 On our roof and our gutters of lead ;
 Like a thief through you creep,
 When we 're all fast asleep,
 And drop splash on our noses in bed.
 Next your chum, that Jack Frost,
 Him we know to our cost,
 With his skates and his precious blue nose,
 Comes to nip all the meat,
 Burst the plugs in the street,
 And to chilblain our feet,
 Ah ! you 're less than discreet,
 To have such companions as those.
 You bring a sore throat,
 And you cost a great-coat,
 And the deuce knows what else in our clothes.

Then Christmas comes in with his half drunken-leer,
 And if he could stop,
 Would drink every drop
 Of our gin, wine, or brandy, and beer ;
 With his terrible suction,
 He 's your introduction,
 With a precious rum lot of chaps more,
 Who continually knock at the door ;
 Who hiccup, the riotous crew,
 " Happy Christmas to yours and to you."
 'Tis a blessing these plagues
 Lose their legs,
 And are carried away to a jail.
 Why should all, then, your frosty face hail !
 With such rabble rout after your tail,
 Enough to make sober folks wild ?
 Depend on it I
 Shall always decry
 You, unless you can draw it more mild.
 For now you 're a riotous fool,
 Companion alone to misrule.
 Your visits are followed too sure,
 By hardship and want to the poor ;
 On the rich all the while,
 Like a courtier you smile,
 And warm, when you enter the door ;
 You bring the yule log,
 To dispel all the fog,
 And temper the blast of your breath ;
 While you pass on the moor,
 Many famished and poor,
 And leave them the refuge of death.
 Then avaunt
 To your haunt !
 Why come forth
 From the North ?
 For good in you I never saw.
 Chilblained-paced,
 Double-faced,
 A bear with insatiate maw !
 Pack off with your cold-hearted crew,
 We can do very well without you,—
 Stop you 'd better not,
 For my passion 's so hot,
 It will make you run off in a thaw !

CAPTAIN SPIKE;

OR,

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

Leander dived for love. Leucadia's cliff
 The Lesbian Sappho leap'd from in a miff,
 To punish Phaon; Icarus went dead,
 Because the wax did not continue stiff;
 And, had he minded what his father said,
 He had not given name unto his watery bed."

SANDS.

CHAPTER IV.

WE must now advance the time several days, and change the scene to a distant part of the ocean; within the tropics, indeed. The females had suffered slight attacks of sea-sickness, and recovered from them, and the brig was safe from all her pursuers. The manner of Spike's escape was simple enough, and without any necromancy. While the steamer, on the one hand, was standing away to the northward and eastward, in order to head him off, and the schooner was edging in with the island, in order to prevent his beating up to windward of it, within its shadows, the brig had run close round the northern margin of the land, and hauled up to leeward of the island, passing between it and the steamer. All this time her movements were concealed from the schooner by the island itself, and from the steamer by its shadow and dark back-ground, aided by the distance. By making short tacks, this expedient answered perfectly well, and, at the very moment when the two revenue vessels met, at midnight, about three leagues to leeward of Blok Island, the brigantine, Molly Swash, was just clearing its most weatherly point, on the larboard tack, and coming out exactly at the spot where the steamer was when first seen that afternoon. Spike stood to the westward, until he was certain of having the island fairly between him and his pursuers, when he went about, and filled away on his course; running out to sea again on an easy bowline. At sunrise the next day he was fifty miles to the southward and eastward of Montauk; the schooner was going into New London, her officers and people quite chop-fallen, and the steamer was paddling up Sound, her captain being fully persuaded the runaways had returned in the direction from which they had come, and might yet be picked up in that quarter.

The weather was light, just a week after the events related in the close of the last chapter. By this time the brig had got within the influence of the trades, and, it being the intention of Spike to pass to the southward of Cuba, he had so far profited by the westerly winds, as to get well to the eastward of the Mona Passage, the strait through which he intended to shape his course on making the islands. Early on that morning Mrs. Budd had taken her seat on the trunk of the

cabin, with a complacent air, and arranged her netting, some slight passages of gallantry on the part of the captain having induced her to propose netting him a purse. Biddy was going to and fro, in quest of silks and needles, her mistress having become slightly capricious in her tastes of late, and giving her, on all such occasions, at least a double allowance of occupation. As for Rose, she sat reading beneath the shade of the coach-house deck, while the handsome young mate was within three feet of her, working up his logarithms, but within the sanctuary of his own state-room; the open door and window of which, however, gave him every facility he could desire to relieve his mathematics, by gazing at the sweet countenance of his charming neighbour. Jack Tier and Josh were both passing to and fro, as is the wont of stewards, between the cambouse and the cabin, the breakfast table being just then in the course of preparation. In all other respects, always excepting the man at the wheel, who stood within a fathom of Rose, Spike had the quarter-deck to himself, and did not fail to pace its weather side with an air that denoted the master and owner. After exhibiting his sturdy, but short, person in this manner to the admiring eyes of all beholders, for some time, the captain suddenly took a seat at the side of the relict, and dropped into the following discourse.

"The weather is moderate, Madam Budd; quite moderate," observed Spike, a sentimental turn coming over him at the moment. "What I call moderate and agreeable."

"So much the better for us; the ladies are fond of moderation, sir."

"Not in admiration, Madam Budd—ha! ha! ha! no, not in admiration. *Immoderation* is what they like when it comes to *that*. I'm a single man, but I know that the ladies like admiration—mind where you're sheering to," the captain said, interrupting himself a little fiercely, considering the nature of the subject, in consequence of Jack Tier's having trodden on his toe in passing—"or I'll teach you the navigation of the quarter-deck, Mr. Burgo!"

"Moderation—moderation, my good captain," said the simpering relict. "As to admiration, I confess that it is agreeable to us ladies; more especially when it comes from gentlemen of sense, and intelligence, and experience."

Rose fidgeted, having heard every word that was said, and her face flushed; for she doubted not that Harry's ears were as good as her own. As for the man at the wheel, he turned the tobacco over in his mouth, hitched up his trousers, and appeared interested, though somewhat mystified—the conversation was what he would have termed "talking dictionary," and he had some curiosity to learn how the captain would work his way out of it. It is probable that Spike himself had some similar gleamings of the difficulties of his position, for he looked a little troubled, though still resolute. It was the first time he had ever lain yard-arm and yard-arm with a widow, and he had long entertained a fancy that such a situation was trying to the best of men.

"Yes, Madam Budd, yes," he said, "experience and sense carry weight with'em, wherever they go. I'm glad to find that you entertain these just notions of us gentlemen, and make a difference between boys and them that's seen and known experience. For my part, I

count youngsters under forty as so much lumber about decks, as to any comforts and calculations in keepin' a family, as a family *ought* to be kept."

Mrs. Budd looked interested, but she remained silent on hearing this remark, as became her sex.

"Every man ought to settle in life, some time or other, Madam Budd, accordin' to my notion, though no man ought to be in a boyish haste about it," continued the captain. "Now, in my own case, I've been so busy all my youth—not that I'm very old now, but I'm no boy—but all my younger days have been passed in trying to make things meet, in a way to put any lady who might take a fancy to me."

"Oh! captain—that is *too* strong! The ladies do not take fancies for gentlemen, but the gentlemen take fancies for ladies!"

"Well, well, you know what I mean, Madam Budd, and so long as the parties understand each other, a word dropped, or a word put into a charter-party, makes it neither stronger nor weaker. There's a time, howsomever, in every man's life, when he begins to think of settling down, and of considerin' himself as a sort of mooring-chain, for children and the likes of them to make fast to. Such is my natur', I will own; and ever since I've got to be intimate in your family, Madam Budd, that sentiment has grown stronger and stronger in me, till it has got to be uppermost in all my ideas. Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, as a body might say."

Mrs. Budd now looked more than interested, for she looked a little confused, and Rose began to tremble for her aunt. It was evident that the parties most conspicuous in this scene were not at all conscious that they were overheard, the intensity of their attention being too much concentrated on what was passing to allow of any observation without their own narrow circle. What may be thought still more extraordinary, but what in truth was the most natural of all, each of the parties was so intently bent on his, or her, own train of thought, that neither in the least suspected any mistake.

"Grown with your growth, and strengthened with your strength," rejoined the relict, smiling kindly enough on the captain to have encouraged a much more modest man than he happened to be.

"Yes, Madam Budd—very just that remark; grown with my strength, and strengthened with my growth, as one might say; though I've not done much at growing for a good many years. Your late husband, Capt. Budd, often remarked how very early I got my growth, and rated me as an 'able-bodied' hand when most lads think it an honour to be placed among the 'or'naries.'"

The relict looked grave, and she wondered at any man's being so singular as to allude to a first husband, at the very moment he was thinking of offering himself for a second. As for herself, she had not uttered as many words in the last four years, as she had uttered in that very conversation, without making some allusion to her "poor dear Mr. Budd." The reader is not to do injustice to the captain's widow, however, by supposing for a moment that she was actually so weak as to feel any tenderness for a man like Spike, which would be doing a great wrong to both her taste and her judgment, as Rose well knew, even while most annoyed by the conversation she could not but overhear. All that influenced the good relict was that besetting weak-

ness of her sex, which renders admiration so universally acceptable, and predisposes a female, as it might be, to listen to a suitor with indulgence and some little show of kindness, even when resolute to reject him. As for Rose, to own the truth, her aunt did not give her a thought as yet, notwithstanding Spike was getting to be so sentimental.

"Yes, your late excellent and honourable consort always said that I got my growth sooner than any youngster he ever fell in with," resumed the captain after a short pause; exciting fresh wonder in his companion that he *would* persist in lugging in the "dear departed" so very unseasonably. "I am a great admirer of all the Budd family, my good lady, and only wish my connection with it had never terminated; if terminated it can be called."

"It need not be terminated, Capt. Spike, so long as friendship exists in the human heart."

"Ay, so it is always with you ladies; when a man is bent on suthin' closer and more interestin' like, you're for putting it off on friendship. Now friendship is good enough in its way, Madam Budd, but friendship is n't *love*."

"*Love!*" echoed the widow, fairly starting, though she looked down at her netting, and looked as confused as she knew how. "That is a very decided word, Captain Spike, and should never be mentioned to a woman's ear lightly."

So the captain now appeared to think, too, for no sooner had he delivered himself of the important monosyllable, than he left the widow's side and began to pace the deck, as it might be to moderate his own ardour. As for Rose, she blushed, if her more practised aunt did not, while Harry Mulford laughed heartily, taking good care, however, not to be heard. The man at the wheel turned the tobacco again, gave his trousers another hitch, and wondered anew whither the skipper was bound. But the drollest manifestation of surprise came from Josh, the steward, who was passing along the lee-side of the quarter-deck, with a teapot in his hand, when the energetic manner of the captain sent the words "friendship is n't *love*" to his ears. This induced him to stop for a single instant, and to cast a wondering glance behind him; after which he moved on toward the galley, mumbling as he went—"Lub! what *he* want of lub, or what lub want of *him*! Well, I do t'ink Captain Spike bowse his jib out pretty 'arly dis mornin'."

Captain Spike soon got over the effects of his effort, and the confusion of the relict did not last any material length of time. As the former had gone so far, however, he thought the present an occasion as good as another to bring matters to a crisis.

"Our sentiments sometimes get to be so strong, Madam Budd," resumed the lover, as he took his seat again on the trunk, "that they run away with us. Men is liable to be run away with as well as ladies. I once had a ship run away with me, and a pretty time we had of it. Did you ever hear of a ship's running away with her people, Madam Budd, just as your horse ran away with your buggy?"

"I suppose I must have heard of such things, sir, my education having been so maritime, though just at this moment I cannot recall

an instance. When my horse ran away the buggy was cap-aside, and your vessel cap-aside on the occasion you mention?"

"No, Madam Budd, no. The ship was off the wind at the time I mean, and vessels do not capsize when off the wind. I'll tell you how it happened. We was a scuddin' under a goose-wing fore-sail—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the relict eagerly. "I've often heard of that sail, which is small, and used only in tempests."

"Heavy weather, Madam Budd—only in heavy weather."

"It is amazing to me, captain, how you seamen manage to weigh the weather. I have often heard of light weather and heavy weather, but never fairly understood the manner of weighing it."

"Why we *do* make out to ascertain the difference," replied the captain, a little puzzled for an answer, "and I suppose it must be by means of the barometer, which goes up and down like a pair of scales. But the time I mean we was a scuddin' under a goose-wing foresail—"

"A sail made of goose's wings, and a beautiful object it must be; like some of the caps and cloaks that come from the islands, which are all of feathers, and charming objects are they. I beg pardon—you had your goose's wings spread—"

"Yes, Madam Budd, yes; we was steering for a Mediterranean port, intending to clear a mole-head, when a sea took us under the larboard quarter, gave us such a sheer to-port as sent our cat-head ag'in a spile, and raked away the chain-plates of the top-mast back-stays, bringing down all the for'ard hamper about our ears."

This description produced such a confusion in the mind of the widow, that she was glad when it came to an end. As for the captain, fearful that the "goose's wings" might be touched upon again, he thought it wisest to attempt another flight on those of Cupid.

"As I was sayin', Madam Budd, friendship is n't *love*; no, not a bit of it! Friendship is a common sort of feelin', but love, as you must know by exper'ence, Madam Budd, is an uncommon sort of feelin'."

"Fie, Captain Spike, gentlemen should never allude to ladies knowing anything about love. Ladies *respect*, and *admire*, and *esteem*, and have a *regard* for gentlemen; but it is almost too strong to talk about their love."

"Yes, Madam Budd, yes; I dare say it *is* so, and *ought* to be so; and I ask pardon for having said as much as I did. But my love for your niece is of so animated and lastin' a natur', that I scarce knew what I did say."

"Captain Spike, you amaze me! I declare I can hardly breathe for astonishment. My niece! Surely you do not mean Rosy!"

"Who else should I mean? My love for Miss Rose is so very decided and animated, I tell you, Madam Budd, that I will not answer for the consequences should you not consent to her marryin' me."

"I can scarce believe my ears! You, Stephen Spike, and an old friend of her uncle's, wishing to marry his niece."

"Just so, Madam Budd; that's it to a shavin'. The regard I have for the whole family is so great, that nothin' less than the hand of Miss Rose in marriage can what I call mitigate my feelin's."

Now the relict had not one spark of tenderness herself in behalf of Spike, while she did love Rose better than any human being, her own self excepted. But she had viewed all the sentiment of that morning, and all the fine speeches of the captain, very differently from what the present state of things told her she ought to have viewed them; and she felt the mortification natural to her situation. The captain was so much bent on the attainment of his own object, that he saw nothing else, and was even unconscious that his extraordinary and somewhat loud discourse had been overheard. Least of all did he suspect that his admiration had been mistaken, and that in what he called "courtin'" the niece, he had been all the while "courtin'" the aunt. But little apt as she was to discover any thing, Mrs. Budd had enough of her sex's discernment in a matter of this sort, to perceive that she had fallen into an awkward mistake, and enough of her sex's pride to resent it. Taking her work in her hand, she left her seat and descended to the cabin with quite as much dignity in her manner as it was in the power of one of her height and "build" to express. What is the most extraordinary, neither she nor Spike ever ascertained that their whole dialogue had been overheard. Spike continued to pace the quarter-deck for several minutes, scarce knowing what to think of the relict's manner, when his attention was suddenly drawn to other matters by the familiar cry of "sail-ho!"

This was positively the first vessel with which the Molly Swash had fallen in with since she lost sight of two or three craft that had passed her in the distance, as she left the American coast. As usual, this cry brought all hands on deck, and Mulford out of his state-room."

It has been stated already that the brig was just beginning to feel the trades, and it might have been added, to see the mountains of San Domingo. The winds had been variable for the last day or two, and they still continued light, and disposed to be unsteady, ranging from north-east to south-east, with a preponderance in favour of the first point. At the cry of "sail-ho!" every body looked in the indicated direction, which was west, a little northerly, but for a long time without success. The cry had come from aloft, and Mulford went up as high as the fore-top before he got any glimpse of the stranger at all. He had slung a glass, and Spike was unusually anxious to know the result of his examination.

"Well, Mr. Mulford, what do you make of her?" he called out as soon as the mate announced that he saw the strange vessel.

"Wait a moment, sir, till I get a look,—she's a long way off, and hardly visible."

"Well, sir, well?"

"I can only see the heads of her topgallant-sails. She seems a ship steering to the southward, with as many kites flying as an Indian-man in the trades. She looks as if she were carrying royal stun'-sails, sir."

"The devil she does! Such a chap must not only be in a hurry, but he must be strong handed to give himself all this trouble in such light and variable winds. Are his yards square?—Is he man-of-war-ish?"

"There's no telling, sir, at this distance; though I rather think it's

stun'-sails that I see. Go down and get your breakfast, and in half an hour I'll give a better account of him."

This was done, Mrs. Budd appearing at the table with great dignity in her manner. Although she had so naturally supposed that Spike's attentions had been intended for herself, she was rather mortified than hurt on discovering her mistake. Her appetite, consequently, was not impaired, though her stomach might have been said to be very full. The meal passed off without any scene, notwithstanding, and Spike soon re-appeared on deck, still masticating the last mouthful, like a man in a hurry, and a good deal *à l'Américaine*. Mulford saw his arrival, and immediately levelled his glass again.

"Well, what news now, sir?" called out the captain. "You must have a better chance at him by this time, for I can see the chap from off the coach-house here."

"Ay, ay, sir; he's a bit nearer, certainly. I should say that craft is a ship under stun'-sails, looking to the eastward of south, and that there are caps with gold bands on her quarter-deck."

"How low down can you see her?" demanded Spike in a voice of thunder.

So emphatic and remarkable was the captain's manner in putting this question, that the mate cast a look of surprise beneath him ere he answered it. A look with the glass succeeded, when the reply was given.

"Ay, ay, sir; there can be no mistake,—it's a cruiser, you may depend on it. I can see the heads of her topsails now, and they are so square and symmetrical, that gold bands are below beyond all doubt."

"Perhaps he's a Frenchman,—Johnny Crepaud keeps cruisers in these seas as well as the rest on 'em."

"Johnny Crepaud's craft don't spread such arms, sir. The ship is either English or American; and he's heading for the Mona Passage as well as ourselves."

"Come down, sir, come down,—there's work to be done as soon as you have breakfasted."

Mulford did come down, and he was soon seated at the table with both Josh and Jack Tier for attendants. The aunt and the niece were in their own cabin, a few yards distant, with the door open.

"What a fuss 'e cap'in make 'bout dat sail," grumbled Josh, who had been in the brig so long that he sometimes took liberties with even Spike himself. "What good he t'ink 'twill do to measure him, inch by inch? By e'm by he get alongside, and den 'e ladies even can tell all about him."

"He nat'rally wishes to know who gets alongside," put in Tier, somewhat apologetically.

"What matter dat? All sort of folk get alongside of Molly Swash; and what good it do 'em? Yoh! yoh! yoh! I *do* remember such times vid 'e ole hussey."

"What old hussey do you mean?" demanded Jack Tier a little fiercely, and in a way to draw Mulford's eyes from the profile of Rose's face to the visages of his two attendants.

"Come, come, gentlemen, if you please; recollect where you are," interrupted the mate authoritatively. "You are not now squabbling

in your galley, but are in the cabin. What is it to you, Tier, if Josh does call the brig an old hussey ; she is old, as we all know, and years are respectable ; and as for her being a ' hussey,' that is a term of endearment sometimes. I've heard the captain himself call the Molly a ' hussey' fifty times, and he loves her as he does the apple of his eye."

This interference put an end to the gathering storm as a matter of course, and the two disputants shortly after passed on deck. No sooner was the coast clear than Rose stood in the door of her own cabin.

"Do you think the strange vessel is an American?" she asked eagerly.

"It is impossible to say—English or American I make no doubt. But why do you inquire?"

"Both my aunt and myself desire to quit the brig, and if the stranger should prove to be an American vessel of war, might not the occasion be favourable?"

"And what reason can you give for desiring to do so?"

"What signifies a reason?" answered Rose with spirit. "Spike is not our master, and we can come and go as we may see fit."

"But a reason must be given to satisfy the commander of the vessel of war. Craft of that character are very particular about the passengers they receive ; nor would it be altogether wise in two unprotected females to go on board a cruiser, unless in a case of the most obvious necessity."

"Will not what has passed this morning be thought a sufficient reason?" added Rose, drawing nearer to the mate, and dropping her voice so as not to be heard by her aunt.

Mulford smiled as he gazed at the earnest but attractive countenance of his charming companion.

"And who could tell it, or *how* could it be told? Would the commander of a vessel of war incur the risk of receiving such a person as yourself on board his vessel, for the reason that the master of the craft she was in when he fell in with her desired to marry her?"

Rose appeared vexed, but she was at once made sensible that it was not quite as easy to change her vessel at sea, as to step into a strange door in a town. She drew slowly back into her own cabin silent and thoughtful ; her aunt pursuing her netting the whole time with an air of dignified industry.

"Well, Mr. Mulford, well," called out Spike at the head of the cabin stairs, "what news from the coffee?"

"All ready, sir," answered the mate, exchanging significant glances with Rose. "I shall be up in a moment."

That moment soon came, and Mulford was ready for duty. While below, Spike had caused certain purchases to be got aloft, and the main-hatch was open and the men collected around it, in readiness to proceed with the work. Harry asked no questions, for the preparations told him what was about to be done, but passing below, he took charge of the duty there, while the captain superintended the part that was conducted on deck. In the course of the next hour eight twelve-pound carronades were sent up out of the hold, and mounted in as many of the ports which lined the bulwarks of the brigantine. The men seemed to be accustomed to the sort of work in which they

were now engaged, and soon had their light batteries in order, and ready for service. In the mean time the two vessels kept on their respective courses, and by the time the guns were mounted, there was a sensible difference in their relative positions. The stranger had drawn so near the brigantine as to be very obvious from the latter's deck, while the brigantine had drawn so much nearer to the islands of San Domingo and Porto Rico, as to render the opening between them, the well known Mona Passage, distinctly visible.

Of all this Spike appeared to be fully aware, for he quitted the work several times before it was finished, in order to take a look at the stranger, and at the land. When the batteries were arranged, he and Mulford, each provided with a glass, gave a few minutes to a more deliberate examination of the first.

"That's the Mona ahead of us," said the captain; "of that there can be no question, and a very pretty land-fall you've made of it, Harry. I'll allow you to be as good a navigator as floats."

"Nevertheless, sir, you have not seen fit to let me know whither the brig is really bound this voyage."

"No matter for that, young man—no matter, as yet. All in good time. When I tell you to lay your course for the Mona, you can lay your course for the Mona; and, as soon as we are through the passage, I'll let you know what is wanted next—if that chap who is nearing us will let me."

"And why should any vessel wish to molest us on our passage, Captain Spike?"

"Why, sure enough! It's war-times, you know, and war-times always bring trouble to the trader—though it sometimes brings profit too."

As Spike concluded, he gave his mate a knowing wink, which the other understood to mean that he expected himself some of the unusual profit to which he alluded. Mulford did not relish this secret communication, for the past had induced him to suspect the character of the trade in which his commander was accustomed to engage. Without making any sort of reply, or encouraging the confidence by even a smile, he levelled his glass at the stranger, as did Spike, the instant he ceased to grin.

"That's one of Uncle Sam's fellows!" exclaimed the captain, dropping the glass. "I'd swear to the chap in any admiralty court on 'arth."

"'Tis a vessel of war, out of all doubt," returned the mate, "and under a cloud of canvas. I can make out the heads of her courses now, and see that she is carrying hard, for a craft that is almost close-hauled."

"Ay, ay; no merchantman keeps his light stun'-sails set as near the wind as that fellow's going. He's a big chap, too—a frigate, at least, by his canvas."

"I do not know, sir—they build such heavy corvettes now-a-days, that I should rather take her for one of them. They tell me ships are now sent to sea which mount only two-and-twenty guns, but which measure quite a thousand tons."

"With thunderin' batteries of course."

"With short thirty-two's and a few rapping sixty-eight Paixhans—or Columbiads, as they ought in justice to be called."

"And you think this chap likely to be a craft of that sort?"

"Nothing is more probable, sir. Government has several, and, since this war has commenced, it has been sending off cruiser after cruiser into the Gulf. The Mexicans dare not send a vessel of war to sea, which would be sending them to Norfolk, or New York, at once; but no one can say when they may begin to make a prey of our commerce."

"They have taken nothing as yet, Mr. Mulford, and, to tell you the truth, I'd much rather fall in with one of Don Montezuma's craft than one of Uncle Sam's."

"That is a singular taste for an American, Captain Spike, unless you think, now our guns are mounted, we can handle a Mexican," returned Mulford coldly. "At all events, it is some answer to those who ask 'What is the navy about?' that months of war have gone by, and not an American has been captured. Take away that navy, and the insurance offices in Wall-street would tumble like a New York party-wall in a fire."

"Nevertheless, I'd rather take my chance, just now, with Don Montezuma than with Uncle Sam."

Mulford did not reply, though the earnest manner in which Spike expressed himself, helped to increase his distrust touching the nature of the voyage. With *him* the captain had no further conference, but it was different as respects the boatswain. That worthy was called aft, and for half an hour he and Spike were conversing apart, keeping their eyes fastened on the strange vessel most of the time.

It was noon before all uncertainty touching the character of the stranger ceased. By that time, however, both vessels were entering the Mona Passage; the brig well to windward, on the Porto Rico side; while the ship was so far to leeward as to be compelled to keep every thing close hauled, in order to weather the island. The hull of the last could now be seen, and no doubt was entertained about her being a cruiser, and one of some size, too. Spike thought she was a frigate; but Mulford still inclined to the opinion that she was one of the new ships; perhaps a real corvette, or with a light spar-deck over her batteries. Two or three of the new vessels were known to be thus fitted, and this might be one. At length all doubt on the subject ceased, the stranger setting an American ensign, and getting so near as to make it apparent that she had but a single line of guns. Still she was a large ship, and the manner that she ploughed through the brine, close-hauled as she was, extorted admiration even from Spike.

"We had better begin to shorten sail, Mr. Mulford," the captain at length most reluctantly remarked. "We might give the chap the slip, perhaps, by keeping close in under Porto Rico, but he would give us a long chase, and might drive us away to windward, when I wish to keep off between Cuba and Jamaica. He's a traveller; look, how he stands up to it under that cloud of canvas!"

Mulford was slow to commence on the studding-sails, and the cruiser was getting nearer and nearer. At length a gun was fired, and a heavy shot fell about two hundred yards short of the brig, and a little out of line with her. On this hint, Spike turned the hands up, and began to shorten sail. In ten minutes the *Swash* was under her topsail, mainsail, and gib, with her light square-sails hanging in the gear, and all the steering canvas in. In ten minutes more the

cruiser was so near as to admit of the faces of the three or four men whose heads were above the hammock-cloths being visible, when she too began to fold her wings. In went *her* royals, topgallant-sails, and various kites, as it might be by some common muscular agency; and up went her courses. Every thing was done at once. By this time she was crossing the brig's wake, looking exceedingly beautiful, with her topsails lifting, her light sails blowing out, and even her heavy courses fluttering in the breeze. There flew the glorious stars and stripes also; of brief existence, but full of recollections! The moment she had room her helm went up, her bows fell off, and down she came, on the weather quarter of the Swash, so near as to render a trumpet nearly useless.

On board the brig everybody was on deck; even the relict having forgotten her mortification in curiosity. On board the cruiser no one was visible, with the exception of a few men in each top, and a group of gold-banded caps on the poop. Among these officers stood the captain, a red-faced, middle-aged man, with the usual signs of his rank about him; and at his side was his lynx-eyed first lieutenant. The surgeon and purser were also there, though they stood a little apart from the more nautical dignitaries. The hail that followed came out of a trumpet that was thrust through the mizen-rigging; the officer who used it taking his cue from the poop.

"What brig is that?" commenced the discourse.

"The Molly Swash, of New York, Stephen Spike, master."

"Where from, and whither bound?"

"From New York, and bound to Key West and a market."

A pause succeeded this answer, during which the officers on the poop of the cruiser held some discourse with him of the trumpet. During the interval the cruiser ranged fairly up abeam.

"You are well to windward of your port, sir," observed he of the trumpet, significantly.

"I know it; but it's war-times, and I didn't know but there might be picaroons hovering about the Havanna."

"The coast is clear, and our cruisers will keep it so. I see you have a battery, sir!"

"Ay, ay; some old guns that I've had aboard these ten years; they're useful, sometimes, in these seas."

"Very true. I'll range ahead of you, and as soon as you've room, I'll thank you to heave-to. I wish to send a boat on board you."

Spike was sullen enough on receiving this order, but there was no help for it. He was now in the jaws of the lion, and his wisest course was to submit to the penalties of his position with the best grace he could. The necessary orders were consequently given, and the brig no sooner got room than she came by the wind and backed her top-sail. The cruiser went about, and, passing to windward, backed her main-topsail just forward of the Swash's beam. Then the latter lowered a boat, and sent it, with a lieutenant and a midshipman in its stern-sheets, on board the brigantine. As the cutter approached, Spike went to the gangway to receive the strangers.

Although there will be frequent occasion to mention this cruiser, the circumstances are of so recent occurrence, that we do not choose to give either her name, or that of any one belonging to her. We shall, consequently, tell the curious, who may be disposed to turn to

their navy-lists and blue-books, that the search will be of no use, as all the names we shall use, in reference to this cruise, will be fictitious. As much of the rest of our story as the reader please may be taken for gospel; but we tell him frankly, that we have thought it most expedient to adopt assumed names, in connection with this vessel and all her officers. There are good reasons for so doing; and, among others, is that of abstaining from arming a *clique* to calumniate her commander, (who, by the way, like another commander in the Gulf that might be named, and who has actually been exposed to the sort of *tracasserie* to which there is allusion, is one of the ablest men in the service,) in order to put another in his place.

The officer who now came over the side of the Swash we shall call Wallace; he was the second lieutenant of the vessel of war. He was about thirty, and the midshipman who followed him was a well grown lad of nineteen. Both had a decided man-of-war look, and both looked a little curiously at the vessel that they had boarded.

"Your servant, sir," said Wallace, touching his cap in reply to Spike's somewhat awkward bow. "Your brig is the Molly Swash, Stephen Spike, bound from New York to Key West and a market?"

"You've got it all as straight, lieutenant, as if you was a readin' it from the log."

"The next thing, sir, is to know of what your cargo is composed?"

"Flour; eight hundred barrels of flour."

"Flour! Would you not do better to carry that to Liverpool? The Mississippi must be almost turned into paste by the quantity of flour it floats to market."

"Notwithstanding that, lieutenant, I know Uncle Sam's economy so well, as to believe I shall part with every barrel of my flour to his contractors, at a handsome profit."

"You read Whig newspapers principally, I rather think, Mr. Spike," answered Wallace, in his cool, deliberate way, smiling, however, as he spoke.

We may just as well say here, that nature intended this gentleman for a second lieutenant, the very place he filled. He was a capital second lieutenant, while he would not have earned his rations as first. So well was he assured of this peculiarity in his moral composition, that he did not wish to be the first lieutenant of any thing in which he sailed. A respectable seaman, a well-read and intelligent man, a capital deck officer, or watch officer, he was too indolent to desire to be any thing more, and was as happy as the day was long, in the easy berth he filled. The first lieutenant had been his messmate as a midshipman, and ranked him but two on the list, in his present commission; but he did not envy him in the least. On the contrary, one of his greatest pleasures was to get "Working Willy," as he called his senior, over a glass of wine, or a tumbler of "hot stuff," and make him recount the labours of the day. On such occasions, Wallace never failed to compare the situation of "Working Willy" with his own gentlemanlike ease and independence. As second lieutenant, his rank raised him above most of the unpleasant duties of the ship, while it did not raise him high enough to plunge him into the never-ending labours of his senior. He delighted to call himself the "ship's gentleman," a *soubriquet* he well deserved, on more accounts than one.

"You read Whig newspapers principally, I rather think, Mr. Spike," answered the lieutenant, as has been just mentioned, "while we on board the Poughkeepsie indulge in looking over the columns of the Union, as well as over those of the Intelligencer, when by good luck we can lay our hands on a stray number."

"That ship, then, is called the Poughkeepsie, is she, sir?" inquired Spike.

"Such is her name, thanks to a most beneficent and sage provision of Congress, which has extended its parental care over the navy so far as to imagine that a man chosen by the people to exercise so many of the functions of a sovereign, is not fit to name a ship. All our two and three deckers are to be called after states; the frigates after rivers; and the sloops after towns. Thus it is that our craft has the honour to be called the United States' ship the "Poughkeepsie," instead of the "Arrow," or the "Wasp," or the "Curlew," or the "Petrel," as might otherwise have been the case. But the wisdom of Congress is manifest, for the plan teaches us sailors geography."

"Yes, sir, yes, one can pick up a bit of l'arnin' in that way cheap. The Poughkeepsie, Capt—?"

"The United States' ship Poughkeepsie, 20, Capt. Adam Mull, at your service. But, Mr. Spike, you will allow me to look at your papers. It is a duty I like, for it can be performed quietly, and without any fuss."

Spike looked distrustfully at his new acquaintance, but went for his vessel's papers without any very apparent hesitation. Every thing was *en regle*, and Wallace soon got through with the clearance, manifest, &c. Indeed the cargo, on paper at least, was of the simplest and least complicated character, being composed of nothing but eight hundred barrels of flour.

"It all looks very well on paper, Mr. Spike," added the boarding officer. "With your permission, we will next see how it looks in sober reality. I perceive your main hatch is open, and I suppose it will be no difficult matter just to take a glance at your hold."

"Here is a ladder, sir, that will take us at once to the half-deck, for I have no proper 'twixt decks in this craft; she's too small for that sort of out-fit."

"No matter, she has a hold, I suppose, and that can contain cargo. Take me to it by the shortest road, Mr. Spike, for I am no great admirer of trouble."

Spike now led the way below, Wallace following, leaving the midshipman, who had fallen into conversation with the relict and her pretty niece, on deck. The half-deck of the brigantine contained spare sails, provisions, and water, as usual, while quantities of old canvas lay scattered over the cargo; more especially in the wake of the hatches, of which there were two besides that which led from the quarter-deck.

"Flour to the number of eight hundred barrels," said Wallace, striking his foot against a barrel that lay within his reach. "The cargo is somewhat singular to come from New York, going to Key West, my dear Spike?"

"I suppose you know what sort of a place Key West is, sir; a bit of an island in which there is scarce so much as a potato grows."

"Ay, ay, sir; I know Key West very well, having been in and out

a dozen times. All eatables are imported, turtle excepted. But flour can be brought down the Mississippi so much cheaper than it can be brought from New York."

"Have you any idee, lieutenant, what Uncle Sam's men are paying for it at New Orleans, just to keep soul and bodies together among the so'gers?"

"That may be true, sir,—quite true, I dare say, Mr. Spike. Haven't you a bit of a chair that a fellow can sit down on,—this half-deck of your's is none of the most comfortable places to stand in. Thank you, sir,—thank you with all my heart. What lots of old sails you have scattered about the hold, especially in the wake of the hatches!"

"Why the craft being little more than in good ballast trim, I keep the hatches off to air her; and the spray might spit down upon the flour at odd times but for them 'ere sails."

"Ay, a prudent caution. So you think Uncle Sam's people will be after this flour as soon as they learn you have got it snug in at Key West?"

"What more likely, sir? You know how it is with our government,—always wrong, whatever it does! and I can show you paragraphs in letters written from New Orleans, which tell us that Uncle Sam is paying 75 and 80 per cent. more for flour than any body else."

"He must be a flush old chap to be able to do that, Spike."

"Flush! I rather think he is. Do you know that he is spendin', accordin' to approved accounts, at this blessed moment, as much as half a million a-day. I own a wish to be pickin' up some of the coppers while they are scattered about so plentifully."

"Half a million a-day! why that is only at the rate of 187,000,000 dollars per annum; a mere trifle, Spike, that is scarce worth mentioning among us mariners."

"It's so in the newspapers, I can swear, lieutenant."

"Ay, ay, and the newspapers will swear to it too, and they that gave the newspapers their cue. But no matter, our business is with this flour. Will you sell us a barrel or two for our mess? I heard the caterer say we should want flour in the course of a week or so."

Spike seemed embarrassed, though not to a degree to awaken suspicion in his companion.

"I never sold cargo at sea, long as I've sailed and owned a craft," he answered, as if uncertain what to do. "If you'll pay the price I expect to get in the Gulf, and will take *ten* barrels, I do n't know but we may make a trade on 't. I shall only ask expected prices."

"Which will be——?"

"Ten dollars a barrel. For one hundred silver dollars I will put into your boat ten barrels of the very best brand known in the western country."

"This is dealing rather more extensively than I anticipated, but we will reflect on it."

Wallace now indolently arose and ascended to the quarter-deck, followed by Spike, who continued to press the flour on him, as if anxious to make money. But the lieutenant hesitated about paying

a price as high as ten dollars, or to take a quantity as large as ten barrels."

"Our mess is no great matter after all," he said carelessly. "Four lieutenants, the purser, two doctors, the master, and a marine officer, and you get us all. Nine men could never eat ten barrels of flour, my dear Spike, you will see for yourself, with the quantity of excellent bread we carry. You forget the bread."

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Wallace, since that is your name. But such flour as this of mine has not been seen in the Gulf this many a day. I ought in reason to ask twelve dollars for it, and insist on such a ship as your'n's taking twenty instead of the ten barrels."

"I thank you, sir, the ten will more than suffice; unless, indeed, the captain wants some for the cabin. How is it with your steerage messes, Mr. Archer,—do *you* want any flour?"

"We draw a little from the ship, according to rule, sir, but we can't go as many puddings latterly as we could before we touched last at the Havanna," answered the laughing midshipman. "There is n't a fellow among us, sir, that could pay a shore-boat for landing him, should we go in again before the end of another month. I never knew such a place as Havanna. They say midshipmen's money melts there twice as soon as lieutenants' money."

"It's clear, then, *you'll* not take any of the ten. I am afraid after all, Mr. Spike, we cannot trade, unless you will consent to let me have two barrels. I'll venture on two at ten dollars, high as the price is."

"I should n't forgive myself in six months for making so bad a bargain, lieutenant, so we'll say no more about it, if you please."

"Here is a lady that wishes to say a word to you, Mr. Wallace, before we go back to the ship, if you are at leisure to hear her, or *them*—for there are two of them," put in Archer.

At this moment Mrs. Budd was approaching with a dignified step, while Rose followed timidly a little in the rear. Wallace was a good deal surprised at this application, and Spike was quite as much provoked. As for Mulford, he watched the interview from a distance, a great deal more interested in the result than he cared should be known, more especially to his commanding officer. Its object was to get a passage in the vessel of war.

"You are an officer of that Uncle Sam vessel," commenced Mrs. Budd, who thought that she would so much more command the respect and attention of her listener, by showing him early how familiar she was with even the slang dialect of the seas.

"I have the honour, ma'am, to belong to that Uncle Sam craft," answered Wallace gravely, though he bowed politely at the same time, looking intently at the beautiful girl in the back ground as he so did.

"So I've been told, sir. She's a beautiful vessel, lieutenant, and is full jiggered I perceive."

For the first time in his life, or at least for the first time since his first cruise, Wallace wore a mystified look, being absolutely at a loss to imagine what "full jiggered" could mean. He only looked, therefore, for he did not answer.

"Mrs. Budd means that you've a full *rigged* craft," put in Spike,

anxious to have a voice in the conference, "this vessel being only a half-rigged brig."

"Oh! ay; yes, yes,—the lady is quite right. We are full jiggered from our dead-eyes to our eye-bolts."

"I thought as much, sir, from your ground-hamper and top-tackles," added the relict smiling. "For my part there is nothing in nature that I so much admire as a full jiggered ship, with her canvas out of the bolt-ropes, and her clew-lines and clew-garnets braced sharp, and her yards all abroad."

"Yes, ma'am, it is just as you say, a very charming spectacle. Our baby was born full grown, and with all her hamper aloft, just as you see her. Some persons refer vessels to art, but I think you are quite right in referring them to nature."

"Nothing *can* be more natural to me, lieutenant, than a fine ship standing on her canvas. It's an object to improve the heart and to soften the understanding."

"So I should think, ma'am," returned Wallace, a little quizzically, "judging from the effect on yourself."

This speech, unfortunately timed as it was, wrought a complete change in Rose's feelings, and she no longer wished to exchange the Swash for the Poughkeepsie. She saw that her aunt was laughed at in secret, and that was a circumstance that never failed to grate on every nerve in her system. She had been prepared to second and sustain the intended application,—she was now determined to oppose it.

"Yes, sir," resumed the unconscious relict, "and to soften the understanding. Lieutenant, did you ever cross the Capricorn?"

"No less than six times; three going and three returning, you know."

"And did Neptune come on board you, and were you shaved?"

"Every thing was done *secundum artem*, ma'am. The razor was quite an example of what are called in poetry 'thoughts too deep for tears.'"

"That must have been delightful. As for me, I'm quite a devotee of Neptune's; but I'm losing time, for no doubt your ship is all ready to pull away and carry on sail—"

"Aunt, may I say a word to you before you go any further," put in Rose in her quiet but very controlling way.

The aunt complied, and Wallace, as soon as left alone, felt like a man who was released from a quick-sand, into which every effort to extricate himself only plunged him so much the deeper. At this moment the ship hailed, and the lieutenant took a hasty leave of Spike, motioned to the midshipman to precede him, and followed the latter into his boat. Spike saw his visitor off in person, tending the side, and offering the man-ropes with his own hands. For this civility Wallace thanked him, calling out as his boat pulled from the brig's side—"If we '*pull* away,'" accenting the "*pull*" in secret derision of the relict's mistake, "*you can pull* away; our filling the topsail being a sign for you to do the same."

"There you go, and joy go with you," muttered Spike, as he descended from the gangway. "A pretty kettle of fish would there have been cooked had I let him have his two barrels of flour."

The man-of-war's cutter was soon under the lee of the ship, where

it discharged its freight, when it was immediately run up: During the whole time Wallace had been absent, Captain Mull and his officers remained on the poop, principally occupied in examining and discussing the merits of the Swash. No sooner had their officers returned, however, than an order was given to fill away, it being supposed that the Poughkeepsie had no further concern with the brigantine. As for Wallace, he ascended to the poop and made the customary report.

"It's a queer cargo to be carrying to Key West from the Atlantic coast," observed the captain in a deliberating sort of manner, as if the circumstance excited suspicion; "yet the Mexicans can hardly be in want of any such supplies."

"Did you *see* the flour, Wallace?" inquired the first lieutenant, who was well aware of his mess-mate's indolence.

"Yes, sir, and *felt it* too. The lower hold of the brig is full of flour, and of nothing else."

"Ware round, sir—ware round and pass athwart the brig's wake," interrupted the captain. "There's plenty of room now, and I wish to pass as near that craft as we can."

This manœuvre was executed. The sloop-of-war no sooner filled her maintop-sail than she drew ahead, leaving plenty of room for the brigantine to make sail on her course. Spike did not profit by this opening, however, but he sent several men aloft forward, where they appeared to be getting ready to send down the upper yards and the top-gallant-mast. No sooner was the sloop-of-war's helm put up than that vessel passed close along the brigantine's weather side, and kept off across her stern on her course. As she did this the canvas was fluttering aboard her, in the process of making sail, and Mull held a short discourse with Spike.

"Is anything the matter aloft?" demanded the man-of-war's man.

"Ay, ay; I've sprung my topgallant-mast, and think this a good occasion to get another up in its place."

"Shall I lend you a carpenter or two, Mr. Spike?"

"Thank'ee, sir, thank'ee, with all my heart; but we can do without them. It's an old stick, and its high time a better stood where it does. Who knows but I may be chased and feel the want of reliable spars."

Captain Mull smiled and raised his cap in the way of an adieu, when the conversation ended, the Poughkeepsie sliding off rapidly with a free wind, leaving the Swash nearly stationary. In ten minutes the two vessels were more than a mile apart; in twenty beyond the reach of shot.

Notwithstanding the natural and common-place manner in which this separation took place, there was much distrust on board each vessel, and a good deal of consummate management on the part of Spike. The latter knew that every foot the sloop-of-war went on her course, carried her just so far to leeward, placing his own brig, in-so-much, dead to windward of her. As the Swash's best point of sailing, relatively considered, was close-hauled, this was giving to Spike a great security against any change of purpose on the part of the vessel-of-war. Although his people were aloft, and actually sent down the topgallant-mast, it was only to send it up again, the spar being of admirable toughness, and as sound as the day it was cut.

"I don't think, Mr. Mulford," said the captain sarcastically, "that

Uncle Sam's glasses are good enough to tell the difference in wood at two leagues distance, so we'll trust to the old stick a little longer. Ay, ay, let 'em run off before it, we'll find another road by which to reach our port."

"The sloop-of-war is going round the south side of Cuba, Captain Spike," answered the mate, "and I have understood you to say that you intended to go by the same passage."

"A body may change his mind, and no murder. Only consider, Harry, how common it is for folks to change their minds. I *did* intend to pass between Cuba and Jamaica, but I intend it no longer. Our run from Montauk has been uncommon short, and I've time enough to spare to go to the southward of Jamaica too, if the notion takes me."

"That would greatly prolong the passage, Captain Spike—a week at least."

"What if it does—I've a week to spare; we're nine days afore our time."

"Our time for what, sir? Is there any particular time set for a vessel's going into Key West?"

"Do n't be womanish and over cur'ous, Mulford. I sail with sealed orders, and when we get well to windward of Jamaica, 't will be time enough to open them."

Spike was as good as his word. As soon as he thought the sloop-of-war was far enough to leeward, or when she was hull down, he filled away and made sail on the wind to get nearer to Porto Rico. Long ere it was dark he had lost sight of the sloop-of-war, when he altered his course to south westerly, which was carrying him in the direction he named, or to windward of Jamaica.

While this artifice was being practised on board the Molly Swash, the officers of the Poughkeepsie were not quite satisfied with their own mode of proceeding with the brigantine. The more they reasoned on the matter the more unlikely it seemed to them that Spike could be really carrying a cargo of flour from New York to Key West, in the expectation of disposing of it to the United States' contractors, and the more out of the way did he seem to be in running through the Mona Passage.

"His true course should have been by the Hole in the Wall, and so down along the north side of Cuba, before the wind," observed the first lieutenant. "I wonder that never struck you, Wallace; *you* who so little like trouble."

"Certainly I knew it, but we lazy people like running off before the wind, and I did not know but such were Mr. Spike's tastes," answered the "ship's gentleman." "In my judgment, the reluctance he showed to letting us have any of his flour, is much the most suspicious circumstance in the whole affair."

These two speeches were made on the poop, in the presence of the captain, but in a sort of an aside that admitted of some of the ward-room familiarity exhibited. Captain Mull was not supposed to hear what passed, though hear it he in fact did, as was seen by his own remarks, which immediately succeeded.

"I understand you to say, Mr. Wallace," observed the captain, a little drily, "that you *saw* the flour yourself?"

"I saw the flour-barrels, sir; and as regularly built were they as any

barrels that ever were branded. But a flour-barrel *may* have contained something beside *flour*."

"Flour usually makes itself visible in the handling : were these barrels quite clean?"

"Far from it, sir. They showed flour on their staves, like any other cargo. After all, the man may have more sense than we give him credit for, and find a high market for his cargo."

Captain Mull seemed to muse, which was a hint for his juniors not to continue the conversation, but rather to seem to muse too. After a short pause, the captain quietly remarked, "Well, gentlemen, he will be coming down after us, I suppose, as soon as he gets his new topgallant-mast on-end, and then we can keep a bright look-out for him. We shall cruise off Cape St. Antonio for a day or two, and no doubt shall get another look at him. I should like to have one baking from his flour."

But Spike had no intention to give the Poughkeepsie the desired opportunity. As has been stated, he stood off to the southward on a wind, and completely doubled the eastern end of Jamaica, when he put his helm up, and went, with favouring wind and current, toward the northward and westward. The consequence was, that he did not fall in with the Poughkeepsie at all, which vessel was keeping a sharp look-out for him in the neighbourhood of Cape St. Antonio and the Isle of Pines, at the very moment he was running down the coast of Yucatan. Of all the large maritime countries of the world, Mexico, on the Atlantic, is that which is the most easily blockaded by a superior naval power. By maintaining a proper force between Key West and the Havanna, and another squadron between Cape St. Antonio and Loggerhead Key, the whole country, the Bay of Honduras excepted, is shut up, as it might be in a band-box. It is true the Gulf would be left open to the Mexicans, were not squadrons kept nearer in ; but, as for anything getting out into the broad Atlantic, it would be next to hopeless. The distance to be watched between the Havanna and Key West is only about sixty miles, while that in the other direction is not much greater.

While the Swash was making the circuit of Jamaica, as described, her captain had little communication with his passengers. The misunderstanding with the relict embarrassed him as much as it embarrassed her ; and he was quite willing to let time mitigate her resentment. Rose would be just as much in his power a fortnight hence as she was to-day. This cessation in the captain's attentions gave the females greater liberty, and they improved it, singularly enough as it seemed to Mulford, by cultivating a strange sort of intimacy with Jack Tier. The very day that succeeded the delicate conversation with Mrs. Budd, to a part of which Jack had been an auditor, the uncouth-looking steward's assistant was seen in close conference with the pretty Rose ; the subject of their conversation being, apparently, of a most engrossing nature. From that hour Jack got to be not only a confidant, but a favourite, to Mulford's great surprise. A less inviting subject for *tête-à-têtes* and confidential dialogues, thought the young man, could not well exist : but so it was ; woman's caprices are inexplicable ; and not only Rose and her aunt, but even the capitious and somewhat distrustful Biddy, manifested on all occasions not only friendship, but kindness and consideration, for Jack.

"You quite put my nose out o' joint, you Jack Tier, with 'e lady,"

grumbled Josh, the steward *de jure*, if not now *de facto*, of the craft, "and I never see nuttin' like it! I s'pose you expect ten dollar, at least, from dem passenger, when we gets in. But I'd have you to know, Misser Jack, if you please, dat a steward be a steward, and he don't like to hab trick played wid him, afore he own face."

"Poh! poh! Joshua," answered Jack good naturedly, "don't distress yourself on a consait. In the first place, you've got no nose to be put out of joint; or, if you have really a nose, it has no joint. It's nat'ral for folks to like their own colour, and the ladies prefer me, because I'm white."

"No so werry white as all dat, nudder," grumbled Josh. "I see great many whiter dan you. But, if dem lady like you so much as to gib you ten dollar, as I expects, when we gets in, I presumes you'll hand over half, or six dollar, of that money to your superior officer, as is law in the case."

"Do you call six the half of ten, Joshua, my scholar, eh?"

"Well, den, seven, if you like dat better. I wants just half, and just half I means to get."

"And half you shall have, maty. I only wish you would just tell where we shall be, when we gets in."

"How I know, white man? Dat belong to skipper, and better ask him. If he don't gib you lick in de chop, p'rhaps he tell you."

As Jack Tier had no taste for "licks in the chops," he did not follow Josh's advice. But his agreeing to give half of the ten dollars to the steward kept peace in the cabins. He was even so scrupulous of his word, as to hand to Josh a half eagle that very day—money he had received from Rose; saying he would trust to Providence for his own half of the expected *douceur*. This concession placed Jack Tier on high grounds with his "superior officer," and from that time the former was left to do the whole of the customary service of the ladies' cabin.

As respects the vessel, nothing worthy of notice occurred until she had passed Loggerhead Key, and was fairly launched in the Gulf of Mexico. Then, indeed, Spike took a step that greatly surprised his mate. The latter was directed to bring all his instruments, charts, etc., and place them in the Captain's state-room, where it was undertood they were to remain until the brig got into port. Spike was but an indifferent navigator, while Mulford was one of a higher order than common. So much had the former been accustomed to rely on the latter, indeed, as they approached a strange coast, that he could not possibly have taken any step, that was not positively criminal, which would have given his mate more uneasiness than this.

At first, Mulford naturally enough suspected that Spike intended to push for some Mexican port, by thus blinding his eyes as to the position of the vessel. The direction steered, however, soon relieved the mate from this apprehension. From the eastern extremity of Yucatan, the Mexican coast trends to the westward, and even to the south of west, for a long distance, whereas the course steered by Spike was north-easterly. This was diverging from the enemy's coast instead of approaching it, and the circumstance greatly relieved the apprehensions of Mulford.

Nor was the sequestration of the mate's instruments the only suspicious act of Spike. He caused the brig's paint to be entirely altered, and even went so far toward disguising her, as to make some changes

aloft. All this was done as the vessel passed swiftly on her course, and every thing had been effected, apparently to the captain's satisfaction, when the cry of "land-ho!" was once more heard. The land proved to be a cluster of low, small islands, part coral, part sand, that might have been eight or ten in number, and the largest of which did not possess a surface of more than a very few acres. Many were the merest islets imaginable, and on one of the largest of the cluster rose a tall, gaunt light-house, having the customary dwelling of its keeper at its base. Nothing else was visible; the broad expanse of the blue waters of the Gulf excepted. All the land in sight would not probably have made one field of twenty acres in extent, and that seemed cut off from the rest of the world, by a broad barrier of water. It was a spot of such singular situation and accessories, that Mulford gazed at it with a burning desire to know where he was, as the brig steered through a channel between two of the islets, into a capacious and perfectly safe basin, formed by the group, and dropped her anchor in its centre.

HONEST AND HAPPY.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "SPRING GATHERINGS," "BLOSSOMS OF POETRY," ETC.

THERE'S much in the world that is doubtful,
There's much we shall ne'er understand—

Why *Virtue* should live in a *Poorhouse*,
And *Vice* on the *fat* of the land.
For those who are fretful and peevish,
This duty remains to fulfil;
But try to be *honest* and *happy*,
And let the world do as it will.

The poor wretch who walks upon crutches,

May often be envied, far more
Than he, who in splendid apparel
Can shut on the beggar his door;
He cares not for claret and sherry;
Of venison he has not his fill—
Yet dares to be honest and happy,
And lets the world do as it will.

He boasteth no lordly possessions,
No livery at table to wait;
He maketh no hollow professions
To cheat his friend, sooner or late;
He ruins no hardworking tradesman,
Who gets but a curse for his bill;
But tries to be honest and happy,
And lets the world do as it will.

He joins not the bowl or the wassail,
He seeks not the gambler or sot;
Contentment and health are the blessings

That daily recur to his lot;
And whilst in the minds of his children
Good precepts he strives to instil;
He shows that he's honest and happy,
And lets the world do as it will.

Oh! who then would grumble at fortune,

Though sorrow and toiling betide?—
The man that with *wealth* is a *villain*,
Might be *virtuous* were it denied!
Too much may o'erburden and sink you,
Too little oft keep you from ill;
Then try to be honest and happy,
And let the world do as it will.

The man who with *plenty* is *honest*,
Hath little to ask for his name;
But he who, though humble, is upright,
Shall live in the annals of *Fame*.
The vicious may mock at his mem'ry,
But ages will think on him still,—
Then strive to be honest and happy,
And let the world do as it will.

NELSON AND CARACCILO.*

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

THE Seven Volumes of Nelson's Dispatches, as collected and edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, form the most honourable monument that has yet been produced, to perpetuate the memory of England's favourite hero. It is not surprising that the editor, having collected such proofs of Nelson's exalted mind and affectionate heart,—his patriotism, his bravery, and his tenderness,—should have begun to regard his subject with a personal affection, which, however honourable to his feelings, had a tendency to warp his judgment, and change the editor into the advocate. It is no pleasing task to fix our attention exclusively on the very few pages in these excellent volumes which we view with disapprobation; it makes us feel like the slave who sat in the chariot with the hero of a Roman triumph, to remind him that in the midst of all his glory he was still but a man. But in morals as in poetry, *Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile*; and when Nelson is held up as a model for the Naval service, it is a painful act of duty to dwell strongly on any great error, and still more on any great crime, for which in after days his example might be quoted as a precedent. We quite agree with Sir Harris Nicolas, that the private details of romantic and profligate amours, ought not to be too freely discussed or too indiscriminately given to the public; but the privacy ceases to be sacred when such an illicit connection entails either national loss or national disgrace. No delicacy should shelter a minister who pensioned his mistress out of the public purse, a general who wasted in dalliance the golden opportunity of victory, or an admiral who sanctioned a judicial murder to gratify female vengeance. The influence of Thais, and the burning of Persepolis, form an essential part of the history of Alexander the Great; and unfortunately the ascendancy of Lady Emma Hamilton, and the execution of Prince Caracciolo, are more than a melancholy episode in the career of Nelson.

It is the general belief that English honour was tarnished in Southern Italy when Lord Nelson annulled a solemn capitulation;—when the subversion of the Sicilian constitution, established under the auspices of Lord William Bentinck, was permitted—when Lord Heytesbury, then Mr. A'Court, counselled the execution of Murat,—and when the same Lord Heytesbury exerted all his influence, as the representative of England, to subvert the Spanish constitution when it had been adopted in Naples. Without more evidence than we at present possess, it would be unjust to scrutinise and pronounce upon the conduct attributed to Lord William Bentinck and Lord Heytesbury, but all the documents necessary for forming an opinion on the case of Lord Nelson having been adduced by Sir Harris Nicolas, we have only to complain that he has omitted some important facts necessary to their correct interpretation. Before entering on any discussion of the unfortunate events in the Bay of Naples, it will be necessary to glance at

* Dispatches and Letters of Vice Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, with Notes by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G. London, Colburn.

Memoirs of General P  p  , comprising the principal Military and Political events of Modern Italy. London, Bentley.

the condition of the Neapolitan kingdom and court, which Sir Harris Nicolas has not very fully or very fairly represented. We shall use as our authority the Memoirs of General P  p  , himself an actor in the scenes, and a gallant soldier, whose long life of unsullied patriotism must ensure a ready reception of his statements.

Ferdinand, king of Naples, was a weak monarch, whose limited intellect was scarcely raised above fatuity. The real government of his dominions rested with his Queen, Caroline of Austria; a woman of the most dark and malignant passions, unrestrained by scruples and unchecked by principles. Sir Harris Nicolas has kept this figure too much in the background; she was so prominent among the actors of the tragedy, that the picture must be unfaithful which does not assign her a conspicuous position. Unfortunately, no treatment, however artistic, could soften her notorious and detested features, for her machinations in Sicily, to prevent the establishment of anything approaching to good government, form some of the most disgusting pages in the history of English diplomacy. In November 1798, the King of Naples, having precipitately declared war against France, took possession of Rome. He abandoned the city as speedily as he had seized it rashly, and returned to Naples in disguise, leaving his army under the command of General Mack, whose name is synonymous with treachery and incapacity. The Neapolitan army made little or no resistance to the progress of the French; on the 20th of December, the King and his court, deeming themselves unsafe in their capital, embarked for Palermo on board Lord Nelson's vessel; in a brief space, the French conquered the entire kingdom, and by many of the Neapolitans were received as benefactors. Ferdinand, from the moment of his flight, was *de facto* no longer king of Naples. Common sense has long since distinguished the conditions between a king *de facto* and a king *de jure*. The latter retains his right to recover his dominions if he can, but resistance to his attempts ceases to be treason. The English were not a nation of rebels from the death of Charles I. to the restoration of Charles II.; the French were not a nation of rebels from the death of Louis XVI. to the restoration of Louis XVIII.; the flight of King James II. was held by the English Parliament to be valid grounds for his continued exclusion and the elevation of William III. to the throne. If the rule set forth by Sir Harris Nicolas be valid, the English sailors who fought at La Hogue, and the English soldiers who fought at the Boyne and Aughrim, were all of them traitors, and liable to be hanged, if fortune had ever restored the Stuarts to the throne of their ancestors.

Sir Harris Nicolas asserts that Ferdinand did not abandon his claims to the throne of Naples, and "had never ceased to take active measures for its *recovery*." The same thing is true of Charles II., of James II., of Louis XVIII., of Don Carlos, Don Miguel, and the Duc de Bordeaux; the question does not rest on Ferdinand's being king *de jure*, which is indifferent to the issue; the real point is, was he king *de facto*? and this Sir Harris Nicolas himself decides in the negative by using the term "*recovery*." The distinction was maintained in the cases of Ney and Labedoy  re; they declared against Louis XVIII. when he was king *de facto*; if the law was as it is stated by Sir Harris Nicolas, every French soldier who fought at Waterloo, would have been just as guilty as these two victims, and ought to have been included in the same sentence of treason.

The Parthenopean republic was established by the nobility, gentry, and middle classes of Naples, just as the English revolution was effected by the landed aristocracy. It was perhaps unfortunate that the Neapolitans established a republic instead of a constitutional monarchy, but even this cannot be deemed criminal, for they had not the materials from which such a monarchy could be constructed; and even if such had been at their disposal, the French would assuredly not have allowed them to establish such a form of government; for their republican enthusiasm, though its first fever was abated, had not yet cooled down to apathy.

It would be well if Sir Harris Nicolas had made some enquiries as to the means which Ferdinand employed for the recovery of his kingdom. The mountaineers of Calabria, like the Highlanders of Scotland, continued to be attached to the exiled family, and the court of Sicily encouraged them to insurrection, and sent to their aid the most desperate ruffians from the galleys, and the outcasts of the Sicilian prisons. The insurrection of these royalists against the republic was therefore as clearly a rebellion as the insurrection of the Highlanders against the revolutionary government of William III., or the Jacobite efforts of 1715 and 1745.

Among the Neapolitans who had accompanied the court in its flight to Sicily, was Prince Francisco Caracciolo, a commodore in the Neapolitan navy. He was not a Jacobin, a cant name conveniently used by certain writers whenever they deem it necessary to hunt down a victim. Nay more, we do not believe that there was a single Jacobin among the Parthenopean republics. Sir Harris Nicolas should have been above the disingenuous artifice of evading a legal question under the shelter of party nicknames. Caracciolo had served with distinction against the French, and had commanded the *Tancredi*, of seventy-four guns, in the action under Lord Hotham. He returned to Naples when the Parthenopean republic appeared to be firmly established, and accepted the office of Chief of the Marine. In this capacity he exerted himself to prevent the debarkation of the brigands sent over from Sicily; and there is no doubt that his gun-boats fired on the vessels in which these predatory bands were brought over, even though they displayed the royal flag. Admiral Russell showed just as little respect for the flag of James II., after the English revolution.

It is stated, and we believe with truth, by some Italian writers, that Caracciolo, while in Sicily, had exerted himself to weaken the pernicious influence which Queen Caroline exercised over the mind of her husband, and that the Queen's consequent enmity hastened his return to Naples. There he certainly did not spare her character, and his sarcasms being reported by her spies, greatly increased the hatred with which she regarded the patriotic prince. The English ambassador at this period was Sir William Hamilton, a very good classical scholar, and a very indifferent diplomatist; he was married to a lady possessing great personal charms, but of very low origin, of no education, of profligate character, and of anything rather than unsullied reputation. The antecedents of Lady Emma Hamilton's life were not such as to give a Platonic character to any of her affections, and fame asserts that the Queen of Naples was not without sympathy in her tastes and habits. There is, however, no doubt that the Queen and Lady Emma were united by very strict bonds of friendship—if the name of friendship may be prostituted by being applied to an unholy alliance between

two such persons, and that Lady Emma was ready to do everything in her power to gratify the Queen's vindictive passions. Over the mind of Nelson, Lady Hamilton had established an influence which destroyed the happiness of his private life, and fatally wounded his public reputation. In one of his prefaces Sir Harris Nicolas stigmatises the connection as "equally romantic and criminal," but in one of his appendices he insinuates that it may by some possibility have been purely Platonic. On the side of the hero there was romance enough, with a very considerable quantity to spare, but on the side of the lady there were neither habits of early life or moral instruction to impose even a decent restraint on criminal indulgence.

After the departure of Napoleon for Egypt, the fortunes of the French Directory waned in Germany and Northern Italy, while the selfish policy adopted by the French in Naples had alienated from them many who had at first received them with open arms. Cardinal Ruffo, whom Ferdinand had created Vicar-General of Naples, took advantage of these circumstances to organise the royalist forces, and being supported by English gold, by Russian soldiers, and by large detachments from the Sicilian army, he soon reduced the Parthenopean republic to very narrow dimensions. After repeated defeats, the patriots proposed terms of capitulation. The Cardinal, who dreaded the results of their despair, assented, and a solemn treaty was concluded.

It was necessary for Sir Harris Nicolas to prove that Cardinal Ruffo exceeded his powers, or instructions, by entering into a treaty; and this he asserts, though the evidence he adduces proves the direct contrary.

Sir Harris effectually disposes of Dr. Clarke's gratuitous assertion, that he had seen a letter from the King, reproaching Ruffo for "having made terms with rebels." There is every probability that this is a mere fabrication; but even supposing it to be true, it only proves that Ruffo had disregarded the King's wishes or suggestions—not that he had exceeded the powers with which he had been entrusted. Every one knows that a Vicar-General of a kingdom possesses full powers to make and annul treaties; that Ruffo held such an office, subject to no restrictions or limitations, is undeniable.

That the capitulation, though concluded, was not begun to be acted upon when Nelson arrived, is the next assertion. It is utterly unfounded. Before that event, Cardinal Ruffo, as Vicar-General of the kingdom, had published a proclamation in Naples, declaring that the war was at an end, and the city free from factions, and promising the King's paternal regards to his reconciled subjects. Previous also to that event, the patriots had not only evacuated the posts which they held around Naples, but had laid down their arms and commenced embarking on board the ships which had been provided to convey them to Toulon, according to the articles of the treaty. It is true that on two of the forts, flags of truce were flying when Nelson's fleet entered the Bay, and that this circumstance may at first have led him into the error of mistaking the capitulation for an armistice; but in this error he was not long suffered to remain, for Cardinal Ruffo came on board and explained to him the nature and circumstances of the entire transaction.

Sir Harris Nicolas devotes a large space to proving that the capitulation would have been void "*if* Ruffo had exceeded his powers," and

quotes a formidable array of *publicists* in support of his assertion. No one ever denied the proposition. But the law of nations is not quite so equivocal as Sir Harris Nicolas states it: he says, "that a superior authority may justly refuse to allow a capitulation to be carried into effect if a contracting party exceeds his authority, *and still more if he disobeys his instructions*, is a principle admitted by all writers on public law, and has been often acted upon."

The sentence italicised in the above quotation is bad law. Every civilian knows that all instructions restricting delegated authority must be set forth in the instrument of delegation, and published with it; for this obvious reason, that the delegating party may pretend to have used some mental reservation or verbal instruction, which would furnish an excuse for evading contracted obligations. Supposing that the King said to Ruffo all that Sir Harris Nicolas wishes us to believe that he did say, his words would not have the slightest weight in setting aside the obligations which by a written and public document he had authorised his delegate to contract.

The instrument by which Ruffo was constituted Vicar-General stands recorded in the archives of Naples; there is no record of any instructions by which his vicarial authority was restricted, and the hearsay evidence that such a restriction was imposed verbally, breaks down; though even if it were supported, the restriction, according to the principles of international law, would be invalid. Even the authorities quoted by Sir Harris Nicolas decide the case against him; for Koch declares that when a capitulation is set aside by reason of one of the contracting parties having exceeded his delegated powers, "the law of nations requires that everything should be placed in the same state in which affairs were at the moment of signing the capitulation." Was this done? If it had been, the patriots, restored to their arms and castles, might have protracted resistance to the day of Marengo, or at the worst, might have died "with hand on hilt."

Lady Hamilton no doubt persuaded Nelson that any treaty which secured the lives of the enemies of the court would be displeasing to the Queen, for this was notoriously matter of fact. But it is more than doubtful that the King was equally averse to merciful counsels. But even if he were, a British admiral had no right, for the purpose of gratifying either King or Queen, to annul a treaty solemnly concluded, and ratified by one whose very office and title of office prove that he had been invested with full powers for the purpose. His having done so, convicts him of more than complicity in the judicial murder of Domenico Cerello, Mario Pagano, Conforte, Baffi, Ciaja, Bisceglia, Manthone, Felippi, Caraffa, Massa, the learned Premontel, and three bishops, all of whom were put to death in violation of the treaty.

It would be easy to extend the catalogue of martyrs, thus wickedly and savagely given over to the fury of the revengeful Caroline by the misguided Nelson. But his infatuation was carried to a still greater extent: he not only sanctioned the perfidious cruelty of the court, but even outstripped it himself by taking an active and personal share in the murder of Prince Caracciolo. That officer, trusting to the good faith of those who had signed the treaty of capitulation, repaired quietly to Calvivano; but when he learned that the treaty was declared null and void, knowing that he was specially obnoxious to Caroline, he concealed himself until he could find means of escaping from the kingdom. He

was betrayed by his own servant, and brought a prisoner to Naples. His captors did not, as Sir Harris Nicolas's narrative would lead his readers to suppose, deliver up the Prince to the English, they gave him into the custody of the Neapolitan authorities. It was in consequence of Nelson's own application to Cardinal Ruffo that the unfortunate prisoner was removed from his country's custody to an English ship of war.

Before we go farther, it is necessary to prove that Nelson knew of the Treaty concluded between Cardinal Ruffo and the Neapolitan republicans. Here is a copy of the memorandum which he gave to the Cardinal, and also transmitted to Lord Keith.

"Rear-admiral Lord Nelson, who arrived in the Bay of Naples on the 24th of June with the British fleet, *found a treaty entered into with the rebels*, which he is of opinion ought not to be carried into execution without the approbation of his Sicilian Majesty, Earl St. Vincent, and Lord Keith."

This brief note shows the principle on which he acted; he was of opinion that "no faith should be kept with rebels;" a maxim fully as detestable as "that no faith should be kept with heretics." There could be no greater calamity for England than to have it believed in any future European convulsion, that such a creed of perfidy was countenanced by English authority.

In a letter to Mr. Davison, Nelson affirms that "the whole affairs of the kingdom of Naples were at the time placed absolutely in his hands." He forgets to tell us "by whom?" The answer would have been, if truth were told, that he had seized upon this absolute power without a shadow of right or claim, at the instigation of the ignorant and profligate woman by whom he was infatuated; and that the canons of a British fleet were the only arguments by which such usurpation was supported. Sir Harris Nicolas says, "It is impossible to imagine that Lord Nelson would have assumed such authority over the subjects of a foreign monarch, unless it had been actually and formally granted to him; more especially when that authority was exercised in the presence of many of that sovereign's most confidential officers, and of the British minister to his court." What Sir Harris Nicolas declares "impossible to imagine," is simply nothing more or less than a notorious fact. Ferdinand granted no commission to Nelson; had he done so, he should first have revoked, by a formal act of state, the appointment of Cardinal Ruffo as Vicar-general, and he should then have as formally given the same office to Nelson. Now, when we are told that "no such commission is known to exist," it appears as if the possibility of its existence is tacitly assumed. Let us then say at once that it never did exist, since no trace either of Ruffo's dismissal or Nelson's appointment is to be found in the state-records of Naples; and that it never could have existed, because such an appointment would have been contrary to the fundamental laws of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. It is quite beside the question to assert that Ferdinand verbally and informally reposed unlimited confidence in Nelson; it would be a portentous novelty, even in the worst of despotisms, to find that sovereign power over public faith, and over life and death, could be delegated by private conversations, or even private letters. When it is said that this power was exercised in the presence of Ferdinand's "most confidential officers," why is the fact suppressed that Cardinal Ruffo protested solemnly against the violation of the treaty?

The English ambassador was Sir William Hamilton, and that most complaisant of husbands was as willing as his wife to commit any atrocity which could gratify the sanguinary Queen Caroline.

Nelson caused Caracciolo to be brought for trial on board his own ship, because he feared that the prince would escape if tried before a legal tribunal. It requires very little argument to show that Caracciolo was brought before an illegal court. The warrant for assembling the court-martial is issued on the authority of "Horatio Lord Nelson, admiral of the *British* fleet in the Bay of Naples," and it directs a Neapolitan court to be assembled for the trial of a Neapolitan subject. It does not set forth that the king of the Two Sicilies had given any authority for such a proceeding, as would obviously have been done if any such authority existed. It was, therefore, a monstrous usurpation, contrary to every principle of national law, and recognised equity. Nelson showed by his conduct that he was conscious of having usurped an authority to which he had not a shadow of claim, by precipitating the trial so as to prevent the possibility of remonstrance or interference. Caracciolo was brought on board the *Foudroyant* at nine o'clock in the morning, and the trial began at ten. Under such circumstances it was impossible for the accused to adduce any witnesses in his defence; and it would have been absurd for him to appeal to the capitulation, since the very assembling of the court-martial was a proof that all its stipulations had been trampled upon. He did demand that the witnesses and documents on which the charges were founded should be produced and examined, and this, which was clearly the prisoner's right, was refused. The court-martial found Caracciolo guilty, and sentenced him to be imprisoned for life. But Nelson refused to ratify this sentence, and, under his direction, it was changed into a sentence of death.

An appeal for a second trial was made to Nelson, but in vain; Lady Emma Hamilton was on board the *Foudroyant*, and she was impatient to witness the execution. Noon had long passed before the formalities of naval etiquette, which were rigidly observed in this mockery of a trial, were completed. It was then ordered that the sentence should be put into execution on the same evening, so as to prevent the possibility of appeal or pardon. Caracciolo, after having been tried on board an English vessel, was removed to a Sicilian frigate, and executed at five o'clock the same evening, Lady Hamilton being among the spectators of his fate. It need hardly be added, that the warrant for the Prince's execution is on the face of it as illegal as that for the assembling of the court-martial; it is issued solely on the authority of "Horatio Lord Nelson, Admiral of the *British* fleet in the Bay of Naples;" there is not a single sentence to intimate that the proceedings or any part of them were sanctioned by the King of the Two Sicilies. Indeed, a slight but remarkable incident proved that the king was more merciful than the British admiral who had usurped his authority. The body of Caracciolo, after having been cut down, was sunk in the bay, with three double-headed shot, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, attached to its legs. In spite of this precaution it floated, and the king gave permission that it should be brought on shore, and receive Christian burial.

Nothing but the most stringent sense of duty could have induced us to revive this unhappy subject. But the Collection of the Nelson Dispatches is a national work, and will be appealed to in future ages

as a national authority. We must, therefore, protest against its being made to give an apparent sanction to national perfidy. It has been our painful duty to show that Sir Harris Nicolas has failed in every one of the points on which he has relied in his very ingenious, but not very candid defence. To prevent any further controversy, we shall briefly sum up the propositions which we have established.

The Neapolitans were not rebels, because, being deserted by their sovereign, they had a universally recognised right to establish a new government.

Cardinal Ruffo, as Vicar-general of Naples, had, by virtue of his office, full authority to treat with the republicans, and that authority was fettered by no "instructions," in the legal or equitable sense of the term.

A treaty ensuring the safety of the republicans had been legally concluded, solemnly ratified, and to a great extent acted upon, *before* Nelson arrived in the bay of Naples.

Nelson assigned, and could assign, no reason for setting aside and violating this treaty but his own individual opinion, or will; and when he set aside the treaty, he did not, as every rule of national law, and every principle of equity required, place the contracting parties in the position which they occupied at the time the treaty was signed.

It was illegal to remove Prince Caracciolo from the custody of the Neapolitan authorities on board a British ship-of-war. It was illegal for a British admiral, holding no commission whatever under the King of Naples, to issue a warrant for the trial of a Neapolitan subject. It was illegal to have that court assembled on board a British ship, where its deliberations were coerced by the British admiral. It was illegal to bring the prisoner to trial within an hour after his being brought on board, as it was thus clearly impossible for him to summon witnesses or make any preparations for his defence. It was illegal to refuse the production of the witnesses and documents on which the charges were grounded in open court. It was illegal to refuse the first finding and sentence of the court-martial. It was illegal for a British admiral to issue his warrant for the execution of a Neapolitan subject, in the Neapolitan dominions, and within sight of the Neapolitan constituted authorities; and this gross violation of national law was aggravated by so hurrying the execution as to prevent the possibility of any interference on the part of the lawful authorities. No one of these illegalities is in the slightest degree removed by bestowing on the Neapolitan republicans the unjust and injurious epithets of "rebels" and "Jacobins."

The whole defence made by Sir Harris Nicolas turns on an attempt to induce his readers to believe that which he does not believe himself, that Nelson had the legal sanction of the King of the Two Sicilies for all his proceedings. This he could not possibly have had until Ruffo's commission as Vicar-general was revoked. If Nelson held any commission under the King of Naples, a record of it would necessarily have been preserved in the archives of that kingdom. But no such record exists, and no such commission ever existed. It is possible that Nelson may have acted on a mistaken sense of right and duty; he was infatuated by a guilty passion, and obliquity of intellect may have followed from perversion of heart. We are ready to admit this palliation, though it increases our sorrow and deepens our shame for the disgraceful deeds which we have been compelled to record.

HOW WILL IT LOOK !

BY H. T. CRAVEN.

PERVADING humanity there's an insanity
 Cynical doctors term "Vanity! vanity!"
 The most intense shade is developed in ladies,
 (At least the aspersion by such fellows made is,)
 When all cure has miss'd 'em, there's one thing to twist 'em,
That's Doctor Misfortune, reducing the system ;
 The complaint is then sure to work its own cure—
There's plenty to cut down one's pride when one's poor :
 I've a case in my book of Miss Fanny Fitzsnook,
 Just listen to what came of "*How will it look !*"

Miss Fanny Fitzsnook was just rising eighteen,
 As dainty a mantrap as need to be seen ;
 A nice curving shoulder, and sweet *petite* waist,
 And she walk'd à la *Française*, which shew'd her good taste ;
 One might hear as she tripp'd through the Park or Pall Mall,
 The frequent remark "That's a dev'lish foine gal!"
 She had beaux half a dozen had Fanny Fitzsnook—
 To have but *one* dangler—"Pooh! *how would it look ?*"
 Still, the swain the most favoured from many a spark,
 A youth well behaviour'd,—a government clerk,—
 Stood Mr. Quilltwiddle, A. 1, on her book ;
 Yes, *he* play'd first fiddle with Fanny Fitzsnook.

Mr. Quilltwiddle one wet noon had sought her ;
 The clouds clearing off, he agreed to escort her
 On a shopping excursion, to look at some shawls,
 At Rogers and What's-his-name there, in St. Paul's :
 In a couple of hours (how ladies do dally !)
 The bonnet was mounted all trim for the sally ;
 Smart shoes, thin as paper, wore Fanny Fitzsnook,
 For, to boot a neat ankle, Lord, *how would it look !*
 Quilltwiddle explains that the streets are quite damp,
 And hints at the pains of rheumatics and cramp.
 "'Tis nonsense such talking," pouts Fanny Fitzsnook,
 "Thick shoes for street-walking! pshaw! *how would they look ?*"

The shoes were soon soaking, and, as may be guess't,
 The next morning she woke with a cold on her chest,
 Add to that (which at least for six weeks would not leave her),
 Influenza, lumbago, the spasms, and fever ;
 And, when from her sick-bed at last she arose,
 The bloom from her cheek had remov'd to her nose ;
 Her lungs were affected,—her frame, in fact, shook.
 NOTA BENE. This all came from "*How will it look ?*"
 Her followers did all abandon the game,
 Except poor Quilltwiddle, who loved still the same ;
 That is (not to hurt her) he stuck to her hook,
 For *now* to desert her, zounds! *how would it look ?*

Now that all his gay rivals were out of the way,
 Miss needed slight pressing for fixing the day ;
 This was June, and before the July reach'd its middle,
 Miss Fanny Fitzsnook became Mrs. Quilltwiddle.
 She insisted on having a house near Hyde Park,
 For some style must be shewn by a government clerk ;
 "As for Hampstead or Highgate, or any such nook,
 When one's friends come to visit,—oh, *how will it look ?*"

He expostulated, and talk'd of expense,
 The matter debated with mere common sense ;
 The lady was nettled ; her temper acrook ;
 Quilltwiddle was settled with "*How will it look ?*"
 The *locale* was so grand, and the neighbours so foppish,
 That the furniture now must of course be tip-toppish ;
 Poor Quilly despairingly gave up all tussels,
 So the chairs were all maple, the carpets all Brussels ;
 The piano was Broadwood's ; the dealer had said it
 Might be had with the tables and sideboards on credit.
 Two housemaids were hired, a page, and a cook,
 For, to keep no establishment—" *How will it look ?*"
 Quilltwiddle entreats, " Pray remember, my dear,
 Our outside receipts are five hundred a year."
 Nay, he ventured to say, and his head gravely shook,
 " If I can't pay my way, pray, *then, how will it look ?*"
 But Mrs. Q.'s spirit her envy did more raise,
 When her neighbours, the Wilbrooks, gave musical *soirées*.
 She invites all her musical friends, as she knows so ;
 Secures Voicedolce, who sings "*amoroso*"
 And *roulades* with such taste, that you cannot tell when, sir,
 He'll stop to take breath when he makes a *cadenza*.
 " The Professor was hired by Mrs. Wilbrook,
 And, not to engage *him*,—dear ! *how will it look ?*"
 To this misrulery, Quill, barely civil,
 Wish'd such tomfoolery all at the devil ;
 In fact, he grew kicky, his temper acrook,
 Growling, " When it's all dicky, ma'am, how will it look !"

Some time has pass'd by, and each rap of the knocker
 To Quilltwiddle's nerves is a galvanic shocker ;
 The duns they come dunning, the bills they come due,
 And Lincoln's Inn billets come threat'ning to sue.
 Quill sues in return that they'll postpone proceedings.
 That suits not their views, so they nonsuit his pleadings ;
 As the limbs of law thus ferociously shook,
 Said Quill to his lady, "*Now, how does it look ?*"
 He vows to this hobble 'twas vanity brought her ;
 He first has a squabble,—then, brandy and water.
 Yes, Quill took to drinking,—his home he forsook,—
 For he couldn't bear thinking of "*How will it look !*"

To the Queen's Bench a pris'ner poor Quilly was bowl'd off,
 And his furniture all at the hammer was sold off ;
 His affairs were soon plaster'd with whitewashing ointment,
 Although at the loss of official appointment ;
 His go-a-head style could no more be kept dark,
 And Quilltwiddle's no longer a government clerk.
 The lady went home to her pa (old Fitzsnook),
 Sobbing all the way there, "*Oh dear, how will it look ?*"
 'Tis a fact well worth learning, the noses of friends
 Have a way of upturning when interest ends ;
 Her acquaintances (many less) drop off the hook,
 " To know folks who're penniless, *how will it look ?*"

Now, up three pair of stairs does Mr. Quilltwiddle lurk.
 He takes in writing ; his wife takes in needlework :
 She's learnt from experience (and, 'faith, she has bought it)
 That pride is " my eye " when you cannot support it.
 Now, ladies, the moral :—Don't be over-vain ;
 If you can't afford satin, wear *mousslin-de-laine* ;
 Learn to sew on shirt-buttons, to manage, and cook ;
 A good wife has no need to think, how will *that* look !
 This lesson should stick, my young dandies, to you,
 All going on tick ends in *tic-doloureux* ;
 From bailiffs keep clear, boys, by hook or by crook,
 And then never fear, boys, the "*How will it look !*"

BRIAN O'LINN ;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

CHAPTER XX.

Dine at Verrey's.—Adventure in the Park.—"The Fortune of War"—Mary Hargrave.—Meeting of congenial spirits.

I RETURNED from my morning visit to the dwarf, unsettled and uncomfortable. The authority he presumed to exercise, and one or two mysterious hints, which would infer that some secret influence existed to warrant his arbitrary interference in a matter so essentially my own personal consideration—namely, the selection of a wife—passed human understanding altogether. Brian was as much at sea as I was. His course of love ran smooth enough—but, excepting that consolation, more doubtful prospects and a more painful position, could not have been imagined than his own.

We dined at Verrey's, and for a time the bustle of the numerous tables—the jargon of the foreigners who surrounded us—the novelty of sitting publicly in a room, brilliantly lighted up, and crowded by a gay assemblage of both sexes, strikingly contrasted itself with the dulness of our coffee-room dinners, where, boxed up in mahogany, every man ate in secrecy, and spoke in an under tone to his friend, as if they were compassing the death of a king, and had employed some patriotic pot-boy to accomplish it, by an assurance of a comfortable sitting down for life in Saint Luke's—books, drawing materials, the use of a piano, and all other extras, being liberally provided by government for the interesting regicide.

We drank more than usual, but wine had lost its influence—"Coming events threw their shadows before"—and, actuated by different feelings—Brian threatened with loss of life, and I with loss of love—by mutual consent we agreed to separate—I, to return to Craven Street, in the fond expectation of meeting my mistress, and

"Hear her talk, and see her smile ;"

and the young Irishman to keep an appointment he had made the preceding evening, with a lady unknown in Saint James's Park.

I am well aware that a pleasant and instructive magazine like that given by Mr. Bentley to an admiring public once a month, is most extensively perused—and, as much love and a little murder has been committed already, and of course, some more may be expected, there can be no doubt that a large section of its readers belong to that order which Burns so happily intitulates "the master pieces of creation." Now, lest some startled gentlewoman should turn her eyes upwards with virtuous indignation at the very thought of an offence, *contra bonos mores*, being perpetrated by Mr. O'Linn, and he too, on the very eve of accompanying to the altar one of the sweetest girls

that ever promised to love, honor, and obey, I must come to his rescue, and explain the circumstances which led to this suspicious transaction.

A girl, of rather interesting appearance, whose pretty face was rendered more remarkable from its melancholy expression, on several occasions had passed up and down the street, and, whether by accident or design, invariably at the time when Brian happened to be looking from the window. More than once their eyes met; and although the fair one turned hers immediately away, the transient glance she interchanged with the young Irishman might have led him, without much personal vanity, to fancy that he had found favor in her sight. I rallied him on these occasions, and congratulated him upon his sentimental conquest, but Brian laughed at my *badinage*. His affections were absorbed in a faithful attachment to the first object of early love; and I sincerely believe, had the proudest court beauty thrown down her amatory gauntlet, Irishman as he was, he would not have accepted a challenge from the fair.

On that morning, and before we had waited on the little gentleman, Brian called my attention to a blackguard-looking boy, who passed on the opposite side of the street, and looked sharply at the windows we were standing in.

"Do you observe that ill-visaged young vagabond?" he said.

"Yes; and from his general cut, I should back him, before he's twenty, for the Penal Settlements," I replied.

"That ragged scoundrel," continued Brian, "dogs me wherever I go. Sometimes he asks charity,—but as I swore that I would throw him into the Serpentine, when a Guardsman apprised me that he had observed him on two occasions haunt me like a ghost, he gives me now, as sailors say, a wider berth and watches my movements at a distance. But from the moment I go out till I return home, I never can succeed in shaking him off—and if I miss him for a street or two, he is certain to round some corner, or dive out of some alley in the next one. The nuisance has become so intolerable, that, were I to remain another week in town, I should disable the young blackguard, were I obliged to break a leg, and pay for repairing it afterwards."

"Were you haunted also by the pretty *penseroso*, I could account for it readily, and ascribe your persecution to unrequited love. But, upon my life, the interest which the young gentleman in the tattered jacket takes in your outgoings and your incomings, is neither agreeable nor comprehensible."

The conversation dropped. A Border gentleman called on me, and I accompanied him to visit a mutual friend; while Brian, anxious to see as much of the metropolis as a few days would allow him to do, set off to meditate among the tombs, and spend an hour or two in the Abbey.

We had arranged the Haymarket as our place of meeting, and the Café-de-l'Europe for a late dinner, when Brian found himself in the Park, long before the trysted time named for our rendezvous at the Frenchman's. To the occupancy of a box *solus* in the *Café*, he preferred a saunter by the Serpentine; and the evening being fine, broods of unfledged cockneys, with their fair attendants, had congregated for the general purposes of salubrity and love. Once Brian caught a glance of his ragged genius, the ill-featured vagabond, but he van-

ished behind a clump, and Mr. O'Linn was not again afflicted with his presence.

Had Brian been of that order of "bashful Irishmen" who emigrate annually from the Green Isle—the nomenclature is correct enough, barring that a large portion of the surface is brown bog—who announce through the *Sunday Times* that they are open to matrimony, teach tailors book-keeping, and encourage arts and manufactures—never bating down a jeweller in the purchase of watch, or haggling in horse-flesh, provided the thing is "a time transaction," as they term *tick* on the exchange—he, Brian, would have had reason to be vain. Passing observations were heard—and two of the smartest of the sisterhood employed in that "delightful task," not of "teaching the young idea how to shoot," but keeping a couple of three-year-olds from tumbling into the Serpentine, audibly declared that Mr. O'Linn was no stranger—one lady in *mousselin-de-laine* asserting that she had galloped with him at Baron Nathan's state ball; while her companion, in a lilac *chalet*, opined that he, Brian, was the identical gent with whom she had executed "the Lancers" at Tivoli Gardens, "when Missus was last at Margate."

And did not Brian at once claim acquaintance, admitting he had never seen either of the ladies in the course of his life? Not he. His partner at the Baron's had altogether escaped his memory; and, if the truth must be told, from the geographical portion of his education having been rather neglected, he could not guess where the Gardens of Tivoli lay, more than the exact position of those occupied by the Hesperides.

Now, I record this affair as being highly honorable to my excellent young friend. Countrymen of his might be found, who would have availed themselves of the mistake, and obtained kitchen hospitalities for the season; and although I run the risk of having my assertion denounced in the Conciliation Hall as a Saxon slander, I declare it to be my firm conviction, that there are gentlemen from Ireland resident at this present moment in the Metropolis, who would have declared they had figured at the Baron's, and sported a toe in Tivoli aforesaid, when, at the identical time, they might have been dancing "Planxty Malone" at a *fete-champêtre* in Connemara! But on went Brian—rounded the water,—and sate down on a bench—none within a hundred yards, but a female pacing up and down, and reading, as she walked, a small-sized volume with grave attention.

"What a place this infernal London is!" said Mr. O'Linn in soliloquy. "'Tis said that thousands rise, not knowing where even a chance of breakfast can be had—and nightly, that half a million could not name the place in which they shall find a shelter. To my unpractised eyes, the most dashing fellow I encounter in a coffee-room belongs possibly to the swell-mob, while, in the next box sits a Quaker or a clergyman, as you would set them down, waiting a convenient opportunity to pick your pocket. As to women, I might at once consolidate the worthless in one person. Was there ever a more fascinating and a more detestable combination found, than I, all ignorant of the world as I am, so providentially detected in that infamous courtesan, who had done my earliest friend even to the death, and might have entailed misery and disgrace upon the unsuspecting Borderer? Egad! to pass a fortnight in this human bee-hive, and

escape its snares and temptations, would, in my opinion, bother St. Anthony, who bothered the devil himself. I think I could manage to keep my own sex at arm's length, and escape being humbugged under false pretences; but, after my experience of woman's artifice, as I witnessed it concentrated in Mrs. Bouverie, I think the most cunning traveller upon record—to wit, the wise Ulysses—would be sorely puzzled to steer a clear course through the modern Babylon."

Brian O'Linn, for an Irishman, was wise in his generation,—and faith! he never came to a truer conclusion in his life.

He looked at his watch—it still wanted half an hour of the time appointed for our meeting at the Café. An easy saunter to the Haymarket, however, would consume that interval, and Brian had risen from the bench to proceed to the Restaurateur's, when a deep sigh caused him to look round suddenly in the direction from whence it came. Behind some shrubs, which but partially concealed her, he observed the contemplative young lady lay down her book, untie her bonnet, place her shawl deliberately on the grass, and muttering "I cannot live longer!" advance quickly to the water. Before she could reach the bank, Brian, however, had seized the fair suicide in his arms; and as he hurried her to the bench he had just quitted, what was his astonishment to recognise in the young lady about to qualify herself for the coroner's inspection, the melancholy girl who had so frequently passed beneath his window, and whose strange conduct had so often been remarked. She held her head down, while her preserver exclaimed,

"You are mad, poor girl! or you would never have dared to rush into the presence of your God, unprepared and unforgiven. What cause could have hurried you into the commission of such a crime?"

"Misery!" was the brief reply.

"There is none that may not be alleviated," returned the young Irishman.

"There is," said the girl wildly. "Why should I exist? I have outlived all worth living for; and possess nothing upon earth except my honour. Poor, isolated, and unprotected, how long, in this vile world, can I reckon upon preserving even that unsullied? No, no—there is but one refuge for the wretched—the *pavé*!"

"You reason falsely. Before morning breaks, the night is ever darkest. Your misery may have reached its flood, and happiness be waiting in the background."

"No," she returned, with a bitter sigh; "there is no happiness in store for me." She looked up—her eyes for the first time fell upon her preserver, and with a suppressed scream she wildly exclaimed—

"Great God! is it possible?—and is it you who have snatched me from destruction? Ah, sir! the ways of Heaven are indeed inscrutable."

In a few minutes, her excitement had sufficiently abated, to permit the unhappy girl to listen to the kind reasoning of him who had rescued her, and to give him an assurance that she would not again attempt the dreadful crime his timely interference had averted. With the warmth of his country, and the delicacy of a gentleman, Brian slipped his purse into the young lady's hand, and with some difficulty prevailed on her to accept it, but only as a

loan. She took his arm, and he led her from the place where she had been interrupted in the act of self-destruction. The contrast in dress and appearance of the parties elicited rather a larger share of public attention, as they crossed the Park, than was desirable; for Brian's was the plain costume of fashionable make which marks the gentleman at once, while that of his companion, in colour and combination, was much more shewy than correct. To impertinent remarks and broad stares, the young Irishman returned a bold defiance: virtuous poverty, he believed, was hanging on his arm—he had saved a fellow being from destruction, and that being was a woman. In that thought the chivalrous feeling of an Irish heart exulted; and had it been requisite, Brian, in honesty of purpose, would have accommodated the lady with his coat, and knocked down any passing puppy afterwards who would have ventured to smile at his shirt-sleeves.

The saved one and the preserver separated with expressions of the deepest gratitude on the one part, and assurances of sympathy and assistance on the other; the one was single-hearted and sincere—the other “false as dicers’ oaths.” A meeting in the Park was appointed for the morrow, when the grateful girl expressed a wish to favour her benefactor with her private history, in return for a life preserved, and the loan of three pounds ten. Ah! poor Brian! never was an import from the Shannon more confoundedly gulled than yourself!

My Border friend and I had arrived some minutes at the Café, before Mr. O'Linn presented himself. Dinner was discussed, selected, served, and ended in the ordinary way; and while we practically tested the quality of the wines, others were jollifying elsewhere, with whom the reader has been previously introduced.

He would be a bold man who imagined he could even dream of a tithe of what passes in the Modern Babylon, throughout every hour of the twenty-four. From the Café de l'Europe the scene must change—and the reader shall be conducted to an *hostellerie* of less pretence, and introduced to society of a caste, which forms one of the numerous sections of the denizens of the metropolis.

In a gloomy court that branched off a succession of rascally lanes and alleys, and which, from the dilapidated exterior of the few buildings which composed it, was evidently the abiding place of the outcast and the felon, a light twinkled from the bar of a public-house, in every respect in keeping with the locality. A half-obliterated signboard announced it to be “The Fortune of War;” and if the aspirant after military glory would consider it a type of the trade of arms, I rather think that the seductive arts of a recruiting serjeant would be tried and found wanting to induce him to seek “the bubble reputation.” Badly as the house looked without, it was still more wretched within. There was not an uncracked pane from roof to cellar, nor an article of furniture that had not undergone a frequent repair. The place was the favourite resort of thieves, prostitutes, and resurrection-men—there burglaries were devised; and there, when successful, the perpetrators shared the plunder. The landlord had been a fighting-man, of the lowest *caste* of that most blackguard order; and his gentle helpmate, a transplant from Petticoat-lane, where she had, in “a marine store,” completed an industrious education, and acquired those varied ac-

complishments which enabled her to preside over the "Fortune of War" with equal ability and advantage. "The Leg Alley Pet"—an honourable *soubriquet* earned on Wormwood Scrubs, when the landlord had torn the laurel wreath, after eighty-seven rounds, from "The Spicy Dustman"—was not an arithmetician; his lady, also, was innocent of book-keeping by double-entry—monetary transactions in Petticoat-lane were always ready cash, on the approved principle of short profits and quick returns. "No credit on no account" was, therefore, emblazoned over the bar; "the word was pitch and pay;" and the customer was required to "stump up," before he laid lips to pewter. But still, a liberal system was observed by "The Leg Alley Pet" and his lady. If a gentleman found himself cleaned out, he would not be permitted to leave the house and faint by the way-side, but receive an *ad valorem* consideration for everything he possessed, from a stolen watch to a striped pocket-handkerchief. From the known respectability of the company who patronised the house, inquiries after character would have been merely only loss of time. No gentleman who deposited a watch need hand in the maker's receipt—nor were ladies, who honoured the hotel of him of Leg Alley, expected to produce their marriage certificates.

With these passing remarks, we will introduce the reader to the *sanctum* of the Fortune of War.

It was a small gloomy room, behind the Pet's private parlour, and only approachable through the same. The only light it received was obtained from a sky-light, whose glass had not been cleaned for years, and that—which to other occupants might have been objectionable—recommended it to the select few who were permitted to enjoy its privacy. In the partition of stolen property, no recording eye could witness the process—the bar was an outwork which secured it from surprise; and, what was a more invaluable advantage, though the court itself was a *cul de sac*, a private door opened from this invaluable chamber into a stable lane; and when officers of justice visited the Fortune of War, in happy ignorance, they contented themselves with blockading the front of the mansion, aware that there was no thoroughfare through the court, while through the sallyport in the rear, the gentleman or lady they were looking for quietly levanted.

Than this, the chamber of state, nothing could be more wretched. A filthy carpet, a beer-stained table, those beastly appendages to smoking-rooms, called spittoons, portraits of fighting-men and race-horses, and a clock in a state of repose, which had probably not ticked within the twelvemonth, with a rusted grate and cob-webbed sky-light,—and the picture is complete.

Within that chamber sate a girl. Who was she? That girl was the penseroso of Craven-street, and the intended *felo de se* of the Park. Start not, gentle reader! In that lost girl, one in whom birth, and talent, and education are impersonated, is before you. You shall have her story—and never did any picture of life pour-tray how quickly imprudence may merge into crime—and crime, step after step, attain a foul pre-eminence.

Mary Hargrave was the daughter of a clergyman. She was an only child—her mother died in giving her birth—and the trying care of educating his daughter devolved upon her widowed father. His

means were limited, for his preferment was but a curacy ; still, with affections centered wholly in his child, he almost deprived himself of common comforts, and educated her most liberally. He died when she was scarcely seventeen—bequeathing her his own good name, a cultivated mind, and the savings of a life—barely three hundred pounds.

Mary Hargrave was left singularly destitute, she had not a relative on earth ; and the only being she could look to for protection or advice was a retired officer, who had been almost the only companion of her late parent. Captain Mac Dougal was an old, warm-hearted Highlander, who had, from some early association, chosen Mary's native village as the place where he should wear his declining years away. Freely would the veteran have offered a home, humble as it might be, to the orphan ; but, as he correctly argued, when a man turns his seventieth year, he may consider that to be a letter of readiness, and prepare for the last rout from the great Commander of all. His, therefore, would have been but a temporary protection ; and after consulting the village doctor, it was decided that Mary should turn her accomplishments to account, and enter some respectable family as governess. "The Times" was accordingly consulted—numerous applications were made without success—but at last one was favourably answered, and poor Mary came up to London.

If there be on earth one situation more painful than another, it is that of being governess in a vulgar family. In what standing in the household does a girl of cultivated mind and sensitive feelings find herself placed ? She holds the brevet rank of gentlewoman—is "Missed" as a matter of courtesy—and, with a responsible place, hers is, at best, an equivocal position. The cook reposes when she has laboured in her vocation ; the lady's-maid enjoys the confidence of her mistress ;—when his lady is tired in doing nothing, and his horses in assisting her, the coachman can make himself comfortable for the night—but what hour can the unhappy governess call her own ? After enduring some one of the indescribable annoyances her class are subject to—and their name is legion—the commonly called Miss retires to her own room. Her heart is full—her bosom bursting to relieve itself—and here in loneliness she can indulge in the comfort of what an Irishwoman calls "a comfortable cry." Ah ! no, that melancholy luxury is soon interrupted. A knock is heard, and some cockney spider-brusher announces that "Miss is wanted in the drawing-room." Down goes the devoted one. If her employer has gradually grown into wealth, the probable address will be—"Miss H., give us an air on the piano." If she be of the more prevalent and flippant order of vulgarity, it will more likely be—"Hargrave—do, like a good soul, set the young people dancing !" Of all the ills which flesh is heir to, can any amount to what she who, herself of gentle lineage, expanded intellect, and from over education disqualified for menial occupation, must endure from upstart insolence, or more painful still, vulgar condescension.

The family into which Mary Hargrave was introduced, might be taken as a general specimen of the thousand and one you find located within a sixpenny ride of the old lady of Threadneedle-street. Mr. Tomkins impersonated Hogarth's good apprentice. He had swept the shop, carted the meat about, made himself generally useful, and married his master's "darter," as he pronounced the word.

At fifteen, he was worth the clothes he stood in—at fifty-five, Tomkins retired from Newgate Market, with one son, two daughters, and fifty thousand pounds. In this family Mary Hargrave was domesticated—and the introduction proved her ruin.

As a wholesale butcher, Mr. Tomkins was a wise man, but in other matters Mr. Tomkins was an ass. For twenty years after he had appeared at Saint Sepulchre's, with a bride at his side and a bouquet in his button-hole, Tomkins had prospered and been happy. But fate had booked Mrs. T.—notice to quit was served—she had a genteel funeral—and left three bereaved children and an afflicted husband. For several years Mr. Tomkins declined society, and prudently passed his evenings in the parlour of the "Crown and Cushion." Unhappily, however, he was seduced into a pic-nic party to Eel-pie Island—and that eel-pie excursion ended as pic-nic parties generally do.

Miss Harriette Snobbins was on that occasion introduced for the first time to society. She was just turned seventeen, and had completed her education at Mrs. Wilkins' select establishment, Salamanca Villa, Ponder's End. Although Mrs. Wilkins was not at the battle, yet she was in heart all-English, and gloried in the triumph of the conqueror. As a patriotic butcher sent a prime roasting piece to the Pyrenees, to make Lord Wellington comfortable on Christmas-day; so, also, did Mrs. Wilkins determine that the said commander should receive a lasting mark of her admiration and respect. The first intention was an offer to educate his daughters at half price; but a second and a brighter crossed her mind, and she conferred immortality at once upon him, afterwards surnamed the Iron Duke, by naming her villa Salamanca. But to return to pic-nics and Eel-island.

"Suadente diabolò," as old law pleadings say; and nothing but the devil could have tempted a man at fifty-four to propound matrimony to Harriette Snobbins at seventeen—certain it is, he did make the offer, and it was accepted. Before a year passed, Mr. Tomkins sighed heavily, and wished that Eel-pie Island had been as approachable as the North Pole, and that he, Tomkins, had never thought of pleasure beyond "gin hot" and a pinch of "Oronookar" at the Crown and Cushion.

Into this establishment Mary Hargrave entered in her eighteenth summer—Miss Tomkins was nineteen, and Mrs. T., her stepmother, was twenty-two. The mamma had advantage of three years' experience in length of days—the *gouvernante* was *minus* by a twelve-month those of her pupil.

Tomkins had years before fixed himself in Doughty-street; but who the devil could submit to be fried in Doughty-street in July? Mrs. T. announced herself in consumption; Miss T. had a palpitation of the heart, and unless they both went to the sea-side, in another month they would be past praying for. Mr. Tomkins held out like a brick; but Mr. T. was now fifty-seven—the odds to contend with were two to one—and against a rebellious daughter and a wife of twenty-two, what chance had Mr. Tomkins? He knocked under, and small blame to him. Why the Iron Duke—admitted by every party the most obstinate man in existence—would have done the same. The next point to be considered was where the marine *locale* should be. At Gravesend and Margate, "health in

the breeze, and shelter in the storm," were procurable for three pounds a week—but, Lord! both places were so vulgar! Mr. Tomkins had an unsettled account with the executors of an insolvent lime-burner—he could not venture beyond a three hours' sail from town—Ramsgate was too far—and after multitudinous discussions, that modern Phœnicia was selected, founded by sheriffs' officers, and, as a matter of course, avoided by every gentleman indebted for a hat. The place, if memory hold, is called Herne Bay—here the Tomkins' family repaired the week after Mary Hargrave had taken intellectual possession of her pupil. Herne Bay has natural advantages: you are certain of not being overrun with company; for any body having means of going farther will not stop. If you want bracing air, proceed to the Pier-head—wind east—and if you come back without lumbago, you are a man out of a thousand. But try the same experiment for a fortnight; and I will back you for chronic rheumatism for life.

Here, then, Mary Hargrave was launched on the world at eighteen. Poor deserted one! had her lot been cast differently, she might have been honourably and happily provided for.

The young female who is necessitated to make her talents and accomplishments available for her support, can never sufficiently estimate her good fortune, if her lot be cast among those who unite propriety of conduct with refinement. Neither of these were found in Tomkins' establishment; and to one ignorant of the world, like Mary Hargrave, a perilous example was constantly exhibited. Had she had a lady in the mistress of the family to have looked up to, and a pure-minded girl for a companion, the orphan governess would have upheld her position in society respectably; but in Miss Tomkins she had a vulgar hoyden, and in *madame* a woman whose levity of conduct was even more reproachable still. Before three days, both ladies had provided themselves with admirers on the Pier. A city swell, who operated extensively at Tattersall's, did the agreeable to Miss; and "a gentleman from Ireland," was equally attentive to mamma. Within a month, Julia Tomkins was married to a sporting tradesman, who, within the next twelvemonth, passed through the Court of Bankruptcy—while Mrs. T., in due time, and with the assistance of her Milesian lover, obtained a flattering introduction to Doctors' Commons, and subsequently, being relieved "*vinculo matrimonii*,"—all Eel-pie Island engagements were declared off.—With such examples before her eyes, and in a house where the semblance of propriety was not observed—where a nominal mother and a giddy daughter assisted each other in duping the old fool, to whom the holiest ties should have united both—can it be supposed that the contagion of impurity should not reach an unschooled country girl? No—unhappily Mary Hargrave too faithfully followed in their footsteps; and, in the absence of Mr. Tomkins, who generally was engaged with the lime-burner's executors half the week, she, too, achieved a conquest; and Captain Pilcher was added to the visiting circle of the Tomkinses.

Pilcher's father was a bricklayer—and he might himself have been instanced as an example of the strange paths by which men are occasionally led to fortune. An East India Director had an ill-constructed flue in his house, which, in a full consultation of chimney-doctors, was pronounced incurable. Dick Pilcher accidentally dis-

covered the "origo mali," and removed it; and, as the director was asthmatic, in gratitude for deliverance from smoke, he patronised the hod-man's son, and presented him to a cadetship.

Young Pilcher was no hero—"the tented field" from description—for he never saw one—was his abomination. A brainless fool, he was a personable puppy. Why should he roast in India, and

"Why let his soft cheek fade,"

in a d—d climate, where Farenheit was at 98 in the shade? and feigned sickness, time after time, obtained repeated leaves of absence. He was a regular army-sneak; and now thirteen years on the strength of the Madras establishment, he had spent four in the country, and nine between London, Margate, and Herne Bay. It is marvellous how these paltry scoundrels succeed in remaining at home in disreputable security; and while braver spirits are sinking under climate, the contemptible lady-killer is "braving the breeze" upon the Chain Pier of Brighton, or discussing in town, in some low-class club, military affairs, of which he is about as cognisant as "a spinster."

"All that glistens is not gold"—but the Captain's copper passed on Mary as pure metal. Encouraged by example—left in free-agency—blinded by the specious artifices of a plausible puppy—within three months, Mary Hargrave fell, and was deceived, and was deserted!

It is a marvellous, but yet a fearful fact, with what rapidity crime engenders crime. The day she had abandoned an honest occupation to accompany Captain Pilcher to London, and consummate her ruin, she read in a morning paper, at the hotel to which her seducer had brought her, that her last friend on earth, Captain Mac Dougal, was no more. In five days, a brief note from her destroyer told her she was abandoned; and at eighteen, the orphan girl, with a ruined reputation, was cast upon the world—no relative to be her stay—no friend to be her counsellor.

It would be almost a frightful picture to present, were we to describe the awful celerity with which Mary Hargrave hurried to the lowest point of degradation. A Hellite—one of those human Gouls who feed upon their species—was her next companion. At the gaming-table and the theatres, her few hundreds were rapidly dissipated. Down—down—down the ladder of depravity the unfortunate girl rushed with headlong speed. In three months she was left without a shilling; and in six—there was not a more abandoned cast-away on the town, to record with curses, in her lucid moments—"few and far between"—the deadly injury she had sustained from "villanous man."

Such was the female who had elicited Brian's unbounded sympathy, and who was now domiciled in the state chamber of the Fortune of War.

A cracked hand-bell was on the table, and the lady sounded a gentle alarm, and in person the landlord responded to the summons.

"I say, Moll, how did ye succeed?"

"Splendidly!" replied the lost one. "But in with some brandy-and-water; you know the Captain will stand all."

The host sounded the cracked bell, and the lady's order was duly attended to.

"Do you think you can get him here?" said the landlord.

"He's leerey," returned the lady, "but I'll try it heavy on to-morrow."

"Matters could be managed here so comfortably," observed the fighting-man. "A nice supper—hocus him afterwards—a pail of water next—wipe his hair dry—and Wakley would call it apoplexy."

"D—n it!" exclaimed the lost girl; "don't speak to me of murder! Since that poor sailor's death I have known no peace of mind—though I had no hand in it, as you could prove."

"No, no," said the Pet; "you were only the decoy-duck. In the present case, that's all we want from you."

"I can't—I won't," replied the fallen one; "My conscience forbids it."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the ruffian. "Conscience! I never knew before now that we had such an article in the *Fortune of War*!"

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the wretched girl, "how fearful has been my fall! One short year since I had a conscience,—ay, and one that did not reproach me,—But now,—oh! curses on the head of him who wrought my ruin! I must not think—I dare not—it would drive me mad. This must remedy remorse;" and seizing the tumbler which stood beside her, she drained it to the bottom.

"That's what I calls a sensible remark," returned the ruffian host. "Whenever I feels myself queerish, there's nothing sets a man so soon to rights as brandy. We'll have a drop neat, and score it to the Captain;" and so saying, the Leg Alley Pet left the state-chamber for the laudable purpose he had expressed.

"Conscience cannot be smothered!" said the lost girl, as she leaned against the mantel-piece. "This cursed remedy won't drown it. And shall I lead that unsuspecting youth to this shambles—this Golgotha;—conduct to the executioner, and in the morning of life, that generous and open-handed gentleman? Not I, by Heaven! no matter what the consequences to myself may prove. Has a voice, for many a long month, sounded with kindly accents in my ear but his? Let us see his gift—a few shillings probably," and she drew Brian's purse from her bosom. "Gold!—one, two, three pieces,—ay, and silver too! He rescued me, as he thought, from suicide, and in return I'll lead the victim to the slaughter-house. No—no; I were worse than the devil himself could I do aught so fiendish;—I'll save him. But here come more than one; and now to deceive those who would be deceivers!"

Hastily she concealed the money in her bosom, and with an indifference that shewed her hackneyed in duplicity, she assumed the reckless bearing of one in whom every better feeling had been utterly extinguished.

The door next moment was unclosed, and "the Pet" introduced his friend "the Captain." Need we tell the reader the secret at once, or will he guess it? In the worthy gentleman who patronized the *Fortune of War*, we again present him to an old acquaintance, Hans Wildman.

The Captain—for it was his pleasure to assume that title—had improved his outer man extensively; so far as new and ill-assorted

garments add to the appearance of a blackguard. It was evident that he had been drinking; and, in his own ruffian parlance, he announced that he was "a trifle sprung."

"What the devil kept you?" exclaimed the cast-away. "I have been waiting for you here these two hours."

"Why, an ye must have the truth, girl, I have been cruising eastward—and dropped, at Execution Dock, upon an old acquaintance."

"The precise locality," muttered the ruined girl, "where ruffians of the sort should congregate."

"Well," continued the Captain, "may I be blessed, but I thought that Bouncing Bill had been scragged ten years ago, at Jamaica. Isn't it funny how old friends will run against each other in this here Lunnun? Blow me, if I ever met a devil harder up—for a market-gardener would not have accepted of Bill's rigging to dress a scarecrow with. When we spliced the main-brace, I turned into a slop-shop and bent a new suit of canvas for my old pal, and he's coming here at eight this evening. He's rather shy at present, as there's a charge or two agin him at the police place. But if we required assistance, Bill would be the boy—he's up to anything, and wants a job most preciousely."

"I'll tell you what my mother used to say," returned the proprietor of the Fortune of War—"Too many cooks spoil the broth," and the fewer employed in a heavy job like what's in hand, the better for all engaged, Captain. If Pol, here, will only trap the bird—and there's not a cleverer wench from this to Saint Giles's—rest assured we'll cage him quietly, and no mistake."

"You're right, my boy," returned the Captain, "but where's that devil's-bird, Early Joe? I want to know how our man has amused himself to-day!"

"Pol can give you full information as to that—she has had him regularly in tow," returned the pride of Leg Lane. "But I hear Joe's whistle. I'll call him in."

"And bring a drop of aniseed at the same time," added the commander."

In a few minutes the host returned with the cordial, accompanied by a blackguard boy. A more perfect picture of precocious villany could not have been produced, had every haunt of crime been ransacked, than he who stood now before his patron—the Captain—in the person of "the Early one." In appearance, he might have passed for twelve, but in reality he was twenty; and there was not a felon in the metropolis, who had even doubled him in years, who was more familiar with every species of delinquency than this interesting young gentleman. His pigmy form was united to a most repulsive face, whose *ensemble* indicated generally an impudence not to be abashed, united with cat-like cunning. The eye alone would have put the most unsuspecting stranger on his guard—it was jet black, small, piercing, and buried beneath a contracted brow which half concealed it. Altogether, did one wish to see juvenile ruffianism impersonated, he had only to look upon "the Early one."

"Well, Joey," enquired Mr. Wildman, "what have ye been about to-day?"

"Vatchin that ere chap in Craven Street. I dodged him till he fell

into Pol's hands—and when she parted with him I housed him in the Haymarket."

"That's a good boy," replied the Captain, in a patronizing tone.

"I tell you what," returned the amiable youth, "I would precious rather you would give me a nip of that ere stuff you're swallorin yerself, than any of your good-boy gammon."

"And that you shall have," returned Mr. Wildman—as he filled a glass, which the young vagabond bolted *instantly*.

"I say, Captain," continued the Early one, "as I'm not wanted for nothing to-night, I vish you would stand a little tin, as I vishes to go to the dog-fight. Stump up four or five bob, vill you?"

To the modest request of his *protégé*, Hans Wildman graciously assented. The required shillings were thrown on the table, and Master Joey vanished forthwith to take pleasure in a den at Smithfield, where rats were massacred by the half hundred, and unhappy brutes mangled each other for the entertainment of their proprietors, who, in the scale of brutality, held a much higher position than the savage animals they owned.

When the lost girl had communicated the particulars of her interview with Brian in the Park, and also told Wildman that he had promised to meet her in the same place next morning, great was the satisfaction of the mariner. He doubted not that his fair accomplice would induce the confiding victim to visit the Fortune of War, where he had, with his worthy ally, the Pet, to use their own rascally parlance, "made all safe" for his destruction. But lost, humbled, degraded, almost brutalized as the wretched girl was, a spark of womanly pity and gratitude still slumbered in her breast. The promptness with which the youth had flown to rescue her from death—the ardour with which he reasoned on the heinous crime, whose commission he had prevented—the reckless generosity with which he forced her to accept his purse—all this was passing in her mind, when the voice of the amiable hostess interrupted her course of thought, and opening the door of the state chamber, the lady addressed herself in turn to her guest and liege lord.

"I say, Ben, don't ye be after lushing here all day. A man from the Rookery vants ye upon bisniss, and there's a gent at the bar as vishes to have a vord or two vith the Captain."

"What sort of cove is he?" demanded Mr. Wildman. "What's the cut of his jib like—and what canvas is he under?"

Had the mariner addressed the fair hostess in the language spoken in the Holy Land, and which in Petticoat Lane is designated "Thieves' Latin," she would have understood him correctly; but to her his nautical jargon was an unknown tongue.

"I knows nothing of jibs and canvas," she returned, "but this I knows precious vell, that never did an uglier customer bolt a flash of lightning at the counter of the Fortune than himself. I thinks he be's a fighting man, for one peeper is in mourning and the other darkened for life."

"He's short of day-light," continued the mariner, "is he?"

"He's blind of an eye, and ugly as if somebody had bespoke him," responded the lady.

"Right as a trivet," replied the Captain. "It's the Bouncer, and no mistake." And following the hostess and the Leg Lane Pet, Mr.

Wildman quitted the room, shut the door after him, and left the fallen girl in possession of the private chamber of the Fortune of War.

For a minute or two after their departure, Mary Hargrave maintained a gloomy silence, and, wrapped in bitter meditations, she paced the room back and forwards. Stopping before the fire-place, she viewed for a moment her pale and wasted countenance in the cracked fragments of a shattered looking-glass, which, years ago, had been demolished in some drunken row.

"And is it come to this?" she muttered, as a deep long sigh escaped a surcharged bosom. "Is this indeed the face a father gazed upon with pleasure and affection, and a lover swore was fair? Curses follow the false villain who robbed its owner of her innocence, and left her the wreck she is! What will be my end? I can more than guess it. The farce enacted this morning in the Park will be tragically enacted hereafter. And dare I rush, uncalled, into the presence of the Omnipotent? 'Pshaw! I won't believe in a hereafter. Ha! what said I? Dare I blaspheme against the sacred truths a doting father taught, even from the time I sate lispng on his knee? No—no—no!—my trembling heart tells me there is indeed an hereafter. Fearful thought! to one so steeped in guilt as I. And shall I despair and die, like the beasts which perish? No—I'll do one atoning act, and save him who would have saved me. What then? Young as he is, fling myself upon his generosity, and ask him to restore me—what?—my purity! no, no!—impossible.

'Honour, like life, once lost, is lost for ever!'

No! but he may find some honest and humble opening, by which I may fly from infamy, and reform. It shall be done—but I must be wary. I have crafty and relentless villains to deceive—men who, had they but one suspicion, would soon relieve themselves from fear, and remove me quietly. They affect to trust me, and yet that infernal boy is always under some pretext employed, and I placed under his *surveillance*. My resolution's taken, and may Heaven give me moral strength to persevere! They come—and now to meet villany with deceit!"

Loud voices and shuffling of feet announced the advent of the host, the guest, and the newcomer. People frequently come to wrong conclusions, and so had Mary Hargrave. She fancied that no third scoundrel could be found within the Bills of Mortality, on whom the imprint of ruffianism was marked so strongly as it was on the persons and countenances of the gallant Captain and the Pet. She was wrong. The Bouncer, in villanous exterior, had decidedly the advantage of the twain.

SPECULATION ;

A TALE OF A BANK.

BY JOHN PARSONS HALL.

The Provisional Committee.—The Attorney and his rich Client.—The Management.—The Smash.

THE year 1835 was a remarkable, a very remarkable year, which its successor, '45, might have profitably studied. It was a year brilliant with the number of impossibilities by which enterprise endeavoured to coax cash out of the pockets of the enlightened public. It was a year when a species of insanity prevailed, which built high castles in the air, for no other earthly purpose but to topple on their owners' heads. It was a wonderful year,—it was a year of enormous commercial activity,—a year of steam and joint-stock companies,—a year of great general good, coupled with much private injury,—in short, a year of speculation from Irish gold mines up to hundreds of miles of railway.

It was in this eventful year that a meeting of four smart, knowing men was held in a private room in an hotel in Liverpool, for very private and special purposes, and Ephraim Potts, Esq., was chairman. Mr. Potts, a thin, wiry, bald-headed, little man, with a very shrewd face, was well known in the town as an active money-making man, very speculative, and had never been made a bankrupt. He was a sharebroker. The second was Mr. Dobbs, a land-agent, who started life with no capital, but plenty of low cunning and no principle. He speculated largely in land, but never paid a farthing for purchase money out of his own pocket. He bought land upon a three or four years' contract, and then sold it in lots to builders, who paid their workmen's wages in cash, and every other creditor in jail. The third was Mr. Oliver, an attorney. He was a pale, thin man, dressed in professional black, with a rather melancholy, but determined and intellectual expression in his countenance. The last was a Mr. Theodore Fitz, a smart, dandyish-looking man, wearing a profusion of hair and jewellery. He was in the commission and general brokerage line ; and was supposed to be doing well, for he drove a dashing vehicle. These four gentlemen constituted the provisional committee of the "Liverpool and Manchester Imperial Banking Company, capital 1,500,000*l.* in 30,000 shares of 50*l.* each, with 1,000,000*l.* for Ireland and Scotland, if found desirable."

A bundle of applications, collected from the various sharebrokers in Liverpool and Manchester, was laid upon the table, and opened by Mr. Potts, who read them singly. The first twenty were from book-keepers, which the provisional committee considered rather ominous, and paused.

"Hem!"—said Potts—"these gentlemen are rather extravagant in their demands ; nothing under a hundred from any one of them."

"We must have a rule to guide us," said Fitz ; "one half of these kind of things are from office boys, so I move that every book-keeper, unless known, have only five shares."

"I seconds that," roared Dobbs ; "not that I 'ticklearly objects to

book-keepers, cos their money's as good as anybody else's, but we must keep the thing select and 'spectable."

So it was decided. The next class of applicants afforded greater pleasure; they were tradesmen, and ten shares were fixed upon as the maximum for them. Those who had large shop windows to have from fifteen to thirty.

"Augustus Spunks, corn-factor, fifty shares," shouted Potts; "any body know him?"

"Friend of mine," answered Fitz, "and a devilish nice fellow: he keeps a capital table."

Granted unanimously. Mr. Fitz had many friends, so had Dobbs, and so had Potts, and it was quite cheering to observe how fraternal those gentlemen were in their anxiety to serve them. There was no bickering, no cavilling; they felt that they were conferring obligations, and, like great men, they did them handsomely and willingly.

"Simon Dobbs," said Potts, "why, eh! what the deuce are you about, Dobbs; only one hundred! fie, fie, a man of your means and a future director too, only to ask for one hundred! we couldn't think of letting you off with less than five hundred. What do you say, gentlemen, to this amiable modesty of our friend?"

They each said that such amiable modesty was not to be endured, it was really scandalous, and friend Dobbs must be mad. But friend Dobbs was quite sensible; friend Dobbs, although he was getting drunk, knew what he was doing, and so did his co-adjutors. Friend Dobbs vowed by all that was sacred, that he would not have any more. Potts entreated, Fitz swore, and Oliver smiled.

Now all this coquetting with friend Dobbs had a deep meaning, and was very useful as a stepping-stone to the arrival at a proper understanding. After much discussion, the following *private* resolutions were agreed upon:—

"That for the present the provisional committee will not allot themselves any shares.

"That not less than 5000 shares be reserved to meet contingencies."

This knotty affair being arranged, the allotment was rapidly proceeded with. For four long hours did they patiently sit and distribute their favours amongst the applying multitude. Motley was the crowd eager to participate in so attractive a speculation. Gentlemen, merchants, brokers, lawyers, tradesmen, clerks, and office boys, all had their requests complied with, according to the pecuniary respectability of their stated position in life. None were rejected, every name was valuable, and thankfully received as a boon. Calmly and deliberately was that allotment made, for the souls of the committee were in the business, and they felt that each share was a benevolent and patriotic gift to a deserving and enlightened public. Their generosity expanded with the occasion, and the only tax they imposed upon their bounty was the small and contemptible sum of one shilling per share. The public should have time to reflect, to ponder, and weigh well, the advantages thus gratuitously offered, before the committee would think of making a call. All that they required was an indemnity from pecuniary loss; and that indemnification, as their prospectus stated, "would be had in the small sum demanded for scrip money, besides leaving a surplus to be at the disposal of the shareholders."

Fatigued with the day's business, the committee adjourned, and each of its members wended his different way.

In a handsome villa on the shores of the Mersey, some four or five miles south of Liverpool, lived Laurence Molyneux, Esq. He was a rich retired merchant, and a bachelor, who hated smoke and poor people. He was a middle aged, and handsome, ruddy, whiskerless-cheeked man, with latitudinarian morals, and very moderate intellect. He had just *dined* with his friend and legal adviser Mr. Oliver, and Mr. Potts, and was reclining on a sofa smoking a cigar.

"So you think the thing will succeed," said he; "a—a—what sort of stock did you say?"

"A joint stock banking company," replied Mr. Oliver, "likely to turn out well. I shall invest a few hundreds on spec. I like the parties very well, but my friend, Mr. Potts, here, can better explain the nature of the affair."

Mr. Potts said,—“You flatter me, Mr. Oliver, but I can assure Mr. Molyneux that there is every probability of success, because such a bank is very much wanted in Liverpool and Manchester; indeed, I have been pressed by a number of my friends to start the scheme myself, but I had not the courage; indeed, I should say the ability.”

"But what will be the principle; how will you start it?" inquired Laurence.

"Oh! the principle," replied Potts, "will be a subscription of capital in shares of a fixed value. Suppose we say thirty thousand fifty pound shares, that will give us a million and a half. The owners of those shares, who will of course be all men of capital, will be the company, and, appointing officers and servants, will conduct their business just in the same manner as private bankers, but with a larger capital and better prospect of success, by having a large connexion to start with."

"I dare say the thing would do," said Laurence. "I often heard my father say he made a deal of money that way. I have a good mind to venture a thousand or two. What say you, Oliver?"

"I think," replied that gentleman, "you couldn't do better. You have a deal of money lying idle, or bringing you in next to nothing, when, if you invested it in this bank, you might safely reckon on ten per cent. at least."

"What!" said Laurence, now fully interested, "ten per cent.! you don't say so. Why I don't get half that for any money I have out."

"I'll be bound you don't," said Potts. "You can't get more than three and a half for land, and even for town property, after deducting wear and tear, losses, &c., you don't get six per cent. clear."

Mr. Potts then asserted that no bank, either in Liverpool or Manchester, made less than fifteen per cent., and he had not the shadow of a doubt the intended one would, in the course of time, make at least twenty. He then entered into a luminous statement, showing it to be as clear as the sun at noon-day, that Mr. Laurence Molyneux was absolutely doing himself an injury by keeping his capital locked up in such poor-paying things as land and houses. All which Mr. Laurence Molyneux believed, and evinced a very strong desire to open his eyes to his true interest, by consenting to become a very large shareholder in Mr. Potts' projected bank, to the great joy of that worthy gentleman, and to the greater, but more suppressed, joy of Mr. Oliver.

The accession of Laurence Molyneux, Esq., duly announced, and

paraded ostentatiously before the public eye, operated as a wonderful stimulus upon the more cautious and wary possessors of cash, who, immediately they became certain of the fact, poured in their applications for shares in almost superabundant quantities. The provisional committee had to revise their allotments over and over again, before they satisfied themselves that they had made an equitable distribution. After many consultations, the fastidiousness of their honesty was satisfied, and they announced that no more applications could be received.

Letters were then despatched, informing the receivers, that upon payment of the aforesaid small sum, they were the owners of so many shares. Scrip and everything necessary were prepared, and the first meeting of the shareholders was advertised. In the meantime the shares rose to a respectable premium; Potts, Dobbs, and Fitz, stimulated the market by their unwonted exertions in buying and selling. They poured shares into the market, bought them again at an advanced price, sold them at a higher one, bought again, and altogether acted in such an apparently frenzied and alarming manner, that the scheme rose daily in public estimation. The shares that fell to the lot of office boys and clerks were eagerly purchased for a few shillings, sometimes a few pence, by Potts or Fitz, who managed to distribute them amongst an active and enlightened speculative public.

Long before the day arrived upon which the first public meeting was held, all the shares were subscribed for, and every shilling per share, scrip money, paid and spent, as the accounts of the provisional committee, rendered to themselves, honourably testified, and unanimously satisfied that distinguished body.

The day arrived,—the day fraught with interest to a large body of men came, and the meeting was held in the largest room of the — Hotel, Liverpool.

Laurence Molyneux, Esq., nominated by Potts, and seconded by Dobbs, was elected chairman, amidst unanimous and great applause. Laurence was not a speech maker, but he was a rich man, and he read a neat business-like speech, written by Mr. Oliver, and copied in a bold round hand by one of his clerks, which the audience received with uncommon satisfaction. He was followed by Potts, Dobbs, and Fitz, and all the resolutions proposed by the members of the provisional committee were carried *nemine dissente*. The directors were elected by ballot of course. Potts, Dobbs, and Fitz stood at the head of the poll. The frenzy of speculation never doubted their respectability, and if it had, it would have been of no avail, for all the office boys, clerks, broken down tradesmen, sharebrokers, and a host of speculative scamps, unanimously gave them their support. They could not conscientiously refuse their votes to such enterprising men as Potts, Dobbs, and Fitz. Laurence Molyneux, Esq., was chosen chairman of the company for the ensuing year, amidst a storm of approbation, that fixed the resolution of many a wavering, cautious, and respectable man, to pay his calls when they were demanded. Full powers were vested in the directors to manage the affairs of the company, and they were not the men to “let I dare not wait upon I would,” for in a week after this meeting, the newspapers announced the first call, coupled with the fact, that upon payment of the same, the shareholders might sign the deed of co-partnership, (a ponderous, confidence-inspiring document,) and become *bonâ fide* members of the company, and of course participators in its profits.

The first call was paid by a large number of the shareholders immediately, but such promptitude was far from being satisfactory to the directors, especially as there was one indispensable legal requisite to be complied with before they could commence business, which caused that energetic body no small amount of disquietude ; and a special and private meeting was held to consider the matter.

Laurence Molyneux was too indolent to take an active part in the management of the bank, and rarely attended any of the directors' meetings, and when he did, he knew as much about what was done, as his fat cook at home. He was treated with deferential respect, and he asked for no more ; indeed if he had wished for more, his colleagues were too unanimous to permit him to obtain it ; they considered him too great a man to be burdened with dry details, which could only be interesting to a dull-souled collector of statistics.

The countenances of the directors at this meeting wore a gloom, as if their undertaking were in the last agonies of dissolution. Even Potts, with all his philosophy, looked serious, Dobbs was sulky, Fitz enraged, while Mr. Oliver was provokingly calm.

"I can't make it out no how," said Dobbs, "why, 'cepting our own shares, we haven't more than three thousand paid."

"Rather better," said Potts ; "but what's that to begin with, the thing's impossible, and yet we have given plenty of time, too much time ; we can't put off the last day any longer."

"We had better put it off altogether," said Fitz, muttering something about smashing the thing up, and disposing of the money in a peculiarly summary manner.

"What's to be done ?" was the question mutually asked.

Some suggested another round of stirring advertisements, others, commencing at once, and trusting to chance, while one or two boldly advised the abandonment of the scheme, and a return of the calls, less all expenses. They could not agree upon the course to be pursued, and every man in the room, but Mr. Oliver, felt his directorship slipping rapidly and disgracefully through his fingers. Oliver had not spoken, and a painful pause ensued.

"Gentlemen," said he at length, so sharply and suddenly that all started from their reveries, "have done with this trifling, the bank *can*, *shall*, and *will* be established ; listen to me a moment. The first call can be paid on a third of our shares ; well and good, that is more than I expected. Let us pay *our* calls, and we shall then have a good round sum of money, and in three months we can make the second call and begin business. In the meantime we must make our preparations, and if we all do our duty, at the end of three months the two calls will be paid on at least two-thirds of our shares. I am so confident that that will be the case, that I am ready to bet any gentleman here five hundred pounds it is."

This was uttered so boldly, that the rest felt themselves relieved.

"You must all see that success is certain," continued Oliver, looking around him, "and why pause and hesitate, when a few paltry obstacles present themselves ? Why, you cannot transact any common, everyday affair, without meeting with some difficulty ; in fact, we should always expect obstacles, and never be afraid of them when they come. What's to be done, I will tell you. In the first place, advertise that in consequence of some difficulty having arisen as to taking suitable

premises, and numerous applications having been made by parties living in the country who had neglected to pay their first call, the directors have been induced to extend the time, say, for a month. Do you agree to that?—well that's settled. Now about the return, that seems to have alarmed you so much. It is true the law requires a return to be made of the capital and members of the company, but the law does not prescribe that the return shall be of the parties *only* who have paid their calls. It merely requires the names of the shareholders, and the number of shares they respectively hold, and I contend that a non-payer of the call is as much a shareholder as a payer; he applies for shares and they are granted to him. There can be no doubt of it in a moral point of view, and as far as creditors are concerned, the question is an open one at law."

The eyes of the directors glistened with joy, when they saw so formidable an obstacle brushed away in a moment.

"But," said Potts, "is there no penalty in case some officious person denounced the return as fraudulent?"

"There is a paltry fine," replied Oliver, "and the returning officer may be indicted for perjury; but that is impossible; indictments for perjury are about as successful now, as indictments for murder in a duel. In this case I don't see any perjury at all. The salaried manager makes a return of all the shareholders, and a declaration that the return is a correct one; which he can honestly and conscientiously do,—besides, the thing is done every day, and *can only be found out should the bank become insolvent*, which we have no right to anticipate will ever be the case."

Nothing could be more clear and explicit. The directors, enlightened and delighted, resolved that every applicant for shares should be returned as a member of the company. Messrs. Potts, Dobbs, and Fitz were appointed to assist Mr. Oliver in preparing the return, and the meeting dissolved. About an hour afterwards, those three gentlemen had a consultation with Mr. Oliver in his private office. The return, ready prepared, was there perused, and approved of by them. To the initiated, it presented food for curious and gratifying speculation. It contained a surprising variety of names: beneath "Francis Augustus Brooks," the rich merchant, was "Thomas Flick," the small office boy of Mr. Potts. Ladies were there, with unexceptionable addresses, but bearing the rather significant names of Mary Ann Jones, Smith, Bell, and others of a kindred family. The gentlemen nearly all lived in squares, groves, vales, and villas. The frequency of "Esq." carried the air of unquestionable respectability, to say nothing of the enormous weight of the two hundred shares following. Altogether the return presented a fine face, and was in less than a week to be exhibited at Somerset House, for the inspection of the inquisitorial.

The consultation resulted in the concoction of a daring scheme to raise the value of the shares in the market. They agreed to put several thousand shares in the hands of brokers in one day, and by themselves and agents to become purchasers thereof, at steadily increasing prices. To do this well and effectually, much secrecy and many agents were required. The latter were men of straw; and most of them knew not but that they were concerned in *bond fide* transactions. For instance, Potts would say to his clerk, "Here, Smith, go to Jackson's [Dobbs' broker] and buy fifty shares in our bank, in your own name;

I want them for a friend in the country, who don't wish his name to appear. Jackson don't know you; besides, he won't ask any questions,—here's the money, and don't go beyond yesterday's price."

Dobbs, Fitz, and Oliver, made the same kind of purchases; so that these four men, in one day, by making half a dozen purchases each from the four brokers, would have one hundred and forty-four different transactions, without being a farthing out of pocket, except for brokers' commission. They proceeded very cautiously: meeting every night, they fixed the price for the next day;—at first they contented themselves with a few shillings daily rise in the premiums, gradually increasing them, until they became pounds; all which appeared so natural, and so business like, that the prices were quoted as a matter of course in the brokers' circulars and the newspapers. They did not confine their operations to four brokers, but did business in the same manner in London, Manchester, and Leeds. Besides this expedient, they had recourse to various others in the power of speculators. The newspaper teemed with advertisements, and many a smartly written article appeared in certain periodicals devoted to the interests of the brokers. The prices of the shares being thus raised, as a commercial consequence, the shareholders were forced into the market. The timorous, emboldened by the prospect of participating in such a promising harvest, paid their calls; and before the last day arrived, as Mr. Oliver had predicted, nearly two-thirds of the shares allotted were in the hands of paid-up holders. The directors then allotted themselves shares, reserved a sufficient number for their official qualifications, and then sold the rest, realizing an enormous profit. By these, and many other contrivances, a great number of surplus shares were taken out of the hands of the directors; neither Potts, Dobbs, nor Fitz, nor any other director, wanted more than a hundred shares; no—the public should have them, and be thankful for so eligible an investment, now the premium was so satisfactorily high. Thus the speculation became firmly established. The merchant with his one hundred shares, the tradesman with his fifteen or thirty, the retired clerk and the widow with his or her ten or fifteen, and the crowd with their fives, composed the banking company. The second call was paid, and the bank opened in Liverpool and Manchester. All the other calls were well-paid, and in the course of two years it did a large business. The profits at the end of the first year were certainly very small, but the directors had the capital in their hands, and made a ten per cent. dividend.

The public were satisfied, and such good managers were gladly re-elected. Laurence Molyneux was delighted with such a quiet investment of a few thousands, at such a good per centage, and willingly consented to hold the chairmanship for another year. Thus was the "Liverpool and Manchester Imperial Banking Company" established, to the satisfaction of the proprietors, the joy of the directors, and the unspeakable pleasure of their indefatigable legal adviser, Mr. Oliver, to whom the directors presented a service of plate, for his exertions in the promotion of their, and the bank's, interest.

It would be an infliction upon the common sense and patience of the reader, to follow the progress of the bank step by step; it will suffice to say, that by some fell and cruel operations of commerce, some unaccountable fatality, and unforeseen and inevitable destiny, one fine morning in October 1839, the doors of the bank did not open,—“The Liver-

pool and Manchester Imperial Banking Company, capital 1,500,000*l.* in 30,000 shares of 50*l.* each," had stopped payment—the *last day had come*. Dire was the confusion and distraction amongst the shareholders and creditors, particularly the latter, divers of whom rushed madly to their attorneys with their respective claims, and left sanguinary and positive instructions to "sell the scoundrels up rump and stump."

Some few days before the failure was announced, Potts had failed in 100,000*l.* assets : 350*l.* per year had been settled upon his wife before marriage, in the phraseology of the settlement, "for her own use, independent of the debts, control, or engagements of her present, or any after-taken husband, with a power for her to dispose of the same by deed or will, and in default of the exercise of such power, with certain limitations over, in favour of the issue of the marriage."

Hobbs had prematurely, and, as Potts said, scandalously deserted the bank some twelvemonths before its decease, being quite satisfied with the loss he sustained upon the sale of his shares. Mr. Oliver withdrew about the same time, and, as will be seen, had taken good care of himself. Fitz, having become tired of the world, in a misanthropic fit abruptly retired from business, and was never heard of again, notwithstanding the most numerous, earnest, and indefatigable enquiries made respecting him. Even twice twenty thousand descriptions of him, circulated throughout the civilized world, to say nothing of a bonus of 500*l.* offered for his valuable person, were unavailing. His friends mourned for him long and bitterly, and some of them will leave their descendants a substantial reason to mourn for him, even unto the third generation.

Meetings of the shareholders and creditors were held, and statements of the affairs of the bank laid before them by the shrewd and active manager, who held the reputation of his employers in such tender and affectionate estimation, that it was with great difficulty he opened his mouth to explain the voluminous papers he laid before the creditors. After much solicitation and entreaty, he made sundry promises, but being suddenly and incurably seized with an afflicting disease, the creditors took the affair into their own hands, and placed the books of the bank before an experienced accountant, who very soon exposed their mysterious contents. The most striking feature disclosed was the fraternal feeling that subsisted between the directors; they had been lavishly generous to each other, besides affording assistance to a numerous circle of friends. A remarkable example of the latter was shown in the case of a Manchester manufacturer, a mutual friend of Potts, Dobbs, and Fitz, who was found to be a debtor to the bank, in the sum of 300,000*l.*, which he being unable to pay, an investigation of his affairs occurred under a fiat in bankruptcy, when it was discovered, that such was the confidence of the directors in his probity and wealth, that they had condescended to interfere so actively in the management of his gigantic concern, that a court of law decided that the bank was a partner therein, which decision disordered the creditors so much, that many of them meditated a precipitate flight; but an inspection of the list of shareholders induced them to delay it and attend to their business. After a careful examination of the accounts, and many perusals and reperusals of some supplementary explanatory documents, it was found that the debits of the company amounted to 600,000*l.*, and its credits to about a thousand pounds, or something less than a halfpenny in the

pound, leaving the odd nineteen shillings and eleven pence half-penny to be extracted from the pockets of some six hundred and fifty-eight registered shareholders, about whom the creditors speedily made the most minute inquiries. And now some of the grand ulterior effects of speculation were shown in a marked and lively manner. The minds of six hundred human beings were in a state of intense excitement, bordering in some two hundred cases on absolute insanity. The merchant saw the accumulations of years of toil and anxiety swept away in an instant; the tradesman saw that he must close his shop, and submit to the degradation of being "white-washed" as soon as possible. The widow, who had invested her all, in the fond assurance of a comfortable annuity for life, saw herself a beggar—either to be dependant on her friends, or submit to that soul-withering torture pauperism. The poor retired clerk, broken down in health, saw his thirty years' savings disappear down the throat of a huge calamity, and his shattered frame sunk under the blow. And what must have been the misery of those unfortunates who were burdened with large families! The great men of the day, the enterprising capitalists, the money-gods, who bloat the carcass of commerce until it bursts, and then patriotically prate about civilization, do they never ask themselves such a question? Let it be charitably supposed that they do not.

The six hundred and fifty-eight were divided into two classes, the *bond fide* shareholders and the shilling-men. The liability of the former was unquestionable; and to protect themselves, they formed an alliance with the creditors, for the purpose of compelling the shilling-men to bear their proportion of the burden. Both sides prepared for the engagement with alacrity, and the first shots fired were counsel's opinions. Cases and opinions became as numerous as flies on a summer day, and ten thousand times more annoying. Serjeant this, was of this opinion, Queen's counsel that, was of that opinion; and so various and opposite were these scribblings, that domestic firesides rang with the clamour of legal contention. Both parties were puzzled, and a painful state of uncertainty ensued; the creditors became clamorous, and an experimental case was resolved upon. My Lord Denman was selected to be the judge. The shilling-men, who were worth "powder and shot," formed themselves into a defensive association, and taking the selected victim under their protection, bade the opposite party defiance. Meanwhile both sides actively prepared for the contest and its results. Settlements upon wives and children unexpectedly came to light. Husbands affectionately remembered that they had promised to settle something upon their darlings. Lawyers were busy all day long transferring property, preparing settlements, or otherwise assisting their clients to protect themselves. Parents, uncles, aunts, and friends, pounced upon the unhappy victims of speculation with demands for large debts. Mortgages, bonds, bills, and notes were brought to light in a most miraculous manner. Altogether the time was exciting. The humanity of the trembling possessors of cash put on a new coat; commiseration for the distresses of others entered their hearts, and, like a Christmas candle, shed a temporary light upon their greedy, every-day sordidness. Ruin stood frowning at the doors of their dwellings, and they remembered they were men—grasping, money-making men—and conscience starting up at the moment, like an accusing spirit, told them they had been cold, flinty hearted, selfish, and uncharitable. How true it is that the loss of

wealth teaches men what they are, while its gain makes them what they ought not to be.

The case was decided in favour of the shilling-men, but did not settle the question, and the creditors and their allies, nothing daunted, renewed the attack. Actions innumerable were commenced, bills filed in Chancery, and clauses attempted to be introduced into acts of Parliament, but all was of no avail, the shilling-men were too active, and defeated every manœuvre. This legal warfare lasted three years, when the shilling-men escaped by the effluxion of time, the law barring the recovery of such debts after the lapse of three years from the time they became due. Baffled in this attack, the creditors and their allies assaulted those who had sold their shares before the bank failed, but whose names had been omitted to be returned by the manager, as having ceased to be members of the company. The only name returned was that of Mr. Oliver, and that he had wisely taken care to see done himself. These non-members were thus disturbed in their fancied security, and Dobbs and others had to part with some of the plunder, in defending actions and suits, and what might have been the result is doubtful, for the creditors dreading any longer delay, dissolved partnership with the *bonâ fide* shareholders, and compelled every one of them who was worth suing to part with every shilling he had, leaving the victims to their hopeless remedy by bill in Chancery, against the non-returned ceased shareholders for their proportion of the losses. Laurence Molyneux being one of the richest, suffered severely; all that he was enabled to save out of his splendid fortune, by fraud and favour, did not exceed 500*l*.

VALENTINE.

THE realms whose gifts enrich mankind,

The earth, the sea, below, above,
I vainly search, nor hope to find
An offering worthy of my love:

No gem, however rare, I choose
To glad thee with its lustre bright,
When placed by thee its power 't would
lose,

And pale beneath thy beauty's light:

Or, since but thou its brightness sharest,
If thou shouldst not the gift discard,
I fear lest, while the stone thou wearest,
Thy heart should learn to be as hard.

Or, were the nightingale my choice,
(Its lays a queen's delight might be,)
How much more sweet would sound thy
voice,
If it should whisper love to me!

Rich are the hues the loom pourtrays,
But richer far thy glossy hair;
The velvet's softness who shall praise?
Thy cheek is softer and more fair.

And let the sculptor's art essay
His wildest dream of classic grace;
Veil, veil thy snowy neck, I pray!
In thee his Venus all will trace.

Oh! could I seek on Cupid's wings,
For aught that mortal may command;
There is not 'mongst earth's brightest
things,
An offering meet to grace thy hand.

Keep then, as trophy of thy power,
My heart, submissive to its lot,
And but one flower, one little flower,
I yet would add—Forget me not!

A GAME AT ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

BY THE LATE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

WHILE honest John Bull
With sorrow brimfull,
Lamented his trusty friend Pitt,
Some sharpers we're told
In cheating grown old,
Thus tried all their *talents* and wit.

Let's invite him to play,
John never says nay,
So they ask'd him what game he approv'd ;
John talk'd of All Fours,
And Beat the Knave out of Doors,
The games of his youth which he lov'd.

Lord Howick spoke first,
" In these games I'm not versed,
But they surely are old fashioned things,
The best game *entre nous*
Is the good game of Loo,
Where *knaves* get the better of *kings*."

Sam Whitbread rose next,
By all Court Cards perplext,
Since at his trade they reckon no score ;
For at Cribbage tis known,
That by Court Cards alone,
You can't make fifteen-two, fifteen-four.

Then Sheridan rose,
Saying he should propose,
Tho' at all times he played upon tick,
The good old game of Whist,
For if honours he miss'd,
He was *sure to succeed* by the *trick*.

Now with blustering voice,
Tierney roars out " My boys,
I approve none of all the selection ;
What I recommend
To myself and my friend,
Is to play at the Game of Connection."

By his master respected,
But by both sides suspected,
Telle est la fortune de la guerre ;
Once the minister's *ombre*
Now dejected and *sombre*,
The good Sidmouth preferred *solitaire*.

Next with perquisites stor'd
Spoke Temple's good Lord,
(Whose wants are supplied by the nation,)
" From our memory blot
Pique, Repique, and Capot,
And practice our friend's Speculation."

Lord Grenville stood bye
With considerate eye,
Which forbore e'en his thoughts to express ;
But Wyndham less mute,
Own'd in each game in each suit,
He had play'd without any success.

" Try again, sir, your skill,"
Says Burdett " at Quadrille,
Thensome of your friends may ask leave ;
As for calling a king
I shall do no such thing,
But shall soon play alone, I believe."

Braced with keen Yorkshire air,
Young Lord Milton stood near,
Who improved in all talents of late,
Said he feared not success
In a bold game of chess,
And should soon give the king a check mate.

" Hush," says Grenville, " young man
I'll whisper my plan,
While professing great zeal for the throne,
We may leave in the lurch
Both the king and the church,
By encouraging slyly Pope Joan."

In one hand a new dance,
In the other Finance,
To throw on each subject new light ;
Young Petty appeared
And begg'd to be heard,
In settling the game of the night.

" Cassino," he cries,
" Sure of all games supplies
Amusement unblended with strife,
For the black, grey, or fair,
With their fellows may pair,
And to all form a pleasure in life."

Without further debate,
Down to Cass they all sate ;
But how strange is the game I record ;
The knaves were paired off,
Of all Court Cards the scoff,
And in triumph the king cleared the board.

John rubbing his eyes,
At length with surprise,
Discovered the tricks of the crew ;
And gaining in sense
What he had just lost in pence,
From the wolves in sheep's-clothing withdrew.

CANNING ; 1808.

MY WEDDING SUIT.

It was the eve of my marriage, and I had parted with my Isabella, with a fluttering at my throat, and a generally perturbed frame of mind, that would have rather befitted a criminal on the verge of execution, than a bachelor on the threshold of wedded life. We were in Paris, and it was one of France's brightest August nights. As I looked out of my window down upon the Boulevard, bathed in moonlight at my feet, the lover of romance would have sought in vain in my features for the signs of a proud and acknowledged suitor, about to take permanent possession of what should be dearest to him upon earth. To be honest, my mind was agitated by a most fearful anxiety. I doubted not of Isabella's love; I doubted as little of the sincerity of my own. I was not entering upon what is commonly called a bad match. We were not to reside with my future mother-in-law. No! to none of these mischances was I prey. I smile to myself, as I now write the words; but at that very precise moment when I was looking up at the moon, upon my life, I was thinking wholly and solely of nothing else than the clothes in which I was to appear on the morrow. Hear me out! I never was a puppy about dress; I was fully aware that the "Morning Post" devotes no column to the attire of the bridegroom; but somehow or other, that villain Hertz had not sent home so much as a sleeve, and I was horribly nervous. To make the matter worse, Isabella had but that very day been abusing a green coat it was at that time my delight to wear; and had said—half in jest and half in earnest,—that she never could think of marrying any man in such a fright of a waist-coat. I summoned my man; and, with as much indifference as I could assume, made enquiries after the missing apparel. Antoine was, of course "*désolé*," he knew nothing about it; but had seen M. Hertz, a short time before, pass the house in company with a friend, and "*supérieurement bien paré*." The very colour of his coat had not been forgotten. I mentally consigned M. Hertz and his coat to the keeping of a gentleman, who never varies his dress, and has possibly the good fortune always to possess a black coat in reserve for an emergency. Twelve o'clock came—one—two—I resolved to go to bed, and end in sleep a day, which was becoming insupportably long for me. Doubtless the suit would come the first thing in the morning. Soothed by the reflection, my mind gradually regained its proper tone; and with a murmured prayer for Isabella, I dropped asleep. I am confident that the horrors of that night have never been surpassed in the wildest Ghost-story that has ever been concocted—even in the Black Forests of dear, legend-loving Germany. At one time, I dreamed that I was a dummy in a tailor's window, dressed (by Moses) in the extreme of fashion, and bowing my head uncomfortably within the folds of an "Albert Stock," in graceful acknowledgment of the admiring passers-by. At another, I fancied myself the clothes on a murderer, swinging backwards and forwards on the gibbet, with the action of the wind. Again, I was a pawnbroker, and was buying a blue coat of Isabella. And now I was standing at the altar in my own proper person, in my green coat, and my bride in a yellow-satin; whilst my mother-in-law was frowning beneath a crimson

bonnet, in a manner terrible to look upon. Most fortunate is it, that evil dreams last no longer than do—alas!—their pleasant foster brothers! and, with heavy head and un-refreshed eye-lids, I at length awoke. It was a brilliant morning, and nearly nine o'clock. I rang for Antoine, and, when he appeared, asked with desperate fortitude, if *they* were come. No school-boy about, for the first time, to veil the redundancy of his form beneath the modest swallow-tail, could have instituted a more rigorous cross-examination touching the important vestment. Of course, nothing was known about the things. Well! he must go to Hertz, and bring home as much as was finished. The waistcoat did not so much signify; I could button up my coat, and its absence would not be remarked. Having despatched Antoine, I sat down to shave, almost with a steady hand. I cut myself desperately, however,—on my chin of course; and my nether feature was soon half covered by an invidious mass of sticking-plaister. I was trying to recollect, as I looked in the glass, what Peninsular officer it was that I so much resembled, when a light knock was heard at the door, and my friend Hercule Hector Léonidas, Comte de Vanille, was announced. He had undertaken—right good fellow that he was—to be my sheriff of private life, to stick close to me till all was over, and see that everything was done that was right and proper.

"*Mais, mon cher!*" he exclaimed, "not dressed yet. I would rather have found you asleep than sitting so patiently in your dressing-gown, as if you had nothing to do but sip your coffee and read your Galignani. Let me ring for both, whilst you put the finishing stroke to your toilet. What have you done to your chin? *Apropos*, I hope Hertz has justified my recommendation. Do you see this coat? this is his."

See it! how could I help it? There stood the fellow grinning at me with his handsome teeth, the best dressed man in Paris. And to walk out of my rooms, arm-and-arm with him, in my green coat!

"My dear Vanille," I replied, with a sickly smile, "I fear you have got yourself up at an enormous expense on my account. You will look much more of a bridegroom than I shall. Do you know," I added, (with what was meant to be a jovial laugh, but it missed fire), "it is a capital joke; but that ruffian Hertz has not yet sent home my clothes. What the devil am I to do?"

"Do!" gasped Vanille, in the interval of (as it seemed to me) a very unnecessary roar of laughter, "do, my good fellow! why, go as you are: be married in your dressing-gown; it really is a very quiet pattern."

"My dear Vanille! I can forgive your laughing; but it is ten o'clock,—at eleven, you know, I must be in the Rue d'Agasseau. I have sent my fellow to Hertz; he has not returned, and cannot be back for another half-hour at least. I don't much fancy the idea of going to a ready-made place for my wedding suit; and it would seem so odd to be married in an old coat. You look deuced well, Vanille, to-day; but you are always well-dressed. (He smiled, and laid his hand upon his heart.) We are both of a size, Vanille; now I have just thought it would be such a lucky hit if we were to exchange dresses. I am sure your clothes would fit me; and you (of course, I don't want you to wear this) can suit yourself from my wardrobe there. I have some things, not quite so elaborate as your own, it is true; but that green coat, Vanille; (I don't think I ever saw you in green). I forget what is the name of that

plaid—I think it is the Royal Stewart : blue trousers or brown ? I have both.”

Poor Vanille’s face fell. He looked at himself, for a moment, in one of the pier-glasses ; took up, one by one, the proffered vestments, and laid them down again in silence.

“ You always have the drollest ideas, my dear Vernon,” he said. “ It is rather a singular proposal of yours ; but, as you are so very unfortunately situated, why—I don’t mind if I do accede to it ; but upon one condition.”

“ Name it, old fellow ! ” I cried, as I threw my dressing-gown into one corner of the room, my slippers into another, and commenced pulling on my boots in frantic haste.

“ Why ! you may wear them as long as the affair lasts ; but promise me to let me have them again after we leave the church. I also have a slight interest in making a creditable appearance to-day. In short, I should like to reassume my own character at the *déjeuner*. Perhaps you will not mind travelling in this suit, (as he held up my clothes,) which I will now put on to oblige my dear friend : but you will promise me, on your part, never to employ that tailor again.”

He was a good fellow, that Vanille : but it was with a sigh that the Frenchman took off, one by one, his cherished garments, and resigned them to me with very much the air of a mother parting with her offspring. By the time that he had worked himself into my integuments he did not look quite so bad, after all. With a groan, he buttoned his coat over the staring plaid waistcoat ; and we were soon rattling over the pavement, in his cab, to the Rue d’Agesseau. Scarcely had we reached the church, before Vanille precipitated himself to the ground, and was quickly lost in the recesses of the vestry, observing that he knew the bishop, and that he would remain there quietly until his services were actually required at the altar. I found my attention attracted to an individual of unpretending appearance, who was stationed at the door, apparently contemplating the effect produced by our arrival. Perhaps my curiosity was the more provoked as I remarked his eye wandering over my person with that restless and comprehensive glance which seemed to have detected some fit subject for notice. He slightly bowed, and politely removed his hat. As I returned his salute he observed in French, “ I believe there is to be a marriage to-day : would it be deemed an excessive breach of decorum if I were to venture to be a spectator of the ceremony ? ”

He evidently is a stranger in search of materials for a “ Sketch,” or “ Pencil Book,” I thought. Although I am no Frenchman, he shall at least have a favourable impression of Paris.

“ If you will follow me,” I replied, “ you can have a good view of the whole affair, although I cannot promise that it will be very interesting, inasmuch as your humble servant is the chief actor in the scene.”

My new friend started. “ Is it possible ? ” he asked. “ Can you really be going to be married to-day ? ”

There was a tinge of melancholy reproach in his tone—nay, almost of remorse ; and I was somewhat puzzled what I should reply to his apostrophe, when Isabella drew up to the door radiant with smiles, blushes, and tears, and attended by the usual complement of friends and relations (of the female sex) who are accustomed, on similar occasions, to persuade the bride that she is an ill-used and persecuted individual, but

that, all circumstances considered, she is to keep up her spirits and be as happy as she can. In half an hour or so the two words of such importance to two individuals had been pronounced, and we were united.

After the ceremony, I had just stepped outside the church, towards the carriage, when my unknown friend, peering at me with his grey, inquisitive eye, and politely begging pardon for intrusion at such a moment, addressed me.

"My name is M. Gaillard; they call me an agent of police; and I am here to arrest you for debt. Do not be afraid, ladies; I dare say we shall not require force, but he is rather a cunning dog, and I am obliged to use certain precautions. Here, Victor! Adolphe!" and two fellows who had been waiting hastened forwards, and seizing each one of my arms, stood with eyes fixed upon their chief.

I became almost speechless from surprise and indignation.

"It must be some mistake," I cried at length. "Do you know sir, to whom you are speaking?"

"Rather; I took your portrait in M. Hertz's colours too well at first to be deceived afterwards. There was no mistaking your identity from the miniature I carried about in my mind's eye."

"At least you will tell me at whose suit you arrest me."

"I have no particular objection. M. Hertz is my client. I am much distressed to break in upon you on such an occasion; but if you will come quietly with me, I dare say I shall not detain you long, as possibly some of your kind friends here may feel disposed to settle the little affair for you. After all, it is but ten thousand francs, and what is that to a man with such a neat turn-out as is now before us?"

"Ten thousand francs! I do not owe that rascal Hertz as many sous. I paid him for a suit of clothes which he has not sent me. This gentleman," I added, looking for Vanille, "is a witness;" but he had departed.

M. Gaillard followed the direction of my eye, and shrugged his shoulders with a smile. "It is a bad case," he said. "I am positively sorry for you; but you will excuse my mentioning that my time is precious. Do me the favour to wish these ladies and gentlemen good morning."

What on earth was to be done? Isabella was silently weeping. She did not reproach me,—even that would have been preferable,—but those tears,—things to which no arguments can be opposed,—are awkward affairs to deal with. Her mother was looking most decidedly anti-monetary,—if possible, more austere than ever. Vanille too; what could have taken him away just at that very inconvenient moment? One by one the guests were departing grumbling at the probable loss of their breakfast, and indulging in audible comments upon the baseness of my conduct, and the impropriety of hasty marriages. I was at my wit's end. To pay the money,—even supposing I had it about me,—would be tantamount to an acknowledgment of my guilt, and as to endeavour to make them believe in my innocence was, for the present at least, a hopeless case. To confess the truth, I had not much more than the amount of Gaillard's claim about my person at the moment.

"Do not believe it, dear Isabella," I cried. "Fear nothing. Return home. I will go with this person, and if I do not join you in an hour, never think of me more." I kissed her cheek, which was very cold, but not turned away from me, and followed M. Gaillard, who made a most unexceptionable bow.

At a little distance stood a *fiacre*, in curious contrast to the dark-green chariot, with four English greys, above referred to. I proposed to M. Gaillard that we should enter my chariot, as a more speedy means of transit, but he intimated, with his usual quiet, provoking smile, that he knew the driver of the *fiacre*, who was a very steady man, and to be trusted. We accordingly got into the lumbering vehicle, which, after several preparatory lurches and plunges, started at the modest rate of nearly two miles an hour, a pace that, as my mind was on wings, was aggravating enough. Those two ingenious gentlemen, Victor and Adolphe, were somehow distributed on the coach-box, but not even did their highly precarious situation restrain them from an occasional stretch round, to persuade them that I was still actually side by side with M. Gaillard.

I had been so wrapped in my own meditations, that I had not noticed whether my *cicerone* had given the word, on entering the *fiacre* "*à l'opéra*," or "*au diable*," but I was now roused from my reverie by a sudden jerk, which announced that we had arrived at a full stop. On looking out, I perceived that we were before a dark, gloomy-looking building, in a narrow street, the name of which I was unable to glean in any direction. It was not a prison, evidently, nor was it, as assuredly, an hotel. It was a sort of compromise between the two, where flowers and iron bars formed a peculiar contrast, suggesting a timely reflection or two upon the mutability of human life. There was no time, however, for similar thoughts, for Victor and Adolphe were inviting me, with many a bow, to descend, and Gaillard, with his hand laid affectionately on my shoulder, was seconding their entreaties. Confound those Frenchmen! They are so dreadfully polite, they pick your pocket with an "*excusez*," and cut your throat with a "*pardon*." They appear to have heard or read somewhere that "*manners make the man*," and they accordingly seem content to sacrifice every other pleasing attribute in favour of the axiom. We entered upon a small *porte-cochère*, and mounted a narrow, ill-ventilated stair-case to the right, leading to a suite of rooms, the door of one of which Gaillard pushed open with an "*Ouf!*" and asked me into a comfortless apartment, with a single chair and a clock, into the former of which I threw myself, under the pressure of a feeling of utter exhaustion.

"Permit me to welcome you to my house," said Gaillard, with an air of pride, which I suppose was natural, but which, considering the misery by which we appeared to be surrounded, I confess I could not readily explain.

"M. Gaillard," I said, "you will excuse my being so importunate, but I am anxious to ask you by what right you exercise this authority over me,—how you have dared to arrest an innocent man,—drag him hither at such a moment, and now mew him up in an atmosphere which is close and unpleasant to a degree? You have said that you are acting under the orders of M. Hertz. I can but repeat that that individual has no claim upon me whatever,—that it must be some extravagant misconception,—and that, unless you instantly release me, you and your client (as you are pleased to call him) must prepare for some tolerably severe reprisals."

"My dear sir," he replied, "you are too hasty: you have rightly interpreted my position in everything save the degree of doubt which you would appear to throw over the legitimacy of my proceedings. But

let that pass. M. Hertz is an honourable man. He has instructed me,—so far from sending you to prison,—to allow you the greatest freedom that you can safely enjoy. He is amply satisfied with the idea that your person is under his control, and that you are in such a position as will not expose you to the temptation of adding to the little obligation under which you stand at present towards him. Really, you are in a most fortunate situation."

M. Gaillard turned his back upon me, and was fitting a key to the lock of the door, as he hummed an air from the last opera.

"At least," I continued, "you will allow me to communicate with my friends; a step that I should have taken much earlier;" and I scratched upon a leaf of my tablets a few hasty lines to Vanille, which I requested might be forwarded to him without loss of time. As his eye fell upon the direction, Gaillard uttered a half-suppressed exclamation, and then remained standing, with the note poised between his finger and thumb, and every feature of his face distorted into a grin of extraordinary intelligence.

"Pray do not let my presence operate as a check upon your curiosity," I cried. "If you have the slightest desire to peruse the contents, do not confine yourself to examining the direction. There is nothing in them of peculiar importance that I should wish to conceal, and, at the same time, but little that it would interest you to read. Although your name is introduced very prominently, it is in no particularly favourable light."

"You are a clever dog!" he simply said, as he resumed his official gravity.

"Be good enough to explain your meaning."

"In the first place, I meet you, and, from the description of your dress, with which M. Hertz had furnished me, had no difficulty in recognizing you. Now you think to gull me, by a pencil note, into the belief that you are not M. le Comte de Vanille."

"Stop!" I exclaimed. "Stop; I see it all. Oh! Hertz, Hertz, what have you not done? I assure you that you mistake. I swear to you that I am not the Comte de Vanille. My name is Vernon—Percy Vernon. You must be aware that I cannot be a countryman of yours. Nay, recollect yourself; have you heard any one address me by the name of Vanille?"

"No; nor by that of Vernon."

"True; but the dress,—I can explain it most satisfactorily. That fellow Hertz,—that very fellow who, you say, has authorized you to arrest me, was ordered by me to make my wedding-suit; he neglected to send it home, and I waited for it so long, that, in the idea of the moment, I borrowed the dress of my friend, M. le Vanille, which, it appears, has been the cause of this misunderstanding. Are you satisfied?"

"Very far from it, my friend; you have told your story very well, but it will not do. Do you think yourself that it sounds in the least degree likely? Take the advice of an old hand in these matters; be content with the fact as it stands; but don't try to make it better by a lie. It's a bad business, and you can't improve it. But who is this? It is your valet, who can take this note, if indeed such a person as the Comte de Vanille is actually in existence."

As he spoke, Vanille rushed into the room, kissed both my cheeks, and (what I infinitely preferred) shook both my hands warmly. Gail-

lard was evidently surprised ; but he looked on with a curiously doubtful expression of countenance.

"My dear Vernon," he said, "at last I have found you. I tracked your *fiacre* until I met, (as ill luck would have it,) that wretched Hertz, and I was obliged to dodge into a shop and shirk him ; when I again emerged you were out of sight. However, it struck me that it was possible that M. Gaillard had carried you off to his own delightful residence. I have heard much of his hospitality, although, until the present moment, I have never profited by it. However," he added mournfully, "I am now in a fair way to make the experiment of its charms, as you must be, by this time, aware that I am, and not you, the object of M. Gaillard's researches. You will forgive my deserting you just now ; but I wanted to make a final appeal to the credit of my banker, before surrendering myself ; and I hoped that you would be able to battle it out until I returned. However, what they do with my money is a mystery to me—I shall remove my account to Laffitte, for they always return me the same parrot answer—'No effects.'"

"My dear Vanille, do not distress yourself by any pecuniary calculations just at present. I will take care that M. Hertz gets his due in more respects than one. If I might hope to make you smile, it would be by telling you that M. Gaillard is irrevocably impressed with the idea that *I* am the veritable Dromio, and you my valet. After that degradation will you not be prepared to go to the Conciergerie itself ? or has M. Gaillard seen fit to modify his opinion ?"

"Upon my word, I scarcely know what to say," replied the functionary, "but here comes, fortunately, M. Hertz himself. It is to be hoped that he will be better acquainted with your faces, than he has proved himself to be with your styles of dress."

The detestable little creature forced his way at that minute into the room in a state of frenzied agitation, and, it must be added, in a fearful heat also. Tremulously dabbing the crown of his bald unctuous head with a coloured bandana, which, in his nervous haste, he had worked up into a miraculously small ball ; he rushed up to me, and assailed me with a volley of excuses and apologies. He had only just heard of my unintended capture, invoked every curse upon his own unlucky head, and deeply deplored a mistake which would most justly entitle him to lose the custom of M. Vernon, who had ever paid most regularly (a cutting glance at Vanille), and whose figure really did his art justice. What could he make for me ?

"Make for me ! On the contrary, I insist that, as a trifling expiation, you forego every claim against the Comte de Vanille. Not that it can be any amends to my friend for the extreme impertinence of which you have been guilty in daring to make M. Gaillard a referee in the matter."

"Indeed, M. Vernon," whined the obsequious snip, "I am deeply grieved that I should have been guilty of such an act. I confess that I was acting under the influence of momentary excitement. The fact is, that I met M. le Comte last night at the Opéra Comique, and made a foolish bet with a friend that Monsieur would bow to me. Such did not, however, prove to be the case ; and, in a fit of passion, I hurried the next morning to M. Gaillard, and gave him certain instructions, together with an accurate description of M. le Comte's dress, which I happened to know he would wear upon the occasion of a wedding, at which he was

to be present. I did not know it was to be *your* wedding, M. Vernon. I trust, Messieurs, that you will now forget it."

"We will see about it, M. Hertz," I replied; "but you have been the sole cause of all this *contre-temps* by neglecting to fulfil your promise of sending the clothes I ordered of you home to me yesterday. Do us the favour to summon a cabriolet, M. Hertz. Good day, M. Gaillard."

"*Au revoir, Messieurs,*" mechanically replied our late Mentor, with a sentimental look.

We now hastened to Vanille's dwelling to perform my promise. We soon arrived there.

"*A la bonne heure, mon cher,*" he cried, "let me now congratulate you. Upon my word you looked monstrously well. Hertz is a tailor. My good fellow," he added, as he completed his transformation, "how very inconsiderate of you; you have been buttoning my coat!"

In a short time we were *en route* for the Rue de Rivoli, where Isabella lived. Vanille was in high spirits. A Frenchman is like a boa-constrictor; rob him of his clothing, which may not inaptly be designated his skin, and his energies are gone—he is morally defunct.

"And now, my dear Vanille," I said, as we were hurrying on, "I must insist upon your accepting the ten thousand francs, to which M. Hertz has been obstinate enough to lay claim. I do not make a point of your paying them over to him, for I really do not think he deserves it at the hands of so good a customer as yourself. But see, my good fellow, whether you cannot make twelve coats a year do instead of twice that number."

We had arrived at Rue de Rivoli. The carriage was still waiting ready packed. We sprang up stairs, Isabella was straining her eyes out of the window, dressed for travelling. Mrs. Beaumont was beating the tattoo with her foot, and glancing uneasily at the clock. Gertrude, the youngest daughter, was seated in a corner very grave; but she looked up brightly enough as she perceived Vanille following upon my heels.

At length we all adjourned to the breakfast-room. For the first ten minutes everything was of course clatter, squeeze, and bustle. The party were chiefly French, and we all know that our vivacious neighbours can make a noise with their tongues if they please. And then the crowding! Everybody seemed pertinaciously to choose the most inconvenient spot, just in proportion as each appeared anxious to select for some particular friend a more desirable situation at table. At last the noise subsided: knives and forks were plied with a more measured stroke. I felt my forehead grow hot, and my hands cold, as the time inevitably approached for drinking the health of Isabella and myself. I tried to laugh and talk as if no such thing was about to happen, but it would not do. Up got my vivacious little friend, and, in a speech which alternately shook the sides and moistened the eyes of his auditors, proposed as a toast, "Health and long life to the Bride and Bridegroom!" They tell me that I returned thanks, and that I made a very neat speech. It may be so: I have simply the recollection of having felt superlatively ridiculous.

The hour of departure came, and I was assisting Isabella into the carriage, when Antoine approached and whispered in my ear with ill-disguised satisfaction, "We have got *them* at last, Monsieur; they are in that imperial over your head."

CHRISTIAN NAMES.

BY MRS. MATHEWS.

——“What’s in a name?”

“More than is dreamt of in your philosophy.”

ONE of the accomplished authors of the “Rejected Addresses” * has in one of his humorous compositions ingeniously set forth, that surnames “*go by contraries*,” *i. e.*, are invariably opposed to the nature, habits, and pursuits of their possessors. In the opposite sense to the above we are prone to consider *christian* names, which, we are fully persuaded, often, if not always, suggest character and manner to their respective owners. Otherwise, how is it that we generally find such apparent agreement with the persons to whom they belong?

Taking for granted that the reader is nonplussed by this question, and unprepared with any satisfactory reply, we proceed to admonish parents in general to bestow more consideration on this seemingly unimportant point, than is commonly given to it, before they decide; lest, in affixing a name which may possibly prove provokingly incongruous with the relative nature of its possessor, they perpetuate a title to the ridicule which is always on the watch for subjects and occasions whereat to level its spirit-wounding arrows, and which cannot be unjustly aimed when pretension courts the dart.

Your *Celestinas* and *Seraphinas* are certainly never like any other people in the world—indeed they ought *not* to be!—they must of necessity assume, if their nature be adverse, something of the Angelic: to be mere mortals would be to oppose their stars and shame consistency. But should name and nature obstinately refuse the requisite coalescence; if the former demand a strict union with character and manner; if the latter prove unbending and unmalleable, then comes the rub! and hence the inconveniences and mortifications annexed to such misnomers. If, indeed, the person so distinguished be naturally engaging and beautiful, loveable without affectation or study; if dignified, graceful, and amiable, moving in a sphere of life favourable to the display of such bright attributes, ’tis well;—yet does she barely escape the ready sneer which is otherwise inevitably appended to the showy label which her sponsors have hung, like a glittering bauble, round her neck to attract the notice and comments of the ill-natured and the vulgar.

But if, on the contrary, your *Celestina* and *Seraphina* be *less* than the implied perfection, if low-born, poor, and homely; should one be a shrew and the other a gorgon, if either prove remarkable for personal or moral deformity, devoted by birth and circumstances to toil and vulgar occupations, the brightness of her name only serves as a malicious light to expose her homeliness to the derision of her familiars, and she has only, in trying to evade her destiny, to affect what must unfit her for her station and employment, and so draw upon her a double measure of the contempt which was born of her parents’ folly, and matured to her own dismay.

Then again. If beauty, rank, and character happily combine, and are co-incident with *name*, even then, age will o’ertake, and wrinkles

* The lamented James Smith.

infallibly cross with their defacing lines every pre-existing title to such extraordinary distinction, and infirmities sour the sweet complacency of youth. Who ever heard, or *could* hear without derision, of *Old Miss Celestina*, or *Cross Miss Seraphina*? Titles only to be embodied by the Mrs. Davenports of the stage, the representatives of silly, disappointed, and spiteful old maids. A sensible woman bearing about with her such a provocative to ridicule, would be apt to cancel the evil; or, by sinking the sublime lengthiness of her name into a mere initial, hope, when signing herself *C. Huggins*, or *S. Muggins*, that she had in a measure conquered her fate, by thus leaving room for a supposition that some less exalted appellation described the writer, and so shield herself from the deriding smile which even the best natured of her correspondents might betray at the extended signature.

Simple, *no-meaning* names are, on the contrary, never improperly applied. A plain name, like a plain dress, can never be amiss or censurable, however beneath the standard of the wearer's claims. Simplicity defies the cavilling of ill-nature itself, while loveliness and worth will always give dignity to the simplest appellation. Who ever felt less respect or admiration for a high-born beauty because she was entitled, "My Lady Betty," or "My Lady Dorothea," or "Lady Anne?" *A propos* of Anne; we have seldom known an *Anne* remarkable for making any unfounded claim, unless, indeed, she had dismissed the final and indispensable *e*, in favour of an affected *a*, or superadded another name, which conjointly forms one of very offensive pretension, and by which process many a plain *Anne* is converted into the most suspicious of all compounds, namely, *Anna Maria*—our favourite aversion! Separate and apart, however, these two names are free from actual censure, but *wedded* they are detestable; and we confess we are always ready to dispute the legality of the union. Nor can we banish the impression arising from the recollection of the *Man-Maid*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," who, time out of mind, has been thus named by the universal agreement of actors, (people whose perceptions of the ludicrous and absurd are peculiarly acute), with a view to create a sure laugh at an undue association of sentiment with ugliness and vulgarity; but *Anne*, by *itself* *Anne*, has no extraneous call made upon her for either exceeding beauty, grace, amiability, rank, or refinement. She may be as natural as she pleases with impunity. She has left all extraneous responsibilities at the font with her godfathers and godmothers, who burthened her with nothing requiring personal representation. She is pledged to *nothing*. She is not *necessarily* handsome, talented, high-born, or wealthy. She need not be distinguished in such respects, although there is no hindrance to her being any, or all the good things mentioned. For these reasons "*Anne*" is seldom otherwise than what Nature made her; in short, we know of no blot that can attach to "*Anne*," unless from the degradation of familiar affection, when it takes leave to call her "*Nancy*," a *diminutive*, — *pour ainsi dire*, that can only be agreeably and endearingly employed in a sea-song, and its use should be considered the exclusive privilege of Dibdin, in whose style of poetry "Nan, Nance, and Nancy," are found where they *should* be. They are at home in a ship, but lamentably out of place in a drawing room.

"*Mary*" is a name of equal simplicity with "*Anne*," but, perhaps, claims to be one of a more touching and tender import. "*Mary*," like "*Anne*," may be either born and placed in high life, or in low life. She may with equal propriety be "*My Lady Mary*," or "*Mary, the cook-maid*;" and in either station, pretty or plain, grave or gay, as Nature and disposition prompt. *Anne* and *Mary*, like the twin-born *Mary-Anne*, are of one family, and as such are apt to resemble each other very much in their characteristics, with a slight perceptible difference. "*Anne*" being less *interesting* than "*Mary*," less impulsive, and more guarded and unbending. While "*Mary*" is ingenuous, unsuspecting, persuadable, and yielding. We would prefer to call our daughter "*Mary*," but that "*Anne*" is less loveable and trusting, and therefore more secure, though by no means exempt from that portion of womanly weakness "which is the badge of all their tribe."

Now as to "*Proper names for Males*," we are no less certain that sound, even with the stronger sex, has too often influenced sense, *par exemple*.

Is not "*John*" almost always either an honest, blunt, determined sort of person, or a *sulky bear*? (handsome or otherwise as Nature wills it). Do not therefore ask *what's in a name*, for when was "*John*" found to be a weak, meek, wife-led animal, a "*poor creature*?" When, what is called a *good sort of man*? No, "he has too much *sense* for that!" *John* is downright as well as upright, and generally, it must be confessed, a *likeable* person; yet, it is to be wished by his female friends, that he possessed a little more *sentiment*; but *never* call him "*Johnny*" after his sixth year, if you desire to respect him, or require others to do so!

As for his vulgar relative "*Jack*" he is a saucy, pert abridgment of "*Jackanapes*," and an active embodiment of pitch and tar. Send him to sea, and *keep him there*!

"*Thomas*?"

If a *gentleman* find himself, from an inveterate addiction to matter-of-fact, and a virtuous horror of an *alias*, impelled to sign his first *billet doux* with this plebeian name, he is a lost man! For what young lady of any spirit or sentiment, especially if well read in romance, would think of a lover with such a signature? "*Thomas*" has been, time out of mind, a respectable, trust-worthy "*fellow*;" but unacknowledgable as a refined adorer. We can adduce a poetical exception to this rule, but that is a very "*Little*" one.

"*Thomas*" may be allowed to follow a mistress as her *footman*, but can never be permitted at *her feet*. Banish him to the servants' hall.

But *Tom*?—

Oh "*Tom*" is another guess sort of person. When, we ask, was "*Tom*" other than a "good-natured," good-for-nothing, good-sort of animal? One whom everybody likes, and nobody cares for; tolerated when present, forgotten when absent; slapped upon the back by his familiars, and taken unresented freedoms with by all who know him. Ever ready to do *any* thing for other people, doing nothing for himself; every body's man at all times, never his own man at any time.

Poor "*Tom*" is at best but a breathing nonentity—or at worst that fanciful but painful moral anomaly—"Nobody's enemy but his own."

William ?

"*William*" will be found to be, for the most part, mild, amiable, and good ; nay, not unfrequently strikingly intellectual ; but "*William's*" strength is commonly merged in his vulgar diminutive "*Bill*."

"*Bill*" is properly of the same genus as "*Tom*," but by no means so blameless. "*Bill*" (or "*Will*") is an obstinate, unmanageable scapegrace ; or at best but a slovenly, idle, careless "*Dog*," reckless of his own welfare, and quite indifferent to that of other people. "*Bill*" is opposed to "*William*" in all things ; the latter is universally regarded as a steady, upright youth. He is nice in person and precise in habits, loving order in all things, and keeping his appointments and accounts regularly.

"*William*" (in doubtful weather) carries an umbrella in his hand, and a purse in his pocket, from which he is willing to give or to lend, but he never borrows. "*Bill*," on the contrary, rushes out in the rain without any protection, his stockings in wrinkles, his hat unbrushed, and put on with invariably a sinister leaning to *one* side of his head. "*William*" in walking does not disdain the crossings. "*Bill*" splashes over to the other side regardless of mud and water. He is always waited for at dinner and every other engagement. He walks with one glove in his hand instead of upon it. Carries what cash he happens to possess loose in his pocket, gold and silver indiscriminately mixed, and often pays a sovereign to a cab-man in the dark instead of a shilling ; which, however, he never misses. He often borrows money, and seldom recollects, when it is spent, of whom.

"*William*," if he eat an ice in a shop, dallies patiently till he receives his change, which he the next minute transfers to a hungry expectant at the door. "*Bill*" casts his piece of silver upon the counter, and walks carelessly away, telling the ragged wretch who solicits him upon the threshold, that "*he has nothing for him*." In fact, "*William*" is *one* thing, "*Bill*" *another*.

"*Edward*" is a wishy-washy individual, admired by romance-reading *Misses*, but disdained by them after their teens. "*Edward*" is only interesting in his first youth. There are bright exceptions ; but "*Edward*" is feeble unless coupled with another. He may acquire force by adventitious aid ; but "*Edward*" is seldom strong enough in his utmost maturity *to go alone* ; and "*Neddy*" is notoriously a *Donkey*. Parents, do not give your child this mawkish name.

"*Henry*," if not handsome, well shaped, elegant, and slim ; above all, *blue-eyed*, is intolerable ! If called "*Hennery*" by himself and family he is too vulgar for notice.

"*Robert*" is staid and respectable, and *may* be gentlemanlike ; but oh ! afar from us keep his insufferable half-brother, "*Bo* .

Indeed, diminutives of every kind we especially eschew ; at the best they vulgarize and lessen the respect we would feel for those to whom they attach. Our great Lexicographer was wisely thankful that his *name* was not obnoxious to a pun—he meant his *surname* ; but how much more cause would he have found for self-gratulation (had it occurred to him), that no one could possibly take the freedom of calling him "*Sam* !"

This little digression leads us to speak of "*Charles*," whom, strange to say, we had almost forgotten to mention.

"*Charles*" is rarely unpopular. "*Charles*" is unaffected and

pleasing in every grade of society, high or low ; agreeable and agreeing, clever by *precedent*, for who ever heard of more than *one* headless Charles!

Truly, "*Charles*" is unexceptionable. Simple and natural, there is no torturing the name ; neither anger nor fondness can distort or corrupt it. "*Charles*" has no *familiar*, *impertinent diminutive*, (think of *that*, Master Brook!) So far from it, "*Charles*" can only be pleasingly varied, as in the North, where he is endearingly called "*Charlie* !" Thus he suffers no loss (as most names do,) by acquiring an addition—a *truism* not far from an *hibernicism*—which may be coupled with the assertion that the name *gains* something by not *losing* anything.

There are many more instances that shall be *nameless*, wherefrom we might draw the same *infallible inferences*, but we must not wear the reader out, lest we lose our own title to the praise of *brevity*. We, therefore, briefly conclude, that, whether in male or female, simplicity of name is as desirable as simplicity of manner and dress is admirable ; and so satisfied are we of the universal importance of such a conclusion, that we have seriously purposed, at the next session, to send up a Bill to Parliament for the prospective relief of *thousands* yet unborn, the proceeds of which we propose shall supersede one existing tax objectionable to the *million*, and which will only affect certain ill-judging people—the foolish *rich*,—who persist in encumbering their unconscious offspring with appellations analogically absurd, holding over those infatuated parents, *in terrorem*, a pecuniary consequence, a heavy fine for such barbarous excess.

By numbering *syllables* instead of *windows*, the revenue will be a gainer ; the *Light Contractors* may place their pains and penalties upon the pockets of the aforesaid *rich*, and the superseding "*Act*" will, where day-light enters, throw a stronger gleam of reason among the dark and dangerous population ; and the understandings of "*the people*" will expand as the glorious light of day spreads wider over their domestic hearths, too long *Piteously* obscured.

The Great Giver of all good said, "*Let there be light* !" Man says so too, "*but then*," he adds, "*you must pay for it* !" Perish the thought ! No. In bringing this Bill to pass we shall draw upon us the blessings of the sedentary and infirm, and infants *that never saw the light* will behold the "*Act*" rejoicingly. "*Light after light*, well used, they shall attain." Yea, "*light*, and understanding, and wisdom," for they will thus discover day from night in their homes, and light from darkness, while fines so levied will of necessity restrain the less favoured of fortune from rendering their children ridiculous through life, and enforce the adoption of christian names of a prescript form and quantity, so that the owners may not, in years of *discretion*, when asked by those they love, what *name* they bear? be led to exclaim like Macbeth,

" THOU 'LT BE AFRAID TO HEAR IT "



DER HAIDEN-THURM.

CURIOSITIES OF NUREMBERG, AND THE WONDERFUL PRODUCTIONS OF THE SCHÖNE BRUNNEN.

AMONGST the many interesting things to be found in this old town, the castle—(Der Haiden-Thurm) the Heathen-tower and history of Caspar Hauser—the Rath-haus, with its dark dungeons, and still darker doings—the many picturesque private dwellings in the town—its peculiar and interesting old grey towers—its manifold remains of the Middle Ages—its collection of paintings, carvings, and curious relics—its artists, poets, sculptors, and the exhibition at Albert Dürer's house,—the street where his beautiful bronze statue stands—its famous old library—books, buildings, and manuscripts—its splendid remains of ancient stained glass, and its present renowned manufactory of that luxurious material—its exquisite toys, lead pencils, and looking-glasses—its Cerulean “blue,” as famous all over the world in these days as its Witz “eggs,” and other works were formerly—its railroads—cauliflowers, baths, and beer—its Rosenaa out of the town, and its Schloss-zwinger—Hornzwinger—and all the other “zwingers” in the town—its storks, pigeons, and jackdaws, and the many ugly grey cats that sit and look at them—its history generally, and its chocolate in particular—its bratwurst—nachwurst—and even its delicious leb’kuchen! all sink into comparative insignificance before its eminently-remarkable, memorable, and wonderful spring, known as the Schöne Brunn!



DER SCHÖNE BRUNNEN.

This celebrated brunnēn, which is placed at the north-west corner of the principal market, forms one of the chief “lions” of the town ; and more than one travelling moonsnuffer may often be seen there under the grimacing charge of a valet de place.

The Schöne Brunnen is, notwithstanding the *nil admirari* of the tribe moonsnuffer, justly famous as a work of art ; it is a niched and tabernacled monument of stone upon an octagonal plan, and tapering at intervals to the height of about sixty feet, when it terminates in an apex of foliage. The compartments are filled in with an odd assemblage of statues placed in a most Christian spirit of toleration, without any regard to name, country, or creed. Those in the upper divisions represent Moses and the prophets ; it is strange they should be suffered to occupy so high a position, seeing the Jews were ever much disliked in this neighbourhood. The inferior division of this chiselled canopy contains the figures of seven Electors, together with Charlemagne, David, Alexander, Godfrey of Bouillon, Clovis and Hector, Joshua, Judas Maccabeus, and Julius Cæsar. It was formerly in part painted and gilt, but having been removed, buried, or otherwise lost sight of, during the periods of commotion which so fatally disturbed this country, but little or no trace of this ancient embellishment remains ; it was subsequently discovered, repaired, and restored, as it at present stands, to charm the eye of every one with its elegant form and beau-

tiful proportions. It is surrounded by an ornamental iron railing, cast in 1586, by Paul Kön, on which the once proud cognizance of Nuremberg is still to be seen.

Wells, springs, and fountains, have ever been notorious gossiping-places since the days of Abraham's celebrated embassy to the city of Nabor, in Mesopotamia; and this character is brilliantly sustained by most of those which meet the eye of the traveller in this country, particularly by that whose merits in every way here are proclaimed. It possesses many valuable attributes, and, amongst others, that of being the principal oracle of news, scandal, and events of every kind, in this old-fashioned town. Ask where the last weather prophecy came from?—or the report of the last betrothal?—or the newest piece of scandal?—or the account of the last robbery?—or where it was planned?—or the best place to buy sucking-pigs, and the fattest pigeons?—where the best roasted bratwurst are to be got on market-days?—where the news of the last mishap came from?—where such a girl found a sweetheart?—where such another lost one? There can be but one reply. In short, all things, good, bad, and indifferent—subjects of joke and earnest, of sorrow and of joy—news of pleasure and of pain, of merriment and of misery—reports, evil and good—of virtues and of sins—of births, deaths, and marriage festivals—of things past, present, and to come, as well as of others which are not to come—of things that have not been, are not, and never can be—all these, together with smiles, tears, and the very best water, flow from the manifold and active sources of this extraordinary spring; and to crown all, when the inquisitive children inquire of their parents where their last little brother comes from? the answer is still the same, “*Es ist ein Geschenk von dem Schönen Brunnen.*”—It is a present from the Schöne Brunnen.

No wonder it is so highly celebrated and so much frequented. Many and many a loving couple have I seen at the still evening hour, when the damsels go to draw water, sauntering together hand in hand, the long-filled pitcher borne by the “*Schatz*,” who performs this and various other little offices of love for the chosen fair one whose arms might well be tired with the weight of the large cruses they sometimes carry. Difficult, however, as the task appears to be, it is astonishing with what diligent and creditable precision it is fulfilled; at a certain hour the girls may be seen issuing from the houses in all directions, and solemnly making their way towards this brunnen with an earnestness and devotion that one could only have imagined to stimulate the pagan worshippers of old, or the modern Hindoo in his visit to the sacred Ganges. At first I could not at all understand the reason of this exactness towards an ever-flowing spring; but at length I discovered it to possess one peculiarity, the water runs very slowly, and, notwithstanding the number of jets, it is often necessary that each damsel should wait long for her proper turn, which is regulated according to her arrival.

It must not be omitted to mention the beautiful bronze fountain by Wurzelbauer, 1580, a work of art not easily equalled in these days. It stands by the Lorenzo Kirche, nearly opposite the highly picturesque old red stone building, known as—The Nassau House.

I always had a great desire to see Nuremberg, and even when a boy had made up my mind, if possible, to visit it at some time or other, were it only to see the dungeons, and eat some of its famous “eggs,”

without being then aware that the "Nuremberg egg" was the same kind of vegetable as the "English turnip."

It is astonishing how unruly one's imagination becomes at the idea of visiting any interesting and long-thought-of place. The approach to it, its semblance, and environs, are all settled comfortably enough in the mind, and together form a sort of ideal panorama in the contemplation of which we are oftentimes led to indulge, until we believe it impossible that the actual appearances can be any other than those which our fancy has been pleased to represent. It must be confessed that fancy frequently has the best of it—and that reality dispels a much pleasanter picture than it gives in return for the visit that is made. The contrast is mostly odd enough, and at times one is led to lament the exchange—I cannot say, however, that it was so with respect to Nuremberg, it will be enough to say that its ancient, impressive, and picturesque character far exceeded all my anticipations—egg-eating apart.

My sole purpose is to point out objects of more prominent interest, however, in order to induce the travelling English to visit this stronghold of ancient German art; being convinced that comparatively few amongst them know anything about it, or how rich it is in such remains, and therefore till now knew not the extent of their loss in omitting to explore it.

And yet after all, as the musician said, "the fiddle and fiddle-stick are of no use if I do not also give you my fingers." And truly I have, at various times, both met and accompanied men who were very differently impressed by a ramble here and elsewhere to what I have been. Much depends on the tone and temper of the mind, and the bias of one's observation. They have drawn comparisons between England and Germany without reflecting that it is impossible to do this fairly. Where one has been struck by the fine appearance of some public building or private residence, they have seen only the "horrid kennels,"—nuisances, or rubbish which is occasionally to be met with in the gardens or portal. Where some had been amused by a diversified group of peasantry, they appeared only to have sought the hideous aged, the squalid sick, or the dirty pauper. Where others had been charmed by balconies filled with flowers, and occasionally delighted by pretty faces, they have only seen the *goître* or cretinism which are to be found in almost any continental town, or they have been disgusted at inhaling the fumes of a drain, fried sausages, or garlic,—so differently do men pass through the same scenes. True it is, gardens at times give noisome weeds, as well as pleasant flowers; but if you will only seek the latter they are to be found, notwithstanding all that may be alleged to the contrary by such fastidious persons, who deserve to starve, while others finding much to enjoy in a widely spread table, contrive to make an excellent meal in spite of the peculiarities attaching to some portion of the cookery.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE BISHOP OF NORWICH.

BY ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

THE late excellent and learned Lord Holland, in a letter speaking of the expediency of writing a memoir of his friend the late Bishop of Norwich, says,—“ Examples of disinterested conduct in public, and traits of amiable disposition in private, with which an authentic document must abound, will be gratifying to his friends, useful to the public, and interesting, I much fear from their rarity, to the generality of readers.”

Under the hope that a few anecdotes and incidents connected with my father and his contemporaries and particular friends may afford the interest here spoken of, I have drawn up the following slight sketch, as a tribute to the memory of one equally distinguished for learning, virtue, and political integrity.

One of the six-and-thirty children of Benjamin Bathurst, Esq. of Sydney Park, county Gloucester, representative for the greater part of his life for the town of Monmouth, my father was educated with his brothers at Winchester School, being founder's kin. I have heard him relate the hardships endured by the scholars, some of which perhaps *might* have had a beneficial effect. The tossing in a blanket, with which each new boy was greeted, fortunate enough if he escaped with a few bruises; and the days when he had to go through the apprenticeship of fag, who, while his hard task-masters sat comfortably by their fire feasting on a roast goose and good wines, was doomed to stand at the door as a sentinel against surprise, his eye to the key-hole, while the wind and sleet were driving through the aperture, could, however, scarcely be classed among that number. But these days are *perhaps* gone by.

During the early part of his career, and after his college education had been completed, my father resided with his near relative, Allen, Earl Bathurst (celebrated by Pope), of whom he was the companion and friend. My father here became acquainted with the most distinguished literary characters of the same age, and in after life continued his friendship with some of the poets and other writers whom he then met with. Gray, Gay, and Beattie were his especial favourites; the latter he spoke of as the most amiable of men. He was also well acquainted with many of the minor poets of a later date, Warton (the *then* poet laureate), Wodhull, Mickle, Hayley, who addressed a sonnet to him, Jerminham, and others.

During the time that he lived with the old earl, my father read aloud to him, for many hours in the day, and even in the night, books in all languages; but having a bad pronunciation of French, he was desired by the earl to read off works in that tongue in English. He thus acquired a great freedom of translation. I have heard him say that he sometimes was nearly fainting from extreme fatigue and exhaustion; for his relative considered that young persons ought never to be wearied.

The necessity of further endurance as private tutor in the family of a Devonshire baronet, preceded the time when he accompanied to Oxford

the son of the Lord Chancellor Bathurst, the same who was for so many years minister, with whom, and his amiable sisters, he contracted a friendship which even a total difference in political opinions (particularly on the point so oppositely, but anxiously, maintained by both, the Catholic question,) never annihilated, though, perhaps, it might have somewhat cooled.

Well do I remember those two still attached relatives, as they stood together in their robes of state, each in a different way striking and dignified. It was on that memorable day when George the Fourth, opening the Parliament himself in person, was pelted by the mob in his passage to the House of Lords, when his carriage windows were broken. I forget the cause, but believe it respected the trial of Queen Caroline. I stood near the throne, and observed the king's calm self-possession, his fine, open, manly countenance, which was not even ruffled. He delivered his speech without wavering, and looked the king as much as he did the "perfect gentleman."

Before taking their allotted seats, my two relatives conversed together. The cares of a nation sat upon the brow of the minister, a world of deep thought and of undying endurance reigned in his large dark eye; his countenance, serious almost to severity, formed a striking contrast to the *gaiété de cœur*, the imaginative, the spiritual lightness of the prelate's figure and expression,—though both were alike distinguished for an extreme simplicity of character.

My father, in speaking to Lord Bathurst, fixed on him his large blue eyes, ever beaming with benevolence, while his features, which were handsome, wore the outward radiance of that great internal amiability and cheerfulness, that almost youthful exuberance of spirits, which even care and extreme age never entirely subdued. Lord Bathurst's eye, a little averted, wore a slight expression of hurt feeling and of disappointed hope, but of nothing more bitter.

My father often deeply regretted the part which he felt himself conscientiously compelled to take against his patron and relative, which part, although it brought to him some new, and doubtless valuable, acquaintances, separated him, in a greater or less degree, from most of his family, and many of his earlier friends, with some of whom politics carried a greater weight than perhaps they ought to have done. He would refer frequently, and with tears, which, in starting, choked his utterance, to the sincere and fond attachment that had in early years existed between himself and the noble earl, saying, that he had shared with him all his joys, and been his indispensable consoler in misfortune. When the heart of the then young earl was broken by the death of the beautiful and accomplished betrothed partner of his bosom, none but my father could soothe him; hour after hour he would support him in his arms,—day and night he hung over him, as the earl wept in inconsolable grief, making but one request, that he would not leave him.

I return back from this little digression to the earlier years of my father's life, when he married, but not until his appointment to the canonry of Christ Church, in Oxford, after a long attachment, Grace, only sister of Charles Henry, Baron Castle Coote. He was next translated to a prebendal stall in Durham, where, after residing some years, he was called to London, under the ministry of Mr. Pitt, to kiss hands for the Bishopric of Norwich. At this time he had become the father of eleven children, three of whom had died

young. George the Third, who ever took a lively interest in all his subjects, those eminently who were placed in prominent situations, addressed my father thus:—"What, what, what, what, what, Bishop of Norwich,—hear you have got a large family,—hope you'll provide well for them all." His Majesty had about the same time, upon the translation of the former Bishop of Norwich to the See of Canterbury, addressed him with the same "What, what, what, what, what,—head of the Church and head of the law,—both run away with their wives," alluding to Lord Eldon.

It was at Norwich where the line my father took in politics caused him to be stationary, that Lord Bathurst sent for him and told him, in the kindest and most honourable manner, before he first voted for Catholic emancipation, that his majesty liked him, and "that he could do anything that could be expected for him, if he would act with the government, or even if he would be neuter; but otherwise that he could never mention his name to the king again."

My father, however, expressed his determination to take part with the oppressed Catholics, and ever afterwards gave his vote on the side of liberal principles. Many years after this, on the formation of a Whig ministry, the Archbishopric of Dublin was offered to him by Lord Grey.* "I can bear testimony," says Lord Holland, in a letter to Archdeacon Bathurst, "to the warmth of feeling which induced Lord Grey to offer the Archbishopric of Dublin to the Bishop of Norwich. He told me with the greatest earnestness, that he could not bear to have such a dignity at his disposal, without trying, at least, to gratify himself and delight his friends, by placing Bishop Bathurst in it, though he was sadly afraid that his advanced age made it no longer worth his while to accept it." Such indeed was the case; and to use my father's own words, in a letter to his son, "it was now too late, as he found himself rapidly declining, and should be sorry to have Lord Grey throw away in a great measure that patronage upon which he must, of course, have so many claimants."

The witty and eloquent William Wyndham, and his fellow-labourer in the same political career, and fellow-representative in Parliament for the county of Norfolk, Thomas William Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester, were about this time introduced to my father. The many talents,—the fascinations of Wyndham,—the eloquence of his conversation, won somewhat upon my father's heart.

Both Mr. Coke and Mr. Wyndham were equally anxious, the one to gain, the other to regain his friendship, perhaps to gain more, to gain the naturally great influence of a bishop on their side, in the county in which he had newly entered, in addition to his power as a man of talent and family. Perhaps no pains were spared to win him over to their side. Inclination and private feeling, added to the natural bias of a free and liberal mind,—a mind of which pride, a love of power, a desire to rule, and a severe discipline, formed no part,—completed their success.

It was in a large vaulted saloon where we received our two visitors—its immense gothic windows, partly of stained glass, which from the extraordinary thickness of the walls, admitted but a dim light—the walls,

* It is remarkable that twice before the reversion, the same See had been offered to him upon the prospect of its being likely to become vacant.

lined with books, over which were placed numerous busts from the antique, imparting a still more classic air around—all added to the solemnity of the hour. I know not wherefore, but that moment has never passed away from my mind. Young as I was, I had the impression of some mighty change, some great event which was to rule our destiny. I remember too my father patting my head that night with peculiar warmth, and giving to us his parting blessing with more than his wonted smile.

And yet he was indeed no party man. All that partook of the world with him was regulated by a Christian spirit. With the opposite party he was connected by blood, and even in a county where politics ran so high, and where party spirit was so virulent, he lived on terms of friendship with both sides, and during the illness of the family of the opposition member for Norfolk proffered to them the use of his palace when absent, which offer was accepted. Whatever his political opinions were, they were perfectly sincere, and occasioned little or no rancour. His public career, as I have already said, occupied but a niche in the great edifice. The important question of the emancipation of the Catholics was with him not a question of policy—the policy of the question he had not perhaps sufficiently weighed—and his liberal opinions upon general politics, neither emanated from, nor gave birth to this great object of his episcopal life. It was with him a question of the rights of men—of our duty to our neighbour—the rights of an ancient and sacred religion, the religion of our forefathers—a question of the dictates of humanity, and of the gospel—and the exclusion from honourable and useful situations of honourable and useful members of society.

His attention being drawn to the character and writings of Fenelon by a presentation copy of his life by Butler, (I think dedicated to himself), he thought that a religion which had nourished in its bosom a Bossuet and a Fenelon, with perhaps a long list of names nearly as great, could admit of no evil sufficiently grave to exclude its members from offices of state, and from professional duties. He advocated the Catholic cause, not because he considered it the better religion, but because he was an enemy to all persecution and intolerance, and from that kind feeling towards all, that benevolent indulgence, which marked his character, and which led him to desire that in this short life all should be brethren.

I have heard one clergyman, eminent in the church, assert, that he considered it a pity that our religion had ever undergone a reform, and I have even heard another assert (and from the accidental expression of such opinions who can wonder at the present progress of Puseyism?) that when we abandoned our first faith, we took no other in its stead; but my father, lenient as he was towards the Catholics, was himself, from the very bottom of his heart, a firm and stanch Protestant. He mixed up no schism whatever in his opinions; in his most unguarded moments, in conversing for hours upon the subject, not even the shadow of a doubt escaped his lips, or entered into his heart; he admired with enthusiasm the admirable beauty of our Liturgy, and so far from admitting that the church had in any way seceded from the original intention of the Reformers in the drawing up of the Thirty-nine Articles, he supposed them to have been framed with the view of admitting and drawing into the pale of our established church, some even who might differ in a

trifling degree from the generally understood interpretation of particular texts of scripture.

During my abode in France, I became acquainted with many Catholics, and found in some, particularly the priests, a determined belief that their dear advocate (for his name was well known there, and a passport into the best Parisian society of the *ancienne regime*,) was himself a Catholic in heart. Those who lived with him—those who were ever near him—the inseparable companions even of his daily walks—those who knew the pure thoughts of his heart, and shared the undisguised sentiments of his soul—could best vouch for his entire devotion to that church, of which he was both in preaching and in practice, so rare, so bright an ornament. He suffered, perhaps, more persecution in their cause than did the Catholics themselves: he gained nothing—on the contrary, he lost much. He had to endure the coldness, nay, the severity of many to whom a religious difference, especially of such a nature, was a crime; he suffered the anxiety and the chagrin of years—for each successive session brought with it a fresh discussion, and a fresh disappointment; and withal he gained, perhaps, but little gratitude; but he had the approval of his own conscience, the conviction, whether mistaken or not, that he was doing good, and finally witnessed the success of that cause which he had so much at heart. Yes! This question, so strongly maintained, so firmly, so obstinately adhered to on his part, was at last carried. He lived to see this victory, which, he had so often said, once gained, he should die in peace.

During the course of the many years' discussion upon this topic, my father had to endure many most unpleasant occurrences; he received letter after letter, (of course anonymous,) written apparently by persons of education, some containing entreaties, but more, abuse, maledictions, and threats—sometimes of the wrath of God—sometimes of the wrath of man. Curses were showered down upon him and his family. One writer doubted whether he were more a knave or a fool—some designated him a deep plotter for the ruin of his own church. Many warned him of his own safety; and on the morning of the appointed meeting in the House, when it was known he was to speak in favour of the cause, he received a notice not to appear there, with threats in the event of his non-compliance. These threats were of course unheeded, and on his return home, after having delivered an able speech, recorded in the volume of "Public Characters," an incident occurred which, coupled with the occasion, was singular enough. The tea was as usual prepared, (a beverage of which he through life drank freely, and the great age which he notwithstanding attained may be an argument against its deleterious powers), my youngest brother, who had returned from school for the holidays, had secreted himself under the table by way of a joke, and, ignorant of the letter before alluded to, from his hiding place, seized my father by the limbs, who immediately recollecting the threat, said in a calm tone, "Come forth, whoever you may be."

That he knew not fear was most true; not from constitutional strength of nerve, for he was a delicate man, and had been a seven months' child; but from that calm, unruffled, and quiet resolution which arose from an uncontaminated conscience, a guileless innocence of heart, unsuspecting of all evil, and certain of the rectitude of its own intentions. He bore with unvarying fortitude the many afflictions, some strange and unexpected, which Providence was not pleased to avert

from his path—the sudden bereavement of three of his sons, and many other family misfortunes. Of these events he never spoke, but that he felt them deeply, all must believe who knew the tender solicitude of his heart, and its devotion to all those who surrounded him.

The loss of the son of whom in every respect he might have been proud was a grievous affliction; for Benjamin, a name fatal in the family, was singularly gifted by nature with extraordinary beauty, talents, and all that could make him shine. He had entered Oxford from Winchester-school at the early age of fourteen; and after being appointed to more than one diplomatic situation, mysteriously disappeared on his way home from Berlin, where he had discharged his duties to the satisfaction of the government on a special mission, having been previously minister-plenipotentiary at Stockholm and Vienna. At a small post town, named Perlberg, half way between Berlin and Hamburg, he alighted to change horses; it was late at night, during intense cold, and in the midst of a snow storm. There being, as usual in these post-houses, but one traveller's room common to all, where many strangers were seated, he probably displayed his watch and other valuables. He returned again into the carriage when ready, but having, as is supposed, forgotten something, he once more alighted to enter the inn never to re-appear.

Large rewards were offered by the British government, and a free pardon, except to the immediate perpetrator, promised by the authorities to any accomplice who would denounce the murderer. The rivers and ponds were dragged far and near, but all to no effect; not a trace of him could be discovered excepting a pair of overalls which he had worn at the time of his disappearance, and which were alleged by an aged female to have been found a few days after laid upon the snow in a copse near the village. The pockets were rifled, and nothing found within but a hurried letter addressed to his wife, in which, singular to say, he expressed a fear of personal danger. From this strange circumstance some thought it possible that he had secreted himself, and a report prevailed that a person of his description had been traced in sailor's attire to the coast, where he had embarked; this however was improbable. Many supposed that he was confined in some fortress by Napoleon, others that he had been made away with by some stratagem of the Emperor; this, however, in an interview sought for with him by his widow, Bonaparte entirely denied, assuring her that he knew nothing whatever of the affair, which is, indeed, most likely to be true, as the dispatches were in the carriage and arrived in safety. Some imagined that he had in a fit of spleen put an end to his own existence, which is negatived by the body not having been found after the most careful search. But the real circumstances of his death, and the most natural, although, alas! the most horrible, were in part cleared up twenty years afterwards, when, in digging behind the same house where he had disappeared, buried very near the ground, in, or near, a long neglected lime kiln, a skeleton with some peculiarity about the form of the foot was discovered; it was ascertained by medical skill to have lain twenty years in the ground, and was of the singular height of my brother, six foot three inches. This leaves but little doubt of the fatal truth; though some supposed it to have been the remains of another person missing about the same period. It appears that the owners of the inn were persons of suspicious character. The very bad state of the police in Germany, worse even far than in the present day, added to the difficulty during the time of war of making

accurate searches in foreign lands, particularly in the depth of winter, rendered the task of discovery still more hopeless. This ill-fated brother was distinguished for many amiable and noble virtues, manners the most fascinating, and, besides being an elegant Latin scholar and poet, wrote the most beautifully finished dispatches, and was in every respect a highly accomplished gentleman. This great loss, at the time it was sustained, could be scarcely credited by us, particularly by my mother, who could not so suddenly reconcile a hidden and unknown death with the daily expected return of a beloved son, beaming with the freshness of youth and the fulness of health and prosperity.

It was about Christmas when the Marquis of Wellesley, late at night, came to announce the fatal news which had just arrived at the Foreign Office; my father withdrew into his study to receive him, and after a short interval returned to us in speechless amaze and horror. I believe he gave him up as lost from the first; he seldom afterwards alluded to the dreadful circumstance, but on that night I remember, after strong efforts to control his feelings, he said in sobbing, "he never cost me a tear before"—a sufficient eulogium. My mother, still buoyed up with hope, would not hear of our going into mourning, or in any other way testifying the supposition of any fatal catastrophe, till many weeks of silence rendered hope vain, and compelled her to submit to the sad belief that she should indeed see her son no more.

This melancholy bereavement was followed, some years afterwards, by the sudden death by drowning, at the early age of seventeen, of the beautiful and accomplished daughter of this my ill-fated brother. The event was announced at the time in all the journals of Europe, and created so great an interest in Rome, where it occurred, that all the shops were immediately closed, and boats in all directions issued forth in search of the *body*. ("How shockingly," says Lady Blessington, in her "Idler in Italy," "that word sounds when applied to a creature lately bounding in life and love!") It was found eventually half buried in the sand of the river, near the Ponte Mole. Thousands ran to see the remains of the unfortunate girl; the face, which was at first perfect, fell to pieces upon exposure to the air, but had remained untouched by the fish with which the river abounds. The hair came off with the bonnet, and the ornaments and rings were still on her person—she was buried at Rome. She was so beautiful that the artists of Rome have immortalized her by their works, and the Mosaists in the Piazzzo di Spagna still vend the cameos of "*la bella Inglese*"—many having stolen a sketch of her person at the opera, who had otherwise no opportunity of procuring a sitting. "There appears," continues Lady Blessington, in the work before named, "to be a fatality upon the family;" and then, in speaking of the loss of Rosa Bathurst's father, she thus continues to describe the loss of the daughter. "It appears that the Duc de Laval Montmorenci, who was then ambassador at Rome, had conducted the party to this dangerous spot, a narrow footpath raised above the Tyber, to see some view. The horse of Miss Bathurst was unwilling to proceed, upon which her uncle attempting to seize the bridle, she exclaimed, 'Take care, Uncle Aylmer, it will kick you.' These were the last words she spoke, for the animal backed down a steep bank into the river, which was much swollen by the floods, when she made a desperate effort to regain the bank, but the ground giving way, the horse plunged again, and it is supposed that she

received a blow from the saddle, for she never rose again. The horse swam to the opposite side, and was brought to England back to the donor, the late Honourable Algernon Percy. Upon the occurrence the horses of the whole party (who had dismounted) galloped back to Rome, and left their riders to a forlorn and heart-broken wandering home."

Thus perished one of the brightest ornaments of the family, a being absolutely spiritual, and upon whom it appeared that a taint of earth neither ought to, nor could attach.

Madame de Staël somewhere remarks, "*est ce qu'il n'y a pas une fatalité suspendue sur les âmes supérieures?*" and then again, "*Je ne sais pas quel force involontaire précipite le Génie dans le malheur.*" And true it is that those who most adorned the family fell victims to that fatality—an occurrence common in the history of misfortune. Superior souls are so nearly linked to the angels, than whom they are but a little lower, that they cannot hope to be crowned with glory and honour here: they must by severe trial, or by untimely death, gain elsewhere the promised goal. Common minds are contented with plodding through the live-long day, for the vile dross of earthly profit; they treat as romance or folly every noble, every elevated sentiment, every lofty endeavour. These are they who flourish upon the earth, are courted and flattered during life, and leave behind them great possessions, a name, and a splendid monument.

My father, about the period last spoken of, visited that country where, we may suppose, his services in the cause of Catholic Emancipation would have been most appreciated—I mean the sister island.

We crossed the water on a visit to my mother's relatives and other friends, and I can recollect that a great public dinner was given to him at Dublin by the Catholics, which he rather unwillingly attended, being ever a man of quiet habits, and averse to pomp and show, for which he notwithstanding got plentifully abused in the public prints. During his stay in Dublin a long parchment address was presented to him, which was afterwards framed, and I have heard was left by his will to Mr. Coke, afterwards Lord Leicester. A Catholic Bishop crawled on his knees to greet him on his road towards the North; and a crowd of beggars gave him their blessing while they implored his charity.

During his stay in Ireland he visited the Marquis of Downshire, to whom a son and heir—the present peer—had been then born only ten days, which I mention as fixing the date of our visit. We also made some stay at the seats of Mr. William Parnell, the brother of Sir Henry Parnell; Mr. Grattan, at Tynihinch; Lord Castle-Coote, and several other distinguished persons whom he numbered among his friends.

Before taking leave of that country I must add to my early recollections one of a later date, which is, that when the list was closed for the subscription to my father's monument, the name of only one Irish Catholic was seen on that list; and which, at least two years ago, it appears from my brother's Supplement to the Bishop's Life, had not been paid. Warmly as he was devoted to Ireland, and often and often as he lamented her hapless fate, it was, perhaps, fortunate that he could not learn this fact; for his heart, filled with the truest sentiments, had beat fatally for himself ninety-two years in this false world, without having learned its utter hollowness. He retained to his latest years the simplicity of a child, and a real ignorance of that world in which he had

mixed so much. Fond of retirement, and by nature more adapted for it than for the busy part he had to play in the public character of a bishop, during his few vacant hours he lived in a little world of his own—the world, even to his latest years, of romance, of poesy, and of intellect, in the midst of the cares of office and of a numerous family.

His greatest delight was to retire to his garden, a favourite spot, where he would count over and point out with equal delight, day after day, the cherished children of his hope and nurture. Travelling was to him a favourite pastime; he then threw off all care, and lived delighted in the new scenes he visited, eagerly searching for objects of interest or of improvement, and pleased to impart delight to those around him; he liked the warm and hearty welcome which he said might ever be met with at an inn, where he indulged his natural benevolence by never disappointing any of their hopes for gain. During his life he had visited with his family most parts of England and Wales, and made a tour in Scotland, (his visit to Ireland I have already mentioned,) but was too much prejudiced through life against foreign lands and foreign habits, ever to extend his travels beyond our own islands.

The favourite retreat of my father throughout his married life was Malvern, not the Wells, but the village as it then was in his earlier career, with its beautiful old Abbey church, whose chants yet ring in my ear. When he frequented these paths with his schoolboy sons, I have heard him say there was but one lodging-house, which he himself occupied. He all his life described with delight the joys of these, his early haunts of peace and of retirement; when in his walks through the fields and orchards, accompanied by his little tribe, he shook, by permission of the proprietors, the trees bending under the weight of the rosy-cheeked apples; he loved the very recollection of the rapture occasioned by the scramble for the booty. Oh the delight with which he recalled those days! how fondly and feelingly he referred to them—every little incident still fresh in his memory—even the inscription from Petrarch engraven on the window of the only hotel then in the village, how often would he repeat these lines, and how tenderly and deeply did he feel every word:—

Dolce sentier !
Colle che mi piaceste !
Che ancor per usanza l'amor mi mena,
Ben riconosco in voi l'usate forme
Non lasso in me.

These lines after a long absence from, and return to Malvern, he imitated thus:—

Sweet path ! along whose gently-winding side,
Well-pleased I oft have strayed in life's gay dawn,
Or scaled yon mountain's top with youthful pride,
When first appeared in sight the rosy morn.

To these dear scenes once more returned at last,
Love soothes my mind with memory of the past :
That path is still as sweet—those hills as fair ;
I—only I—am changed by time and care.

It was here also, where she had so often expressed a wish to die, that he buried in later years the partner of his wedded life; and here, where he himself, many years after, joined her. The epitaph engraven upon

the monument portrays the ability of the scholar, and the affliction of the friend.

Among the many gifts of his high intellect he had a most extraordinarily retentive memory, and could repeat and quote upon all apt occasions, Pope, Gray, Dryden, Beattie, and other poets of the same age and school. Shakespere he knew nearly by heart, I mean all the most admired plays and approved passages, and applied them in conversation frequently; and it was one of the most delightful parts of the intercourse which his friends held with him, that they might rely upon his taste, and learn continually to prize all that was really beautiful, for he stored up only what was lovely and admirable, casting far away the dross, and never allowing his memory to be contaminated by the frivolous or the base, however captivating a form it might assume. Thus, like his esteemed acquaintance, Mitford the historian, he never read novels; but made, I believe, a similar exception with that great man, by perusing the early works of the then "great unknown," which gave so new, so really novel a turn to this description of reading, adding information and instruction to interest and amusement, elevating the soul by deeds and descriptions of love and chivalry, without debasing, misguiding, and corrupting.

In quoting largely from Shakespere, my father frequently regretted the deprivation to which, as a bishop, he was obliged to submit, of the favourite recreation of his younger days—the theatre,—I mean the theatre as it was in the days of Garrick, with whom he had been personally acquainted, and on whose great genius he often expatiated; he would almost weep (and it was this moistened eye—this choking utterance, the effect of refined emotion, that gave to his conversation half its charm,) when he repeated those words, "I gave you all!" spoken by Garrick in his most celebrated part, "King Lear;" and he would add that a whole world appeared to be concentrated in those few words; a volume could not have caused so great a sensation; the most dead and awful silence succeeded, interrupted only by stifled sobs; so powerful was the effect, that many ladies were carried out fainting,—every heart was electrified, and the sternest bosoms were overcome with emotion.

When Kean, who was thought by the widow of Garrick somewhat to resemble in his most famous characters the style and manner of her yet unrivalled partner, visited Norwich, my father had a wish to compare these two great geniuses; and he was invited to the palace, where he declaimed to him in the evening two scenes from Othello and Hamlet, taking himself two different parts with great success. Some difficulty occurred respecting the invitation, in consequence of Kean having, according to his usual habit, drunk too hard and got into some broil in the streets; but his amiable wife warmly pleaded his cause, and my father was never severe to others, perhaps too little so; but on this occasion the player behaved very well, and the whole party were much pleased with him.

LUCRETIA;

OR,

THE CHILDREN OF NIGHT.

THE progress of morality and the progress of medicine have been equally impeded by prejudices arising from fastidiousness and excessive delicacy; those who seek the improvement of either must not shrink from the unpleasantness of the dissection-room, nor be shocked to find that the result of moral maladies are as loathsome and revolting as those of physical disease. We hold that Sir E. B. Lytton has been rather unfairly treated by the majority of his critics; they complain that he has not "prophesied to us smooth things;"—that instead of idealizing virtue, he has dramatized vice,—and that his work is calculated to give more pain than pleasure. Before such a complaint can be heard, it is only fair to ask what was the object which the writer proposed to himself—if he has accomplished the task which he professed to undertake, and that such a task be not merely innocent but laudable, we cannot reasonably complain of the use of any means necessary to its complete development and execution. Sir E. L. Bulwer proposes to exhibit the results of his study of the morbid anatomy of society;—there is no doubt that it must be painful to write and painful to read on such a subject; but there is just as little doubt, that the nature and symptoms of moral disease are proper subjects both for study and lecture. A more revolting subject than that which Parent Duchatelet examined and investigated to its most minute details, in his celebrated volumes, can hardly be imagined; and yet moral legislation has gained more from the publication of his volumes, than from any other work that has appeared within the present century. The dissecting-knife of Sir E. B. Lytton has been directed to the diseased parts of the body politic, and its revelations must, therefore, be very different from those which he would have given us, had he directed his attention to the analysis of moral beauty, instead of moral deformity.

The author has done himself some injury by not very clearly developing in his preface the precise nature of the moral disease he undertook to investigate; he must excuse us for attempting to supply the omission. In a money-loving, or rather money-worshipping, age, wealth is likely to be sought more from the promptings of ambition than of avarice; the power and influence it confers become stronger temptations, and therefore greater incentives to crime than its actual possession can bestow, when viewed merely as a gratification of a passion for accumulation. No one will deny that the miser is a fair mark for analytic examination by a moralist, a dramatist, or a novelist; but there are some more dangerous and more unscrupulous than the miser,—those who seek wealth as a means, not as an end, and who therefore, more eager in its pursuit than the miser himself, because the visions of power are more unlimited than those of fortune. Such a character was very powerfully portrayed and very ingeniously developed by Mrs. Trollope, in her novel of Tremordyn Cliff; her conception of the heroine was, however, too much concentrated in one idea,

there was no feminine passion or weakness to relieve the rigid severity of masculine resolution in the lady's character. Mrs. Trollope, in fact, only investigated a rare variety of a wide-spread epidemic; her description, therefore, passed as exceptional, and few of her readers suspected that any portion of the moral applied to themselves.

Now, the case taken by the author of *Lucretia*, though in some respects as exceptional as that of Mrs. Trollope, has this advantage, that though such exaggerated symptoms as he describes are of very rare occurrence, yet they differ in degree, rather than in kind, from those which are common enough in the world around us. We certainly regard the character of *Lucretia* as a barely possible existence, but still she is within the limits of possibility, especially as all her mental lineaments are not absorbed in one predominant passion, and that subordinate incentives stimulate the indulgence of her master-motive. Dalibard comes under the category of selfish hypocrites; for there are hypocrites in philosophy as well as in religion; and the philosophic Tartuffe is infinitely worse than any Cantwell or Maw-worm, for his hypocrisy, instead of being "the homage paid by vice to virtue," is a callous calculation of the means of uniting Cynicism with Epicureanism. If Sallust's Catiline be true,—of which, by the way, we entertain some considerable doubt,—then Gabriel Varney is not only possible, but probable; at all events, those who have accepted the Roman villain as an historical fact, are precluded from demanding that Gabriel Varney should be placed beyond the pale of fiction. The objections that have been made to these three creations are founded on inconsistent propositions; at one time it is said that the characters are grossly exaggerated, and at another that the descriptions of their machinations are too life-like, and too minutely faithful. Now, to our simple apprehension, it appears pretty clear, that if *Lucretia Dalibard* and *Varney* had been merely the spectral demons of some extravagant melodrama, all the talents of Sir E. B. Lytton would not have sufficed to make them act and work as human beings.

Pride, power, and passion combined to form the elements of that revenge, to the achievement of which *Lucretia* has devoted her existence. The skilfulness of the analyst is shewn in exhibiting these elements, not as simple unities, but as a compound of materials still more subtle; the results of thoughts, feelings, and impulses, too remote to have found a name in language, and often too feeble to have left an impression on consciousness. It would be as impossible to pourtray these without some exaggeration, as it would be to exhibit the construction of the more delicate membranous tissues without having recourse to the microscope. The pride of *Lucretia*, like that of Faustus, is essentially intellectual, and Dalibard is her Mephistopheles; once view him in that character as a necessary accessory to the development of a great dramatic idea, and many of the objections made to him at once disappear. "Intellect, cultivated in scorn of good, and in suppression of heart," is a most fearful conception; a less courageous moralist would have shrunk from the delineation, a less powerful analyst of character would have sunk under the weight of the thought; a modern Medea at once suggests itself to the imagination, trampling under foot, at the behest of her pride, all that man recognises as holy, and all that woman feels as tender. But the stern creation of Euripides is softened in *Lucretia*, by her love for Mainwaring; the heroine of the Greek tragedy is essentially passionless; she was utterly insensible of affec-

tion, either as a daughter, a mistress, or a mother. Lucretia, on the other hand, is touched by a passion arising from elements the very opposite of those on which she has based her pride, and yet with which her pride seeks and finds a combination, in the hope that her energies may mould and direct the elements of power which she finds in her lover, and render them subservient to the triumph of all her plans and schemes. The power she seeks is as special as her pride—it is to establish the despotism of her own will ; a far more common, and far more dangerous object of ambition than is generally imagined. The wilfulness of conscious strength is pointed out as a moral peril in the tales of our childhood, where the agent of mischief is usually a giant. Give gigantic development to a hard intellect, and the result will be as perilous a monster as any that fabulist ever formed by exaggerating physical strength and increasing physical proportions.

There is enough of similarity, and what is equally important, there is enough of difference, between the characters of Medea and Lucretia to give interest to a contrast between the two conceptions. Both exhibit the consciousness and the pride of intellectual power, and both yield to passion. But the hope of command by directing masculine energies, which is the predominant element in Medea's love for Jason, is only a secondary consideration in Lucretia's affection for Mainwaring ; Medea never wavers, but Lucretia frequently feels anxious to stop short in her career. Both commit fearful crimes, but Medea stands alone in terrible isolation, while Lucretia needs the constant instigation of others : the princess works directly, without intermediate tools or instruments—the English lady has recourse to agents, and is at once their mistress and their slave. Had Mainwaring run away with the heiress, and subsequently abandoned her from weariness of her despotic rule,—a course of events which there are some indications of the author having at one time contemplated—his fate would undoubtedly have been similar to that of Jason. Both the Greek tragedian and the English novelist darkly intimate that the possession of dangerous and murderous secrets is a frequent instigation to putting them in practice, but the English writer has added the further and more important lesson, that the desire to acquire such secrets is one of the sorest temptations that beset unregulated intellectual power. In Medea and in Lucretia we have equally developed an exhibition of powerful intellect thoroughly demoralised ; it may be a question whether the atrocities perpetrated by such an agency should be dimly shadowed forth, or faithfully delineated. Horace, in his overrated *Art of Poetry*, declares that Medea should not murder her children in the presence of the audience, but, though he would drop a curtain on the butchery, he would not object to exhibiting the bodies of the slain. But, how much or how little of harrowing details should be educed, is merely a question of limits, which readers are as well able to decide for themselves as the most ingenious of professional critics.

To us, it appears that Sir E. B. Lytton has got hold of a great moral thought, of which he has only developed one phase, perhaps the most striking, but certainly not the most interesting. His subordinate characters are too subordinate ; excellent as most of them are, we feel impatient while they occupy the stage. In justice to himself, and still more, in justice to his subject, he must not lay aside the pen which we rejoice to find that he has resumed. The multitude of the attacks made upon him is a proof that he commands attention, and not a few

of these attacks have been caused by his setting forth in his preface a great design, which no single fiction could develop,—a great purpose, which will require of him many repeated efforts before it can be perfectly attained.

One characteristic of this novel has been generally passed over without notice,—the sketchy traits of the differences of English life in the last half century. The formal gentleman of the Sir Charles Grandison school is beyond the date of memory; the last of the pig-tails is a fading reminiscence, and yet we should not wish that the race of the Sir Miles St. Johns should fall into complete oblivion; we should less regret the Vernons, albeit they were the companions of Fox and Sheridan, dicing with the one and drinking with the other; there are reminiscences of the Bond-street lounge which are necessary to introduce the dandy of Regent-street; he, too, has disappeared with Gattton and Old Sarum,—we should like to see him contrasted with the Young England that has come in his stead. The bits of past life and fashion introduced into these volumes are equally spirited and charming; would that we had more of them, even though they painfully remind us of the march of time. But, in truth, change, like everything else in our day, seems to move forward with railroad speed; if time was measured by succession, we might deem ourselves separated from the Regency by a century. To a novel-reader, there is at least that interval of time between Pelham and Sybil.

Now, that was the period in which the moral danger which it is the object of these volumes to expose, first developed itself as a source of national peril, not so much in exceptional cases, as in the general tone of public sentiment and feeling. The history exhibits the moral, and the moral is a key to the history. Sir E. B. Lytton has mastery over both, and we sincerely hope that he will take advantage both of his power and of his opportunity.

Since the preceding observations were written, Sir E. B. Lytton has made a public appeal against his critics in a pamphlet entitled, a "Word to the Public." We delayed the publication of our notice in anticipation of such an event, and gladly give insertion to the author's own account of the moral purpose he had in view.

"Pressed into the service of Death, Mind itself grows grim and hateful as the king that it serves.

"Black it stands as Night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shakes a deadly dart!"

These Children of Night, by the paths they themselves have chosen, are conducted to catastrophes, which, while punishing them the most in the sin each had most favoured, was that which each (could the soul have foreseen it) would have regarded as the most fearful and appalling. Dalibard, the coward and the calculator, shrinking from all physical danger, and using his holiest relationships but as tools to his purpose, is betrayed at the hearth he had desecrated, and butchered by the dull ruffian he had duped. Varney, who had prostituted the perfection of his physical senses to their vilest gratifications, luxurious amidst his infamy, effeminate in despite of his animal audacity, is sentenced to the coarsest of hardships, the vilest of labour, chained to the most loathsome of malefactors, doomed to all that the senses, most pampered, would shudder from the most,—all that the fancy, so perverted,

could body forth of horror and despair. Lucretia, who had made on earth no god but the intellect, is cursed in the intellect—smitten down below the brutes, but with the consciousness of the mortal—retaining amidst the ruins of all the past, only the image of her crime, standing face to face with it, as a visible thing. Surely these punishments are as appalling and as appropriate to the guilt as poetic justice can command! And beside them the gibbet is mercy and reprieve!”

This statement differs so little from the views we have enunciated, that we have nothing to alter or correct; but we think still that one fiction is not sufficient for the full development of three characters so different in their nature and in the moral lessons to which their career is made subservient. On the general question, whether such characters are within the legitimate limits of moral creations, we quite agree with Sir E. B. Lytton. The question was long ago settled by Aken-side:—

“ Action treads the path
In which Opinion says he follows good,
Or flies from evil, and Opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by Fancy.

The moralist—and every imaginative writer ought to be a moralist—must not neglect the perversions of Fancy which lead to False Opinion, nor the False Opinion that leads to Wicked Action. The lying forms with which perverted Fancy fills the mind soon become the elements of the furious passions which prompt to guilty deeds. The general outlines of this mental process must be familiar to all who have studied the history of the minds of others, or attended to the consciousness of their own. A crime is not vindicated by setting forth the predisposing causes which prompted the perpetrator to its commission; on the contrary, the analysis of these causes is of the greatest value in enabling us to detect the first dawnings of dangerous motive in the mind, for “the mother of mischief,” says the Oriental proverb, “is not bigger than a midge’s egg.” The greatest criminals would shrink aghast if, at their first outset in guilt, the veil of futurity had been lifted to allow them to see all the accumulated crimes of their subsequent career. “What! is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing?” exclaimed Hazael, when the inspired prophet foretold the atrocities of which he would be guilty. It is, then, a great moral service—and all the greater because it involves much mental suffering—to trace back atrocious crimes to their latent origin in the delusions of imagination, and to show how they gradually mould opinion; and, through opinion, not merely prompt, but compel to action.

“ Thus Ambition grasps
The empire of the soul; thus pale Revenge
Unsheaths her murderous dagger; and the bands
Of Lust and Rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o’erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey.

THE TWO ENTHUSIASTS.

BY JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.

No. I.

THE ENTHUSIAST DEAD.

“ ——— Thou
 Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace,
 Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim steps and amice grey !”
Paradise Regained, B. iv.

I.

I KNEW a man that lived within the walls
 Of this un-eastern city, where I write ;
 Who breath'd that deathless hope, that never palls !
 But lives out for one all-immortal light !

II.

He did foretell,—he had a thoughtful mind,
 Too oe'r-inform'd by thought !—that wise worn man !—
 That the Messiah's advent to mankind,—
 Was lighting on the years,—then in the van !

III.

He pass'd, in his believing prophecy,
 As many a wearied, dreaming man hath pass'd—
 He died, before he found his faith must die ;—
 Believing and predicting to the last !

IV.

Sweet in all 'haviour to his fellow-men,—
 Earnest in argument, profound in grief ;—
 Wise, and communicant to friend,—save when
 A doubt was shadow'd o'er his vast belief !

V.

Then, all the Jewish spirit fiercely rose !—
 And through his veins and eyes a firelight ran !
 He saw a destined triumph o'er all woes !—
 And, in the Paul-like prophet, sank the man !

VI.

May his religious frenzy sleep at length !
 May he, beyond the power of earth, find rest !
 His hopes, upborne, of an appalling strength,—
 Oh ! may they, in their high flight, find their nest !

* * * * *

No. II.

THE LIVING ENTHUSIAST.

“ Following the line of wall in a northerly direction,” writes Mrs. Romer, in her interesting and vivid work, intitled, *A Pilgrimage to the Temples and Tombs of Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine*,—“ we reached the gate of Damascus, which terminated our circuit ; and just as we were about to re-enter the city by that way, our progress was arrested by an accidental meeting with a countryman of our own,

an extraordinary enthusiast, whose appearance struck us, as much from the dignity of his bearing, as the manly beauty of his countenance. He was apparently about thirty-five years of age, and was dressed in the oriental costume; but the fashion of his beard, and the manner in which he wore his long fair hair, divided on his forehead, and falling underneath his turban in waves over his shoulders, together with the delicacy of his complexion and features, showed him to be foreign to the People of this land, and gave something picturesque to the character of his head,—something that reminded of *Carlo Dolce's* representations of our Saviour. Seeing our guide salute this man familiarly, I asked who he was, and upon hearing that he was an Englishman, I was induced to stop and speak to him. We learned from the stranger, that he has now been ten years in Jerusalem, and that he intends never to leave it. He is in daily expectation of the second coming of Christ, the return of the lost tribes, and the gathering together of the Jews as a nation,—and all this, he avers, must inevitably take place in the present generation, and he confidently hopes within his own life-time. The signs of the time are his guides, and the Bible is his only library. I asked him if many Jews in Jerusalem shared in his convictions; but his answer was, that as yet he has found no persons who exactly think as he does; and that, therefore, he has ceased all communication with others, and lives entirely alone in a small habitation on Mount Sion. In reply to another question, he told me that he had broken asunder every *earthly tie*, that he has put aside all affections of the flesh, and that since his establishment here, he has never once communicated with his family in England. ‘And have you no longing to hear of your parents?’ said I: ‘None,—for I am here in the house of my Father!’ was his reply. Our guide says, that he is a most worthy man, and was much esteemed by the late Bishop Alexander; *although looked upon by him as more than half mad.*”

* * * * *

“Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,—
And at their passing, cleave the Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste!”

Paradise Regained.

“Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

MILTON’S *Sonnets*.

I.

WE had left the gate,—the Pilgrim Gate,—
Of Jaffa;—from Judæa’s city:
The evening was all soft—not late,—
We walk’d with hearts of holy pity!
South of Bethesda’s pool (o’er vale
Of Hinnom’s son) Mount Sion lonely
Rose with its palms; and in its vale
The Potter’s Field slept hateful only;
And further on, where the white mulberry grows,
The Isaiah-wall of Nehemiah rose!

II.

Siloam’s charm’d Pool,—wherein the blind
Their healing found,—right on, was lying;
And still the darken’d of our kind
Are thither wending—bending—sighing!—
The brook of Cedron creeps along,
But, oh! beyond;—the valley tombed,
Of the dead Jews,—a mighty throng
Lies dismal,—as though Death were gloomed
O’er that lone place!—Yet, as to soothe the air
And charm it;—the Mount of Olives steeps up there!

III.

The Garden of Gethsemane!—

The prayer apart, still softly tripping,—
There the eight Olives at this day

We saw in holy silence sleeping!—
Down a steep path we pass'd, which led

To the Saints ever dreadful Quarter;
Where, by St. Paul beheld, was shed

The blood of the first Christian martyr;—
And then, before Damascus Gate we stood.
And were re-entering in a bowed mood.

* * * *

IV.

—But paused—For entering the same city, on

Went an enthusiast of a lofty bearing;
His manly beauty on his countenance shone,
And thrice ten years his life seem'd lightly sharing;
His fair hair (not of Eastern birth) was led
Apart, in lengths over a forehead mental;
And were upon his shoulders waving shed;

All else was picturesquely Oriental;—
The fashion of his beard, albeit,—and turban white
And wreathed robe,—would seem to mark no anchorite!

V.

The features delicate, yet firm,—that gave

A Carlo-Dolce air of mellow'd feeling,
Intense,—made every eye become their slave;

We paused—and gazed;—*he* paused and gazed—appealing
Statue-like to us! And we shrunk aside—

(As wanderers do)—but when we saw fair greeting
Pass 'twixt our guide and him,—we ask'd that guide

Who was the turban'd stranger at our meeting:
There at Damascus Gate,—so garb'd and wan,—
And learn'd him, alas! to be, a young, 'rapt Englishman!

VI.

Few words were needed,—we in converse met,—
Half English—eastern half,—how great endowed!

By our discourse our even minds were set
Level,—nor yet upraised, nor embowed.

We spoke of home—of England. But he stood
Placid, to all we ask'd: and said with sweetness
Of heart in tongue and eyes,—*His* land was good!

And all around was sacred, bless'd, completeness!
The great place we were standing on,—the spot
Held us;—where gazing creatures must abide their lot!

VII.

“Here,” and the fair eyes, under the fair locks,
Upraised,—illumined speech!—“Here—ever staying

The second Advent turns the clods to rocks!
And *must* greet the true Watcher in his praying;

Here I shall see—in my good times—shall see
The Tribes—innumerable troop!—obeying

The awful call!—the voice of destiny!
Call to the poor,—the wretched,—all the straying!
Yearning, with famish'd lips, to kiss the hem
Of one vast garment yet in fair Jerusalem!”

VIII.

“All that goes on around;—the sky—the earth—
Are stainless of all doubt;—for doubt's a libel
On truth, *here* grown;—Ah! do but the world's worth
Weigh in the balance 'gainst the certain Bible!—

I see !—Behold !” But here a woman’s breath
 Sooth’d into gentleness the dawn’d outbreking ;
 And he, with gracious calmness, half like death,
 And half like some one from a world awaking ;—
 Said,—he was passionless,—abjured his kind ;
 For not too many found he echoing to his mind !

IX.

“ There dwell I,” said he,—and he made salaam
 Most reverently calm :—“ There, on Mount Sion ;—
 Under that little roof, in peace, I am
 Awaiting the sure Presence I rely on !”
 We stopp’d amaz’d ;—all startled at the light
 That then his blue entranced eyes was high on !
 His very heart seem’d lifted into sight,
 And with a settled, soft, ecstatic sigh on !—
 We ask’d him after father—mother,—all,
 All, all ;—or *one* alone that could his heart recall !

X.

“ Where—where in England ?” spake out woman ;—“ Where
 Those dearest ties of kin,—so deeply trying
 To break, or think on ;—Climes however fair,
 And hopes however high,—have earthly tying,—
 Not fragile !”—Here, with a relapsing look,
 Entrancing from its gather’d rapture, rather,
 Than from its strength ;—said “ I’ve on earth *one Book!*
 And here—oh ! here,—the house is of my *Father !*
 Here I compose my heart, as one still guest !
 Here build I up, in truth, my everlasting rest !”

XI.

—No more.—The pink hue o’er the sky down shed
 Its warm light over all things,—softly sleeping
 Was olive, palm, and minaret ;—and spread
 Along the holy walls, the eve was keeping
 Its steady quiet smile !—The stranger bent
 His turban’d forehead low, obeisance paying
 To his delayers ; and then gently went
 Into the city, as though he were praying
 Then for the Presence ! And his walk bespoke
 The weight of his high hopes, to be no saddening yoke !

XII.

He lives !—lives on !—His faith hath that great seal
 Which may not here be broken !—A forsaking
 Of the lone city were not for the weal
 Of that rapt heart, which knows no doubt—no aching !
 He must die, bless’d with that fine madness, given
 To o’erwrought holy dreamers ;—for the beaming
 Of light to him,—to *him* is light from heaven ;—
 To *him* is wakefulness,—which some deem dreaming ;
 Jerusalem ; which others go to trace ;—
 Is the abiding spot to *him*,—of all his race !



J. Cook sc

LOUIS XIV.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE VERSAILLES GALLERY

THE WARS OF THE FRONDE.*

WITH A PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XIV.

WE have ever been of opinion that no one but a lady could ever give a complete history of the regency of Anne of Austria, and its series of wars arising from female ambition, female passion, and female caprice. Men can comprehend and delineate a Condé, a Mazarin, a De Retz, or a Gaston of Orleans; but a feminine mind is required to appreciate those alternations of strength and weakness, following by sexual law in a sequence intelligible to the sex alone, which distinguish the wars of the Fronde from any others ever recorded in history. Large as is her grasp of intellect, the feelings of Miss Pardoe are essentially feminine, and she has therefore been able to elucidate transactions in which feeling supplied motive far more frequently than reason; and in which the best-conceived plans were often blown to the winds by a sudden gust of passion. She has studied the voluminous memoirs of the time, until all the actors and actresses are as familiar to her as if they had been her personal acquaintances, and thus her delineations have all the picturesque liveliness of the narrative of an eye-witness, combined with that sober estimate of characters and events which can only be formed when Time has placed the record within the domains of History.

From the accession of the House of Valois, France exhibited an almost incessant struggle between the principles of monarchy and feudal oligarchy. The King had vassals more wealthy and more powerful than himself; and on more than one occasion it seemed probable that the sovereign would have to change places with some of his more powerful vassals. But the King had allies in the Church and in the people; the Church supported monarchy, because feudalism was not very scrupulous in its treatment of ecclesiastical property, and the people felt naturally anxious

To fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Hence the Reformation in France was essentially an aristocratic movement; the main strength of the Huguenots lay in the feudal nobility of the provinces, and their movement could never obtain the patronage of the Crown or the support of the masses. When Henry IV. abandoned Calvinism for Catholicity, though he may at first have only sought to conciliate opponents, yet he certainly manifested a strong partiality for the new religion which he had adopted, and never showed the slightest inclination to return to his early creed. His children were educated in as great bigotry to Romanism as the Princes of the House of Valois; and his daughter, Henrietta Maria, refused to ascend the throne of England as Queen of Charles I., until she had stipulated for the superintendence of the education of her children, both of whom—Charles II. secretly, and James II. openly—are now known to have been zealous Catholics.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew abundantly proves the blind devotion of the Parisian mob to the Romish Church: and all the Memoirs of the Huguenot wars and of the wars of the League prove

* Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century, by Miss Pardoe.

that a similar spirit of fanaticism pervaded the French peasantry. We find, indeed, that the Edict of Nantes in granting toleration, also confirms the feudal privileges of the gentry, because to that class the new religion was almost exclusively confined.

Had the life of Henry IV. been protracted, it is far from improbable that he would have broken with Protestantism and with feudalism. Cardinal de Richelieu, who may be said to have reigned under Louis XIII., showed himself the determined enemy of both one and the other.

Richelieu was one of those men whose chief element of greatness consists in indomitable will: break he might, bend he would not. Feeling in him was identified with opinion, and the weakness of his physical constitution seems merely to have given iron strength to his mental energies. He decimated the great nobles; he exiled the Princes of the blood; he sent to prison the illegitimate branches of royalty; but he did so because he could not otherwise have prevented the fall of royalty, and the probable dismemberment of the kingdom. His means were execrable, but his ends were great; his measures were crafty and cruel, but the results were eminently beneficial. He found France a distracted oligarchy, and he nearly made it a compact monarchy.

Of Louis XIII. it need only be said, that he was as little troubled with scruples as his minister; but, conscious of his own timidity and indecision, he left Richelieu to carry out a scheme of policy which gratified his pride, his prejudice, and his passion, but which far transcended his own energies. In craft, in cruelty Louis XIII. went beyond the Cardinal; but, without the aid of Richelieu, his craft would have been without influence and his cruelty without indulgence.

Anne of Austria, the queen of Louis XIII., was a Spanish princess, who united to the cold etiquette of the court of Madrid the warmest passions of the impulsive south, united to the gallantry of those Spanish romances which the ridicule of Cervantes had not yet consigned to merited oblivion. United to a cold and unimpassioned husband, Anne of Austria sought indulgence for her fervid imaginings in acts of coquetry, which, however innocent in themselves, were not unlikely to raise presumptuous hopes in those who flattered about the court, and were certain to provoke the jealousy of her sensitive husband. Among those who dared to hope was the Cardinal Richelieu; the Queen, to punish his folly, required that, as a proof of his love, he should dance a saraband before her, disguised as a Spanish jester. The Cardinal complied; and the Queen having exposed him in this condition to the ridicule of her companions, Richelieu's love was turned into hate; and, so long as he lived, Anne of Austria had no more bitter enemy than her disgraced lover.

The Queen's sterility had alienated the affection of Louis XIII. from her, and Richelieu's influence was not wanting to widen the breach. But the conduct of Anne of Austria herself tended to justify any severity with which she might be treated. She went to the very utmost bounds of propriety in encouraging the attentions of Gaston, Duke of Orleans; and she went beyond these bounds, though not, perhaps, to the last degree of criminality, in listening to the mad passion of the Duke of Buckingham, the unworthy favourite of James I., and the still more unworthy minister of Charles I.

The scandalous chronicles and the equivocal romances of France have been so diffuse in detailing the real and imaginary intrigues of Buckingham and Anne of Austria, that memory is not unfrequently found confounding anecdote with invention, and quoting Dumas in mistake for Laporte. To separate the truth from the falsehood of the story would be a task of some difficulty ; but, so far as we have evidence before us, our judgment inclines to the opinion of Miss Pardoe, that Anne of Austria must be acquitted of actual guilt, though not of very gross imprudence.

In spite of all these circumstances, Louis, after having been for years separated from his wife, returned to her on the earnest request of a nun who had been his mistress, and two sons were the fruit of the renewed intercourse. Scandal disputed the paternity of both children. The elder, afterwards Louis XIV., was said to be the son of Cardinal Mazarin, and the younger was supposed to be the child of Cinq Mars, whom Alfred de Vigny has made the hero of one of the most remarkable historical romances produced in the present century.

The death of Richelieu was speedily followed by that of Louis XIII., who appointed the Queen to the regency, and named his brother lieutenant-general of the kingdom, thus leaving in death supreme power to those whom, at the instigation of Richelieu, he had deprived of all power in life. The Queen at once placed herself in the hands of Cardinal Mazarin, who from that day to his death was virtually the monarch of France.

The living example of the Duchess of Rianzares, who still clings to the title of Queen Christina, has shown that widowed royalty is not always above suspicion ; and there is now as little doubt of the intimate connections between Anne of Austria and Mazarin, as there is of the more disgraceful connection between Christina and Munoz. For Anne of Austria, however, it must be said that the connection was from the first sanctioned by a private marriage ; and that Mazarin, by rank, education, and even birth, was a far more worthy lover than the lucky stable-boy who attracted the wandering glances of the Queen Dowager of Spain.

Mazarin had more cunning than Richelieu, but he wanted his courage, his firmness, his indomitable energy, and his directness of purpose. In spite of his unmitigated despotism, Richelieu was respected as well as feared, simply because it was obvious that he sought no mean or selfish objects. With him *the kingdom*, and the *royalty*, by which alone the kingdom could be held together, were the first and the last considerations. Mazarin, on the contrary, was mercenary, avaricious, and selfish, bent on the aggrandizement of his family, but ever ready to sacrifice all or any of that family to the advancement of any personal object of his own. This was a point of weakness soon discovered by the mere force of popular instinct when sharpened by the pressure of new taxes imposed on an impoverished city.

The arrest of two members of the parliament, who had opposed the imposition of the obnoxious taxes, drove the Parisians to an insurrection. Ordinary prudence or ordinary firmness would have soon brought the mob to reason ; but the Cardinal and the Queen bullied when they should have negotiated, and negotiated when they should have resisted. The Cardinal compared the discontented

members of the parliament to boys playing with a *fronde* or sling in the ditches of Paris, who dispersed at the approach of a policeman, and re-assembled after his departure. He had soon reason to know that the *fronde* could sling forth formidable missiles ; and, conscious of this, his opponents accepted the allegory, so that imitations of the *fronde* became articles of fashionable wear in every class of society.

Miss Pardoe records, that the excuse given for the removal of the King and royal family from Paris at this crisis was, that an attempt was about to be made to seize the sovereign's person, but she does not attempt to investigate the existence of any plot for the purpose. We have paid some attention to the point, and are of opinion that the falsehood of the excuse is not so clearly made out as the enemies of Cardinal Mazarin have uniformly maintained. De Retz, in describing the consternation which the King's evasion produced, incidentally reveals that there were among the insurgents those who would have used compulsion to keep him in Paris ; and we all know that when once revolvers impose restraint on royalty, they are not very scrupulous about narrowing the limits of his prison.

In this first war the constitutional question at issue was the right of the parliament, as a judicial body, to reject any project of taxation when the edict was sent to them for registration. This was a point left unsettled down to the time of the Revolution, and the disputes to which it gave rise, provoked the first insurrection against the maturity of Louis XVI., as they did against the childhood of Louis XIV. The question, which has not always been understood by English writers, may be very easily stated. The French parliament was neither a representative nor a legislative body ; it had not the right of originating, and hardly of recommending, any measure whatever ; its only recognised function, as an imperial body, was the registration of royal edicts ; but as a high court of judicature it was supposed to pronounce, by the act of registration, that the edict so registered was consistent with the ancient laws and constitutions of the realm. Now, as these "ancient laws and constitutions" furnished precedents for any conceivable proceeding, from the most absolute despotism to the wildest democracy, the lawyers composing the parliament could, with no great difficulty, furnish themselves with plausible excuses for the lamest submission, or the most obstinate resistance. Judge-made law is very conveniently elastic. An absolute power of interpreting the law is very apt to extend itself into the power of making new laws. Of this we had an example in England in the case of the law of libel, previous to the celebrated "declaratory act," which bears the name of Mr. Fox, though really the work of Lord Erskine. It was held in the courts that the jury had only to find the naked facts, but that the inference from the facts was to be drawn by *the law*, speaking through its authorized interpreters. It was quite forgotten that *constructively* an inference of guilt might be derived from an array of facts, innocent in themselves, when craftily arranged and *semblably* connected by an artful lawyer. When a jury found William Penn and Captain Meade "guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street," it was seriously contended that this was equivalent to a finding of riot and sedition, until the jury put an end to the debate by finding a general verdict of "not guilty."

In England this judicial assumption was almost always exerted to

extend the prerogative of the crown : in France it was as generally employed to restrain the absolute power of the monarch. Of course it was exceedingly popular when the use made of it was to prevent onerous taxation. The parliament and the people were arrayed against the Queen and the minister ; but it is doubtful if the latter, always ready to conceive just or unjust suspicions against the gentlemen of "the long robe," would have been steady in resistance but for the persevering energies of De Retz, the cardinal-bishop of Paris. He selected as an ally the Duchess of Longueville, who was able to bring over to the popular cause her husband, the Duke ; her lover, the Prince de Marsillac ; and her brother, the Prince de Conti. The Duchess, who was the sister of the great Condé, embraced this side, according to Miss Pardoe, simply because her illustrious brother, to whom she was fondly attached, had a favourite mistress among the ladies of the court, and she could not bear a rival in his affections. There appears, however, to be some evidence that she had a personal pique against Anne of Austria, and was desirous that the Princes of the blood, with whom she was so closely connected, should share, if not monopolize, the authority of the regency.

Madame de Longueville and the coadjutor Bishop were really as much at the head of the insurrection, as the Queen and Cardinal Mazarin were the chiefs of the royalist party. Other ladies took a part in this farcical war, for when the Bastille was besieged, the principal ladies of Paris had chairs placed in the garden of the arsenal, where the batteries were erected, as if shot and shells were mere fireworks, let off for their amusement. So absurd a war was destined to have an absurd termination ;—a treaty was concluded annulling all the proceedings on both sides since the commencement of hostilities, to which were added stipulations providing pecuniary rewards for those who had taken the lead in the popular cause. But of the privileges of parliament, or the rights of the people, not one word was to be found in any of the stipulations.

The second war of the Fronde, commonly called "the war of the ladies," has been too admirably told by Miss Pardoe for us to attempt any abridgment of the narrative. It is only necessary to say a few words on the capriciousness and inconsistency said to have been manifested by the French people, and particularly the Parisian populace, during the struggle. Caprice and inconsistency cannot be predicated of the rabble only ; the great Condé, the great Turenne, and some score of other notabilities, changed sides with a facility which has had no parallel even in modern days of political tergiversation. The heroine,—if we should not rather call her the hero,—of Miss Pardoe's narrative, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, seems to have been quite singular in steady perseverance ; but she was not the first or last of those who bore the title of Orleans who affected firm attachment to the popular cause, so long as it afforded the prospect of a throne ; and did not lay aside the principle so long as there was even a remote chance of its answering the purpose for which it was assumed. Had she become the Queen of Louis XIV.,—an object which she was consistent enough in pursuing,—she would probably have been as remarkable for the desertion of the pretexts which formed her ladder to the throne as Louis Philippe himself. Mademoiselle's own memoirs are far from showing any deficiency in pliability of conscience.

It may be required of a people to be consistent when they have a popular cause to support ; but it would be difficult to find in the wars of the Fronde any principle on either side which involved a partake of the interests of the people. Two butchers were brought up some days ago at one of the police offices for having fought a fierce battle in the slaughter-house, as to which should have the privilege of killing a sheep. The magistrate, in inflicting a fine upon both, severely lectured them upon their pugnacious propensities, but he did not rebuke the inconsistency of the sheep, though the animal changed sides some dozen times during the conflict. It was the same case in the wars of the Fronde; the real object of each party was to obtain the exclusive privilege of plundering the people ; from both, the people experienced such impartial treachery and impartial cruelty, that it felt no very warm attachment for either, but had a kind of stupid resentment against both, evinced by trampling on whichever happened to fall, as no doubt the sheep would have done had any fall made an interval in the conflict between the two butchers.

It has been further objected, that the populace was more frequently guided by the colour of a flag, the crest of a leader, or the cry of a party, than by any regard to its own interests. This is no doubt true ; but its truth is not confined to France, or to any country in the world. Assuredly there were many who joined in the Jacobite insurrections of 1715 and 1745, who never comprehended the distinction between the claims of the house of Hanover and the house of Stuart. It is not very long since the votes of many electors for a certain ancient borough were decided, not by the principles of the candidates, but by the colour of their cards of solicitation. "My father," said a worthy constituent, "always voted *red*, and I will support *the red* while I live." It was utterly useless to call his attention to any of the principles which were at issue, for anything connected with Whig, Tory, or Radical he cared not a jot, but adhered firmly to the one point—"My father always voted *red* !"

We agree in Miss Pardoe's view, that personal, not political, motives were the chief incentives to action, and we can find in the event no traces of the philosophical mysteries which seem to have haunted the imagination of M. Capefigue. In fact, the second outburst of war was precipitated by the refusal of the *tabouret* to two ladies, friends of the Prince de Condé ; that is to say, because the said two personages were not allowed to sit on four-legged stools, instead of standing, in the presence of the Queen. Unless we are misinformed, these four-legged stools are of as much importance in Spain in the nineteenth, as they were in France in the seventeenth century ; for all the deeds of Christina seemed of less enormity in the eyes of the haughty nobles of Castile, than her conceding the honours of the *tabouret* to her children, of questionable legitimacy by Munoz.

Lord Mahon's *Life of Condé* gives a far more favourable estimate of the personal character of the great Condé, than that which is conveyed by the pages of Miss Pardoe. We much prefer the lady's view of the case, even though she may be inclined to view the prince a little too unfavourably, by remembering that she had sundry wrongs of her sex to revenge. Assuredly, never was there a greater outrage to common sense, than calling any revolt popular in which he, the

fanatical enemy of anything approaching to popular freedom, took a lead.

The nobles of France had in former days fought for great objects,—to achieve independence,—to impose something like constitutional restraints on a monarch,—to change a dynasty,—and, at least in name, to secure a religion. But in the wars of the Fronde they contended for merely selfish, and almost contemptible objects,—for the nomination to places and pensions,—for Cardinals' hats and Marshals' batons,—for the government of provinces and the lordship of cities,—for the plunder of the Church and the spoil of the State,—

“*Reges et tetrarchas ; omnia magna,—*

But equally important, in their view, were such objects as the right of sitting on a four-legged stool,—walking out of a room fifth or fifteenth,—competitorship on rare occasions for a wife or a husband, but very frequently for a lover or a mistress. In short, the wars of the Fronde were a bad parody on the wars of the League ; all that had the semblance of being great or noble in the struggle against the third and fourth Henry was left out,—all that was mean, and all that was contemptible, was faithfully preserved.

Miss Pardoe has succeeded in giving a very lively and faithful portraiture of this “drawing-room” war,—this series of battles between rival saloons, rather than rival cabinets,—and she has traced with great ability the educational effect which the witnessing of such scenes produced on the mind of Louis XIV. Justice has hardly been done to the boyhood of that monarch. Though he hated Mazarin, he never for a moment lost sight of the fact, that the cause of royalty was involved in the fate of the minister, and consequently he could never be induced to listen to the blandishments addressed to him by the leaders of the Fronde. These wars of his boyhood prepared the way for his despotic reign as a man ;—they rendered the nobility contemptible in the eyes of the nation, and suspected by the king ;—the court and the people felt equally convinced that there was no choice for them between the tranquillity of absolute authority and the distraction of contending factions ; and whenever, in such a case, the alternative is clearly seen to be monarchy or anarchy, the cause of monarchy is sure to be triumphant. It was thus that Louis XIV. triumphed over the aristocracy, Napoleon over the Directory, and Louis Philippe over the divided, or rather distracted, liberalism of France.

Miss Pardoe's work belongs to that most amusing class of productions which may be described as “the gossip of history,” but it is something more than gossip ; her sketches of character show that she has a shrewd appreciation of the secret motives by which action is guided ; her judgment on persons and events evinces great acuteness in distinguishing what is real from what is apparent, and a directness of appreciation which could only be the result of deep knowledge of her subject, and habits of reflection matured by philosophic study. Read a first time for amusement, she is sure to be read a second time for study, and we are not quite sure but that we can say of her—

“*Decies repetita placebit.*”

KING CHARLES OF SPAIN.*

A GLOOM was on King Charles's brow,
As pensive he sat, and lone,
In the gorgeous hall of the Escorial,
On a high and stately throne.
None dared intrude on the monarch's
mood

When his spirit was thus o'ercast ;
But linger'd near, with a thrill of fear,
Till the cloud from his soul had past.

He watch'd the shadows of evening fall
On the treasures that lay around ;
Rare works in gold, of a cost untold,
And gems through the world re-
nown'd.

But they charm'd not him,—his eyes
were dim,

For sorrow had veil'd their light ;
Death—death was the theme of his
ev'ry dream,

Nor left him by day or night !

Sudden he rose, and he cried aloud,
“ St. Lawrence hath chimed the hour
I fain would go to the vaults below,
Where moulder the sons of power !
And mark them still, in their chamber
chill,

With banner and shroud o'erspread ;
Why hasten ye not ? 'Tis a goodly
spot,

The home of the ghostly dead !”

The torches shone with a fitful glare
As they threaded the chapel aisle,
And pass'd the gate, where, in funereal
state

Lay the princes of old Castile !
The chiefs of his race ! 'Twas a lone-
some place,

But meet for a monarch's rest,
For the sword and spear were gather'd
there,

And lay on each warrior's breast !

King Charles survey'd with an un-
changed mien

The chests where his sires reposed ;
And said, as a smile lit his brow awhile,
“ Let the slumberers be unclosed.

Why paleth the cheek as the lids ye
break ?

'Tis a glorious thing to see ;
My heart is light, and welcomes the
sight ;

No fears hath the grave for ME !”

And the same wild look his visage wore
As they open'd the coffins wide,
And shew'd the dead in their ghastly bed,
Despoil'd of their ancient pride !

The bones were bare, and wither'd in air,
Like the dew 'neath the morning sun.
'Twas a fearful lot, but the King quail'd
not,—

It seem'd though his mind was gone.

The last remain'd — 'twas a massive
chest,

That stood near a cross of black ;
The bolts gave way, and the torches' ray
Shone o'er—but the King drew back.

Why shudders his frame as he reads the
name

Inscribed on that iron chest ?

Why droops his head as he marks the
dead ?

And whom had he robb'd of rest ?

'Twas she who had long been deeply
mourn'd,

The wife he had fondly loved ;
And there she lay, untouch'd by decay,
Not a tress of her hair removed !

Beautiful still, though pallid and chill
She seem'd, in her queen's attire ;
The jewell'd zone on her forehead shone
And lighted the eyes with fire !

One look—'twas enough—the monarch
wept,

As with hands upraised he cried,
“ Oh, God of the just ! soon, soon, I
trust

To lay by that dear one's side !”
With a slow, sad pace, he quitted the
place,

And though his spirit awoke
To its wonted pow'r—in that dread hour
The heart of the King was broke !

* The Archduke Charles, son of Leopold I., Emperor of Germany, and successor to Charles II. It is related of this prince, that towards the close of life he was tormented by hypochondriac fancies, during one of which he descended by torchlight into the cemetery of St. Lawrence, where reposed three generations of Castilian princes. There he had the massy chests which contained their relics opened, and gazed on the ghastly spectacle with little emotion, until the coffin of his first wife was unlocked, and she appeared before him—such had been the skill of the embalmer—in all her well-remembered beauty. This awful sight was too much for his already-shattered frame ; and, leaving the Escorial, he retired to Madrid, where he died.”—LORD MAHON'S “ *War of the Succession.*”



Death of Sir Mungai.

THEFTS FROM THE PERCY RELIQUES. No. II.

SIR ALDINGAR.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

WITHOUT doubt you have chanced, in your lifetime, to see the Lord Mayor's Show.

If you have done so, you will recollect how the procession got confused with the mob, and the mob with the procession, until you could not tell which was which—how the military gentleman who headed it, balanced himself for dear life, in great fear, upon his horse—how the banners always overpowered the watermen and their props who bore them—how ignoble things fell into the tail of the procession—advertising-vans, coal-waggons, and long apple-stalls upon wheels; and especially when it stopped, as it frequently did, you will call to mind how fearful was the want of respect paid towards the Ancient Knights by the mob—how the smallest boys chaffed the mailed and mounted warrior with the tall brass blanc-mange mould on his head, and recommended him “to get inside and pull the blinds up to be out of sight”—how the more matured intellects asked him “what he weighed in his own scales?”—how they called out to know if he was “Alderman Armour!”—and how, thereupon, the Ancient Knight got so fearfully irate that he would have done terrible things to his persecutors—only that, in the first place, he could not turn his head, and in the second, he could not get off his horse without the aid of a crane.

Just in this position of impotent rage was another ancient knight, Sir Aldingar, when our story begins. He had no other cognomination: he enjoyed his simple name and title, as Sir Peel, Sir Bulwer, Sir Clay, or Sir Hobhouse, do in the French newspapers of the present day: so that whether it was his Christian or surname we cannot exactly make out. However, that is of little consequence: Sir Aldingar was in a most awful rage—not the more bearable because he did not very well see how he could vent it.

Six hundred years ago Sir Aldingar was steward to a king of England, and Queen Eleanor was his royal mistress—the sweet and gentle lady who followed her husband to the Holy Land, and drew the poison from Edward's arm with her own rosy lips. There was some love and affection you see in these old times, rude and bearish as we are apt to consider them.

King Edward was a capital fighter, and loved a battle row above all things. But he was weak in arithmetic, so that Eleanor conducted all the household accounts, and checked Sir Aldingar's entries. He was, however, ever ready to go over the household expenses with her; for, if the truth must out, he admired her exceedingly. Her kind and gentle manner he mistook for encouragement: and one day, when an illegible item, in Sir Aldingar's book of slates caused them to bring their faces very closely together to make it out, he wickedly said to himself, “Here goes!” and kissed her!

How did Queen Eleanor behave? She did not scream, nor ring the bell, nor call in any of those who waited without. She did not tell the King; for there were such diverting punishments in those days—such culinary variations of hanging, broiling, drawing, boiling, spitting, and mincing criminals, that her woman's heart shrunk from what she knew

would be the result of so doing. But she gave Sir Aldingar such a box on the ear that it was red-hot the whole day; and when he went to bed it seemed as if his head was spinning round so fast that it hummed again like a top, with the exception that it never slept. And being of a bad disposition, he passed the time until morning in planning vengeance against Queen Eleanor, and seeing how he could best hunt her down and ruin her with safety to himself.

As he looked down upon the town of Windsor from his bedroom loophole—at which he was shaving himself with his dagger—he saw a wounded limping man-at-arms, with tattered surcoat, and very bad shoes, having walked all the way from Palestine, begging alms of the holy passengers who were starting for Slough, accompanying himself on a species of banjo of the middle ages, which the musical crusaders of the time are legended to have carried. This was the little song he sang: with a lithographed frontispiece, it would have enjoyed great drawing-room popularity at the present day.

YE WARLYKE TROUBADOURE.

O! I'm y^e warlyke Troubadoure,
With my hey downe and willowe!
When y^e crie is raised in war,
Then I touch my lighte guitarre,
Fal, lal, la! Fal, la!

When y^e battel fyghte is won,
With my hey downe and willowe!
Home I haste from Palestine,
Singing lovelye Ladye mine,
Fal, lal, la! Fal, la!

"Now Gadso, gramercy, by my halidame, i'fackins! thou hast a pretty wit," said Sir Aldingar, speaking after the approved manner of the middle ages, as he approached the limping troubadour, "and a voice like a merle. Wilt be heard by royalty?"

"I am not much in a condition to go to court," replied the minstrel, as he looked at his paletot of seedy velvet, and his gauntlets, whereof the top scales were gone, so that his finger ends protruded.

"Beshrew thee for a faint heart," said Sir Aldingar, again talking *moyen age* to him. "How dost call thyself?"

"I am named Alleyne, the Throstle-throated," replied the other.

"Well, come with me, Alleyne," replied Sir Aldingar, "and you shall sing to the Queen within an hour."

Wondering at his good luck, the foot-sore and wounded minstrel followed his new friend, who, instead of going through the great gates, opened a series of little doors with a latch-key, until they at last reached the Queen's private apartment. Here Sir Aldingar told him to stop, and then he started off to find the King.

Edward was working for health in the little garden at the foot of the Round Tower, as was his wont, dibbling potatoes with an old sceptre; but when he saw his steward hastening towards him, with a countenance expressive of much terror, he stopped and asked him what was the matter.

"Alack the day!" replied the knight. "I dare not tell your majesty, unless you will pass your word not to harm me."

"Say on," said the King, "I promise you you shall be safe."

"Honour?" asked Sir Aldingar dubiously.

"Bright!" replied the King emphatically. "Now, go-a-head."

"In a word, your Queen is faithless, sire," said the evil-minded steward; "her paramour is at this moment in her boudoir."

King Edward let the sceptre fall from his hand, and stood for a minute speechless, for the tidings had quite taken away his breath. And then, as if he thought all the eyes of the potatoes were looking at him, he kicked away the basket that held them, and exclaimed,

"Now look you, Sir Aldingar, if you have told the truth I will reward you with whatever you like to ask; but if it is a lie I will have you hanged to a gibbet so high that you must go up a fire-escape to be turned off. Now, you know your fate: convince me."

The evil Knight straightway led the King to Eleanor's boudoir, and there, sure enough, was the minstrel. Imagining that somebody had been brought to hear him, he put himself in an attitude, and was about to strike up a roundelay, when Edward knocked his light guitar into matches, and shook him so soundly, that the Queen and her maids of honour, hearing the noise, ran into the chamber. They were all astonished—the minstrel especially so—and one of the prettiest damsels, Maude Aylmer, having caught sight of the minstrel, cried out "Alleyne!" and fainted outright. But everybody was too much surprised to look after her; and so, as is providentially arranged in similar cases, she soon came round, looking very pale, but very beautiful, and evidently knowing a great deal more about the intruder than she cared to say.

"You miscreant!" cried Edward, as soon as his rage allowed him to speak. "And *you*, madam; here's a sight for your parents; to take up with such a wretched, maimed, and shabby scrub as this—go to!"

"To where?" asked Eleanor, perfectly bewildered. "What does this mean?"

"Mean me no means!" cried Edward. "I love you very much Eleanor, but I really cannot overlook this affair. It is unpleasant, I know, but"—and here he shrugged his shoulders—"you must be burnt. I regret to see a lady and a Queen in such a disgraceful position, and hope it will be a warning to you."

He borrowed this last idea from what he was always accustomed to say when he was dispensing justice.

The Queen was almost petrified. At first she appeared paralysed with horror, then she went into hysterics, then she fainted, and next, upon recovering, she swore—not bad words—but oaths of innocence, appealing to all the saints she knew, in succession.

As her endeavour to tear her hair proved a failure, for it was very long, and strong, and beautiful; and the quantity she seized on would have pulled off her scalp. "Stop!" she cried, as she attempted to beat her breast with similar ill-luck, by reason of the pins in her bodice. "I dreamt a dream last night."

"A dream! Oh! then I see Queen Mab hath been with you," observed the King with a scarcely-suppressed sneer.

Eleanor had not read Shakspeare, so did not see the allusion; but she sang this ballad—the words of which Percy has handed down to us—to an extempore air. For it was a great thing with the ancient lyrists that they extemporized about anything on the instant.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S LAMENT.

I dreamt in my sweven on Thursdai eve,
In my bed whereas I laye,
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
Had carryed my crowne awaye,

Saving there came a littel gray hawke,
 A merlin him they call,
 Which untill the grounde did strike the grype
 That dead he downe did fall.

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
 A battell wold I prove,
 To fight with that traitor Aldingar,
 Att him I cast my glove.

The King was touched ; for a pretty woman in tears, with a good contralto voice, can do a great deal. So he said he did not wish to throw cold water on her destiny (albeit, she wished he might do so when the time came), but that he would give her forty days to find a knight ; if she did not in that time, it would be his painful duty to weep over, what would literally be, her ashes. * *

As soon as the grace was accorded, the Queen sat up all night writing notes to her friends to do what they could for her. And she sent out her heralds all round the country ; but no one was found willing to come to the chivalric scratch. And so twenty days passed, and affairs were getting desperate, when her pretty maid of honour, Maude, came and said to her,

“Gracious lady, I fear that your heralds spend their time in wassel-shops, and forget your interests. I know it is not considered right for a maiden of eighteen to don man’s attire ; but an it please you, I will go forth and try what I can do.”

The Queen did not put much faith in the mission ; but she consented. Whereupon Maude went to the guard-room, and, by dint of her blue eyes and rosy lips, got the warder to fit her with some armour. It was a suit that had been made for one of the princes when he was young, and with a very slight alteration of rivets, it fitted tolerably well. And putting down her vizor, she took the Queen’s own white palfrey, and, unattended, rode forth with the combined feelings of Joan of Arc and Godiva. There was no one to attend her ; and, with only her own good cause and spotless honour to protect her, she commenced her search.

It was a dispiriting journey : for she had many reasons for hoping to prove the Queen’s innocence, but she found no champion. Day by day went by, and her courage sank within her, until the twentieth morning arrived, when, heart-broken and weary, she sat down by the Thames’ side, and unable to bear up any longer, began to cry.

Do you know the river above Maidenhead Bridge ? If you do you will be able to call to mind one of the fairest scenes that our sylvan England can boast of. Hanging woods, so thick with leaves that the sunlight can scarcely quiver on the short and glossy turf below, come down to the very water’s edge until their lowest branches are kissed by the ripple, and the petals of their blossoms spangle the blue river in the springtide. There are long climbing avenues of scented firs and cedars, dark even in blazing noon, and tortuous walks amidst gnarled and misshapen bolls of trees, that need every fibre of their writhed roots to hold them to the slopes they start from. Here and there a cold spring of crystal waters forms a clear basin, and gurgles over blue, and white, and mottled pebbles, into the Thames. It is a pleasant thing in summer to gaze from the heights on the fair expanse of river and pasture far below, glittering in the afternoon sun, and hear light laughter and stray chords of music, flitting through the woods. You might travel a long long way further and, after all your trouble, see nothing that would excite so much admiration as the leafy Clifden.

It was at this fair spot that Maude sat down to rest and cry, and bathe her small white feet, which her armour had chafed and wearied, in the river. As her tears fell fast to mingle with the stream, she thought she saw a very tiny boy rise up from the spring. She did not like to look at first, for she could perceive that he was not encumbered with a great deal of clothing—in fact, he had only got a girdle on, to which a sword was hanging—and this is but a scant costume. But recollecting she might look at him with an artist's eyes if she did not with that of a common person, she took courage, and stared him full in the face.

"You look very miserable, damsel fair," said the tiny boy. "What is the matter?"

"Alack!" answered Maude, "You can be of no avail."

"Don't say so," said the child, "till you've heard me. I have brought you this sword. Take it, and fight Sir Aldingar with it yourself."

"Me!" cried Maude, trembling with flurry. "Well! my goodness!"

"It is your goodness will protect you," replied the child. "And tell the Queen to remember her dream—how a little merlin saved her from the griffin. Heaven will fend her: so mount horse and away."

Having said which the little boy sank once more into the spring and disappeared, leaving not even a ripple on its surface. Maude was inclined to treat it all as a dream, but she still had the sword: so she once more got on her palfrey, and rode back to Windsor at such a rate that the wind whistled again through her helmet.

When she got to Eton she found the town quite deserted. And she met nobody as she went on. There was no toll-man at Windsor bridge, so she rode through without paying. One person only was in the streets, and he was running up the hundred steps as though a mad dog, or a sheriff's officer, or any other dreadful animal, was at his heels. Just then she heard a trumpet sound from the castle, and she directly knew that the Queen was in peril; so, without hesitation, she rode right up the hundred steps as well, just as you have seen horses, at Astley's, scale walls and climb mountains. And at the top she threw herself off, and ran through the cloister into the lower ward.

No wonder she had seen nobody in the streets. All the population had collected there awaiting the Queen's ordeal. Eleanor herself, pale as death, and dressed all in white, was sitting on a very uncomfortable couch of faggots, in the ring before a great post; the troubadour, with his banjo hung round his neck by way of disgrace, was trembling under a gibbet of an awful height; the King was on a temporary throne; and Sir Aldingar, armed cap-a-pie and sword in hand, was marching up and down waiting for the Queen's champion.

"Tip them another blast, Baldwin," said Edward to his herald.

"They are not worth a blast, sire," replied the herald, not meaning anything wrong, although the King started.

"But for the mere form of the thing," said the King.

Whereupon the herald blew the last challenge, and then the people, turned all their attention from the herald to the post. But the echoes had scarcely died away in the nooks and corners of the castle, when Maude jumped into the ring as lightly as her armour would allow, and threw down her gauntlet at St. Aldingar's feet; at which the people set up a mighty cheer. The false steward took up the small glove on the point of his sword, and said contemptuously,

"What's this?"

"It is my gage," said Maude.

"Oh, well! if you wish to fight," observed Sir Aldingar, "there is mine." And he threw down his own large gauntlet, muttering some joke about the broad and narrow gauge, to prove his coolness. But the joke didn't go; for, the people knew nothing of railways, they were anxious for the fun to begin: they did not care whether the Queen was burnt, or the minstrel hung, or the combatants gashed and hacked into mince-meat, so long as they saw something.

The trumpets sounded, and Sir Aldingar flourished his large two-handed sword, with which he was reported to have spitted six Paynims to a tree in Palestine, when in the twinkling of a bed-post, which is now an obsolete idiosyncrasy of furniture, Maude whirled her little sword round, and cut off both Sir Aldingar's legs at the knees, so that he fell down, so as to say, regularly stumped.

There was a huzzah from the vast crowd, followed by a solemn pause of intense interest, broken only by the King, who, keeping his eye upon the turret clock, cried out, "Time!" But Sir Aldingar could not come up to it; not having the pluck of the renowned Witherington at Chevy Chase. He only called for a priest.

"I confess my guilt," he said, as soon as one came. "I told stories, and I have suffered for it. Good people," he added, addressing the crowd, "take warning by my sad example, which has brought me to this shameful end, and never keep bad company. I acknowledge the justice of my punishment."

In half an hour this dying speech had been turned into a "copy of verses," and was printed and sung amongst the crowd.

And now there was general rejoicing. The King flew to release Eleanor, and the royal couple then came down to ask to whom they were indebted for a champion; when Maude took off her helmet, and letting her long shining ringlets fall about her neck, showed them who she was. My heart! how the people shouted then! and how they threw her the nosegays many of them carried in token of their approbation. And the King having embraced her,—not longer, though, than was proper before the Queen,—told her she might command whatever boon she wished; upon which she asked for the post Sir Aldingar had just resigned; and it was immediately given to her.

All this time the Troubadour had been quite neglected; but Maude no sooner received the appointment, than she ran to the gallows, and led him to the King's feet, exclaiming, as she blushed like sunset,—

"Your majesty; he is my old sweetheart. We were betrothed before he went to Palestine. Forgive us, and we won't do so any more."

"Rise, Sir," said the King, as he hit him with his sword, "we will have you under our especial eye. Eleanor, dearest love; I have wronged you, but I trust I am forgiven. And if these kind friends," he added, coming forward to the front of his throne, and addressing the people, as if he had been finishing a play, "will overlook our errors, the performances shall never be again repeated."

There was loud applause; and the people called for the Queen, and cheered her; then they called for Maude, and then for the Troubadour; and lastly hauled Sir Aldingar's body to the gallows intended for his victim. There was a tremendous banquet at night; at which all the chroniclers got so tipsy, that they could never give a report of it; but they remembered, up to a certain period, it was excessively jolly.

So Edward loved his wife again, Maude was happy with her Troubadour: and "God spede all this fayre companie!"

CAPTAIN SPIKE;

OR,

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

He sleeps ; but dreams of massy gold,
 And heaps of pearl. He stretched his hand,
 He hears a voice—"Ill man withhold!"
 A pale one near him stands.

DANA.

CHAPTER V.

IT was near nightfall when the Swash anchored among the low and small islets mentioned. Rose had been on deck, as the vessel approached this singular and solitary haven, watching the movements of those on board, as well as the appearance of objects on the land, with the interest her situation would be likely to awaken. She saw the light and manageable craft glide through the narrow and crooked passages that led into the port, the process of anchoring, and the scene of tranquil solitude that succeeded ; each following the other as by a law of nature. The light-house next attracted her attention, and, as soon as the sun disappeared, her eyes were fastened on the lantern, in expectation of beholding the watchful and warning fires gleaming there, to give the mariner notice of the position of the dangers that surrounded the place. Minute went by after minute, however, and the customary illumination seemed to be forgotten.

"Why is not the light shining?" Rose asked of Mulford, as the young man came near her, after having discharged his duty in helping to moor the vessel, and in clearing the decks. "All the light houses we have passed, and they have been fifty, have shown bright lights at this hour, but this."

"I cannot explain it; nor have I the smallest notion where we are. I have been aloft, and there was nothing in sight but this cluster of low islets, far or near. I did fancy, for a moment, I saw a speck like a distant sail, off here to the northward and eastward, but I rather think it was a gull, or some other sea-bird glancing upward on the wing. I mentioned it to the captain when I came down, and he appeared to believe it a mistake. I have watched that light-house closely, too, ever since we came in, and I have not seen the smallest sign of life about it. It is altogether an extraordinary place!"

"One suited to acts of villany, I fear, Harry!"

"Of that we shall be better judges to-morrow. You, at least, have one vigilant friend, who will die sooner than harm shall come to you. I believe Spike to be thoroughly unprincipled; still he knows he can go so far and no farther, and has a wholesome dread of the law. But the circumstance that there should be such a port as this, with a regular light-house, and no person near the last, is so much out of the common way, that I do not know what to make of it."

"Perhaps the light-house keeper is afraid to show himself, in the presence of the Swash?"

"That can hardly be, for vessels must often enter the port, if port it can be called. But Spike is as much concerned at the circumstance that the lamps are not lighted, as any of us can be. Look, he is about to visit the building in the boat, accompanied by two of his oldest sea-dogs."

"Why might we not raise the anchor, and sail out of this place, leaving Spike ashore," suggested Rose, with more decision and spirit than discretion.

Simply because the act would be piracy, even if I could get the rest of the people to obey my orders, as certainly I could not. No Rose, you, and your aunt, and Biddy, however, might land at these buildings, and refuse to return, Spike having no authority over his passengers."

"Still he would have the *power* to make us come back to his brig. Look, he has left the vessel's side, and is going directly toward the light-house."

Mulford made no immediate answer, but remained at Rose's side, watching the movements of the captain. The last pulled directly to the islet with the buildings, a distance of only a few hundred feet, the light-house being constructed on a rocky island that was nearly in the centre of the cluster, most probably with a view to protect it from the ravages of the waves. The fact, however, proved as Mulford did not fail to suggest to his companion, that the beacon had been erected less to guide vessels *into* the haven, than to warn mariners at a distance, of the position of the whole group.

In less than five minutes after he had landed, Spike himself was seen in the lantern, in the act of lighting its lamps. In a very short time the place was in a brilliant blaze, reflectors and all the other parts of the machinery of the place performing their duties as regularly as if tended by the usual keeper. Soon after Spike returned on board, and the anchor-watch was set. Then every body sought the rest that it was customary to take at that hour.

Mulford was on deck with the appearance of the sun; but he found that Spike had preceded him, had gone ashore again, had extinguished the lamps, and was coming along side of the brig on his return. A minute later the captain came over the side.

"You were right about your sail last night, a'ter all, Mr. Mulford," said Spike on coming aft. "There she is, sure enough; and we shall have her along side to strike cargo out and in, by the time the people have got their breakfasts."

As Spike pointed toward the light-house while speaking, the mate changed his position a little, and saw that a schooner was coming down toward the islets before the wind. Mulford now began to understand the motives of the captain's proceedings, though a good deal yet remained veiled in mystery. He could not tell where the brig was, nor did he know precisely why so many expedients were adopted to conceal the transfer of a cargo as simple as that of flour. But he who was in the secret left but little time for reflection; for swallowing a hasty breakfast on deck, he issued orders enough to his mate to give him quite as much duty as he could perform, when he again entered the yawl, and pulled toward the stranger.

Rose soon appeared on deck, and she naturally began to question Harry concerning their position and prospects. He was confessing his ignorance, as well as lamenting it, when his companion's sweet face suddenly flushed. She advanced a step eagerly toward the open window of Spike's state-room, then compressed her full, rich, underlip with the ivory of her upper teeth, and stood a single instant, a beautiful statue of irresolution instigated by spirit. The last quality prevailed; and Mulford was really startled when he saw Rose advance quite to the window, thrust in an arm, and turn toward him with his own sextant in her hand. During the course of the passage out, the young man had taught Rose to assist him in observing the longitude; and she was now ready to repeat the practice. Not a moment was lost in executing her intention. Sights were had, and the instrument was returned to its place without attracting the attention of the men, who were all busy in getting up purchases, and in making the other necessary dispositions for discharging the flour. The observations answered the purpose, though somewhat imperfectly made. Mulford had a tolerable notion of their latitude, having kept the brig's run in his head since quitting Yucatan; and he now found that their longitude was about 83° west from Greenwich. After ascertaining this fact, a glance at the open chart, which lay on Spike's desk, satisfied him that the vessel was anchored within the group of the Dry Tortugas, or at the western termination of the well-known, formidable, and extensive Florida Reef. He had never been in that part of the world before, but had heard enough in sea-gossip, and had read enough in books, to be at once apprized of the true character of their situation. The islets were American; the lighthouse was American; and the haven in which the Swash lay was the very spot in the contemplation of government for an outer man-of-war harbour, where fleets might rendezvous in the future wars of that portion of the world. He now saw plainly enough the signs of the existence of a vast reef, a short distance to the southward of the vessel, that formed a species of sea-wall, or mole, to protect the port against the waves of the gulf, in that direction. This reef he knew to be miles in width.

There was little time for speculation, Spike soon bringing the strange schooner directly alongside of the brig. The two vessels immediately became a scene of activity, one discharging and the other receiving the flour as fast as it could be struck out of the hold of the Swash and lowered upon the deck of the schooner. Mulford, however, had practiced a little artifice as the stranger entered the haven, which drew down upon him an anathema or two from Spike, as soon as they were alone. The mate had set the brig's ensign, and this compelled the stranger to be markedly rude, or to answer the compliment; accordingly he had shown the ancient flag of Spain. For thus extorting a national symbol from the schooner, the mate was sharply rebuked at a suitable moment, though nothing could have been more forbearing than the deportment of his commander when they first met.

When Spike returned to his own vessel, he was accompanied by a dark-looking, well-dressed, and decidedly gentleman-like personage, whom he addressed indifferently in his very imperfect Spanish as

Don Wan (Don Juan, or John,) or Señor Montefalderon. By the latter appellation he even saw fit to introduce the very respectable-looking stranger to his mate. This stranger spoke English well, though with an accent.

"Don Wan has taken all the flour, Mr. Mulford, and intends shoving it over into Cuba, without troubling the custom-house, I believe ; but that is not a matter to give *us* any concern, you know."

The wink, and the knowing look by which this speech was accompanied, seemed particularly disagreeable to Don Juan, who now paid his compliments to Rose with no little surprise betrayed in his countenance, but with the ease and reserve of a gentleman. Mulford thought it strange that a smuggler of flour should be so polished a personage, though his duty did not admit of his bestowing much attention to the little trifling of the interview that succeeded.

For about an hour the work went steadily and rapidly on. During that time Mulford was several times on board the schooner, as indeed was Josh, Jack Tier, and others belonging to the Swash. The Spanish vessel was Baltimore, or clipper built, with a trunk-cabin, and had every appearance of sailing fast. Mulford was struck with her model, and, while on board of her, he passed both forward and aft to examine it. This was so natural in a seaman that Spike, while he noted the proceeding, took it in good part ; he even called out to his mate from his own quarter-deck to admire this or that point in the schooner's construction. As is customary with the vessels of southern nations, this stranger was full of men, but they continued at their work, some half dozen of brawny negroes among them, shouting their songs as they swayed at the falls, no one appearing to manifest jealousy or concern. At length Tier came near the mate, and said,

"Uncle Sam will not be pleased when he hears the reason that the keeper is not in his light-house."

"And what is that reason, Jack ? If you know it, tell it to me."

"Go aft, and look down the companion-way, maty, and see it for yourself."

Mulford did go aft, and he made an occasion to look down into the schooner's cabin, where he caught a glimpse of the persons of a man and a boy, whom he at once supposed had been taken from the light-house. This one fact of itself doubled his distrust of the character of Spike's proceedings. There was no sufficient apparent reason why a mere smuggler should care about the presence of an individual more or less in a foreign port. Every thing that had occurred looked like pre-concert between the brig and the schooner ; and the mate was just beginning to entertain the strongest distrust that their vessel was holding treasonable communication with the enemy, when an accident removed all doubt on the subject, from his own mind at least. Spike had once or twice given his opinion that the weather was treacherous, and urged the people of both crafts to extraordinary exertions, in order that the vessels might get clear of each other as soon as possible. This appeal had set various expedients in motion to second the more regular work of the purchases. Among other things, planks had been laid from one vessel to the other, and barrels were rolled along with very little attention to the speed or the direction. Several had fallen on the schooner's deck with rude shocks,

but no damage was done until one, of which the hoops had not been properly secured, met with a fall, and burst nearly at Mulford's feet. It was at the precise moment when the mate was returning, from taking his glance into the cabin, toward the side of the Swash. A white cloud arose, and half a dozen of the schooner's people sprang for buckets, kids, or dishes, in order to secure enough of the contents of the broken barrel to furnish them with a meal. At first nothing was visible but the white cloud that succeeded the fall, and the scrambling sailors in its midst. No sooner, however, had the air got to be a little clear, than Mulford saw an object lying in the centre of the wreck that he at once recognized for a keg of gunpowder! The captain of the schooner seized this keg, gave a knowing look at Mulford, and disappeared in the hold of his own vessel, carrying with him, what was out of all question, a most material part of the true cargo of the Swash.

At the moment when the flour-barrel burst, Spike was below in close conference with his Spanish or Mexican guest; and the wreck being so soon cleared away, it is probable that he never heard of the accident. As for the two crews, they laughed a little among themselves at the revelation which had been made, as well as at the manner; but to old sea-dogs like them, it was a matter of very little moment whether the cargo was in reality flour or gunpowder. In a few minutes the affair seemed to be forgotten. In the course of another hour the Swash was light, having nothing in her but some pig-lead which she used for ballast, while the schooner was loaded to her hatches, and full. Spike now sent a boat, with orders to drop a kedge about a hundred yards from the place where his own brig lay. The schooner warped up to this kedge, and dropped an anchor of her own, leaving a very short range of cable out, it being a flat calm. Ordinarily, the trades prevail at the Dry Tortugas, and all along the Florida Reef. Sometimes, indeed, this breeze sweeps across the whole width of the Gulf of Mexico, blowing home, as it is called—reaching even to the coast of Texas. It is subject, however, to occasional interruptions everywhere, varying many points in its direction, and occasionally ceasing entirely. The latter was the condition of the weather about noon on this day, or when the schooner hauled off from the brig, and was secured at her own anchor.

"Mr. Mulford," said Spike, "I do not like the state of the atmosphere. D'ye see that fiery streak along the western horizon?—well, sir, as the sun gets nearer to that streak, there'll be trouble, or I'm no judge of weather."

"You surely do not imagine, Captain Spike, that the sun will be any nearer to that fiery streak, as you call it, when he is about to set, than he is at this moment?" answered the mate, smiling.

"I'm sure of one thing, young man, and that is, that old heads are better than young ones. What a man has once seen, he may expect to see again, if the same leading signs offer. Man the boat, sir, and carry out the kedge, which is still in it, and lay it off here, about three p'int's on our larboard bow."

Mulford had a profound respect for Spike's seamanship, whatever he might think of his principles: the order was consequently obeyed. The mate was then directed to send down various articles out of the top, and to get the top-gallant and royal yards on deck. Spike

carried his precautions so far as to have the mainsail lowered, it ordinarily brailing at that season of the year, with a standing gaff. With this disposition completed, the captain seemed more at his ease, and went below to join Señor Montefalderon in a *siesta*. The Mexican, for such in truth was the national character of the owner of the schooner, had preceded him in this indulgence ; and most of the people of the brig having laid themselves down to sleep under the heat of the hour, Mulford soon enjoyed another favourable opportunity for a private conference with Rose.

"Harry," commenced the latter, as soon as they were alone, "I have much to tell you. While you have been absent I have overheard a conversation between this Spanish gentleman and Spike, that shows the last is in treaty with the other for the sale of the brig. Spike extolled his vessel to the skies, while Don Wan, as he calls him, complains that the brig is old, and cannot last long ; to which Spike answered, 'to be sure she is old, Señor Montefalderon, but she will last as long as *your war*, and under a bold captain might be made to return her cost a hundred fold !' What war can he mean, and to what does such a discourse tend ?"

"The war alludes to the war now existing between America and Mexico, and the money to be made is to be plundered at sea, from our own merchant vessels. If Don Juan Montefalderon is really in treaty for the purchase of the brig, it is to convert her into a Mexican cruiser, either public or private."

"But this would be treason on the part of Spike !"

"Not more so than supplying the enemy with gunpowder, as he has just been doing. I have ascertained the reason he was so unwilling to be overhauled by the revenue steamer, as well as the reason why the revenue steamer wished so earnestly to overhaul us. Each barrel of flour contains another of gunpowder, and that has been sold to this Señor Montefalderon, who is doubtless an officer of the Mexican government, and no smuggler."

"He has been at New York this very summer, I know," continued Rose, "for he spoke of his visit, and made such other remarks, as leaves no doubt that Spike expected to find him here, on this very day of the month. He also paid Spike a large sum of money in doubloons, and took back the bag to his schooner, when he had done so, after showing the captain enough was left to pay for the brig, could they only agree on the terms of their bargain."

"Ay, ay ; it is all plain enough now, Spike has determined on a desperate push for fortune, and foreseeing it might not soon be in his power to return to New York, in safety, he has included his designs on you and your fortune, in the plot."

"My fortune ! the trifle I possess can scarcely be called a fortune, Harry !"

"It would be a fortune to Spike, Rose, and I shall be honest enough to own it would be a fortune to me. I say this frankly, for I do believe you think too well of me to suppose that I seek you for any other reason than the ardent love I bear your person and character ; but a fact is not to be denied because it may lead certain persons to distrust our motives. Spike is poor, like myself, and the brig is not only getting to be very old, but she has been losing money for the last twelve months."

Mulford and Rose now conversed long and confidentially, on their situation and prospects. The mate neither magnified nor concealed the dangers of both; but freely pointed out the risk to himself, in being on board a vessel that was aiding and comforting the enemy. It was determined between them that both would quit the brig the moment an opportunity offered, and the mate even went so far as to propose an attempt to escape in one of the boats, although he might incur the hazard of a double accusation; those of mutiny and larceny for making the experiment. Unfortunately, neither Rose, nor her aunt, nor Biddy, nor Jack Tier had seen the barrel of powder, and neither could testify as to the true character of Spike's connection with the schooner. It was manifestly necessary, therefore, independently of the risks that might be run by "bearding the lion in his den," to proceed with great intelligence and caution.

This dialogue between Harry and Rose occurred just after the turn in the day, and it lasted fully an hour. Each had been too much interested to observe the heavens, but, as they were on the point of separating, Rose pointed out to her companion the unusual and most menacing aspect of the sky in the western horizon. It appeared as if a fiery heat was glowing there, behind a curtain of black vapour; and what rendered it more remarkable, was the circumstance that an extraordinary degree of placidity prevailed in all other parts of the heavens. Mulford scarce knew what to make of it; his experience not going so far as to enable him to explain the novel and alarming appearance. He stepped on a gun and gazed around him for a moment. There lay the schooner, without a being visible on board of her, and there stood the light-house, gloomy in its desertion and solitude. The birds alone seemed to be alive and conscious of what was approaching. They were all on the wing, wheeling wildly in the air, and screaming discordantly, as belonged to their habits. The young man leaped off the gun, gave a loud call to Spike, at the companion-way, and sprang forward to call all hands.

One minute only was lost, when every seaman on board the *Swash*, from the captain to Jack Tier, was on deck. Mulford met Spike at the cabin door, and pointed toward the fiery column that was booming down upon the anchorage, with a velocity and direction that would now admit of no misinterpretation. For one instant that sturdy old seaman stood aghast; gazing at the enemy as one conscious of his impotency might have been supposed to quail before an assault that he foresaw must prove irresistible. Then his native spirit, and most of all the effects of training, began to show themselves in him, and he became at once, not only the man again, but the resolute, practised and ready commander.

"Come aft to the spring, men—" he shouted—"clap on the spring, Mr. Mulford, and bring the brig head to wind."

This order was obeyed as seamen best obey, in cases of sudden and extreme emergency; or with intelligence, aptitude and power. The brig had swung nearly round, in the desired direction, when the tornado struck her. It will be difficult, we do not know but it is impossible, to give a clear and accurate account of what followed. As most of our readers have doubtless felt how great is the power of the wind whiffing and pressing different ways, in sudden and passing gusts, they have only to imagine this power increased many, many fold, and

the baffling of the currents made furious, as it might be, by meeting with resistance, to form some notion of the appalling strength and frightful inconstancy with which it blew for about a minute.

Notwithstanding the circumstance of Spike's precaution had greatly lessened the danger, every man on the deck of the *Swash* believed the brig was gone when the gust struck her. Over she went, in fact, until the water came pouring in above her half-ports, like so many little cascades, and spouting up through her scupper-holes, resembling the blowing of young whales. It was the whiffing energy of the tornado, that alone saved her. As if disappointed in not destroying its intended victim at one swoop, the tornado "let up" in its pressure, like a dexterous wrestler, making a fresh and desperate effort to overturn the vessel, by a slight variation in its course. That change saved the *Swash*. She righted, and even rolled in the other direction, or what may be called to windward, with her decks full of water. For a minute longer, these baffling, changing gusts continued, each causing the brig to bow like a reed to their power, one lifting as another pressed her down, and then the weight, or the more dangerous part of the tornado was passed, though it continued to blow heavily, always in whiffing blasts, several minutes longer.

During the weight of the gust, no one had leisure, or indeed inclination to look to aught beyond its effect on the brig. Had one been otherwise disposed, the attempt would have been useless, for the wind had filled the air with spray, and near the islets even with sand. The lurid but fiery tinge, too, interposed a veil that no human eye could penetrate. As the tornado passed onward, however, and the wind lulled, the air again became clear, and in five minutes after the moment when the *Swash* lay nearly on her side, with her lower yard-arm actually within a few feet of the water, all was still and placid around her, as one is accustomed to see the ocean in a calm, of a summer's afternoon. Then it was that those who had been in such extreme jeopardy could breathe freely and look about them. On board the *Swash*, all was well—not a rope-yarn had parted, or an eye-bolt drawn. The timely precautions of Spike had saved his brig, and great was his joy thereat.

In the midst of the infernal din of the tornado screams had ascended from the cabin, and the instant he could quit the deck with propriety Mulford sprang below, in order to ascertain their cause. He apprehended that some of the females had been driven to leeward when the brig went over, and that some of the luggage or furniture had fallen on them. In the main cabin, the mate found Señor Montefalderon just quitting his berth, composed, gentleman-like, and collected. Josh was braced in a corner nearly grey with fear, while Jack Tier still lay on the cabin floor, at the last point to which he had rolled. One word sufficed to let Don Juan know that the gust had passed, and the brig was safe, when Mulford tapped at the door of the inner cabin. Rose appeared, pale, but calm and unhurt.

"Is any one injured?" asked the young man, his mind relieved at once, as soon as he saw that she who most occupied his thoughts was safe; "we heard screams from this cabin."

"My aunt and Biddy have been frightened," answered Rose, "but neither has been hurt. Oh, Harry, what terrible thing has happened to us? I heard the roaring of—"

"'T was a tornado," interrupted Mulford eagerly—"but 't is over. 'T was one of those sudden and tremendous gusts that sometimes occur within the tropics, in which the danger is usually in the first shock. If no one is injured in this cabin, no one is injured at all."

"Oh, Mr. Mulford—dear Mr. Mulford!" exclaimed the relict from the corner into which she had been followed and jammed by Biddy, "Oh, Mr. Mulford, are we foundered, or not?"

"Heaven be praised, not, my dear ma'am, though we came nearer to it than I ever was before."

"Are we cap-ased?"

"Nor that, Mrs. Budd; the brig is as upright as a church."

"Upright!" repeated Biddy, in her customary accent—"is it as a church? Sure, then, Mr. Mate, 't is a Presbyterian church that you mane, and that is always totterin'."

"Catholic or Dutch—no church in York is more completely up and down, than the brig at this moment."

"Get off of me—get off of me, Biddy, and let me rise," said the widow, with dignity. "The danger is over I see, and, as we return our thanks for it, we have the consolation of knowing that we have done our duty. It is incumbent on all, at such moments, to be at their posts, and to set examples of decision and prudence."

As Mulford saw all was well in the cabin, he hastened on deck, followed by Señor Montefalderon. Just as they emerged from the companion-way, Spike was hailing the forecastle.

"Forecastle, there," he cried, standing on the trunk himself as he did so, and moving from side to side, as if to catch a glimpse of some object ahead.

"Sir," came back from an old salt, who was coiling up rigging in that seat of seamanship.

"Where away is the schooner? She ought to be dead ahead of us, as we tend now—but blast me if I can see as much as her mast-heads."

At this suggestion, a dozen men sprang upon guns or other objects, to look for the vessel in question. The old salt forward, however, had much the best chance, for he stepped on the heel of the bowsprit and walked as far out as the knight-heads, to command the whole view ahead of the brig. There he stood half a minute, looking first on one side of the head-gear, then the other, when he gave his trousers a hitch, put a fresh quid in his mouth, and called out in a voice almost as hoarse as the tempest, that had just gone by,—

"The schooner has gone down at her anchor, sir! There's her buoy watching still, as if nothing had happened; but as for the craft itself, there's not so much as a bloody yard-arm, or mast-head of her to be seen!"

This news produced a sensation in the brig at once, as may be supposed. Even Señor Montefalderon, a quiet, gentleman-like person, altogether superior in deportment to the bustle and fuss that usually marks the manners of persons in trade, was disturbed; for to him the blow was heavy indeed. Whether he were acting for himself, or was an agent of the Mexican government, the loss was much the same.

"Tom is right enough," put in Spike, rather coolly for the circumstances—"that there schooner of your'n has foundered, Don Wan, as any one can see. She must have capsized and filled, for I obsarved

they had left the hatches off, meaning, no doubt, to make an end of the storage, as soon as they had done sleeping."

"And what has become of all her men, Don Esteban?" for so the Mexican politely called his companion. "Have all my poor countrymen perished in this disaster?"

"I fear they have, Don Wan; for I see no head, as of any one swimming. The vessel lay so near that island next to it, that a poor swimmer would have no difficulty in reaching the place; but there is no living thing to be seen. But man the boat, men; we will go to the spot, Señor, and examine for ourselves."

There were two boats in the water, and alongside of the brig. One was the Swash's yawl, a small but convenient craft, while the other was much larger, fitted with a sail, and had all the appearance of having been built to withstand breezes and seas. Mulford felt perfectly satisfied, the moment he saw this boat, which had come into the haven in tow of the schooner, that it had been originally in the service of the light-house keeper. As there was a very general desire among those on the quarter-deck to go to the assistance of the schooner, Spike ordered both boats to be manned, jumping into the yawl himself, accompanied by Don Juan Montefalderon, and telling Mulford to follow with the larger craft, bringing with him as many of the females as might choose to accompany him. As Mrs. Budd thought it incumbent on her to be active in such a scene, all did go, including Biddy, though with great reluctance on the part of Rose.

With the buoy for a guide, Spike had no difficulty in finding the spot where the schooner lay. She had scarcely shifted her berth in the least, there having been no time for her even to swing to the gust, but she had probably capsized at the first blast, filled, and gone down instantly. The water was nearly as clear as the calm, mild atmosphere of the tropics; and it was almost as easy to discern the vessel, and all her hamper, as if she lay on a beach. She had gone down as she filled, or on her side, and still continued in that position. As the water was little more than three fathoms deep, the upper side was submerged but a few inches, and her yard-arms would have been out of the water, but for the circumstance that the yards had canted under the pressure.

At first, no sign was seen of any of those who had been on board this ill-fated schooner when she went down. It was known that twenty-one souls were in her, including the man and the boy who had belonged to the light-house. As the boat moved slowly over this sad ruin, however, a horrible and startling spectacle came in view. Two bodies were seen, within a few feet of the surface of the water, one grasped in the arms of the other, in the gripe of despair. The man held in the grasp, was kept beneath the water solely by the death-lock of his companion, who was himself held where he floated, by the circumstance that one of his feet was entangled in a rope. The struggle could not have been long over, for the two bodies were slowly settling toward the bottom when first seen. It is probable that both these men had more than once risen to the surface in their dreadful struggle. Spike seized a boat-hook, and made an effort to catch the clothes of the nearest body, but ineffectually, both sinking to the sands beneath, lifeless, and without motion. There being no sharks in sight, Mulford volunteered to dive and fasten a line to one of these unfortunate men,

who Don Juan declared at once was the schooner's captain. Some little time was lost in procuring a lead-line from the brig, when the lead was dropped alongside of the drowned. Provided with another piece of the same sort of line, which had a small running bowline around that which was fastened to the lead, the mate made his plunge, and went down with great vigour of arm. It required resolution and steadiness to descend so far into salt water; but Harry succeeded, and rose with the bodies, which came up with the slightest impulse. All were immediately got into the boat, and away the latter went toward the light-house, which was nearer and more easy of access than the brig.

It is probable that one of these unfortunate men might have been revived under judicious treatment; but he was not fated to receive it. Spike, who knew nothing of such matters, undertook to direct every thing, and, instead of having recourse to warmth and gentle treatment, he ordered the bodies to be rolled on a cask, suspended them by the heels, and resorted to a sort of practice that might have destroyed well men, instead of resuscitating those in whom the vital spark was dormant, if not actually extinct.

Two hours later, Rose, seated in her own cabin, unavoidably overheard the following dialogue, which passed in English, a language that Señor Montefalderon spoke perfectly well, as has been said.

"Well Señor," said Spike, "I hope this little accident will not prevent our final trade. You will want the brig now, to take this schooner's place."

"And how am I to pay you for the brig, Señor Spike, even if I buy her?"

"I'll venture to guess there is plenty of money in Mexico. Though they do say the government is so backward about paying, I have always found you punctual, and am not afraid to put faith in you ag'in."

"But I have no longer any money to pay you half in hand, as I did for the powder, when last in New York."

"The bag was pretty well lined with doubloons when I saw it last, Señor."

"And do you know where that bag is; and where there is another that holds the same sum?"

Spike started, and he mused in silence some little time, ere he again spoke.

"I had forgotten," he at length answered. "The gold must have all gone down in the schooner, along with the powder!"

"And the poor men!"

"Why, as for the men, Señor, more may be had for the asking; but powder and doubloons will be hard to find, when most wanted. Then the men were *poor* men, accordin' to my idees of what an able seaman should be, or they never would have let their schooner turn turtle with them as she did."

"We will talk of the money, Don Esteban, if you please," said the Mexican, with reserve.

"With all my heart, Don Wan—nothing is more agreeable to me than money. How many of them doubloons shall fall to my share if I raise the schooner, and put you in possession of your craft again?"

"Can that be done, Señor?" demanded Don Juan earnestly.

"A seaman can do almost anything, in that way, Don Wan, if you

will give him time and means. For one half the doubloons I can find in the wreck, the job shall be done."

"You can have them," answered Don Juan, quietly, a good deal surprised that Spike should deem it necessary to offer him any part of the sum he might find. "As for the powder, I suppose *that* is lost to my country."

"Not at all, Don Wan. The flour is well packed around it, and I don't expect it would take any harm in a month. I shall not only turn over the flour to you, just as if nothing had happened, but I shall put four first rate hands aboard your schooner, who will take her into port for you, with a good deal more sartainty than forty of the men you had. My mate is a prime navigator."

This concluded the bargain, every word of which was heard by Rose, and every word of which she did not fail to communicate to Mulford, the moment there was an opportunity. The young man heard it with great interest, telling Rose that he should do all he could to assist in raising the schooner, in the hope that something might turn up to enable him to escape in her, taking off Rose and her aunt. As for his carrying her into a Mexican port, let them trust him for that! Agreeably to the arrangement, orders were given that afternoon to commence the necessary preparations for the work, and considerable progress was made in them by the time the Swash's people were ordered to knock off work for the night.

After the sun had set the reaction in the currents again commenced, and it blew for a few hours heavily, during the night. Toward morning, however, it moderated, and when the sun re-appeared it scarcely ever diffused its rays over a more peaceful or quiet day. Spike caused all hands to be called, and immediately set about the important business he had before him.

In order that the vessel might be as free as possible, Jack Tier was directed to skull the females ashore, in the brig's yawl; Señor Montefalderon, a man of polished manners, as we maintain is very apt to be the case with Mexican gentlemen, whatever may be the opinion of this good republic on the subject, just at this moment, asked permission to be of the party. Mulford found an opportunity to beg Rose, if they landed at the light, to reconnoitre the place well, with a view to ascertain what facilities it could afford in an attempt to escape. They did land at the light, and glad enough were Mrs. Budd, Rose, and Biddy, to place their feet on *terra firma* after so long a confinement to the narrow limits of a vessel.

"Well," said Jack Tier, as they walked up to the spot where the buildings stood, "this is a rum place for a light'us, Miss Rose, and I don't wonder the keeper and his mesmates has cleared out."

"I am very sorry to say," observed Señor Montefalderon, whose countenance expressed the concern he really felt, "that the keeper and his only companion, a boy, were on board the schooner, and have perished in her, in common with so many of my poor countrymen. There are the graves of two whom we buried here last evening, after vain efforts to restore them to life!"

"What a dreadful catastrophe it has been, Señor," said Rose, whose sweet countenance eloquently expressed the horror and regret she so naturally felt—"Twenty fellow beings hurried into eternity without even an instant for prayer!"

"You feel for them, *Señorita*—it is natural *you* should, and it is natural that I, their countryman and leader, should feel for them, also. I do not know what God has in reserve for my unfortunate country ! We may have cruel and unscrupulous men among us, *Señorita*, but we have thousands who are just, and brave, and honourable."

"So Mr. Mulford tells me, *Señor*, and he has been much in your ports, on the west coast."

"I like that young man, and wonder not a little at his and your situation in this brig,—” rejoined the Mexican, dropping his voice so as not to be heard by their companions, as they walked a little ahead of Mrs. Budd and Biddy. "The *Señor Spike* is scarcely worthy to be *his* commander or *your* guardian."

"Yet you find him worthy of your intercourse and trust, *Don Juan* ?"

The Mexican shrugged his shoulders, and smiled equivocally ; still, in a melancholy manner. It would seem he did not deem it wise to push this branch of the subject further, since he turned to another.

"I like the *Señor Mulford*," he resumed, "for his general deportment and principles, so far as I can judge of him on so short an acquaintance."

"Excuse me, *Señor*," interrupted Rose, hurriedly—"but you never saw *him* until you met him here."

"Never—I understand you, *Señorita*, and can do full justice to the young man's character. I am willing to think he did not know the errand of his vessel, or I should not have seen him now. But what I most like him for is this : Last night, during the gale, he and I walked the deck together for an hour. We talked of Mexico, and of this war, so unfortunate for my country already, and which may become still more so, when he uttered this noble sentiment—'My country is more powerful than yours, *Señor Montefalderon*,' he said, 'and in this it has been more favoured by God. You have suffered from ambitious rulers, and from military rule, while we have been advancing under the arts of peace, favoured by a most beneficent Providence. As for this war, I know but little about it, though I dare say the Mexican government may have been wrong in some things that it might have controlled and some that it might not—but let right be where it will, I am sorry to see a nation that has taken so firm a stand in favour of popular government, pressed upon so hard by another that is supposed to be the great support of such principles. America and Mexico are neighbours, and ought to be friends, and while I do not, cannot blame my own country for pursuing the war with vigour, nothing would please me more than to hear peace proclaimed.'"

"That is just like *Harry Mulford*," said Rose, thoughtfully, as soon as her companion ceased to speak. "I do wish, *Señor*, that there could be no use for this powder, that is now buried in the sea."

Don Juan Montefalderon smiled, and seemed a little surprised that the fair, young thing at his side should have known of the treacherous contents of the flour-barrels. No doubt he found it inexplicable, that persons like Rose and Mulford should, seemingly, be united with one like *Spike* ; but he was too well bred, and, indeed, too effectually mystified, to push the subject further than might be discreet.

By this time they were near the entrance of the light-house, into which the whole party entered, in a sort of mute awe at its silence and

solitude. At Señor Montefalderon's invitation, they ascended to the lantern, whence they could command a wide and fair view of the surrounding waters. The reef was much more apparent from that elevation than from below ; and Rose could see that numbers of its rocks were bare, while on other parts of it there was the appearance of many feet of water. Rose gazed at it, with longing eyes, for, from a few remarks that had fallen from Mulford, she suspected he had hopes of escaping among its channels and coral.

As they descended and walked through the buildings, Rose also took good heed of the supplies the place afforded. There were flour, and beef, and pork ; and many other of the common articles of food, as well as water in a cistern, that caught it as it flowed from the roof of the dwelling. Water was also to be found in casks—nothing like a spring or a well existing among those islets. All these things Rose noted, putting them aside in her memory for ready reference hereafter.

In the meantime the mariners were not idle. Spike moved his brig, and moored her, head and stern, alongside of the wreck, before the people got their breakfasts. As soon as that meal was ended, both captain and mate set about their duty in earnest. Mulford carried out an anchor on the offside of the Swash, and dropped it at a distance of about eighty fathoms from the vessel's beam. Purchases were brought from both mast-heads of the brig to the chain of this anchor, and were hove upon till the vessel was given a heel of more than a streak, and the cable was tolerably taut. Other purchases were got up opposite, and overhauled down, in readiness to take hold of the schooner's masts. The anchor of the schooner was weighed by its buoy-rope, and the chain, after being rove through the upper or opposite hawse-hole, brought in on board the Swash. Another chain was dropped astern, in such a way, that when the schooner came upright, it would be sure to pass beneath her keel, some six or eight feet from the rudder. Slings were then sunk over the mast-heads, and the purchases were hooked on. Hours were consumed in these preliminary labours, and the people went to dinner as soon as they were completed.

When the men had dined, Spike brought one of his purchases to the windlass, and the other to the capstan, though not until each was bowsed taut by hand ; a few minutes having brought the strain so far on every thing as to enable a seaman, like Spike, to form some judgment of the likelihood that his preventers and purchases would stand. Some changes were found necessary to equalize the strain, but, on the whole, the captain was satisfied with his work, and the crew were soon ordered to "heave-away ; the windlass best."

In the course of half an hour the hull of the vessel, which lay on its bilge, began to turn on its keel, and the heads of the spars to rise above the water. This was the easiest part of the process, all that was required of the purchases being to turn over a mass which rested on the sands of the bay. Aided by the long levers afforded by the spars, the work advanced so rapidly that, in just one hour's time after his people had begun to heave, Spike had the pleasure to see the schooner standing upright, alongside of his own brig, though still sunk to the bottom. The wreck was secured in this position, by means of guys and preventers, in order that it might not again cant, when the order was issued to hook on the slings that were to raise it to the surface.

These slings were the chains of the schooner, one of which went under her keel, while for the other the captain trusted to the strength of the two hawse-holes, having passed the cable out of one and in at the other, in a way to serve his purposes, as has just been stated.

When all was ready, Spike mustered his crew, and made a speech. He told the men that he was about a job that was out of the usual line of their duty, and that he knew they had a right to expect extra pay for such extra work. The schooner contained money, and his object was to get at it. If he succeeded, their reward would be a doubloon a man, which would be earning more than a month's wages by twenty-four hours' work. This was enough. The men wanted to hear no more; but they cheered their commander, and set about their task in the happiest disposition possible.

The reader will understand that the object to be first achieved, was to raise a vessel, with a hold filled with flour and gunpowder, from off the bottom of the bay to its surface. As she stood, the deck of this vessel was about six feet under water, and every one will understand that her weight, so long as it was submerged in a fluid as dense as that of the sea, would be much more manageable than if suspended in air. The barrels, for instance, were not much heavier than the water they displaced, and the wood-work of the vessel itself was, on the whole, positively lighter than the element in which it had sunk. As for the water in the hold, that was of the same weight as the water on the outside of the craft, and there had not been much to carry the schooner down, beside her iron, the spars that were out of the water, and her ballast. This last, some ten or twelve tons in weight, was in fact the principal difficulty, and alone induced Spike to have any doubts about his eventual success. There was no foreseeing the result until he had made a trial, however, and the order was again given to "heave away."

To the infinite satisfaction of the Swash's crew, the weight was found quite manageable, so long as the hull remained beneath the water. Mulford, with three or four assistants, was kept on board the schooner lightening her, by getting the other anchor off her bows, and throwing the different objects overboard, or on the decks of the brig. By the time the bulwarks reached the surface, as much was gained in this way as was lost by having so much of the lighter wood-work rise above the water. As a matter of course, however, the weight increased as the vessel rose, and more especially as the lower portion of the spars, the bowsprit, boom, &c., from being buoyant assistants, became so much dead weight to be lifted.

Spike kept a watchful eye on his spars, and the extra supports he had given them. He was moving, the whole time, from point to point, feeling shrouds and back-stays, and preventers, in order to ascertain the degree of strain on each, or examining how the purchases stood. As for the crew, they cheered at their toil, incessantly, passing from capstan bars to the handspikes, and *vice versâ*. They, too, felt that their task was increasing in resistance as it advanced, and now found it more difficult to gain an inch than it had been at first to gain a foot. They seemed, indeed, to be heaving their own vessel out, instead of heaving the other craft up, and it was not long before they heard the Swash heeling over toward the wreck several streaks. The strain, moreover, on every thing, became not only severe, but somewhat menacing,

Every shroud, back-stay, and preventer, was as taut as a bar of iron, and the chain-cable that led to the anchor planted off abeam, was as straight as if the brig were riding by it in a gale of wind. One or two ominous surges aloft, too, had been heard, and though no more than straps and slings settling into their places under hard strains, they served to remind the crew that danger might come from that quarter. Such was the state of things, when Spike called out to "heave and pull," that he might take a look at the condition of the wreck.

Although a great deal remained to be done, in order to get the schooner to float, a great deal had already been done. Her precise condition was as follows: Having no cabin windows, the water had entered her, when she capsized, by the only four apertures her construction possessed. These were the companion-way, or cabin-doors; the sky-light; the main-hatch, or the large inlet amid-ships, by which cargo went up and down; and the booby-hatch, which was the counterpart of the companion-way, forward; being intended to admit of ingress to the forecastle, the apartment of the crew. Each of these hatch-ways, or orifices, had the usual defences of "coamings," strong frame-work around their margins. These coamings rose six or eight inches above the deck, and answered the double purpose of strengthening the vessel, in a part, that without them would be weaker than common, and of preventing any water that might be washing about the decks from running below. As soon, therefore, as these three apertures, or their coamings, could be raised above the level of the water of the basin, all danger of the vessel's receiving any further tribute of that sort from the ocean, would be over. It was to this end, consequently, that Spike's efforts had been latterly directed, though they had only in part succeeded. The schooner possessed a good deal of sheer, as it is termed; or, her two extremities rose nearly a foot above her centre, when on an even keel. This had brought her extremities first to the surface, and it was the additional weight which had consequently been brought into the air, that had so much increased the strain, and induced Spike to pause. The deck forward, as far aft as the foremast, and aft as far forward as the centre of the trunk, or to the sky-light, was above the water, or at least awash; while all the rest of it was covered. In the vicinity of the main-hatch there were several inches of water; enough indeed to leave the upper edge of the coamings submerged by about an inch. To raise the keel that inch by means of the purchases, Spike well knew would cost him more labour, and would incur more risk than all that had been done previously, and he paused before he would attempt it.

The men were now called from the brig, and ordered to come on board the schooner. Spike ascertained by actual measurement how much was wanted to bring the coamings of the main-hatch above the water, until which was done pumping and baling would be useless. He found it was quite an inch, and was at a great loss to know how that inch should be obtained. Mulford advised another trial with the handspikes and bars, but to this Spike would not consent. He believed that the masts of the brig had already as much pressure on them as they would bear. The mate next proposed getting the main boom off the vessel, and to lighten the craft by cutting away her bowsprit and masts. The captain was well enough disposed to do this, but he doubted whether it would meet with the approbation of

"Don Wan," who was still ashore with Rose and her aunt, and who probably looked forward to recovering his gunpowder by means of those very spars. At length the captain hit upon a plan that was adopted.

This plan was very simple, though it had its own ingenuity. It will be remembered that water could now only enter the vessel's hold at the main-hatch, all the other hatchways having their coamings above the element. The carpenter proposed, therefore, that the main-hatches, which had been off when the tornado occurred, but which had been found on deck when the vessel righted, should now be put on, oakum being first laid along in their rabbetings, and that the cracks should be stuffed with additional oakum, to exclude as much water as possible. He thought that two or three men, by using caulking-irons for ten minutes, would make the hatchway so tight that very little water would penetrate. While this was doing, he himself would bore as many holes forward and aft as he could, with a two inch augur, out of which the water then in the vessel would be certain to run. Spike was delighted with this project, and gave the necessary orders on the spot.

This much must be said of the crew of the Molly Swash—whatever they did in their own profession they did intelligently and well. On the present occasion they maintained their claim to this character, and were both active and expert: the hatches were soon on, and, in an imperfect manner, caulked. While this was doing, the carpenter got into a boat, and going under the schooner's bows, where a whole plank was out of water, he chose a spot between two of the timbers, and bored a hole as near the surface of the water as he dared to do. Not satisfied with one hole, however, he bored many, choosing both sides of the vessel to make them, and putting some aft as well as forward. In a word, in the course of twenty minutes the schooner was tapped in at least a dozen places, and jets of water, two inches in diameter, were spouting from her on each bow, and under each quarter.

Spike and Mulford noted the effect. Some water, doubtless, still worked itself into the vessel about the main-hatch, but that more flowed from her by means of the outlets just named was quite apparent. After close watching at the outlets for some time, Spike was convinced that the schooner was slowly rising, the intense strain that still came from the brig producing that effect as the vessel gradually became lighter. By the end of half an hour there could be no longer any doubt, the holes which had been bored within an inch of the water, being now fully two inches above it. The augur was applied anew, still nearer to the surface of the sea; and as fresh outlets were made, those that began to manifest a dulness in their streams were carefully plugged.

Spike now thought it was time to take a look at the state of things on deck; here, to his joy, he ascertained that the coamings had actually risen a little above the water. The reader is not to suppose, by this rising of the vessel, that she had become sufficiently buoyant, in consequence of the water that had run out of her, to float of herself. This was far from being the case; but the constant upward pressure from the brig, which on mechanical principles tended constantly to bring that craft upright, had the effect to lift the schooner as the

latter was gradually relieved from the weight that pressed her toward the bottom.

The hatches were next removed, when it was found that the water in the schooner's hold had so far lowered as to leave a vacant space of quite a foot between the lowest part of the deck and its surface. Toward the two extremities of the vessel this space necessarily was much increased, in consequence of the sheer. Men were now sent into the hatchway with orders to hook on to the flour-barrels, a whip having been rigged in readiness to hoist them on deck. At the same time gangs were sent to the pumps, though Spike still depended for getting rid of the water somewhat on the augur—the carpenter continuing to bore and plug his holes as new opportunities offered, and the old outlets became useless. It was true this expedient would soon cease, for the water having found its level in the vessel's hold was very nearly on a level also with that on the outside. Baling also was commenced, both forward and aft.

Spike's next material advantage was obtained by means of the cargo. By the time the sun had set, fully two hundred barrels had been rolled into the hatchway and passed on deck, whence about half of them were sent in the light-house boat to the nearest islet, and the remainder were transferred to the deck of the brig. These last were placed on the off-side of the Swash, and aided in bringing her nearer upright. A great deal was gained in getting rid of these barrels ; the water in the schooner lowered just as much as the space they had occupied, and the vessel was relieved at once of twenty tons in weight.

Just after the sun had set, Señor Don Juan Montefalderon and his party returned on board. They had stayed on the island till the last moment at Rose's request, for she had taken as close an observation of every thing as possible in order to ascertain if any means of concealment existed, in the event of her aunt, Biddy, and herself quitting the brig. The islets were all too naked and too small, however ; and she was compelled to return to the Swash, without any hopes derived from this quarter.

Spike had just directed the people to get their suppers as the Mexican came on board. Together they descended to the schooner's deck, where they had a long but secret conference. Señor Montefalderon was a calm, quiet, and reasonable man ; and, while he felt as one would be apt to feel, who had recently seen so many associates swept suddenly out of existence, the late catastrophe did not in the least unman him. It is too much the habit of the American people to receive their impressions from newspapers, which throw off their articles unreflectingly, and often ignorantly, as crones in petticoats utter their gossip. In a word, the opinions thus obtained are very much on a level in value with the thoughts of those who are said to think aloud, and who give utterance to all the crudities and trivial rumours that may happen to reach their ears. In this manner, we apprehend, very false notions of our neighbours of Mexico have become circulated among us. That nation is a mixed race, and has necessarily the various characteristics of such an origin, and it is unfortunately little influenced by the diffusion of intelligence which certainly exists here. Although an enemy, it ought to be acknowledged, however, that even Mexico has her redeeming points. Anglo-Saxons

as we are, we have no desire to unnecessarily illustrate that very marked feature in the Anglo-Saxon character, which prompts the mother stock to calumniate all who oppose it, but would rather adopt some of that chivalrous courtesy of which so much that is lofty and commendable is to be found among the descendants of Old Spain.

The Señor Montefalderon was earnestly engaged in what he conceived to be the cause of his country. It was scarcely possible to bring together two men impelled by motives more distinct than Spike and this gentleman. The first was acting under impulses of the lowest and most groveling nature; while the last was influenced by motives of the highest. However much Mexico may, and has, weakened her cause by her own puny faith, instability, military oppression, and political revolutions, giving to the Texans in particular, ample justification for their revolt, it was not probable that Don Juan Montefalderon saw the force of all the arguments that a casuist of ordinary ingenuity could certainly adduce against his country; for it is a most unusual thing to find a man any where, who is willing to admit that the positions of an opponent are good. He saw in the events of the day, a province wrested from his nation; and, in his reasoning on the subject, entirely overlooking the numerous occasions on which his own fluctuating government had given sufficient justification, not to say motives, to their powerful neighbours to take the law into their own hands, and redress themselves, he fancied that all that has occurred was previously planned, instead of regarding it, as it truly is, as merely the result of political events, that no man could have foreseen, that no man had originally imagined, or that any man could control.

Don Juan understood Spike completely, and quite justly appreciated not only his character, but his capabilities. Their acquaintance was not of a day, though it had ever been marked by that singular combination of caution and reliance that is apt to characterize the intercourse between the knave and the honest man, when circumstances compel not only communication, but, to a certain extent, confidence. They now paced the deck of the schooner, side by side, for fully an hour, during which time the price of the vessel, the means, and the mode of payment and transfer, were fully settled between them.

"But what will you do with your passengers, Don Esteban?" asked the Mexican pleasantly, when the more material points were adjusted. "I feel a great interest in the young lady in particular, who is a charming señorita, and who tells me that her aunt brought her this voyage on account of her health. She looks much too blooming to be out of health, and if she were, this is a singular voyage for an invalid to make!"

"You do n't understand human natur' yet, altogether, I see, Don Wan," answered Spike, chuckling and winking. "As you and I are not only good friends, but what a body may call *old* friends, I'll let you into a secret in this affair, well knowing that you'll not betray it. It's quite true that the old woman thinks her niece is a pulmonory, as they call it, and that this v'y'ge is recommended for her, but the gal is as healthy as she's handsom'."

"Her constitution, then, must be very excellent, for it is seldom I have seen so charming a young woman. But if the aunt is misled in this matter, how has it been with the niece?"

Spike did not answer in words, but he leered upon his companion, and he winked.

"You mean to be understood that you are in intelligence with each other, I suppose, Don Esteban," returned the Señor Montefalderon, who did not like the captain's manner, and was willing to drop the discourse.

Spike then informed his companion, in confidence, that he and Rose were affianced, though without the aunt's knowledge. That he intended to marry the niece the moment he reached a Mexican port with the brig, and that it was their joint intention to settle in the country. He added that the affair required management, as his intended had property, and expected more, and he begged Don Juan to aid him, as things drew near to a crisis. The Mexican evaded an answer, and the discourse dropped.

The moon was now shining, and would continue to throw its pale light over the scene for two or three hours longer. Spike profited by the circumstance to continue the work of lightening the schooner. One of the first things done next was to get up the dead, and to remove them to the boat. This melancholy office occupied an hour, the bodies being landed on the islet, near the powder, and there interred in the sands. Don Juan Montefalderon attended on this occasion, and repeated some prayers over the graves, as he had done in the morning, in the cases of the two who had been buried near the light-house.

While this melancholy duty was in the course of performance, that of pumping and bailing was continued, under the immediate personal superintendence of Mulford. It would not be easy to define, with perfect clearness, the conflicting feelings by which the mate of the *Swash* was now impelled. He had no longer any doubt on the subject of Spike's treason, and had it not been for Rose, he would not have hesitated a moment about making off in the light-house boat for Key West, in order to report all that had passed to the authorities. But not only Rose *was* there, and to be cared for, but what was far more difficult to get along with, her aunt was with her. It is true Mrs. Budd was no longer Spike's dupe; but under any circumstances she was a difficult subject to manage, and most especially so in all matters that related to the sea. Then the young man submitted, more or less, to the strange influence which a fine craft almost invariably obtains over those that belong to her. He did not like the idea of deserting the *Swash*, at the very moment he would not have hesitated about punishing her owner for his many misdeeds. In a word, Harry was too much of a tar not to feel a deep reluctance to turn against his cruise, or his voyage, however much either might be condemned by his judgment, or even by his principles.

It was quite nine o'clock when the Señor Montefalderon and Spike returned from burying the dead. No sooner did the last put his foot on the deck of his own vessel, than he felt the fall of one of the purchases which had been employed in raising the schooner. It was so far slack as to satisfy him that the latter now floated by her own buoyancy, though it might be well to let all stand until morning, for the purposes of security. Thus apprized of the condition of the two vessels, he gave the welcome order to "knock-off for the night."

A BACCHANALIAN VISION.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

I SAT amidst the festive throng,
 And quaffed the bubbling wine ;
 Soon all my darkening sorrows fled
 Before its power divine.
 Its ruddy hand touch'd all around
 With tints of roseate hue,
 And as the loving cup passed quick,
 It more celestial grew.

At last I threw my cup aside,
 And seized the reeking bowl ;
 My earthly body seemed to melt,
 And leave me only soul.
 I bounded with the blissful draught,
 And loud became my song ;
 I felt as if by Bacchanals
 That I was borne along.

Night suddenly fell o'er the scene,
 With black and ebon dye—
 I stood alone amidst a throng
 Of wondrous mystery :
 Like the dread forms in Eble's Hall,
 All silently they stalk'd ;
 And round and round a placid lake
 Still fearfully they walk'd.

Where'er I looked with aching eyes,
 The multitude was there ;
 Some with curious shape and mien,
 And some surpassing fair.
 I laid me down beneath a tree,
 With dark and towering stem ;
 Its boughs bent low, and every leaf
 Seem'd whispering to them.

Around me lay a murky wood
 I dared not to explore,
 From which there issued mournfully
 A sullen lion's roar.
 But, hark ! what magic sounds are those,
 That floating through the trees
 In melody so soft and pure,
 Like cherub harmonies !

The multitude now rushing move,
 And all their places take,
 And stand expectant by the side
 Of that dark sullen lake.
 My heart beat thick as I beheld
 A bright blue star appear,
 Unguided, traversing that lake,
 And still approach'd more near.

A murmur rose amidst that host
 To see that star dilate,
 As if to hail that ferryman
 To take them to their fate,
 A crashing sound struck on my ear,
 The star then burst on high !
 And threw its jets of amethysts
 And sapphires to the sky.

Beneath its bright blue light I saw
 The turbid waters flow,
 And every ripple seized a gem
 And bore it down below ;
 While trumpet-tongued the music rung,
 And revelled in the air,
 As if the evil spirits laugh'd
 At that doom'd host's despair.

My soul sank low, and cowering shrank,
 And held me to the ground ;
 My limbs were all as powerless
 As if by fetters bound.
 When suddenly a pale light rose,
 And silver'd o'er the scene ;
 Brighter it grew, and brighter still,
 More bright than night's chaste queen.

It fell ! and Erebus' dark fiend,
 Amidst a stifled groan,
 Closed his dark wings around the scene,
 And claim'd it as his own.
 A fiery dart from some abyss,
 Where battling demons lie,
 Uprose, and took its fiery course,
 Careering through the sky.

A signal ! now the trembling earth
 Roar'd with volcanic fire,
 And bursting rocks were hurl'd aloft, ~
 Amidst the conflict dire :
 The richest treasures of the world,
 From cave and magic mine,
 Were thrown with lavish hand on high,
 In many a brilliant line.

The ruby and the diamond bright,
 The treasured emerald green,
 The sapphire and the chrysolite,
 All mingled there were seen !
 At last with rushing myriads
 The heavens bright were paved,
 But shatter'd, fell in dying sparks
 From that dark arch they braved.

Silence oppressive reign'd, like death,
 When quick appear'd in sight,
 Dancing like Ignis Fatuus,
 One small and shining light ;
 It threw its ray upon my form,
 A hand was grasp'd in mine,
 A human voice said, " Arrah !
 " D 'ye know its half-past nine?

" Come, hold up, honey, try and walk,
 " You can't lodge here to night ;
 " Although you are so qualified—
 " A drunken *beast* outright !"
 He raised me up, and softly said,
 " I beg ten thousand pardons —
 " *You're in the Zoological*
 " *And Surrey Royal Gardens !*"

THE SPANISH SUCCESSION AND SPANISH MARRIAGES.

BY W. COOKE TAYLOR, LL.D.

ON the 3rd of June, 1660, the Infanta Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV. King of Spain, married the young Louis XIV. King of France; the husband renounced for himself and his heirs all right of succession to the Spanish throne, but was promised in return a moderate dowry, which, however, was only partially paid. It was on the side of the young king a marriage of political convenience; he had been fondly attached to Mary de Mancini, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, but that minister, to whom historians have rendered scanty justice, preferred the interests of France to the aggrandisement of his own family, and, to use the quaint expression of one of our old writers, shewed that "diamonds, and not hearts, are trumps in the game of politics." Miss Pardoe's interesting volumes* contain the history of the results of this marriage; she describes, as ladies only can describe, the sufferings of a fond and faithful wife, doomed to witness the undisguised infidelities of a heartless and selfish husband; she portrays misery hidden by magnificence, and the breaking of the heart concealed by the brilliancy of the court. To her we abandon the melancholy record which she has rendered with equal power, pathos, and truth; our purpose is to trace the political consequence of a union which, though contracted two hundred years ago, has still a marked influence on the diplomatic relations of the European States.

Forty years after the marriage we have described, Charles II. of Spain, widowed and childless, selected as his successor Prince Leopold of Bavaria, but scarcely had the choice been announced when the young prince sunk into an early grave. If the French renunciation should be held valid, the right of succession to the Spanish throne would have devolved upon the House of Austria, and scandal declared that the Imperial Court had not scrupled to employ the most iniquitous means to secure so splendid an inheritance. The beautiful Queen of Spain, whose loss had broken the health and weakened the intellect of her surviving husband, was said to have been poisoned by the emissaries of Austria, and the Bavarian prince was believed to have fallen a victim to similar machinations. Such suspicions carefully infused into the mind of Charles naturally disposed him to look coldly on the more remote claims of the Austrian line, and to consider the propriety of bequeathing his crown to one of the grand-children of the Infanta, Maria Theresa, in spite of a renunciation, which he was led to believe had been invalidated by non-payment of the stipulated dowry.

In his difficulties he consulted Pope Innocent XII. who, like himself, was fast sinking into the grave from incurable disease. A case of conscience was put by the dying king to the dying pontiff. The pope's reply to this solemn appeal was, that the children of the Dau-

* Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century, by Miss Pardoe.

phin of France were the true, only, and legitimate heirs to the Spanish monarchy. Taking all the circumstances into considerations the certainty of approaching and unavoidable death, felt both by appellant and the umpire, the magnitude of the interests involved, and the absence of all motive for corrupt decision, it would be difficult to believe, with the Court of Vienna, that designed injustice was perpetrated both in the Escorial and the Vatican.

Charles consulted not only the dying but the dead. A month before his death he announced his determination to visit and see the mortal remains of his father, his mother, and his adored first wife, the unfortunate Maria Louisa of Orleans. It was in vain that the court physicians remonstrated, and represented how fatal would be the effects of such a spectacle on his shattered frame and feeble health. Orders were given for the necessary preparations to the keepers of the Royal Tombs, and no sooner was it announced that all was ready than Charles arose, and, supported by the Cardinal Ponto Carrero and the Count de Monterey, proceeded towards the vaults where the mouldering remains of his ancestors reposed.

The passage to the Mausoleum of the Spanish kings is a long and gradual sloping descent, arched overhead in a ponderous and gloomy style of architecture; it was imperfectly lighted by the torches which the attendants bore, and the darkness combined with the damp to chill and unnerve the feeble monarch, whose trembling knees and failing breath gave sure indications that at no distant date he would again, and for the last time, be borne along the same road. The passage opened into a hall of tombs, illuminated by twenty enamelled lamps; on each sarcophagus was the image or the escutcheon of the royal personage by whom it was tenanted; "the pride of heraldry and pomp of power" displayed, as if in mockery of the dead. Charles as he advanced was often forced to stop and lean for support on the Cardinal, who alone held self-possession during this fearful scene, until his confessor, pausing before a sarcophagus from which the lid had been removed, said, in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion, "Sire, it was your will to see Philip IV. of Spain once more; he lies before you!"

Great was the astonishment and horror of the spectators when the feeble Charles suddenly stood erect, and solemnly adjured the dead to give an approval of the disposition he had made of his kingdom! On the rebuke of his confessor, he meekly exclaimed, "I humble myself before God!" and then, having affectionately and respectfully embraced the cold remains, requested to be led to the tomb of his mother.

Here he displayed even greater emotion, and besought her pardon for having ever thought of bequeathing the Spanish sceptre to a family she hated; he then fondly kissed the fleshless cheek of the skeleton, and passed on to the last and dearest object of his melancholy visit, the withered remains of the lovely and beloved Maria Louisa of Orleans.

We must leave to imagination the bursts of anguish, the broken exclamations, and the heart-rending groans, which agonized the feeble frame of Charles as he traced the havoc which "Destruction's wasting fingers" had wrought on the loveliness by which his youthful heart had been enthralled. The circumstances of her death were so vividly and suddenly recalled to his mind that, Imagination for a

moment became too powerful for Reason, and, in a hoarse whisper, he asked, "Who talked of poison?" The Cardinal, the Count, and the Confessor, were filled with alarm, they entreated him to come away; they besought him not to pollute the dwellings of the dead with the words or the thoughts of sin, and while they were thus engaged, the monarch, bursting from their hands with a scream, sunk, fainting, into a tenanted tomb which was open beside him. It was his own! He was borne from it by the attendants, but in another short month it was his permanent abode.

This unparalleled scene decided the fate of the House of Austria; mother and wife seemed to have protested against them from the tomb. The necessary formalities for the recognition of the Duke of Anjou as heir to the Spanish monarchy were completed, and, on the death of Charles, he was recognized as Philip V. of Spain, by every European court, save that of Vienna, and was proclaimed at Madrid amid the rejoicings of the people. In two years afterwards, half Europe was in arms to hurl him from his throne! It is singular that modern statesmen should forget so pregnant a comment on the value of renunciations and recognitions.

The war of the Spanish Succession was terminated by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, and on this occasion solemn renunciations were made by the French and Spanish Houses of Bourbon to prevent the future uniting of the two monarchies.

In the spring of 1711, the son of Louis XIV, the Dauphin of France, fell a victim to the small pox, and was borne to his grave unattended by a single mourning coach. His eldest son, and successor as dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and his duchess died soon after, under circumstances which gave rise to strong suspicions of poison; and sixteen days after the funeral of the Duke of Burgundy, his two sons, the Dukes of Brittany and Anjou, were attacked by a disease which exhibited fatal symptoms. The elder died, and the escape of the Duke of Anjou was almost universally attributed to the use of an antidote which the Duchess of Ventadour had procured for his use from the Duke of Savoy. The Duke de Berri, the second son of the first dauphin, was the next victim; his death was so sudden that suspicion became almost universal, and was fixed upon Philip, Duke of Orleans, who, on the failure of direct issue, was next heir to the throne of France. So general was the belief in his guilt, that he was insulted by the populace in the streets, and was compelled to have a guard for his security at the Palais Royal.

Two parties divided the court of Louis XIV. at the close of his reign; the princes of the blood represented by the houses of Orleans, Condé and Conti; and the natural sons of Louis whom he had legitimated and raised to the rank of princes. The latter were supported by the influence of Madame de Maintenon, and by the king's confessor, Le Zeller; the lady hoping through their means to be recognized as queen of France, and the priest, to promote the interest of the order of the Jesuits to which he belonged. The king's health was an uncertainty; the next heir, the Duke of Anjou, was a child; and there was a struggle on the one side to secure the regency for Philip of Orleans as his hereditary right, and on the other to obtain it for the Duke du Maine, the most eminent of the legitimated princes. Louis, distracted by these discordant factions, was with difficulty induced to make a will, in which he bequeathed the Presi-

dency of a Council of Regency to the Duke of Orleans, but gave a decided majority in the council to the party of the legitimated princes.

To Miss Pardoe's graphic pages we must refer our readers for a description of the closing scenes of the reign of Louis XIV.—a reign which had been protracted to the extraordinary duration of seventy-two years. He had been principally induced to overcome his superstitious dislike of making his will, by the proud hope of extending his power beyond the grave. He had not reached that grave before his whole system of policy was subverted, and his testamentary dispositions scattered to the winds.

Philip of Orleans was in his forty-second year at the death of Louis XIV.; from his mother, Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, he had inherited a large share of German pride and phlegm, which were oddly mingled with the more brilliant characteristics of a Bourbon. From his portrait he appears to have been of low stature, with high shoulders and thick neck, but the delicate beauty of his features atoned for the defects of his form. His manners were easy, and his conversation attractive; he had a cultivated taste for literature and the arts, united to a passionate love of the experimental sciences, particularly chemistry. The days of the alch mists had not yet gone by; Philip firmly believed in the philosopher's stone, and his ardour in pursuit of this and other mysterious secrets of nature, had been one of the reasons why the Parisians believed him to be an adept in poisoning. He was at once the most dissipated and most diligent of statesmen; the orgies of his halls were as profligate as the labours of his cabinet were severe. He passed from scenes of debauchery as licentious as those of Iberius, at Capreæ to form the most complicated combinations of debauchery, and to conduct with unrivalled skill the most difficult transactions of diplomacy. In religion he belonged to the most heartless school of scepticism; he was one of that dissipated aristocracy which affected to despise Christianity because Jesus Christ was not of noble birth, and because the apostles were humble fishermen. But though he disbelieved revelation, he was in other respects the most credulous of mankind; he had full confidence in alchymy, astrology, necromancy, and all other forms of divination; so that one of his companions said, "he bestows on quacks the trust which he refuses to the regular physician."

The Duchess of Orleans was a natural daughter of Louis XIV.; the marriage had been very galling to the pride of Philip's mother, Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, and when she first heard of its being proposed she boxed her son's ears in the presence of the court. Philip was submissive to his mother, careless of his wife, and so passionately attached to his daughter that scandal affixed criminality to their intimacy.

Impious and profligate, and so far from being a hypocrite, that he took a miserable pride in proclaiming his infidelity, it is one of the most curious parts of his singular history that he resolved to obtain the unlimited regency by means of religion and the law. He proclaimed himself the patron of Jansenism and of "the liberties of the Gallican Church;" and he thus arrayed on his side a large body of the clergy, and a still larger proportion of the laity, weary of the ascendancy acquired by the Jesuits in the late reign.

The Parliament, which seemed devoted to his opponents, was the very first power won over to his side. Under the organized despotism of Louis XIV. this body had been strictly limited to its judicial functions, and had not even the power of remonstrance previous to the registration of the royal edicts. It was composed of the older nobility, the chief of the clergy, and the principal judicial functionaries promoted from the bar. Its members boasted that by its constitution it represented the three orders of the States-General, and always hoped that they would procure for their body some portion at least of the freedom and privileges possessed by the Parliament of England. The Duke of Orleans offered them unexpected means of gratifying their ambition by submitting to them in their judicial capacity the important question, "Whether he was not, in right of his birth, entitled to the Regency by the ancient laws and institutions of the realm?" To raise such a question was at once to acknowledge that France had a constitution; and to submit it to the decision of the Parliament was in fact to bestow upon that body the highest legislative functions, under the guise of judicial interpretation. If the Parliament held itself bound by the testamentary dispositions of Louis XIV. it would virtually have declared that all its own functions were subordinate to the royal will and pleasure, but by deciding in favour of the Duke of Orleans, it asserted its own plenary authority. Under such circumstances its decision could not long be doubtful. The Duke of Orleans was recognized as Regent in right of his birth.

After this decision the reading of the will was no better than a farce. It was, however, read, but only to have all its arrangements set aside; authority over the army and the troops of the household was declared to be inherent in a Regent as in a Sovereign; the Council of Regency was retained as the late king required, but its power was nullified by declaring that the Regent should add to it such other persons as he deemed competent to give advice on the affairs of the realm. In other words he could have whatever council he pleased.

Philip of Spain, the nearest living relative of the infant Sovereign of France, was very indignant when he learned the decision of the Parliament. If the will of the late king should be set aside, he believed that the Regency should be conferred on him of right, in spite of all the renunciations at Utrecht; and he could not help feeling that passing him entirely over, was in fact to exclude him from possible accession to the throne of France, of which he was by birth the heir presumptive. The Duke du Maine and the legitimated princes could therefore rely on the power and wealth of Spain in their opposition to the Regent; and the Duke of Orleans, in his turn, found it necessary to strengthen himself by some foreign alliance. The accession of the House of Hanover to the throne of England was a parliamentary bestowing of royalty to the exclusion of a legitimate heir; George I. was king as Philip of Orleans was regent, by the decision of a parliament, James Stuart had been excluded for the one as Philip of Spain had been passed over for the other. Similarity of circumstances thus led to "a cordial understanding" between the courts of St. James's and the Palais Royal, and from henceforward a kind of hereditary political connection has existed between the Whig families of England and the House of Orleans. Thus all the policy

of Louis XIV, foreign as well as domestic, was subverted ; the cause of the Stuarts, for which he had made such large sacrifices, was abandoned ; the Protestant succession in England which he had devoted all his energies to overthrow, was deliberately maintained by his successor ; Spain, which he had hoped to identify with France, was treated as a hostile power, and the English, so long regarded as hereditary enemies, became the most valued of allies. Could there be a greater satire on what has been called "the prospective wisdom of the statesmen who signed the Treaty of Utrecht?" The system of Louis XIV. had disappeared from the face of the earth before his body was laid in the grave. It is not wonderful, under such circumstances, that his funeral attracted but little attention. The day of his interment was as much a holiday to the Parisians as that of George IV. was to the citizens of London. We read in the *Gazette of Leyden* (the *Times* of that age) that the attendants and escort of the hearse stopped frequently to eat and carouse at the cake-stalls and wine-shops on the road to St. Denis. Lampoons and pasquinades on his memory were circulated throughout Paris, many of which made bitter allusions to his having directed that his heart should be taken out and preserved in the church of the Jesuits. We translate one of these doggrel ditties as a specimen :

" Here lies the sire of toll and tax,
And other burthens on our backs ;
Pray for his soul's repose,—since thus
His death brings peace to him and us :
For his remains make joyous room,
Heartless in palace as in tomb."

Such were the elegiac strains chaunted round the bier of him who, in his lifetime, had been worshipped as a deity. Massillon alone did justice to the memory of the mighty monarch, when standing with folded arms at the head of the coffin he broke the solemn silence which prevailed, and commenced his unrivalled funeral oration by proclaiming, "My brethren, God alone is great!"

The insurrection of 1715 burst forth in Scotland ; James Stuart, whom his partisans called James III., prepared to traverse France, in order to embark from some port in Brittany to join his adherents : the English ambassador, Lord Stair, informed of all his movements by the Regent, formed a plot to assassinate him on the road. Seven determined men, under the command of a Scotch officer named Douglas, colonel of the Irish guards, posted themselves at Nouencourt, through which the dreaded claimant of the English crown had to pass, ready to rush upon his chaise the moment he appeared, and slay him on the spot. It is not known how this plot was discovered by Madame de Lospital, the mistress of the post at Nouencourt : let us hope that some feeling of honourable compunction induced the Regent to give her a hint that it was in her power to save James Stuart. So soon as the assassins came to Nouencourt, she sent off couriers to stop the Chevalier on his road, and convey him secretly to her country seat, where provision had been made for his security. At the same time she gave notice to the police of the appearance of suspicious strangers at Nouencourt, and some of them appear to have been arrested, for there is preserved in the archives of France a minute of an inquiry into this dark affair by M. de Rongault,

chief of police at Rouen. James remained two days in his place of concealment, and then escaped to the sea-coast, disguised as an Abbé.

The suppression of the Jacobite insurrection of 1715, and the cruel punishments inflicted on those who had joined in it, by the ministers of George I., led to a closer intimacy between the courts of France and England. A triple alliance was formed against Spain by France, England, and Holland, and James Stuart was deprived of a home at St. Germain. One brief moment of brilliant romance gilded the unhappy days of the old Chevalier; it was his marriage with the granddaughter of John Sobieski, the deliverer of Europe; a marriage from which Alberoni hoped that there would issue a double line of royalty to occupy the thrones of Poland and England. Spain was arming to support his cause; and, to complete the perplexing complications of the age, the French army, destined to overawe the exertions of Spain in favour of James Stuart, was commanded by the Chevalier's natural brother, Marshal the Duke of Berwick.

But this "cordial understanding" with England was only maintained so long as it was necessary to the support of the Orleans regency; it was abandoned by Philip of Orleans, as it has recently been by Louis Philippe of Orleans, for a Spanish marriage, and, to make the coincidence more complete, for a Montpensier marriage. The dismissal of Alberoni from his high post at Madrid preserved the peace of Europe. Philip of Spain entered into friendly relations with his cousin Philip of Orleans; and, to cement their newly formed friendship, the young King of France was affianced to an Infanta, then only four years of age; and the Regent's fourth daughter, the Duchess de Montpensier, became the wife of the Prince of the Asturias, heir to the crown of France. Thus the policy of Louis XIV. was only abandoned for a time to be renewed more perfectly and completely; the Montpensier marriage led the way to the family compact.

The death of the Duke of Orleans took place so soon after the termination of the Regency, that we must give some account of the extraordinary close of his extraordinary life. His last mistress was the Duchess of Phalaris, a young lady of nineteen who was passionately enamoured of him, though he had nearly attained the age of fifty. She was his companion in the morning labours of his cabinet, as well as in the evening luxuries of his saloons; she is said to have been his secretary as well as his mistress, and to have studied politics and diplomacy in the hope of rendering him assistance; that she exerted herself to check his habits of intemperate indulgence is a fact better ascertained. In the cold winter of 1723, the Duke began to exhibit some febrile symptoms; Chirac, his physician, who had much of the harsh and abrupt manner of our own Abernethy, visited him on the 29th of November, and observing his nervous frame, his blood-shot eyes, and his corrugated look, said, "Bleeding, bleeding at once, your Royal Highness!" The Duke smiled, and pointing to the bill of fare of one of his epicurean entertainments, replied; "Not yet, my dear doctor, I have not time to put myself under your care; but come on Monday, my good fellow, and we shall see." On Monday the 2nd of December Chirac again appeared, again gave his Sangrado prescription, and was again repulsed for a tempting bill of fare. The Duke desired him to come on the morrow, for the

dinner of the day was to be one of surpassing luxury. He dined on the sumptuous repast that had been prepared, and then retired with the Duchess of Phalaris to a private room, which had been gorgeously decorated by the most celebrated artists of the day. Philip expressed a feeling of sleepiness, and threw himself into an arm-chair; the young Duchess drawing a stool to his side, and throwing loose her hair, reposed her head on his knees. She had already begun to doze, when a slight movement induced her to look up; she saw the Duke's head sunk upon his breast, and the glassiness of death in his eyes. She rung the bell—no one came; she called—no one answered. She rushed in terror down the stairs, and at length found a few of the liveried attendants in the hall. They hastened back with her to their master; they tried bleeding and applied stimulants, but their labour was vain: he was dead!

THE MIDNIGHT DIRGE,

BY CAPTAIN BRACEGIRDLE.

THE shades of night had sunk o'er all,
The midnight hour was near,
When sounds of woe, deep chanted low,
Might strike the list'ning ear.

From a priestly train, that solemn
strain,
On the fitful wind arose,
As, with dirge and prayer, they coffin-
ed bare
A knight to his long repose.

In shadowy line those black-robed
monks
On sweeping mournful sang,
To a lone chapelle, whence the muffled
bell
Deep pealing death-notes rang.

The torches around that sacred ground,
Darken'd the midnight gloom,
As the mass was said by their glaring
red,
And the knight low shrined in tomb.

The scene was o'er;—the knight's broad
lands
Enrich'd that fair abbaye;
None told how he died, in his health's
full pride,—
But there cometh an answering day!

That fair abbaye hath pass'd away,
Unknown where once it stood;
And hands profane long since have
ta'en
Those monkish woodlands good.

But still they tell, how a dirge's swell,
At times may yet be heard,
When the night is clear, or the wind
sighs drear,
And hearts with fear are stirr'd.

For, with coffined knight, and torches'
light,
The black robed phantoms sweep,
And again from the tower, in that
ghostly hour,
A death bell tolleth deep.

Whoe'er shall hear their anthem drear,
Or view that spectral throng,
Let him offer a prayer for their sinful
souls,
And the knight who died by their
wrong.

For long those monks must bear that
pall
Ere heavenly grace they win;—
The hand of Time which wasteth all
Absolveth not their sin.

BRIAN O'LINN ;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

CHAPTER XXI.

Consultation at "The Fortune of War."—"The Pet" moralizes on Bull Baiting.—Brian's second Interview with Mary Hargrave.—"The Early One" takes temporary possession of the Serpentine.—Captain Wildman robbed.

"IGNORANCE is bliss," says an antiquated poet. It is so frequently; and had Brian O'Linn been apprised of the anxiety that prevailed that evening in the Fortune of War, to abridge his pilgrimage in this "world of wo," and transfer him, without delay, to a place of beatitude, I question if he would have praised the port, and packed it afterwards with a little cognac—cold. But Irishmen are a peculiar people, and optimist philosophy is their favorite one. According to his creed, "luck's everything" with a Shannonite; and where, under unexpected visitations of evil, John Bull weighs hydroceanic acid against a halter, Pat sums up the amount of his misfortunes with a "devil may care;" and, after calling Fortune everything but a lady, concludes that,

"If she won't smile to-day,
He can very well wait till to-morrow."

Full of animal elasticity, fate pointing in the back-ground a brilliancy of fortune, which, Irishman as he was, he scarcely dared to fancy—rich in love, nearly as rich in what seemed in his eyes worldly wealth, if a misgiving crossed his mind of latent danger, a ready hand crept quietly to his pocket—and when he touched the trusty weapons his departed patron had presented him with, the lip curled in contempt, and all personal fears were thrown to the winds as unworthy of a thought.

On our return home that night, Brian communicated all the particulars of the scene beside the Serpentine, which, as I had so frequently noticed the pale girl in the street, occasioned some interest touching her future fate. It was too late to hope that I should by any accident encounter Miss Harley, and nothing remained but to go to bed, dream of the beloved one, and wait with Christian resignation until the important visit of to-morrow was over, when, no doubt, the ulterior designs of the dwarf would be communicated, and I should then learn, regarding me and my fortunes, what heaven and the little gentleman intended.

It is a remark which has never been disputed from the times of

"Captain Noah up to Captain Cook,"

that one half the world know nothing about what the other half are doing. In Craven Street, the business, and the cares, and the pleasures of the day were ended—every light had been extinguished, and every inmate of the fat widow's establishment slept, or were

supposed to sleep. But life, which had closed in Craven Street, was only commencing in Carter's Court. There, "the sweet hour i' th' night" had arrived at the Fortune of War. "The chimes at midnight" usually heralded the approach of the Pet's best customers—for then, sneaking from the filthy haunts where they had skulked from day and the arm of the law, the abandoned of every sex and grade, under cover of the darkness, hastened to their favorite rendezvous. Of course, none save wretches beyond the reach of hope and without the pale of law, ventured to enter the infernal *cabaret*. In the tap-room of the Fortune, felony in every form could have been found. The young pickpocket, the area-sneak, the daring burglar, the returned transport, and the resurrectionist,—all assembled round the same table; while outcasts in the garb of woman, with bloated faces and blackened eyes, completed a *tableaux vivans* portraiture of human depravity which imagination could never reach.

Within the secret chamber, which by stipulated arrangement was to be held sacred to the uses of Captain Wildman, that worthy, the host, the Bouncer, and Mary Hargrave had just ended supper, and were preparing for the customary carouse. From the moment the lost girl had formed the resolution of saving the devoted victim, and abandoning the evil of her ways, every thought was turned on the means by which she should effect the former, while, through the gratitude of the preserved, she trusted that her own reformation would be assisted and accomplished. Vice, like necessity, quickens wit—and to one so intelligent as Mary, it was apparent that in no common cause originated the anxiety of the mariner to accomplish the death of the young Irishman. Wildman, as far as he was able, placed but partial confidence in his employees. All he entrusted to them was the act to be committed, and the person to be removed. He admitted that he was himself but the agent of another, but who that other was, he rigidly concealed. He had money at command—and he wasted it recklessly. In the amount of remuneration for the contemplated deed of blood, the mercenary prizefighter had made his own terms, and they were granted,—but still the Pet would have given a Jew's eye to have found out the person who devised the intended murder. He was opulent,—that was certain,—and though Wildman was a cunning drunkard, there were times when he let slip much to excite, but not enough to satisfy curiosity. Mary had found favour in the captain's sight, and partly through fancy, and possibly to stimulate her zeal in bringing the affair in hand to a successful termination, he held out the flattering prospect of making her his housekeeper and companion. His present condition was equivocal—no man dare call him sober, nor yet was he regularly drunk.

"I say, gal," he said, addressing the young lady, "when that 'ere job is over, I'll come-to for the remainder of my life,—and if you fancy to hang on at the same moorings, you can bring up in my wake, if you please."

"What job do you mean?" asked the Bouncer sharply.

The Leg-Lane Pet darted a reproving glance at the imprudent commander.

"Vy, the captain claims a lot of prize-money, and ven the agents stump up, he talks of settling like a gent at vonce."

"Ah! captain," returned the lost girl, "you men draw it strong

when ye want anything. When the rowdy began to pump dry, how long would you require a housekeeper?"

The captain deliberately placed his cigar upon the table, and dipping his hand into a breast-pocket, withdrew from that safe depository a seal-skin tobacco-pouch.

"Look ye here, Pol," said the mariner as he unclosed the case, and shewed that, besides a full supply of nigger-head and pigtail, it also contained four five-pound notes. "Last night I had to borrow ten bob from the missus at the bar yonder. Well, this morning's post brought me five of these flimsies, directed to Mr. John Brown, and not the ghost of a letter or line besides. All I says is this—the pocket from which these came is deep as a ship's water, when she's fairly out of soundings, and"—the ruffian swore a fearful oath—"while it contains a yellow-boy, I'll not want a piece or two in this old pouch, jist to keep the devil out of it."

"I say, darling," said the lost one, putting her arm around the ruffian's neck, and applying her lips close to his ear—"who is it?"

But Wildman was wide awake—a slang reply told the artful girl that, whatever drunken revelations might be made, the grand secret of the person who employed him was impenetrable. The landlord had hung anxiously upon the captain's answer, and had he hoped for further information his disappointment was complete. Any fresh attempt to gain the knowledge he so much thirsted after, was ended by a tremendous outbreak in the tap-room, with the crashing of a pane of glass. The fighting man disappeared, to protect his goods and chattels and abate the riot—and Mary Hargrave, finding that she could make no impression that night upon the suspicious commander, slipped through the secret passage into the stable-lane, and sought the wretched garret close at hand, to which misery and guilt had consigned her.

That a night should pass over in the *Fortune of War* without battery and bloodshed would have been considered a remarkable event, and the Pet, by the application of his bunch of fives rather than cool argument, re-established order and tranquillity. On his return from the tap, he seated himself at the bar-fire, and, in an under voice, commenced an instructive conversation with his exemplary consort, after filling himself a glass of "brandy cold."

"I says, Ben," observed the lady, "you'd better draw it mild, or ye'll be slewed safe enough."

"I'll tell you what, Sal," returned the Pet, "I'm in trouble, and so don't cross me."

"Ven were ye out of it, Ben?" returned the landlady; "matters gets vorse and vorse, and the license is safe to go next sessions."

"And that's wot gives me the concern I feels," returned the fighting man. "There's too much agin the *Fortune* to be got over, and we must toddle, and no mistake. And, my eye! to lose sich a beautiful bisniss! Betwixt bodysnatchers and cracksmen, in a kipple of years we might have retired respectable, kept our own shay, and taken every season a month at Margate, and may-be a fortnight afterwards at Bolong."

At the thought of what might have been the case, the host sighed bitterly, and the lady heartily responded.

"But, Sal, that's not all that's aggravating. Do ye know that we're a kipple of softs, and should be cut for the simples in the morning?"

"Vy, Ben," replied the Pet's helpmate, "I doesn't understand ye. Betty Townley left change of a half-crown upon the counter, and I swept it into the till, in coorse; and the old chummy who wiped off all on Saturday ven drunk, forgot it altogether, and we cleared the slate a second time to-day. I can't answer for no von but myself—I'm vide awake, an' that I knows precious vell."

"You're not," returned the pride of Leg Lane—"Ve lost five five-poun' flimsies this blessed morning."

"Ah! ye're regularly smothered, Ben," observed the incredulous fair one; "What between stumping up to the brewer's clerk, and payin' three-an'-six an ounce for the stolen coffee-pot, was there, 'till the company assembled, a picture in the till, but a few bob and a score or two of tanners. Vere the blazes could five-an'-twenty pound come from, Ben?"

"You took in a letter, directed John Brown?" observed the host, with a heavy sigh.

"Yes, and I give it to the Captain."

"Ah! Sal, Sal!—that letter should never have reached his mauley. It kivered five five-poun' flimsies!"

"Lauks!—what an unfortunit mistake!"

"Vel, don't ye grieve, old pal. Take a thimbleful neat. It von't do ye no sort o' mischief, at this hour. I must toddle to the crib, to see what the captain and his company are doing; and, Sal, the next letter wot comes here, with John Brown upon it, vy, jist see what the contents are, and bile the kittle with the kiver afterwards."

The lady considered any verbal reply to a simple admonition like her husband's, altogether waste of words, and, by a partial eclipse of the left eye, intimated that John Brown's next epistle might, through some unhappy accident in the post-office, not reach Captain Wildman, provided it covered a remittance.

On repairing to the chamber of state, Hans and his single-eyed companion were found to be the only occupants. The fighting man looked suspiciously around, and then enquired "where Pol was?" To that question no answer could be given, and the Pet looked still darker, and more mysterious than before.

"Mizzled—and through the private door. I don't like it," he continued, half muttering to himself, and half addressing his companions. "Pol has of late been queer at times. They gave a sailor too much laudanum in his beer one night. It was only a lark, ye know, but she will call it murder. Ay! and I have heard her gammon something about a mind ill at ease, and a reproaching conscience."

The Bouncer elevated his solitary optic in horror towards the sky-light, and then sensibly observed—

"A gal wot's come to that, down with her as a lost voman."

"Vel, it's a pity too, for she's vonderful in her vay, when she's inclined to make herself useful. Still, we had better vatch her close till what's in hand is made all right. I'll give the Early One fresh instructions in the morning."

As the host finished the sentence, the mewling of a cat was heard outside the door of the secret apartment.

"Speak of the old fellow—ye know the rest—that's the Early One's signal."

And rising from the table, he unbolted the lock, and gave admission to as promising a youth as ever listened to St. Sepulchre's for the last time, at sharp eight, A.M.

"Vell, Dicky, vas the evening entertaining, and did Bob Huggins' brindled bitch vin or lose?" enquired the young gentleman's protector.

"Vy, they're all a set of robbers, and an innocent and honest boy like myself has as much chance among 'em as a cat without claws."

"Vor ye cleaned out?" said the sympathising landlord.

"Not left a mag of the seven bob the captain gave me. I backed the varmin agin the bitch. I'm blowed, but the rats were hocused—and the brindled one had her work over in three minutes and a half, instead of the five wot was allowed her."

He of the Fortune of War turned his eyes up in horror, pronouncing such proceedings in dog-fanciers equally unchristian-like and dishonorable, and then drew a delicate distinction between hocused a gemman and a rat. "The von is vide awake, and if he has anything to fear, he can see that the pewter's right before the heavy comes from the hingin.' But a quiet, harmless, innocent, playful hanimal, torn by a rat-catcher maybe from a young and unprotected family! Ven I thinks of it, I blushes for my sect. Vell, it was a reg'lar cross, and bets were off, of course. Ye brought back your seven bob, Dicky?"

"Not the ghost of a tanner's in my company," was the melancholy response. "I backed the warmint even with Deaf Burke. "Fork out, Early One!" says he. "It was a do, and no mistake," says a Jew clothesman. "I von't be done, howsomever," says I. "Nor I neither," says White-headed Bob, catching me by the legs and turning me head downwards, till he shook every picture from my pocket on the saw-dust. One part on it he grabbed hisself, and ven I was set upon my feet agin, every blessed bob had been lifted by the chap wot owned the bitch, and the gent as handed the varmin."

"Did ye do anything to make up the loss—a vipe or two, Early One?"

"There vasn't sich a harticle among the company. I wish I had followed the advice of missus, and gone to the City theatre instead of that resort of wagabones, I might have saved the bobs, and prigged a bandana or two. But, lord! there's rare fun to come off to-morrow, and I have got the office."

"A mill?" said the Pet.

"No—a bull-bait in the brick-fields at Bethnal Green. You'll let me go, and the captain will stand a bob or two, von't yees?"

The pride of Leg Lane again elevated his eyes, as, in apparent astonishment, he exclaimed;

"Dicky, did I understand ye right?"

"Vy, to be sure you does," responded the young gentleman.

"Vell then, Dicky, ye'r proposal flabbergashes me worse than an upper cut. Ven ye asked permission to see Greenacre hanged last Monday, and I thought that as the crowd would be great, and ye might happen to prig something, didn't I let you go?"

The Early One gave a sulky assent.

"I let ye go to the warmint match this hevening, for I wouldn't debar ye from hinnicent amusement like a dog-fight or an execution, and now ye comes and asks to toddle off to morrow to a bull-bait! Dickey, I'm fonder of ye than a bad step-father, and I tells you plain, if ye goes on as ye goes at present, vy, you'll turn out a man of pleasure in the hend. Mind my parental advice, and don't mention the bull-bait agin."

"I'll go to the brick-field for all that, to-morrow," returned the hopeful *élève* of the host of the Fortune.

"No, ye von't, ven I'm dead agin it, as I ham."

"I'm blessed if I cares for that a rotten turnip," replied the Early One.

"Stop," said the landlord, while his face assumed a stolid expression of drunken admonition. "Stop, Dickey, and listen to the varning of a friend. Ven I vas last in the jug on suspicion of highway robbery, a spirited youth like yourself vas committed for murdering his fellar servant. 'Don't ye follor Susan,' said the butler to the short flunkey as wanted to keep the gal's company agin her vill. 'Ye're not the height for her, as her sweetheart's in the Blues.' 'I don't care,' says he, 'a dump for wot anybody says.' 'Vy, vot a fool ye makes o' yerself,'" said the upper housemaid, 'you don't reach Susy's shoulder, and she looks down upon ye like dirt. 'I don't care,' says he, agin. Vell—what was the consequence? On went he with 'don't care,' till by Gosh! he cuts her throat one Sunday they were left together. I'll never forget the condemned sermon—the text was from Saint Jero-boam, I thinks—but as ye haven't been in Newgate yet, ye know nothing of the gospel. I'll never forget it—the place was so beautifully attended by ladies and gentlemen, that it put me in mind of wot they calls a gala night at the Yorkshire Stingo."

"But what's all this gammon about a cove as was hanged?—and vy shouldn't I go to the bull-bait?" observed the youth.

"Because I'm pintin' to ye what happened to 'Don't care;' and ve wants ye, Dickey, to-morrow, and most particklar too."

"Vell—haven't I been all week over the town, from nine 'till sunset, watching a wild-looking chap who swore he would duck me in the Serpentine, and what am I the better but fourteen bob, now and agin, from the captain?"

"Dickey, don't ye be ungrateful;" and the fighting-man became pathetic. "Von can stand anything but ungratitude. Ven ye came from Brixton, after two months on the mill, who kept ye till ye'r hair grew agin?" and the Pet struck the table with his clenched fist until every glass made its respective saltation.

"Vy—you, to be sure," returned the young gentleman. "But ye mind my luck the second night. The chaplain, as they called the cove wot rowed us every Sunday when I vas on the mill, once said something about the luck of a shorn lamb—and, in my case, I found you a trump in sheltering a clipped pickpocket. Now, mark my luck—I dare not venture out in daylight, as every vatchful-un, with a number on his collar, would look sharp at me as I passed without my hair, and set me down a reglar miller, fresh from Brixton. Vell, after it got dusky, out I slipped upon the ramble; and, before I had been an hour on the look-out, round a corner I pops upon Lanky Ned, who was sent last sessions to travel for his health, with his harm round a drunken quaker. Vell, in course, I helped Lankey to assist a respectable gent who somehow had got himself a little overtaken in the lushy line, and, while Ned investigated his breeches-pocket, I drew him of the ticker, clean. We let him drop softly on his back—cut our lucky without diskivery—and reached the Fortune safe. Vell, Lanky found himself properietor of three flimsies and a score of yellow boys, and I had a double-cased gold vatch, vich missus at the bar took from me at a valuation."

"Ah! wasn't she always kind to ye, Early One?" observed the host. "Vere you a kid of her'n she couldn't have a tenderer regard for you as she has."

"That's all wery vell," responded the promising youth; "but for all that, I'm safe for the brick-field, to-morrow."

"No ye von't, Dickey, you're too much the gent to venture into the purlite company wot ye'd meet there with ye'r bit o' flax wisible behind, and a tile, as wants a crown, to kiver your knowledge-box in a shower. Vot would ye think if I could coax the captain to stand a set of toggery?"

"Vell, if he does, I von't ax this time to see the bull-bait."

"Vy, that's talking like a lad of sense. Vot say ye, noble captain?"

"How much," replied the commander, "will be the damage of bending a full suit, and giving him a new housing for his upper works?"

"Vy, a couple of yalla lads vill do it handsome," was the reply.

"Don't ye forgit a pair of high-lows," exclaimed the young gentleman. "These here trotter-cases are tee-totally vorn out."

After a short discussion, Wildman consented to advance a couple of sovereigns for the Early One's refit; and as business in the Fortune of War was always conducted on the "pitch and pay" principle, the captain pulled out his seal-skin purse, and produced the cash *instantly*. Had the Early One obtained his wish, a direct transfer of the metallics would have taken place; but to that, the commander put in a strong *caveat*. He, the captain, had often known men-of-war's men, when paid advance wages, run within an hour after they had pocketed the tin. How could he be safe against Master Dickey doing him brown? The Early One's heart was evidently in the brick-fields; and was it not probable that when he found his locker shotted with the coriander-seed, he would be off to the bull-bait, and pay him, the commander, sailor-fashion, with the fore-top-sail? Mr. Wildman was for plain sailing. It was time enough when men brought ships to port to claim wages due. He would deposit "the rowdy" in the hands of a trustee; and the sooner Master Dickey did his work, why the sooner he would finger tin.

To a proposition so straightforward as Mr. Wildman's none could offer an objection; and, in the promptest manner imaginable, the Bouncer tendered his services as stake-holder. But to this friendly offer, the Early One expressed himself "dissentient," by throwing his fingers into extended order, with the thumb of the left hand pivoted on the point of his nose.

"Vell, my eyes! how unkimmin green I must look!" said the youth. "Ugly Von! don't ye vish ye may get 'em? If so be I can't be trusted on the word of a gent to behave as sich—vy, let missus hold the rowdy."

This proposal being accepted, mine host came to close quarters at once.

"Dickey, dear," said the fighting-man, "how do ye think Poll did the trick, this morning?"

"Vy, at first her hacting was beautiful, but before that they parted, it seemed to me to be no hacting at all."

"I don't understand ye," observed the captain.

"Vell, she seem'd as if at the first hop she'd have took him for a fancy-man, popped her polka to stand a treat, and tramped the world over with him arterwards."

"Vas he leary?" inquired the Pet.

"No; I would think him from vot I saw at a distance, for I was afeerd of a swim in the Sarpentine if I wentured closer, about as big a soft as ever vas done brown."

"That's not wot Poll says," observed the host. "I smells a rat."

"Don't ye mention rats," exclaimed the youth; "I'll niver back warmin while I lives agin. All I can tell ye is, Pol seemed to me as nutty on that chap who swore he would drown me, as ivir I saw a maid-of-all-work on a sodger."

"Phew!" returned the landlord, with a whistle; "I sees it all; and we must take care she don't fight a cross. Dickey, I set you to vatch the cove; you must now dodge the gal. To-morrow they meets, you knows where, at eleven. Git you a full hour afore them, and choose a spot where ye can hear, and see, and say nothin'."

"But if I'm cotched," exclaimed the Early One, whose personal prudence appeared extreme, "In I goes into the vater, and who's to pull me out?"

"Dickey!" responded he of Leg Lane to his *protégé*, "I loves to see youth cautious; but to git on reputable in the vorld a lad must be plucky too. Hadn't I polished off the Spicy Dustman, would I be as I ham in wirtuous independence? Don't ye be afeerd; the gent wouldn't sile his fingers on ye, and all the vater in the Sarpentine wouldn't smother von that's born to be—" and the Pet came to a full stop.

"Hanged!" exclaimed the young gentleman, with indignation.

"No!—no!" returned the fighting-man; "there's no hanging at present; you'll only be lagged for life. There's nothing now-a-days that'll choak a man but murder; and even if you fancy to slit a throat, do it as near Lonun as possible, and the twelve jury-birds as tries ye vill call it madness, and off ye gets. Captain, ve have business in the mornin'; wouldn't ye like to toddle upstairs and stretch yerself upon the flea-bag for an hour or two?"

It was indeed full time to end the *symposium*, for even through a skylight, encrusted with the dust of years, the sickly dawn of a London morning was breaking. The mariner staggered with the assistance of the fighting-man, to the den, called in the Fortune of War, the best bed-room. The Bouncer took himself off to gain his lurking-place before increasing light should betray his well-known figure to the myrmidons of justice. The Pet's young and promising *protégé* retired to a threepenny *restaurateur's*, where single gentlemen and their wives were accommodated with well-aired beds, and early breakfasts; and the hero of Leg Lane needed no groom of the chambers to direct him to the apartment where his amiable helpmate was reposing, the loud snoring of that lady announcing how sound those slumbers are which gin and a quiet conscience will produce.

The eventful morning of my matrimonial destiny arrived; and on two most uncertain contingencies my fate depended—on woman's will, and the capricious pleasure of a non-descriptive animal, whom Brian, according to Irish mythology, designated a "Leprahawn."* Miss Harley I had not seen; but, according to Mrs. Honeywood's report, the young lady was unusually thoughtful, and a species of reserve seemed, for the last two days, to have subsisted between the colonel and herself, which, in beings who appeared only to live for each other until now,

* *The Leprahawn* is an Irish fairy of very comical appearance, and from his living in loughs, in preference to *terra firma*, is set down to be a regular tee-totaller. In fairy society, the little gentleman holds a high place, and, like Saint Patrick, is considered a gentleman.

was difficult to account for. What did this grave mood, in a lady whose decision was still doubtful, augur? Hope whispered that it was favourable to my suit; but then came a regular damper in the expected visit of that infernal dwarf. Brian and I had both evil influences to contend against; but how different were those from whom threatened danger was to come? The young Irishman had substantial ruffianism opposed to him—well, Mr. Wildman's person was not impervious to cold lead; but I, heaven help me! was combating a thing of legs and arms, one

“Whom 'twere gross flattery to call a man.”

and yet possessing some occult agencies over my family, whose extent none could guess—whose origin none could fathom.

Immediately after breakfast Mr. O'Linn proceeded to “the trysted-place,” where the interesting suicide in design had appointed to give him a morning interview. Although but a few minutes beyond the hour, he found the lady already there, and Brian, as in duty bound, apologized for his want of punctuality.

“There's no occasion, sir,” said the pale girl. “The Horse Guards clock has but a few minutes since beat eleven.”

“I trust I find you,” said the Irishman, “in an altered mood.”

“You do, indeed. You see beside you as sincere a penitent as ever sinned, and bitterly repented her offences.”

“Thank heaven!” exclaimed the youth. “Then all that horrid intention you harboured yesterday is overcome?”

“Bah!” returned the girl, and her lip curled in contempt. “I never contemplated self-destruction, more than you do at this moment.”

“A singular declaration,” replied Brian, with a smile; “for if they never drag the Serpentine until they are seeking after me, its waters will be unruffled to eternity. But what mean ye? what are you?”

“A thing of crime and falsehood—one who, in this slight and faded form, impersonates at twenty more villany than many a criminal grey-headed in a course of infamy, commencing almost from the time he left the cradle, until baffled justice allowed him to reach the crutch.”

“You startle—nay, you shock me!” said the youth.

“Well may I fancy it. The thought of what I am, is startling even to myself.”

“Good heaven! and is it possible that one so young can be so depraved as you would lead me to imagine?”

“Stretch imagination to its utmost extent, and still you will fall short of my guilt,” replied the pale girl.

“But what am I to infer from your declarations to-day, when I think of the occurrences of yesterday? I saw you make deliberate preparations to effect the dreadful death I saved you from.”

“'Twas all a mockery. Part of a concerted plan to—” She paused.

“Proceed—I cannot comprehend you.”

“Lure you to destruction,” she replied.

“Me!—I never wronged you, girl—and why should you wish to injure me—*me*, a perfect stranger?”

“I had not the wish—I was but an agent in the hands of those who had. Attend—I will sufficiently apprise you of what the impending danger is, and the means by which your death is to be accomplished. Once the fowler's nets are exposed, it will be a silly bird, indeed, who gets within their meshes.”

With the particulars of the lost one's details, the reader is already

acquainted. And to Brian, every syllable she uttered, from foregone knowledge, bore conclusive evidence of truth.

"And they would have wiled me to that house of murder—stabbed me in the dark—and—"

"No, no—at the Fortune of War, the thing is better managed," said the pale girl. "There, no blood is shed—no butcherly knocking in the head—no tell-tale truculence resorted to—but all is managed on quiet and scientific principles; an insidious narcotic stupifies the devoted wretch, a pail-ful of water does the rest—the body is removed through the private passage—carried through the stable-lane, and left wherever is most convenient. It is found—an impudent ass, the coroner, lectures twelve pudding-headed tradesmen for an hour or two, and the murdered man is declared to have been hurried from existence, "by the visitation of God!"

"And can this possibly be done, in London?" said Brian.

"Possibly done!" returned the lost girl, "nay, 'tis the occurrence of every day—ay—and done nine times out of ten with perfect impunity. Had not the Burkers torn the teeth from the still-warm jaw of the victim, and brought them to the dentist with the too-strong indications of violent abstraction from a living, or a lately living body, attached—would those wretches not have dealt in human carrion for years to come? Why, who that knows ought of London crime has ever doubted that secret murder cannot be easily and safely effected? Was not a courtesan stabbed to death in her own dwelling, and though every room in the house was tenanted, none knew her fate till morning? was not a watchmaker knocked in the head in a crowded thoroughfare—and a barmaid murdered in broad daylight—and ask whose the felon's hand was which did the deed, and none can answer that startling question."

"'Tis horrible, indeed, to think that crimes of such bloody character can be covertly perpetrated in the very heart of a crowded city, where one would scarcely expect a knocker could be wrenched from a door without detection."

"And now for your own affairs. You must stir not abroad, day or night, unarmed."

"That precaution is already taken," and Brian produced the weapons he carried on his person.

"Under no plea, pretext, or circumstance, form any acquaintance with a stranger,—male or female, avoid them equally. Let neither beauty's tears, nor beauty's blandishments, induce you to look or turn to the right or to the left. Enter no strange house, remain as much as possible at home, and no matter where it may be, drink not with him who is unknown to you. The world improves apace, and men work now by drugs, and not with daggers."

"Fear not, my preserver—warned as I am, I shall be proof alike against violence or treachery."

"And to-morrow the scoundrels shall be denounced," said the fallen one, "At twilight, when the clock strikes six, expect me here. It will be our last secret interview, and before then, I may perchance reach at what I aimed last night in vain, and discover who your secret and worst enemy is. And yet, I half despair of that—I fear, in my attempts upon Wildman, to gain some insight into this murderous conspiracy, that I have created suspicion by my eagerness to obtain the knowledge that I wished for. The Captain, as they call the ruffian, I fancied, regarded me this morning with distrust—while the un-

bounded confidence which the fighting man declared he reposed in my fidelity, leads me to suspect most strongly that he doubts it. Another circumstance confirms this apprehension. Hitherto, a ruffian boy whom you have remarked and threatened, followed me like a shadow wherever I went; and this morning, and without a cause, I have been liberated from his *espionage*. But, courage—another day, and those who would betray, shall be betrayed.”

“And how shall I mark my gratitude, kind girl; and repay you for this invaluable service?” exclaimed the warm-hearted Irishman.

“The debt is paid in advance. Might I, indeed, dare to name the wish now nearest to my heart—might I venture to indulge a hope that one so fallen and degraded, was not considered irretrievably a cast-away—I would then, kneeling at your feet, implore you—”

“Stop, Mary—if within the range of my humble means, all that you desire shall be effected. What would you wish me to do? How can I serve you?”

“Grant me but a place of refuge—the honest shelter of the lowliest roof. Pluck me from crime, from misery, from my evil self,—and oh! how I shall bless the day I met my moral deliverer! This evening, six, not later. Be cautious, suspect everybody and everything. Come armed, and avoid a stranger’s advances as you would the devil’s. Fare-well till six. Remain here, at least, ten minutes—”

She said, pressed the youth’s hand, and disappeared.

Brian resumed his seat upon the bench, and in this unfrequented corner of the park, he had ample leisure to commune with himself, unheard and unnoticed, as he fancied. In rapid review his mind’s eye passed over the leading incidents of a life already overloaded with mystery, and adventure. “What the devil will the upshot be?” quoth Brian, as he spoke aloud. “If ever an unhappy Irishman’s web were regularly tangled, mine seems to be that one, for one half the world appear solicitous to cut my throat, and the other moiety of mankind as anxious to prevent it. Well, ‘luck’s everything,’ and there’s not a passage in the fortunes of an Irishman that does not bear the truth of that adage out. The time prescribed by the girl has elapsed, and now to learn the result of that spider-shanked apology for manhood’s visit to my love-sick friend.”

The bench which Brian had occupied during his colloquy with the pale girl, was half inserted into a clump of low but thickly-growing evergreens. The Serpentine was unruffled even by, what sailors term, a cat’s-paw—the leaves were in profound repose, and an Indian ear could have heard some stranger’s foot tread upon a rotten branch a mile off. A slight and rustling sort of movement in the evergreens, immediately behind the bench, roused the youth’s attention. Directing an eagle glance at the suspected spot, the sparkle of an eye met his—and Brian was at once apprized, that some lurking traitor had lain there *perdu* during his interview with the pale girl, and of course overheard every syllable that passed. Next moment no eye encountered the young Irishman’s, and a renewed rustling in the clump, plainly announced that the spy was quietly retreating. Such was, indeed, the case, for on his moving round the shrubs, to reach the place from which the listener was most likely to emerge from his *embuscade*, in a minute, and within a dozen yards, Master Dickey broke cover, and went off at score.

The Early One was not embarrassed with extra clothing, nor was he over-loaded with condition, and while there was neither cause nor im-

pediment against a display of his agility, there were private considerations greatly calculated to encourage it. Master Dickey was suffering under hydrophobia of the mind, for the fear of the Serpentine was before him—and thus stimulated, the Early One made strong running from the start. But the fastest foot that ever crossed a shaking bog without allowing time for its surface to open, was following. The eye of the terror-stricken refugee, averted over the shoulder for a moment, apprized him painfully that the starting advantage of a dozen paces was now reduced to six. A race ahead, and he was a ruined youth, and no chance was left him now, but the desperate one of attempting to dodge a pursuer, not otherwise to be shaken off. Accordingly, Master Dickey kept close to the edge of the clump, but one round of it brought the contest to a close. On reaching the bench where Brian and his companion had conversed, and behind which the Early One had listened, the collar of the fugitive was arrested by a sinewy hand, a second caught hold of one of his opposite extremities—next moment, “like arrow from the string,” away went the Pet’s *protégé*—his scream was drowned in a squash—and, “hissing hot,” he found himself projected five paces from the bank, and launched fairly in the Serpentine.

The chase had been observed, and also much admired, from the opposite side of the water. No money, however, changed hands on the occasion, nor indeed was a bet offered on the event, for, from the very start, it was quite apparent that the Early One had not a chance. The *finale* at the winning-post, however, had not been at all expected, and of course the close was the most interesting point of the race. The noise from the distant lookers-on disturbed T 706, who, “good easy man,” was sleeping on a bench in the immediate vicinity—and perceiving somebody in the water, he proceeded at a trot, to inquire into the particulars.

“Is the chap drowning himself?” said the policeman.

“Not he,” returned Mr. O’Linn, with great indifference. “It was I that pitched him in.”

“For what?” said No. 706.

“Attempting to pick my pocket,” was the reply.

“And sarved him right, too,” observed the peeler.

“But come,” said Brian, “we must not allow the young ruffian to be drowned.”

“No fear of that whatever,” replied 706; “you see he’s swatting to the shore fast enough. Come on—we’ll grip him when he lands. No taking a snooze on the grass in safety, cause why of these young wagabonds. I was drawed myself last Monday of a new bandana, as cost the young lady as presented it four-and-six.”

Although blinded, half smothered, and confused, in the persons of Brian and No. 706, to the Early One there were coming events which threw their shadows before, and his heart sank within him—Scylla and Charybdis lay before him—and he had, in his own belief, a pleasant alternative to choose between—to wit, a second immersion, or an introduction to the station-house. Dickey determined against both, and the moment his feet touched *terra firma*, in his own parlance he “cut his lucky,” and levanted through the trees. Brian had no wish, in the present state of things, to have matters publicly exposed until they were more developed—and although T 706 made a demonstration of pursuit, the young wagabond, as he called the Early One, reached the Fortune of War in safety and as quickly as he could.

Mary Hargrave had not returned to that infamous *cabaret* when she quitted the park, but proceeded elsewhere on some private affairs of her own—and when Dickey gained his haunt, the hostess was too busy at the bar to notice that he had undergone ablution most extensively. She merely told him that “master and captain” were at home, and would be happy in being honoured with his company.

Never since the first hour of their acquaintance had the worthy couple who tenanted the state apartment of the Fortune, found themselves in more uncomfortable relations towards each other than on the afternoon when the Early One returned home, after taking a temporary possession of the Serpentine. Stupified by his last night's potations, unrefreshed from troublous dreams and broken sleep, and not precisely knowing what to do to murder time, and drag the sunshine through until the more congenial darkness would authorise a renewal of his usual brutal debaucheries, the captain had wandered forth to some low locality beside the river, where his friend, the Bouncer, had found a Patmos against the police. On repairing thither, by a course of tortuous inquiries and divers pass-words, he gained at last admission to the domicile of the gentleman he was so anxious to find out—and in the most rascally house, of the most rascally court, of a most rascally neighbourhood, he found his one-eyed friend.

As far as personal effects were to be taken into account, it would have been better for Captain Wildman had “the whereabouts” of the Bouncer, like the Polar passage, remained undiscoverable. He found himself in a scene of squalid filth, and that human climax of iniquity which, abolishing the decencies of society, puts shame to the blush—one, which in description would be so gross and so disgusting, that even a sketch would be abomination. Every room was a den—and every den was tenanted in joint occupancy by the lowest thieves, and the most dissolute of the other sex—and in this pleasant retreat the Bouncer was enjoying his “otium cum dignitate.”

On the advent of such a guest, there was “joy in Aztlan.” The captain forked out liberally—and explained, as far as semi-drunkenness would permit, that this was but to be considered a morning call—a sort of opening visit. The Bouncer whispered a black-eyed girl—a dark gentleman,* who professed the violin, was conducted upstairs—and Mr. Wildman was entranced with the instrumental and artistic performance of “the sailor's hornpipe.” The *danseuse* accepted the captain's invitation to make a settlement on his knee, and, having “got the office” from the Bouncer, administered a balmy kiss, and at the same time dipped into the commander's breast-pocket where the seal-skin pouch was deposited for better security. Mr. Wildman, being at the time, as the reader knows, a man of business, was necessitated to return to the Fortune, although deep was his regret at leaving company so congenial to his taste. With the promise of a speedy reunion, the mariner departed, and a youth, who did not at the moment apprehend that the glorious prerogative of a British subject would be invaded in his person, to wit, loss of liberty, he having been acquitted the preceding day at the Old Bailey, from being intituled in the indictment, John, instead of James, volunteered his escort, and piloted the captain to a cab. It was, on his part, a generous attention to a stranger—for all the obliging gent. gained by his civility, was one glove and bird's-eye-fogle, which articles he managed to extract from the commander's

* Anglicè—a blind man.

coat pocket, while closing the door and bidding him a polite "good morning."

Cabmen are blackguards by profession, and with blackguard localities might be presumed to be familiar—but the fellow who drove the captain home, found some difficulty in discovering his "whereabouts." From the passenger he could obtain no assistance—the commander considering that a cab was like an inn—a place where the occupant might take "his ease"—having laid himself up in the corner of the vehicle, and indulged in a refreshing slumber until the driver pulled his leg, and informed him they had reached the Fortune. An application to his pocket for the fare, apprized the commander that his silver was exhausted. Well, there was still "balm in Gilead," for were there not three five-pound notes in reserve? and stepping to the bar, the mariner requested the Pet's helpmate to oblige him by "smashing a flimsey." From a compartment in her bosom, the lady smilingly drew forth the arm of a glove in which, for safe keeping, she always deposited the most valuable of the metallics. Five glittering sovereigns were told upon the counter—and, in return, the captain referred to his breast-pocket, to obtain the "quid pro quo." Where was the seal-skin pouch? Echo might have answered, where? but truth told, that it was safely deposited in the left breeches pocket of the Bouncer.

On the misfortunes which afflict the upright it is painful to dwell—and, in his hour of affliction, I lament to add, that the commander met with more reproaches than consolation. Of course, the bereaved gentleman mentioned the place where he had paid a morning-visit, and also gave a hurried sketch of the company he had been introduced to, and, at the disclosure, great was the astonishment of the landlord and his rib.

"Vell—Holy Paul! if ivir I heerd tell of sich an almighty soft in the coorse of my natral life! To venture into the vorst crib in Vapping with anything in your pocket more valuable than a paving stone!" exclaimed the Pet.

The lady was rather sarcastic than sincere in her condolence. Admitting the ducal aphorism to its fullest extent, that everyone had a right to do what seemed good to him with his own, she, nevertheless, was decidedly of opinion that the commander should be "cut for the simples" without delay—a very useful operation no doubt, but one, as I am informed, not generally practised in the London hospitals.

In adversity, according to Byron, there is nothing like "rum and true religion;" but Hans Wildman differed in opinion, and put his faith in genuine cognac distilled at Smithfield Bars. Retiring to the secret chamber, he forthwith obtained a supply of the alcohol, and also ink, paper, and the stump of a goose quill. The captain's was not the pen of a ready writer; and as the epistle he essayed to compose was one that required privacy and consideration, orders were strictly issued that none should intrude until his literary task had been completed. The will of such an honoured guest was law—and, while the worthy captain was thus engaged, the Pride of Leg Lane and the estimable lady that belonged to him, held sad and secret converse at the bar-fire.

It would appear—and will appear in the next chapter—that the whole *dramatis personæ*, who figure in this pleasant and instructive history, were either at this blessed moment in heavy trouble, or in what the Yankees call "a fix."

Of those who sorrowed, the host and hostess of the Fortune were certainly, and with good reason, the most dolorous. The captain was

in a fix, as any man in London must be, who has not a portrait of the queen on which to bless himself. To quoit a gentleman into the Serpentine, who has not a change of clothing, is "fixing," according to our opinion, most disagreeably. Brian was in a fix, as he neither knew who he was, or what was about to happen to him. I had proposed to a lady, was conditionally accepted, and told by a little gentleman, who exercised an authority over me I could not understand, that he had provided me already with a wife, and, as bigamy is not permitted in "Merrie England," what the devil was I to do with a couple? But the poor Bouncer was in the tightest fix of all—for, in attempting to change one of the commander's notes he had got himself into the station-house. In short, we were all fixtures.

LAUGH WITH NATURE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE ASPINALL.

BOUND like a wolf o'er the steep green
hill,
Hang o'er the blue-bells, and let them
trace
Their spirit of health on thy pallid
face :

Drink deep gushes of freshness from
brooklet and rill,
Chase the dark crimson moth, *or do
aught but be still.*

Start for a mile with the fleet-footed
hare,
Follow the swallow in thought to her
cloud ;
Try thy strength with the wind, be
it ever so loud ;
Anything, all things, to banish thy care ;
There's great joy in the woodlands, so
go for thy share.

Answer the blackbird, give song for her
song ;
Be a boy with yon lad, in the mead-
ows at play ;
Gambol in thickets the live-long day ;
Borrow grace from the ash, like the oak
be thou strong,
And keep close to nature, she'll ne'er
do thee wrong.

Is it Spring ? watch the primrose unveil
her bloom ;
See the young buds at play in the
vernal gale,
In thine ear let the peach-blossoms
whisper their tale ;
In thine *heart* for the music of earth
make room,
And hail young Spring from her robing-
room.

Is it Summer ? toss wildly the milky-
white hay,
Cleave the full flowing river and swim
with the tide,
On the breast of the sea in thy glad-
someness ride ;
Go and laugh with the surges and sport
all the day
Like a young northern whale or a
grampus at play.

Is it Autumn ? go reckon each brown
russet leaf,
Or forth to the harvest and work
with the best ;
Watch the ripe orange sun fade to
sleep in the west.
Dash right through the corn-blades,
roll over each sheaf,
Make the most of Dame Nature, *thy life
is but brief.*

Is it Winter ? go sport on the sharp
frosty ground,
Here's the firm frozen ice-pond, come
peril thy skill,
Carve proudly quaint figures and
skate at thy will ;
Forth and wield the big snowball and
make thy blood bound
And dance through thy veins in a life-
giving round.

Whatever the season, all cares from you
fling ;
Go forth and quaff gladness wherever
you can,
For man's made for nature and na-
ture for man.
So forth, and rob life of one half of its
sting,
By trusting to nature and all *she* can
bring.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF OLE BULL.

BY H. C. ANDERSEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH BY CHARLES BECKWITH.

BEHIND the Alps is the land of miracles, the world of adventures. We do not believe in miracles; adventure, on the contrary, is dear to us—we listen willingly to it; and such a one as only happens to genius took place in Bologna in the year 1834.

The poor Norman, Ole Bull, whom at that time no one knew, had wandered thus far southward. In his fatherland some persons certainly thought that there was *something* in him; but the most part, as is generally the case, predicted that there would be nothing in Ole Bull. He himself felt that he must go out into the world in order to cherish the spark into a flame, or else to quench it entirely. Everything at first seemed as if the latter would be the case. He had arrived at Bologna, but his money was expended, and there was no place where there was a prospect of obtaining any—no friend—no countryman stretched forth a helping hand towards him,—he sat alone in a poor attic in one of the small streets. It was already the second day that he had been here, and had scarcely tasted food; the water-jug and the violin were the only two things that cherished the young and suffering artist. He began to doubt if he were in possession of that gift with which God had endowed him, and in his despondency breathed into the violin those tones which now seize our hearts in so wonderful a manner; those tones which tell us how deeply he has suffered and felt.

That same evening a great concert was to be given in the principal theatre. The house was filled to overflowing; the Grand Duke of Tuscany was in the royal box; Madame Malibran and Monsieur de Beriot were to lend their able assistance in the performance of several pieces. The concert was to commence, but matters looked inauspicious—the manager's star was not in the ascendant—M. de Beriot had taken umbrage, and refused to play. All was trouble and confusion on the stage; when in this dilemma the wife of Rosini the composer entered, and in the midst of the manager's distress related, that, on the previous evening, as she passed through one of the narrow streets, she had suddenly stopped on hearing the strange tones of an instrument, which certainly resembled those of a violin, but yet seemed to be different. She had asked the landlord of the house who it was that lived in the attic whence the sounds proceeded, and he had replied that it was a young man from the north of Europe; and that the instrument he played was certainly a lyre, but she felt assured that it could not be so; it must either be a new sort of instrument, or an artist who knew how to treat his instrument in an unusual manner. At the same time, she said, that they ought to send for him, and he might perhaps supply the place of M. de Beriot by playing the pieces that must otherwise be deficient in the evening's entertainment. This advice was acted upon, and a messenger was

despatched to the street where Ole Bull sat in his attic. To him it was as a message from heaven: "now or never," thought he; and, though ill and exhausted, he took his violin under his arm and accompanied the messenger to the theatre. Two minutes after his arrival the manager informed the assembled audience that a young Norwegian, consequently "a young savage," would give a specimen of his skill on the violin, instead of M. de Beriot.

Ole Bull appeared, the theatre was brilliantly illuminated; he perceived the scrutinizing looks of the ladies nearest to him; one of them, who watched him very closely through her opera glass, smilingly whispered to her neighbour, with a mocking mien, about the diffident manners of the artist. He looked at his clothes, and in the strong blaze of light they appeared rather the worse for wear. The lady made her remarks about them, and her smile pierced his very heart. He had taken no notes with him which he could give the orchestra; he was consequently obliged to play without accompaniment, but what should he play?

"I will give them these fantasias which at this moment cross my mind!" and he played improvisatory remembrances of his own life, melodies from the mountains of his home, his struggles with the world, and the troubles of his mind: it was as if every thought, every feeling passed through the violin, and revealed itself to the audience. The most astounding acclamations resounded through the house. Ole Bull was called forth again and again; they still desired a new piece, a new improvisation. He then addressed himself to that lady, whose mocking smile had met him on his appearance, and asked her for a theme, to vary. She gave him one from "Norma." He then asked two other ladies, who chose one from "Otello" and one from "Moses." "Now," thought he, "if I take all three, unite them with each other, and form one piece, I shall then flatter each of the ladies; and, perhaps, the composition will produce an effect." He did so. Powerfully as the rod of the magician the bow glided across the strings, while cold drops of perspiration trickled down his forehead. There was fever in his blood; it was as if the mind would free itself from the body; fire shot from his eyes—he felt himself almost swooning; yet a few bold strokes—they were his last bodily powers.

Flowers and wreaths from the charmed multitude fluttered about him who, exhausted by mental conflict and hunger, was nearly fainting. He went to his home accompanied by music. Before the house sounded the serenade for the hero of the evening; who, meanwhile, crept up the dark and narrow staircase, higher and higher up, into his poor garret, where he clutched the water-jug to refresh himself.

When all was silent the landlord came to him, brought him food and drink, and gave him a better room. The next day he was informed that the theatre was at his service, and that a concert was to be arranged for him. An invitation from the Duke of Tuscany next followed; and from that moment name and fame were founded for Ole Bull.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH NORMANDY.

THE beginning of August found me still upon the weary sofa where you left me in June, the pharmacopeia and my patience were alike exhausted, and I felt that an entire change of air and scene was my only chance of laying the spectre of disease, whose footsteps lingered round me. Accordingly, one morning I arose, and procuring a Fortunatus wishing cap, in the form of a railway ticket, I found myself again beside the sea.

I shall spare you the details of my recovery; enough to say that every breeze was winged with health, and a few days entirely restored me.

I had come to the southern coast of England; opposite, across the waves, lay Normandy, and, with returning strength, the desire arose within me to tread that land which had been trodden by the greatest men the world ever saw. The arches still spanned many an aisle which had echoed their tread; columns yet were standing on which their shadows had been flung; fortresses which sheltered them in life, and tombs where their ashes lay,—these I might yet behold; I might look on many a monument connected with the thrilling memories of Rollo, William the Conqueror, and Cœur de Lion!

This had been to me, from childhood, a consecrated land; to me it was still in the Middle Ages, standing apart in feudal pomp and strength from the vulgar world of to-day. I had not touched upon it in my former wanderings, and I now almost shrank from measuring my ideal with the reality, that synonyme for disenchantment.

It would have been wiser perhaps to take the Lakist's advice, and not "undo" this "vision of my own," but an irresistible destiny hurries us on; we are not contented, as Gray says, "to leave pleasure at the helm," we take it ourselves; we must know the secret of the rose's charms, and so we pull it to pieces instead of being satisfied with its odour and its bloom.

Picture to yourself some noble mind, rich in all the best memories of the past, stored with a thousand valuable acquisitions, the results of time, and thought, and labour; think of it, then, visited by some terrible disease, that sweeps away its treasures, to leave a blank behind, or, perhaps, only a few scattered and broken images, serving but to furnish a conjecture of its former glory!

Such is Normandy now! See it in the middle of the last century, teeming with sacred and military monuments of Time's grandest era, many of them of surpassing beauty—some scarcely touched by time—cathedrals, abbeys, castles, fortresses, forming, in these manifestations of the genius of the people, a complete and comprehensive illustration, so to speak, of the military and religious spirit of the Middle Ages, while here and there some great Roman or Celtic remains carried the mind still farther back, and threw a light almost into the times of Fable!

Then comes the Revolution; its arm of pestilence descends upon this "storied" land, and now the traveller comes among the ruins, and from the few treasures remaining to him, learns the wealth that he has lost.

I am attempting nothing in the nature of a guide-book for your

intended expedition, we have all been so betoured and bejournaled that it would be superfluous to mention the best inns, the orthodox lions in each place, or the most picturesque and advisable routes, &c. Murray's admirable "Hand-book" will do all that for you; neither shall I offer you detailed descriptions, architectural or otherwise, of the objects to be seen, nor disquisitions upon their respective origins, antiquities, &c. These particulars you will find in the pages of Ducarel, Dawson Turner, and Gally Knight.

I think, however, you will take some interest in a few hasty sketches, which I here put together; I know you to be like myself a fervent lover of the *Past*—they have been taken in her dear presence, the dearer as it grows the fainter day by day. Between us and her the huge coarse form of *PROGRESS* is advancing fast, and in the shadow which it throws, the lovely features of the olden time grow gradually dim. The worship at the shrine of her beauty cannot then but be sad, and if in these sketches some sombre lines appear, although a shade or two may fall from my temperament, and the autumn leaves that were dropping round me, the deepest are derived from the sense of a loveliness defaced and desecrated, and, it may be, passing away for ever!

Visiting old Normandy in this spirit, you should enter it by Dieppe; it seems the fit warder of this domain of great memories, its own greatness being but a memory. Three hundred years ago Dieppe was a famous place, though it has now something of a modern aspect, most of the old houses having perished under those terrible English guns, in the bombardment of 1695. Some few, however, remain in the *Faubourg du Pollet*, to testify to the antiquity of the former town. The inhabitants of this quarter, with the homes, retain the costume and *patois* of their ancestors.

In the fifteenth century Dieppe was in her pride; in addition to possessing a magnificent feudal castle, and two beautiful churches, already venerable from age, she boasted one of the first ports of Europe: her merchants were rich and powerful, her seamen experienced and enterprising. One of the former sailed up the *Tagus*, and imposed terms upon the King of Portugal, another seized upon the *Canaries*; her hardy seamen were the first visitants of the *Cape of Good Hope*, and *Marignan* in America; and the discoveries of *Canada*, *Florida*, and *Senegal*, have long been associated with the names of *Aubert*, *Rihaut*, and *Lambert*, natives of Dieppe. For a long period she possessed the monopoly of the various products of these countries. It is believed that the importation of elephants' teeth led the inhabitants to devote themselves much to the sculpture of ivory—a species of manufacture in which they still excel.

The harbour is long and narrow; houses run along the quay almost to the entrance of the port; these being principally eating and drinking establishments are at night brilliantly lighted, and filled with merry groups. If you enter at that time the effect is striking; the same vessel that but now was battling with the wild wide ocean suddenly passes through the narrow mouth of the harbour into a gay and bustling street, through which it bears you quietly, as it were, into the heart of the town. It stops where the little river *d'Arques* flows into the basin; I see the lights dancing on the stream. It has washed the ancient walls of *d'Arques* up there, in the valley of the *Bethune*, and seems to greet the stranger to the land of ruins.

An individual dressed like a Field-Marshal at a drawing-room, and "bearded like the pard," steps fiercely up—"Your passport, sir?"—To think that I should come to the land of my fathers with a vulgar passport in my pocket!—"Sir, I have none;" "Ah! sacré, no passport! you will take the trouble of coming with me;" I followed the Field-Marshal into his office, where the name, age, appearance, and above all, the hotel of the delinquent being registered, I was suffered to proceed. I heard no more of it.

The great bell of St. Jacques' church rang out the curfew as I wended my way to the hotel; the actual old curfew of the Middle Ages! but, alas, it was two hours wrong; 'twas ten o'clock, and young Normandy treated it with the utmost contempt; not a light was covered, not a shop closed.

I have heard this curfew since, in most of the Norman towns, but by some perverseness, they all seemed to shun the night-hour, some ringing at nine, some at ten; the feudal hour of eight o'clock is observed only at Avranches.

The main streets are lighted with gas, but it was some comfort in turning into that in which my hotel was situated, to find a genuine *réverbère* hanging close to the gate; it is the only one in the modern town. I wonder if the Lord Mayor, who laughed at the worthy French emigrant's proposition to introduce this lamp into London, had ever seen and examined one. If its other merits equalled its simplicity, its general adoption would be inevitable.

One of the English prejudices (I hope the only one), which I found impossible to leave behind me, is a weakness for tea, and while waiting for my luggage (with which my friend, the Field-Marshal, was amusing himself at the custom-house) I sat down at the table and begged to have some. At the other side were two cups for the same purpose. Two travellers dressed for the road entered and sat down opposite. I recognized my companions in the passage over; a mother and her son. I must relate their history to you, it will not be out of keeping with these sketches; the ruin of human hopes and happiness keeps pace, at least, with that of abbeys and castles!

"Let go," said the captain; the rope dropped, the wheels went round, and the vessel glided away from the Brighton pier; just then a boat put off from shore, and the steamer paused while it came alongside, "A letter for Mr. —," said a servant; one of the passengers ran to the gangway, and eagerly snatched it from his hand; the vessel moved on again as before; but to two of those upon her deck, the whole world was changed, that letter was to them the knell of cherished hopes; they were the mother and her son! All that remained on earth of a household, who

Grew in beauty side by side,
And fill'd one house with glee,

save a daughter who had married a gentleman with whom she had gone some months before to Geneva. There he was taken ill, accounts had come from time to time, and the last were somewhat more encouraging; the mother and her son were now on their way, hoping to assist in nursing the invalid, and ministering to his recovery—that letter brought tidings of his death! The daughter was alone in a land of strangers, without a friend, without an acquaintance.

There is nothing unusual in the death of a dear being, or one who,

apparently, can be but ill-spared, yet there was something so startling in the grief of the mother, something so beautiful in the solicitude of the son, that I never can forget it! Through the passage he never quitted her side, and he was still there when they entered the room where I sat. They were proceeding that night to Geneva, and the son had ordered some refreshment before their departure. It was an affecting sight to see how gently he bore her waywardness—she was perfectly bewildered by sorrow. He feared her strength would be unequal to the long journey before them, and urged her tenderly, but in vain, to take some nourishment.

Poor stricken souls! I thought of the plant breathing sweetness from the wound, of the sun that the clouds are concealing, of Him who has promised an especial consolation for the anguish of the fatherless and the widow. These thoughts soothed me when they were gone, and the door closed behind them.

As an infant wakening from its slumbers involuntarily turns towards the light, so I generally found myself in the morning crossing the threshold of some ancient church. Not only are the sacred edifices in Normandy unquestionably the objects of the greatest interest in an architectural point of view, but I think few men can stand beneath those calm and lofty aisles, so eloquent of ancient piety, without receiving something of a serene and holy spirit; and it appears to me that the earlier in the day this good is done the better. Their doors are ever open: the Catholic Church takes care that her children shall never want a consecrated retreat, where the world-weary and the sinner may withdraw from the tumult of existence, to offer up their prayers to God. Protestant England, remember the cottage and the hovel, where the orisons of the poor are interrupted by earthly sounds, perhaps of discord or of sin; set wide the gates of your temples, and let them have a spot to pray in, whose atmosphere has been never stirred, except with words of heaven!

The tower of St. Jacques is remarkable for its elevation; and looks upon you in its beauty wherever you go; five hundred years have left scarce a trace of their flight upon its fair proportions. That vile slated cupola, which young Normandy has placed beside it, serves as an excellent foil.

The remainder of the church is interesting, as being the religious contributions of three different centuries, but this circumstance deprives it of that uniformity so important to architectural beauty.

The same observation applies to the Church of St. Remi, but this last contains a chapel which I remember well! It is on the left of the choir as you enter, dedicated to our Lady "*de bon secours*." Its ornaments and offerings were of a very costly kind; from the roof there hung suspended a model of a ship. This arrested my attention: I turned to the altar, where, in a silver lamp, a light was burning; there knelt an old lady, evidently of the superior classes. Her dress bespoke wealth, its fashion refinement. I recognised the author of the rich votive offerings—to these propitiations she had come to-day to add the greater offering of prayer. Fervently she seemed to pray before our Lady *de bon secours*, not for the suffering, or the dead, for her aspect was of anxiety, not of grief;—perhaps that mimic-ship may have a reference to the succour she implores. The mild winds are sweeping through the aisles, it may be that the child of her old age is on the stormy waters, it may be he is not fit to die!

The waiter at the hotel was anxious that I should "assist" at a promenade and concert which was taking place at a pavilion on the shore. He was a civil fellow, so to gratify him, and also as it lay on my way to the old château, I looked in as I passed by. The music was very good; the company seemed to be so too; but I found the principal attraction was the groups of gentlemen and ladies in the water. The pavilion is placed so close to the shore that the bathers may be said to have formed part of the promenade. Just as I arrived a lady clothed in a long black garment issued as it seemed from behind the big drum; she was carried in the queer way that fathers carry children, by a man dressed as a sailor (*a baigneur-juré!*) and placed in the sea. Joining the rest she performed some interesting evolutions in the water, and then returned to the arms of the sailor who remained in attendance. He lifted her up as before, and carried her back to her dressing room. In like manner did all the ladies. The gentlemen walked in close by.

At St. Malo, in Brittany, I am informed that the ladies and gentlemen are more sociable still; there they bathe without the intervention of a third party. The gentleman offers his arm to the lady and conducts her into the water; there he dips his fair companion; they go jointly through the usual aquatic performances, and he finally re-conducts her dripping form to the "*cabane*."

I quitted this amphibious party, and proceeded to the old château which is finely situated on the summit of a hill overlooking the town—ascend the steps, along the ancient entrance, under the portcullis, to the top of the fortifications. You find yourself in a modern barrack, and small red-legged soldiers are staring at the Anglais—but never mind, you have a splendid view. The tower of St. Jacques looks particularly well from this eminence. To the right the meadows of the valley d'Arques, to the left the boundless ocean, lay out their green expanses, far as the eye can reach. Over that shore that lies beneath you, the forces of Elizabeth made their way to the assistance of Henry IV.; and down there where you see the strawberry beds, the Duchess of Longueville passed in man's attire, as she hurried from the unrelenting vengeance of Anne of Austria and Mazarin.

Six miles south-east of Dieppe, the Château d'Arques raises its noble masses, and soars over the surrounding country. Its foundations were laid by Talou, uncle of the Conqueror, and Henry II. is supposed to have completed its principal parts; the colossal walls, however, deprived of all ornament, are silent as to the precise epoch.

The principal entrance, flanked by two massive towers, still remains in tolerable preservation, but our imagination must put together those ruins yonder to make up the rest. Was it Time, was it War, that wrought this desolation? One would have thought such a building might defy their power. Alas! It was an enemy less noble than time or war! For a hundred years it was worked as a quarry! and no one knows how many smart French houses have been built of the materials. The shoulders of the latter Bourbons have enough to bear, and one does not wish to add to the weight, but I cannot help remembering that all the time this havoc was in progress, the castle was in their hands.

It was of course taken by the English; Talbot and Warwick

planted the lion standard on its towers in 1419, where it floated for thirty years. Restored to Charles VII., when Joan of Arc has placed him on his throne, it descended to the Louises of the 18th century, who shewed their sense of the heritage in the manner I have described.

The day perhaps is coming when even these vast ruins shall disappear, and the Château d'Arques exist but in the page of history ; but the spot will remain hallowed still where Henry IV. spoke those noble words.—As he marshalled his little band of four thousand Protestants, some one contemptuously asked where were the forces to oppose the Duke of Mayenne, who advanced up the valley with his thirty thousand leaguers. “*Vous ne les voyez pas toutes,*” said Henry, “*car vous ne comptez pas Dieu, et le bon droit qui m'assistent.*” A miserable obelisk points out the spot where God and his good cause gave him the victory.

Let us take a last look before that turn of the road hides the ruins from our view ; even at this distance we perceive how much its beauty has been marred by ignoble hands. We take leave of its departed greatness with a more than ordinary regret, with something of the same feelings we should experience in turning from a grave where lay the hero of a hundred fights, struck down by an assassin's blow.

John Bull is always grumbling at the French diligence ; he says it is ugly and uncomfortable ; for my part, I prefer any of its divisions, *coupé, intérieure, rotonde, banquette*, to the excruciating inside, or forlorn top of his own stage-coach now happily obsolete. Once you are fairly into the *banquette* you can hardly have a pleasanter seat ; if it rains you have shelter, if your neighbour smokes you have air, if there is anything to be seen you see it. Then so wild and picturesque is the whole, that Salvator himself might well borrow its image, if he had wished to animate some of his savage scenery.

The first time you looked upon this conglomerate of vehicles and the shaggy-maned vivid-eyed ponies, did it not give you the idea that the man on the box in the blue shirt and trousers was absconding with the stock of some carriage repository of the last century, which he had fastened together, and had seized upon a herd of wild horses to effect his purpose ? The result is picturesque in the extreme. On the other hand an English stage-coach, with its well-varnished pannels, patent axles, large horses, and polished harness, is a formal glaring object and would be the ruin of any landscape.

One fine autumn morning I clambered up into the *banquette* of one of these maligned vehicles destined for Eu ; the road thither is like all the Norman roads without a rut or a turn, admirably kept, and going direct as a sunbeam from point to point ; but the country on each side differs from the southern parts of Normandy in an entire absence of fences ; this, with the want of undulation, and scarcity of trees, renders it very bleak and cheerless ; occasionally you meet a double row of poplars, one on either side the road ; they open their green arms to receive you, but they extend only a short way, you soon part from their embrace and pass on.

From my nook in the *banquette* I marked and felt the full monotony of this scene ; the sun was warm, and the jingling of the horses' bells fell drowsily on my ear ; I sank into a reverie. I fan-

cied the times of chivalry were come again. Some great conflict was at hand. A Norman chief was advancing to wrest a kingdom from some feeble Southern. The champagne on either side has been cleared of any obstacle that might impede the sweep of the squadrons, or check the knight's career; the tall poplars seem like a serried van-guard of stately warriors, and far away on the horizon is the sheen of lances, and many a plume and pennon is waving in the morning breeze! "*A bas!*"* shouts the coachman, and I started from my dream as we thundered down the narrow streets into the market place of Eu.

"It stands embosomed in a happy valley," not, however, "crowned by high woodlands," for the hills on either side are bleak and treeless; but just about the town and the château, dark rich forests discover themselves, and with the undulations of the soil, and the windings of the river, form a scene of no ordinary beauty. Between the hills, through the town, and under the walls of the château, flows the Bresle, the boundary between Normandy and the ancient province of Picardy. On the brow of the hill, at the side of Picardy, is a small chapel, and the view of the town and château from this spot is one of those whose charms mock description, not that they are beyond its power, but because you cannot tell precisely in what they consist. Its chief characteristic, however, is tranquillity. This was its prominent feature upwards of six hundred years ago. One of the Irish princes had incurred the displeasure of the King of England, and St. Laurent, Archbishop of Dublin, was despatched on a mission of reconciliation. He disembarked at a neighbouring port, and advanced towards Eu; on ascending the eastern hill he saw the town and castle calmly reposing on the dark bosom of the woods, while the church looked serenely down like a good angel keeping watch over their rest. Struck with this scene of peaceful beauty, he exclaimed, "Behold the place of my eternal rest." His rest was near. He lived just long enough to bring his mission to a successful close, he then returned to Eu, where he died. His tomb, the annals tell us, became the scene of numerous miracles; pilgrims crowded to the spot, bringing with them the most costly offerings. The priests soon found themselves in a condition to replace the ancient church by one much larger and more magnificent, which they dedicated to the Saint, upon whom the Court of Rome conferred the honor of canonization. For several centuries a cross of sandstone marked the spot where St. Laurent caught his first view of Eu; the little chapel on the hill side, of which I have above spoken, has replaced the cross.

In the former church the first Counts of Eu were buried, and it witnessed the spousals of William the Conqueror with Matilda. The pavement of the second has been worn by the best and highest in the Church, by warriors of the cross, by preux chevaliers, and kings and princes innumerable. It has survived the rage of the elements, of foreign and domestic war, and stands a venerable witness of a thousand great events.

This church was of the earliest ogive, and the west portal,

* The well-known cry of the French *voituriers*; the people, from the absence of footpaths, are in the habit, as they walk, of scattering over the roads and streets in all directions, so that it scarcely ever ceases. It means "get out of the way."

the only part remaining, shows how graceful that style was in its infancy; the remainder having been destroyed by lightning in 1455, was rebuilt in the style of that epoch, when the ogive had lost its early simplicity. This part is also much admired, but I confess the Gothic principle is too much developed to please me.

The west portal consists of three ogival entrances, surmounted exactly by three ogival windows; the window over the central entrance is composed of twenty-four compartments, in which his Majesty Louis Philippe has placed some magnificent stained glass of Sévres manufacture, which flings its rich and varied colours even to the altar. The windows over the lateral doors are divided into two compartments by a slender column. The whole *façade* is supported by four granite pillars which are crowned with small pyramidal roofs in stone. Some cordons and vine leaves carved on the ogive of the principal gate are the only ornaments to be found.

In the crypt underneath the choir and sanctuary lie the marble effigies of the Artois Counts of Eu, with their wives and children. St. Laurent is here too. They are represented for the most part, as the dead should be, recumbent, and

“Palm to palm on their tranquil breasts.”

Compare these monuments with those in the chapel above, the production of what is, (with reference to architecture,) facetiously called the “*renaissance des arts*.” Their elaborate theatrical execution would bring discredit even upon St. Paul’s.

There is another church here called “La Chapelle du College.” It is close by the old College of the Jesuits, founded by Henry I., Duke of Guise. The church, erected by his wife Catharine of Cleves, possesses no architectural interest, but is remarkable for the two monuments it contains, the work of the French sculptor, Germain Pillon, on which he seems to have exhausted all the powers of a fervid imagination. As a mere work of art these monuments are excellent in design and execution, though so inappropriate as memorials of the dead. The pure taste of the eleventh and twelfth centuries shrank from the mockery of recording man’s poor glory on the very slab which perpetuated his nothingness. Such an incongruity would have shocked the just perceptions of that era. The statuary of those ages laid but one image on the last home of the mightiest men. They rightly felt that the prostrate form, with clasped hands raised to heaven, exhausted the eloquence of monumental marble, for it was the simple expression of our helplessness and our hope.

Nevertheless, these tombs are worthy of a little examination as an abstract production of the sculptor’s chisel. They are the tombs of Henry of Lorraine and his wife, Catharine of Cleves. A series of persecutions directed against the house of Lorraine followed the assassination of Henry at Blois: Catharine and her daughter withdrew from the storm into the soft shelter of Eu. Inconsolable, as the widow of Mausoleus, for the death of her husband, whom she loved to call the “*non pair du monde*,” she resolved, with the feeling of Artemisia, to perpetuate his memory by a magnificent tomb. Two cenotaphs were executed by her command; that consecrated to Henry remains a cenotaph still, for his ashes were cruelly denied her; the other, ere long, received her stricken heart.

The monuments are placed under an arcade of the choir, and represent the dead in two attitudes ; above they are kneeling towards the altar ; below, under a marble estrade, their statues are extended, leaning on their elbows in the semblance of sleep ;* the countenance of the duke expresses that calm intrepidity that characterized his life. The duchess has just expired ; her beautifully chiselled mouth is half open, her head drooping upon her hand presents to us the graceful outlines of her neck and bust. Innumerable bas-reliefs decorate the whole. Upon the tomb of Catharine they exhibit all the paraphernalia of a funeral,—the vase of holy water with the sprinkling-brush, the sacristan's spade, the fatal bell, the death-taper : while on Henry's they take the shape of battles, as if the sculptor, in the Homeric spirit, would represent his disembodied soul still rejoicing in the fight. Over both the figures, the *priedieux* and the plinths, are lavished the *fleur-de-lys* of Bourbon, the crosses of Jerusalem, the golden pommels of Cleves, the barbels of Lorraine, and the lions of the house of Guise. Four emblematical figures, representing Strength, Religion, Faith, and Prudence, stand beside the monuments ; the two former belong to Henry, Faith and Prudence to Catharine.

The well-developed idea of these monuments, the beauty of the Grecian lines, the expression of the heads, the rich tone and flexibility of the draperies, but, above all, the memories that the whole recalls, challenge a more than ordinary interest.

The sixth century is assigned as the date of the present town of Eu ; under the Merovingians it was the capital of that part of Neustria called *Le Talou*. At that time the sea, which is now two miles distant, approached close to the town, which was of considerable maritime importance, Dieppe, Abbeville, or St. Valery, not then existing.

Calm as its aspect is, it fills one of the stormiest pages in the history of France ; its seaward position on the one hand, and proximity to the capital on the other, made it the constant theatre of war and intrigue. The Normans entrenched themselves here in 845 ; but Louis le Begue, with immense carnage, forced them to evacuate it. Then "came" the redoubtable Rollo, "saw and conquered," and Eu became the frontier town of his fair province. Since then this soft secluded spot has passed through many a rough ordeal of foreign and domestic war, flame, pestilence, and faction ; and as you wander there you tread a soil that has many a time been moistened by man's tears, and crimsoned with his blood.

The little river Bresle flows, I have said, under the castle walls. There, in the year 1101, it turned a simple mill-wheel, whose only business was to grind corn for the monks of Tréport ; in the year 1846 the same river sets in motion a system of machinery, which accomplishes the triple purpose of preparing oil-cake, making biscuit, and sawing timber,—effecting results which, compared with the simplicity of the means producing them, are unequalled in the world : it is all done by the little river acting on a few simple wheels. There are no high chimneys blackening the verdure and tainting the atmosphere of the surrounding country, no heated

* The material is Genoa marble. By a curious accident a black vein runs across the cheek of Catharine ; it would have perfectly represented the *balafré* of the duke.

rooms paling the cheek and weighing down the shoulders of the poor children of toil.

His Majesty Louis Phillipe has leased this establishment to a Mr. Packham. It is to British energy and enterprise that we are to attribute its success. Mr. Packham is an Englishman; to assist him in carrying on his great works, he has borrowed of the royal money at four per cent. I heard much of his affluence; it is connected (of all things in the world) with the war in Algeria. I am informed he has realized a fortune in the preparation of wooden houses for the troops who are shedding such lustre on France by their forbearance to the Arabs, and their patient perseverance in the pursuit of that most slippery emir, Abd-el-Kader.

Let me describe the timber department. There is a long room, presenting, as you enter, a large saw, like that used by sawyers; from this, down to the far end of the room, are placed a series of circular saws in a vertical position; the large saw goes perpetually up and down, the circular ones round and round. The rough block being divided by the perpendicular saw into several smaller pieces, these pieces are transmitted through the whole series, and come out in a short time at the other end of the room, minutely divided, planed, grooved, and ready for use. They were preparing boards for houses when I visited the establishment. These houses are erected with an expedition almost equal to that with which their component parts are manufactured; they rival Aladdin's lamp, though not in magnificence, yet in rapidity of construction. You may see at Dieppe on the sea-shore a *restaurant*, containing a number of apartments, with *cuisine*, &c.;—a very liveable house.—There it is, compact, well-founded, proof against the elements; and the whole concern was the work of eight days!—Mr. Packham the genius of the lamp.

Let us now examine the biscuit-making. First a many-bladed knife revolves backwards and forwards in a huge tray, mixing up the moistened flour and kneading it into a perfect dough, beyond the skill of the most accomplished hands. This dough then passes under a roller, where the blending of the particles is completed; thence it is transferred to a large cutter, which gives their form to the biscuits, and at the same time pierces them with numerous holes to admit the heat to penetrate; the biscuits are then forwarded to the ovens, which are made to revolve so as to distribute equally the influence of the fire; and, finally placed on a large linen receiver, they are carried to the store-house.

The oil-cake department, like the others, consists of a serial course of machinery. The oleaginous material is first ground very fine by means of two enormous millstones placed vertically and inclined towards each other, and a pivot round which they revolve. Having passed through various refining and compressing states, it is at last beaten into a compact shape by ponderous hammers of the kind in use for driving stakes through water.

These multitudinous processes are all effected by the waters of the Bresle; the spell of man's ingenuity seems to have changed the river's nature, and converted its free impulses into the docility of a slave.

Let us quit the saws, the wheels, and the ovens, and get away from these eternal gyrations, which have made us quite giddy. Let us ascend the hill which leads to the castle.

"*La route vaut mieux que les souvenirs,*" said the Swiss guide of the Simplon road. It is not in this spirit that I came away from the establishment I have attempted to describe; my intellect could not but be impressed with what I had seen, but my heart would fain that all these modern contrivances were not so close to the old feudal spot.

Spirits of the heroic dead! Shades of Rollo, Longsword, and the fearless Counts whose fortress frowns above me, forgive, if this new world of ingenuity, which has sprung into robust existence under the walls of your ancient home, has engaged too long my contemplation! This brief notice is a passing tribute my mind could not refuse to the busy genius of To-day.

To the vulgar intellect how many an object round us suggests only the poor idea of its actual purpose, whose real worth, nevertheless, may consist not in what it is, but in what it has been—not in what we see, but in what is invisible—in its history and associations.

To many, the Château d'Eu conveys the notion of a royal residence, with some portraits of more or less merit, and a well-kept park liberally thrown open to the public; if he is a John Bull, this notion may be extended to embrace the honour conferred upon the castle by the visit of Queen Victoria. Nevertheless, this same Château d'Eu is one of the most historic spots that the soil of France presents.

The castle stands upon a terrace which is said to have been raised in 920, after the destruction of the first fortress by Heribert, Count of Vermandois. Under the Romans it was looked upon as a place of strength. Under the Merovingians it more than once proved itself to be so, by rolling back the tide of war. It often received the mighty Rollo; and here his great soul returned to its Maker. His son, William Longsword, swore fealty to Charles the Simple within its walls; and it seems to have been a favourite residence of his and his son, Richard the Fearless. The latter gave the Comté d'Eu to a younger son, in whose line it continued until it vested in an heiress, Alice d'Eu. By her marriage with Raoul d'Issoudun in 1200, the Comté was carried into the house of Lusignan. When Philip Augustus wrung Normandy from England, Raoul refused to recognize him, and followed by numerous inhabitants of the town departed for Palestine. Raoul II. followed his father's example and revolted against Queen Blanche, but was reconciled by the marriage of his daughter Mary, to Alphonso of Brienne, who became Count of Eu in 1250. Hitherto Eu had united to the coronet of her counts, the lance of the crusader, and the sword of the constable; another change of owner covered her escutcheon with the golden fleur-de-lys, the insignia of the blood of Artois. The comté, lately confiscated in the person of Raoul II. of Brienne, was conferred upon John d'Artois in 1350, by his cousin King John. The comté at this time reckoned no less than ten baronies, and two hundred fiefs. John d'Artois lived in great magnificence, and received Charles VI. on his way to Amiens, to marry Isabel of Bavaria. Then came England's turn. The battle of Agincourt laid the keys of this, with many other fortresses, at her feet. In twenty years the fortune of war restored it to France.

In an evil hour Louis XI. came to Eu. Charles d'Artois gave the

black-hearted tyrant a royal welcome. Tables groaned with luxuries, and the costly wine flowed free; masques, pageants, and all the entertainments customary in those days, exhibited on a scale of great grandeur, succeeded each other in quick succession; King Louis feasted high—he threw his royal smiles around, and looked grateful thanks to his generous host—who would believe that all the time he was plotting his ruin, and planning schemes of devastation for this scene of plenty? The prosperity he witnessed, which to another monarch would have been a source of gratification, inspired only fear in his caitiff soul; he dreaded lest this fair abundance should fall into England's hands.

On Tuesday the 18th of July, 1475, (called still "*Le Mardi piteux*,") the Marshal Rouhaut Gamahce suddenly appeared at Eu with a train of lances; he showed the inhabitants a royal order for a general burning of the town and castle, and immediately proceeded to put it into execution. Of the château there remained but a piece of the eastern wall, with a tower used as a dove-cote, and, except the church and hospitals, the whole town perished. The inhabitants fled, with what they could save of their wealth.

Sixty years afterwards we find the château and some of the town rebuilt, but the former was very different from what it had been; a simple construction of timber only one story high.

The Counts of Eu, one would imagine, had had enough of kings; but scarce was the new building completed when we find its gates thrown open for the reception of Francis I. Again the scene changes, and intrigue appears upon the stage. This fair retirement becomes a focus for the machinations of the League. It is the home of the Balafre. Those venerable beeches yonder to the left of the castle shaded the Guise while he plotted against his king. The balustrade which encloses them has been placed by Louis Philippe, with this general inscription, "*C'est à l'ombre de ces hêtres que les Guises tenaient leur conseil en 16 siècle.*" The Duke commenced in 1578 the erection of a magnificent castle after the designs of Pierre le Roi, but his plans were intercepted by the assassin agents of Henry III. at Blois. One wing only of the plan was completed. That wing is the present château.

After the death of the Balafre, Eu underwent a deadly plague, and several more royal visits. Mademoiselle de Guise, the last scion of that illustrious race, sold the comté to Louise de Montpensier. This Princess decorated the château with great magnificence and taste, added a park of considerable extent, and brought hither from her house at Choisy a collection of portraits. These have been added to from time to time, and at this day form an historic gallery of portraits unrivalled in the world.

Louise devised the comté to the Duke of Maine, son of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan, in the vain hope of procuring the freedom of the brutal Laugun; it continued in his descendants. The Revolution found it in the possession of the amiable Duke de Penhièvre. The pictures and furniture were carried away, and the château converted into a military hospital.

This tranquil looking spot seems always to have possessed an anomalous attraction for fierce spirits. Napoleon set his heart upon it, and it was actually purchased for him by the Senate; but England provided for the Emperor another domain, and the château

with the furniture and portraits, though with greatly diminished dependencies, was restored to the daughter of the Duke of Pen-thièvre, mother of Louis Philippe.

The exterior of the present château presents a vast oblong building of brick, propped with stone pilastres, and surmounted by an irregular slated roof. The whole immediately brings the Tuilleries to your recollection.

The park contains forty hectares.* It was laid out in terraces and planted by Le Notre. You only see the upper part from the castle. It consists of a large square plot of ground divided by walks in the form of a cross, and disposed in formal flower beds. A stone deity appears at each corner of the plot, and a fountain makes monotonous music in the midst. Beyond the flower beds, which lie under the castle windows, the park reaches away until it disappears in the perspective of lofty elms and beeches which line it on each side. From the open space straight alleys of trees lead off to the right and left, forming with their interlacing branches many a beautiful aisle.

The window of the king's study was open—I stood there and gazed upon the scene—I felt how well the severe disposition of the trees, and the mournful regularity of the parterres, accorded with the grave recollections of the place. How often must the great man to whom the castle now belongs look from that window upon the historic spot, comparing its chequered destiny with his own eventful life!

The lower part of the park forms a striking contrast with the upper; there the classic taste of the seventeenth century has been *brusqued* by the romantic spirit of the modern English garden. Winding walks, scattered shrubs and trees, ponds of all shapes and sizes, white swans near little islands, aquatic plants of all kinds, and willows weeping over the sward, which (as fancy might say) seems to take its verdure from their tears.

Nothing is so tiresome as the account of drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, chambers, antechambers, inlaid floors, moulded roofs, tapestried walls, gildings, &c., &c. I spare you, therefore, a description of the interior of the château, merely observing that it is "got up" with as much taste as is consistent with profuse embellishment and decoration.

Its great interest consists in the collection of portraits; scarce a character in European history of any note that is not represented here. It is much to be regretted that no classification of these portraits has been attempted; generally speaking, characters, epochs, and families are all confounded together. Portraits that recall the gravest memories become almost ludicrous from their inappropriate juxtaposition; nobody laughs at the story of Cromwell or Charles the Martyr, yet to see them side by side, apparently on the friendliest terms, cannot but raise a smile. Then there is Napoleon and Lafayette almost shaking hands, and Père Lachaise in a bed-room with the seductive Marion de Lorme. In the billiard-room you find, close together, the pensive features of Joan of Arc and the ineffable beauty of Agnes Sorel. Is the heroic virgin contemplating a game of billiards with the lovely favourite of Charles VII?

* *i. e.* 113 acres, 2 roods, 10 perches, each hectare being equivalent to 2 acres, 1 rood, 35 perches.

The *parure* of Agnes is extremely simple ; she wears a black velvet robe, laced in front over her bosom, which sets off its dazzling whiteness. Her hair is parted Madonna-wise, a gauze veil, fine as woven air, is fastened at the division, and floats downwards at either side over the shoulders and the neck. Oh, Agnes ! that face of thine is worth a pilgrimage but to look upon !—to see thee once is to see thee always. “Haunting me like a passion,” the memory of thy beauty has followed me to another land, and there, above all my other recollections, shines and will shine for ever !

I must lead you for a moment into the “Gallery of the Guises.” There is Claude de Lorraine fresh from Marignan ; Francis, proud of having “written Calais on the heart” of Mary ; his son, the Balafré—there seems a shadow on him, thrown by remorse for Coligni’s murder and the presage of his own ; Catharine, his sister and avenger—there is a look of stern satisfaction about her : she has just despatched Jacques Clement on his mission of death to Henry III. There, too, is the lovely victim of Queen Elizabeth in deep mourning ; her mother, Marie of Lorraine, wife of James V. of Scotland ; the Duke of Mayenne and Henry II. of Guise, conqueror and viceroy of Naples after the revolt of Massaniello.

What other family can present us with such a history of romance, ambition, and crime !

In the “*Salon des Rois*” I was rejoiced to find a plaster cast of that memorable work of the Princess Mary, the equestrian figure of Joan of Arc. The stern subject and the vigorous execution do not prevent us from recognising the gentle hand that has guided the chisel. You remember she is in the act of slaying for the first time—literally a *maiden* murder ; and, though nerved by a consciousness of her lofty mission, and steeled by the sense of her country’s need, still her woman’s heart is represented as horror-struck at sight of the blood she has shed. The noble war-horse is made to share her feelings ; he recoils in terror from the breathless corse.

We must see before we depart the “*Salle de famille* ; it is appropriated exclusively to Louis Philippe and his family, and here is the fitting spot to take leave of the Château d’Eu. We have traced its changeful fortunes from the sternest military era to this new order of things ; from Rollo the feudal chieftain to the citizen King ; and in the presence, as it were, of that illustrious individual and his sons, to whom Peace has entrusted her hopes for France, we part ; taking back with us, however, from that family group a salutary lesson on the frailty of human happiness, the vanity of human power. On two of that royal household, the bravest and the fairest, the curtain has already fallen. The old man, to use the words of Burke, is “living in an inverted order ;” the heir to his throne and the cherished of his heart have gone to the grave before him, and the close of his own career is darkened with forebodings that point to the crown he has so wisely worn, but which he must so soon resign. This is a lesson you would think sufficient to admonish one less tried and prudent than King Louis Philippe. Yet, no ; the experience of such a life and so sage a spirit are not proof against the allurements of ambition. While I write, a French Prince has crossed the Pyrenees in the prosecution of a purpose which violates, at the very least, the spirit of a solemn compact, and this too in the face of the temperate remonstrances of a friendly power. But, however

the treaty of Utrecht may be construed, unless the late proceedings at this same Château d'Eu have been misreported, the word of a statesman, pledged at a friendly and confidential interview, has been strangely evaded. The precedent is not less unsafe than it is disgraceful. The breach of international confidence, while it is quite as shameful, is nearly as dangerous as the breach of international law, for it weakens the influence of that conventional code on which the peace of the world is based. This Spanish alliance is dazzling, and great the dowry which it brings; but the price of good faith and England's friendship is almost too much to pay.

The little town of Tréport is situated on the sea about two miles from Eu. In old times it must have been an uncomfortable spot to live in; the Normans, and afterwards the English, were perpetually making descents upon it: now it is a quiet and rising place,—it prospers under the royal countenance. Louis Philippe has done much for it, especially in the matter of the harbour, which affords good shelter to ships of considerable tonnage. From its proximity to the Château d'Eu, Tréport derives many of its visitors; but, for the believers in salt water, it possesses independent attractions, in a good bathing establishment and an excellent shore. Indeed, the remarkable roof of its present church, and the memory, if not the ruins, of the abbey and Templar-monastery it once contained, may entitle it to rank as a supplementary lion to the château; besides, it is the "*Uterior portus*" of Julius Cæsar, a circumstance which has attracted hither more than one spirited Don from the banks of the Isis and the Cam.

It possessed an abbey of considerable note, (though the monks were a bad set) founded by Robert II. Count of Eu, in 1560. He and his wife, Beatrix, were buried within its walls. Near it was a monastery of the Templars, very famous in its time. They have both been reduced to a small quantity of ruin. The former by the English, in 1413. The monastery, under Philip the Fair, I believe. The remains of the abbey have been economised so as to form part of the present barracks for the troops quartered there.

The church is seated on a lofty eminence to which you mount by a long flight of steps. It is of the fourteenth century, and remarkable for its nave, from the roof of which hang pendants of stone of an extraordinary projection down into the church. An ancient porch of sand-stone, extends over the western door, which is decorated in a very elaborate and beautiful manner, in the Gothic fashion.

The diligence was waiting in the market-place of Eu; here a curious scene presented itself—it was Monday—on that day there is always a large corn-market; the grain is not brought in on carts, but innumerable ponies, each bearing a sack, may be seen in the morning, converging from all parts of the country round to the centre of exchange. They are attended generally by one man and several women, the former dressed in a loose shirt, and trowsers of the deepest-blue calico, the latter in stuff gowns of equally deep-blue, or only a blue body, with the brightest scarlet petticoat. Their head-dress, of snowy muslin, is of very modest dimensions compared with the *coiffure* of some other parts of Normandy. The ladies of a family always attends the fairs and markets in great force, and though their merry careless faces, and picturesque costume, give great animation

to the scene, I can imagine their presence in such numbers does not always facilitate the transaction of business.

As each pony arrives, he deposits his sack on the ground in the centre of the market-place; he is then led on and tethered against the wall of the houses, flanking the place. As day advances the line of ponies elongates, the heaps of corn grow larger, the crowd greater, and there is a corresponding diminution of room.

In the meantime the French character begins to display itself; all parties become greatly excited, the men in the ardour of commerce, the women in the eagerness of gossip. They begin to bustle about and gesticulate; to reach the centre, where the corn is deposited, is now a matter of some difficulty, and each new arrival, in the efforts to force its way through the pre-occupied and fermenting crowd, adds not a little to the disorder.

Now appears, in exaggerated military costume, the comptroller of the market, whose duty it is to enforce tranquillity. His presence completes the confusion! He is immediately infected with the prevailing agitation; the sense of responsibility, added to the fever of the general excitement, raises his feelings to a perfect paroxysm; he throws off his cocked-hat, with its lofty plume, he unbuttons his laced coat, he rushes up and down and lavishes his anathemas right and left, upon the just and the unjust, sparing neither age nor sex in his wild career.

As I approached the diligence I saw the conductor standing on the step leading to the *banquette*, vociferating and gesticulating in the most violent manner; looking up, I found that my place, which he had assured to me some time before, had, in an unguarded moment, been seized upon by a horrid looking fellow, covered with dirty black hair, and smoking a clay pipe; the conductor had long exhausted all the ordinary epithets of vituperation, and was now calling largely on his fancy for new terms of abuse—these the hairy individual met with the most provoking indifference, responding only by huge volumes of smoke—the conductor became rabid; he could just command articulation enough to threaten an appeal to force, and descending from the *banquette*, rushed like a maniac to another diligence, which was on the point of starting for the same destination. On the top of this last conveyance was a fierce looking *gendarme*—to this person the conductor addressed himself; descending immediately, he accompanied him back to us—the natural inference was that the *gendarme* was hastening to dethrone the unjust usurper of my seat, and inflict severe punishment for his refractory conduct. No such thing; the conductor returned quite calm, smiling like the sun after a tropical storm, and taking off his cap to the late object of his abuse, he politely stated that the *gendarme* preferred the inside of the diligence, and would relinquish his place on the *banquette* to him. After sundry compliments and multitudinous bows, this arrangement was effected. I took possession of my seat, and in a few minutes the town was masked by the hill—then the church disappeared, and, finally, the château, with its dark woods, was hidden from my view—perhaps for ever!

Yours faithfully,
ODARD.

A RENCONTRE WITH SOME BACHTIARI BANDITS,

BETWEEN ISPAHAN AND SHIRAZ.

BEING A FEW PAGES FROM MY PERSIAN JOURNAL.

BY THE HON. CHARLES STUART SAVILE.

ON the 23rd of February we left Ispahan for Shiraz. Our first day's journey took us to Meyara, a caravanserai once esteemed the best in Persia, but which is now rapidly falling to ruins. We had, during the day, ascended nearly a thousand feet above the level of Ispahan, and the difference in the atmosphere was in consequence very perceptible.

The following day we entered the Salt Desert, and in the afternoon arrived at Komeyshah, a very large town, fifteen fursuks from Ispahan. We were received most hospitably by the Vizier, who was particularly attentive to us, and gave us one of the best dinners I had ever tasted in the East. On quitting the town we made the worthy functionary a present of a large telescope, with which he was perfectly delighted. I afterwards heard that it was broken to pieces in his harem within half an hour after our departure, from the over-anxiety of his wives to see what the pretty thing was made of.

On the 25th our road still lay along the Salt Desert, which was bounded on all sides by exceedingly lofty mountains. During the day's journey we overtook a large caravan, which arrived shortly after us at Amenabad, a ruinous caravanserai.

Early in the evening of the next day we had arrived at a small caravanserai, situated close to a village, and were resting upon our nummuds, when we were suddenly aroused by a loud noise, seemingly proceeding from the court-yard; and, having hastened to the spot, we perceived some peasants pelting our mehmandah* with stones, who, instead of taking out his rackum, and proclaiming his authority as a King's officer, was crying out most lustily, which act of cowardice of course increased the boldness of the people, who, however, on our approach immediately took to flight. It was then quite ludicrous to see the change which came over the spirit of the mehmandah: as soon as he perceived his assailants in the act of running away, he drew out his pistol, and, brandishing his whip, began to hasten after them, taking care, however, to "*festinare lente*," and to keep within a respectful distance. After running a few yards he stopped, and in a bold voice began to lavish upon the retreating party a heap of that abuse in which the Eastern languages are so prolific. "Dogs with burnt fathers!" he bawled out, "may your ancestors' graves be defiled, whose unclean swine are you! Why do you fly? you less than men! By my father's soul, I will flay you all alive! You asses! you less than asses! You mules! you less than mules!" &c. &c. In what manner the quarrel began I could not exactly

* A Mehmandah is an officer appointed to accompany travellers in Persia, to look after their wants, to provide them with lodgings on the road, and to protect them from insult.

make out, for upon that point the mehmandah seemed very tender. I believe the whole matter arose from his striking one of the assailants without any provocation, believing he would quietly submit to the tyranny ; but on the peasant's turning quickly round, the mehmandah had shown symptoms of fear, which, the people perceiving, they became proportionally bold. Had the mehmandah, although he was wrong to strike the peasant in the first instance, followed up the blow with another, and drawn out his pistol, no disturbance would have ensued.

We had not been long in the caravanserai, before the same caravan which we had seen the day before came up, a circumstance which by no means pleased us ; as, during the previous night, the shouts of the muleteers, the cries of the camel-drivers and the jingling of the camel-bells, together with the quarrelling of the whole party, which continued without interruption throughout the night, prevented us from obtaining any rest. To crown all, we found out that they intended to keep company with us the whole way to Shiraz, as they considered that our party, which was tolerably strong, would be an excellent protection against the bandits which infest the country we were about to enter. In order to get rid of the annoyance, we determined to go *two* days' journey in one day : we accordingly informed our mehmandah of our intention, upon which he began to entreat us to alter our plan, and to remain with the caravan, as we were just about to enter a tract of country infested by the Bactiari bandits, who would be certain to attack us, were we to journey alone.

We laughed heartily at the fellow's countenance, as he proceeded to tell us some horrid tales about the cruelties of these robbers, and told him that we were determined to get away from the caravan at all hazards, and that he must obey our commands ; upon which he groaned out the word " Inshallah !" and retired in a state of despair.

The following day we accompanied the caravan to Abadah, a large village, where we suffered the people composing the caravan to undo their packages and unload their mules ; and then, suddenly turning to our mehmandah, told him we intended to perform another day's journey before night. The mehmandah, who had evidently hoped that we had changed our mind, again began to entreat us to stay ; to his prayers were added those of our head muleteer, who informed us that the next station was at a very great distance, which we knew to be false. Their counsels were, however, quite useless, for we departed, much to the disappointment of the caravan, who, having unladen, could not accompany us. At sunset we arrived at Soormek, a small village, having performed during the day a journey of from twelve to thirteen fursuks. We here got a good night's rest ; thanks to the absence of the caravan.

Our next day's route lay along a desolate and wild country, over barren rocks and steep precipices. We frequently passed close to some large caverns, at which places it was quite amusing to turn round in order to observe our mehmandah's countenance ; upon it were depicted terror and fright, as if he expected that out of every hole in the mountains there would issue forth a party of banditti. " Allah, Allah ! Bismillah !" we could hear him muttering ; " may the day perish that saw me set out on this journey ! "

In the evening we arrived at a small ruinous caravanserai, Khona-

horrah, in front of which was a small well about twenty feet in circumference, and of very great depth. The water it contains is naturally good, but it is rendered unpalatable on account of the quantity of camel's dung which has been thrown into it. The country around this spot was wild and rugged, the mountains were of awful steepness: no habitations of any kind, excepting the ruinous caravanserai, were to be seen, no human beings save ourselves.

I will here explain, for the benefit of the unlearned, what a caravanserai really is. Many persons may suppose it to be a good inn, with every possible accommodation within its walls, inhabited by a smiling landlord and his cohort of waiters. Their error is extreme; for a caravanserai is nothing more than a square quadrangular building, in the interior of which are some cells, generally filled with dirt. It is completely uninhabited save by passing travellers; no provisions are to be obtained there, insomuch that one must, in these parts of the country, carry on the backs of mules every thing necessary to sustain life and afford comfort. Into some of these cells the traveller turns his horses and mules, and, having swept the filth out of another, spreads his carpets and bedding upon the ground, and makes himself as comfortable as he can. The cells are without windows, the doorless door-hole having to supply that want, letting in, however, as much cold as light.

On the 28th we entered a rocky defile of the most romantic appearance, leading through some of the highest mountains I had as yet beheld. As we proceeded deeper into it, the path became so rocky and precipitous that it was with the greatest difficulty we could make any way. We at length arrived upon somewhat leveller ground, which was covered however by a coating of snow, so deep that in some places it reached up to the girths of our saddles. We pushed on as fast as we could, and, just as the sun was setting came in sight of a caravanserai which was in an almost complete state of ruin. It was the only habitation within a circle of forty miles. Here we were to pass the night.

Just as we had arrived at the entrance, ten men, completely armed, rode in from an opposite direction.

No sooner did they perceive us, than they all dismounted, and having fastened their horses to a wall, collected themselves together, and each drawing out a pistol and a sword, seemed to enter into deep consultation, frequently pointing to us. One of the band was sent to the top of the caravanserai, and seemed in the act of keeping watch.

Our mehmandah now came up to us, and pointing to the armed men, exclaimed, in a faltering voice, "We are lost; these men are Bachtari bandits; you would not take my advice and remain with the caravan, and the consequence is we are not strong enough to resist them if they attack us; by Allah! we are lost." Although our situation was by no means pleasant, it would have made a Stoic laugh to have seen the face of the mehmandah at that moment. It was perfectly white from the effects of fear, and his teeth were audibly chattering together. The same species of terror seemed also to have seized upon all the rest of our attendants, with the exception of one, named Ibrahim Beg, who maintained an undaunted air; it was evident that if the bandits were to attack us, this man would be the only one who would remain by us, and that the rest

would immediately take to flight. The bandits were fine, strong-looking men; each was armed with a long curved sword, a gun, a brace of pistols, and a huge dagger.

Having remained some time in deep consultation, one of the party, who appeared from his superior air and dress to be the chief, came forward, and having approached within several paces of the spot where we had barricaded ourselves, he salaamed us in a stern, though by no means disrespectful tone, observing, at the same time, that we must have had an unpleasant journey over the snow. We made a suitable answer, when he began to hint that times were bad, and that Feringees were usually very rich. We replied, that although that might be the case, Feringees never travelled with much money about them. All this time he was carefully surveying our means of defence, when he suddenly started back, as if struck with astonishment, and exclaimed, "Your guns have all two barrels." (The Persians in this remote part of the country have but few, if any of them, seen European firearms, and their own guns and pistols are always single barreled). The bandit, however, almost immediately recovered his *sang froid*, for his eagle eye had been thrown upon our locks, and he added, in a voice full of derision, "but your guns are no use to you, they are without flints." It was evident that the Bachtiaree did not understand the use of a percussion lock, for all Eastern firearms are made with flint and steel, or matchlocks. Observing that he had conceived an idea of our arms being useless and was becoming proportionably bolder, and that he was about to give the signal of attack to his band, we told him to look at the wall near us, and immediately fired a ball into it, which tore off a very large portion of the mud plaster and brick. At this unexpected issue the bandit was unable to contain his surprise, and shouted out that the Feringees were in league with Shitaun (the devil), for that otherwise their guns could never go off without a flint. Wishing us however, to have a good opinion of his own firearms, he fired a shot into the air, when the immense superiority of English over the Persian gun became at once manifest, for instead of going off at once, his piece hung fire for more than two seconds, and then the bad Persian powder began to hiss, and at length went off with a very noiseless report. We made him remark this circumstance, telling him that he had better not attack us, as we could fire at least three shots to his one. The Bachtiaree, upon this, with a wise shake of the head, returned to his companions, and having spoken with them for a short time, they all sheathed their swords and replaced their pistols in their belts; after which their chief lighted a *kaliaun* and presented it to us, and when we had taken a few puffs, he smoked it himself; he then offered us a handful of salt, and said, "Let us be friends." The remainder of the band now came up to us, and one after the other salaamed us with every demonstration of respect; they seemed very jovial and merry-hearted fellows, presenting a good specimen of a roving life. We gave them some tea, and the chief having, during the evening, perceived a large "*couteau de chasse*," which hung at my girdle, he expressed his admiration of it in such warm terms that I made him a present of it, upon which he said, that "he hoped my head would touch the skies, and my shadow the boundaries of the earth." Although we passed the greater part of the night in conversation with the Bachtiairi, we of

course kept a strict watch over their actions ; for although we had often heard of the magical effects of smoking and eating salt upon Orientals, we thought it best not to afford our *new friends* any opportunity of failing to put that beautiful theory into practice.

If the whole tribe of Bactiari resemble the men we saw, they must be, without exception, the finest race in Persia. Their horses were strong and well-shaped animals, and were seemingly adapted to support almost any degree of privation and length of journey.

The bandits remained all night in the caravanserai with us, and before sunrise resumed their journey, directing their course along the road by which we had arrived.

Having placed our baggage on our mules, and mounted our horses, we proceeded on our route ; but we had not ridden above half a mile, when the snow became so deep that our horses and mules sunk nearly up to their necks in it, and there remained so firmly fixed that they could not stir a limb. By the greatest exertions we extricated them from their situation ; but we had not proceeded a hundred yards further when they became again in the same predicament. We continued our labours, however, for above five hours ; when, perceiving that we had scarcely advanced three-quarters of a mile from the place we had set out from in the morning, and that the snow was becoming deeper at every step, we began to despair of getting forwards, and were debating upon what course to pursue, when Ibrahim Beg came up to us, and informed us that he had discovered the whole affair to be a plot between the mehmandah, the muleteer, and one of our mehters (grooms) to lead us out of the right path, in order that, by being detained by the snow, we might be forced to return to the caravanserai, and stay another night within its walls : as they expected, that in that case, the caravan we had left behind would rejoin us, as the mehmandah was fearful of our meeting with some more bandits, who might not be so easily beaten off as those we had just parted from.

Upon learning these particulars we immediately went up to the miscreants, and having threatened them with the severest punishment, we desired them to explain the meaning of such cowardly and infamous conduct ; upon which the rascals fell upon their knees and began to cry out for mercy, saying they would try to regain the right path, which we commanded them to do under pain of suffering a terrible bastinado upon our arrival at Shiraz. It was now, however, too late, for a tremendous snow-storm suddenly came on ; and although repeated attempts were made to regain the right road, they were unsuccessful. Indeed, had we now found the path we were seeking for, it would have been blocked up, so heavily did the snow fall. We were accordingly in a most awkward and dangerous predicament, some of our mules had disappeared through the snow, and the rest were fast sinking ; it had become, therefore, necessary for our safety to regain the caravanserai from whence we had set out in the morning. The mehmandah, however, and the muleteer were now unable to move from fatigue, and sunk exhausted to the ground. We attempted, but in vain, to help them on, as we easily conceived how dreadful would be the consequences of their remaining out all night in such a place, and in such a night as it threatened to be. We were at length, much against our will, forced to abandon them, as the snow-storm was increasing to a hurricane.

After immense toil and fatigue we reached the caravanserai, accompanied by our horses and such of our mules as, having been lightly laden, had not sunk beneath the snow. The misery and wretchedness of our condition now broke fearfully upon us; we were wet to the skin, benumbed with cold, without provisions, and with scarcely any firewood and a very scanty portion of covering, having our horse-rugs only to lie down upon, and this in a ruinous caravanserai far distant from the habitation of man, with the wet dropping upon us from the roof, which was full of holes. Our horses, too, were without food, and standing up to their fetlocks in putrid mud.

We passed the night in the most wretched manner, and discovered at dawn of day that it was still snowing. What was to be done, we knew not; the right road was by this time impassable, and to return to whence we came was impossible, from the same cause.

While we were deliberating over our miserable situation, we were suddenly surprised by the unexpected entrance of the muleteer and mehmandah, who had managed to drag themselves through the snow, impelled by the fear of death. They were alive, and that was all, for objects more calling for compassion I never before beheld; their bloodshot eyes, deep sunk in their foreheads, their pallid and hollow cheeks, and their tottering limbs, plainly indicated the extent of their sufferings. They were scarcely able to articulate; and I did not expect them to survive long, as we could do nothing for them, and had neither provisions nor fire.

In this wretched place we remained the whole day, and another miserable night passed without any change taking place in the state of the weather.

The following day, impelled by hunger, we determined to kill one of our horses, and feed on his flesh; it was a horrid alternative, but no other was left us. Just, however, as we were going to carry our determination into execution, a man well mounted and armed entered the caravanserai. He informed us that he was aware of our miserable situation, and that he had come to rescue us, as he knew of a private path, along which he would guide us as soon as the snow should cease. We then asked him whether he would conduct us all the way to Shiraz, promising him a handsome reward. He agreed at once to do so; but that, in consequence of the regular road being for the present blocked up, we should have to make a wide circuit, and be obliged to journey along a mountain path, known to few but himself, almost devoid of habitations, and winding in places along the most dangerous and precipitous rocks.

The mountaineer then proceeded to divide the contents of his wallet among us; the meal, though composed of the coarsest food, seemed to me the most delicious I ever tasted.

Towards morning the weather cleared up, and about an hour before sunrise we mounted our horses, (which had eaten nothing during their stay at the caravanserai, excepting some damaged straw) and rode out of the caravanserai, following our guide, who directed his horse along a track which, to our eyes, appeared as deeply covered with snow as the rest, but which on trial reached only up to the girths of our saddles. For several hours we pushed along in this manner, till at length we reached the snow boundary, and entered a rocky and circuitous defile, where not the slightest

vestige of a beaten path existed. No horses, save those of eastern, or at least of mountain origin, could possibly have got over the ground without falling, as the rocks over which we rode were not only steep and rugged, but very slippery. We proceeded in this manner for above sixteen hours; the sun had long since set, and still our guide showed no signs of halting. The howling of the wolves, and the screaming of the jackalls, could plainly be distinguished, and several times I saw some of those horrid animals flitting by us in the dusk of the night.

So thoroughly was I exhausted, that it was with difficulty I could keep my seat, every instant I kept drooping to my saddle bow, and it was by great exertion only that I could preserve myself from falling to the ground. The remainder of our party were all in the same condition; and, to add to our uneasiness, we began to have some suspicion that our guide was either not leading us according to his promise, or had lost his way.

On giving him, however, a hint to that effect, the man answered in a firm tone, "I have told you no lies; trust to me, all is well; I could find my way blindfold."

Satisfied by his manner, we followed him for about an hour longer, when on a sudden he stopped, and gave a loud shout, which reverberated along the mountains; it was immediately answered by another at some distance; upon which our guide turning to us, cried, "*Alhamdellillah!* all is right." Keeping close to him, we proceeded briskly towards the spot from whence the shout had proceeded, and soon perceived some lights, which having approached, we discovered to belong to some tents, around which a party of wild-looking men were standing. Our guide addressed several words to them in Turkish; upon which they helped us to dismount, and conducted us to one of the tents, in which was an excellent fire. Some women having helped us to draw off our boots, soon set before us an excellent pillouille, and some milk and eggs, upon which, as may be imagined, we made a most hearty repast. After which some nummuds* were spread out for us, upon one of which I threw myself, and overcome with fatigue, slept soundly till the sun was high up in the heavens, and awoke completely refreshed.

The tents in which we had been so hospitably received, belonged to some *Eliauts*, (one of the nomade tribes of Persia,) who are constantly roving from spot to spot, and seldom stay long in the same encampment. They must be far happier than the regular Persian, as their patriarchal life and roving habits preserve them from much of the tyranny to which the liver in towns and the cultivator of the land are subject. They are ruled by chiefs and laws of their own; their wealth consists entirely in flocks and herds, and a few horses, which wander among the mountains for pasturage during the day and are driven back in the evening to the encampment. Their tents are large, and made of a thick, coarse, black cloth. Their wives and daughters are decidedly handsome, and do not veil like other Mussulman women. The *Eliauts* make the best soldiers in the kingdom, provided they are not incorporated in any other regiments but those commanded by their own chiefs.

Having breakfasted upon rice and milk, we took leave of our

* A nummud is a thick felt carpet of the shape and size of a large hearth-rug.

hospitable hosts, and proceeded on our journey completely refreshed and invigorated by our night's rest. Our horses were also in good condition, which was indeed wonderful, considering the great fatigue and deprivation they had undergone.

I will here mention that we afterwards discovered our guide to be a Bachtari bandit; and, judging from the specimens I saw of that people, I cannot but speak in their favour as far as I was concerned. The bandit who had guided us along the mountain path was a very handsome, tall, strong-made man, of as much superior and nobler appearance to the generality of Persians as that nation compared to the Arabs or Turks.

We slept that night at a small village called Hadjee Abbad, and the following morning we passed by some mountains, on which were the remains of some ancient sculptures, which were cut out of the solid rock, and were exceedingly curious, being monuments of the former grandeur of Persia, and specimens of the magnificence and excellence in the fine arts and architecture to which the ancient inhabitants of that now fallen country had arrived.

The specimen of sculpture, which was in the best state of preservation, was one representing Saladin Shah on horseback, holding in his hand a large ring, which was also grasped by another gigantic horseman. Both the warriors had large earrings in their ears, and huge swords by their sides. There was also a figure of an ancient mounted warrior, engaged in combat with another; behind each stood a man holding a standard: this specimen was somewhat defaced. Further on was a colossal figure mounted on a horse of the most gigantic dimensions, whom the people of the place called "Rustum." Besides the above-mentioned were a quantity of sculptures, representing figures on horseback, battles, processions, triumphs, and single combats, cut out of the rock, and more or less defaced.

Having left this curious spot, which is called "Nachtshi Rustum," we proceeded for several leagues over the mountains, when we descended upon a very extensive marshy plain, quite flat, and without possessing a single tree to break the uniformity of the scene, which was one of the most dreary I ever beheld.

Just after quitting Nachtshi Rustum, we met a party consisting of eight horsemen, similarly accoutred to the Bachtari we had met in the caravanserai where we had suffered so much. They saluted our guide as an old acquaintance, and seemed to regard us with peculiar attention as they passed by. Our guide addressed one of them, and I caught the words, "in three days."

The famed ruins of Persepolis are situated at one extremity of this marsh, under the brow of some rocky mountains; but, although we were not above two leagues distant, we could not manage at that time to reach them on account of a river, which was swollen to such a size and rapidity that even the gigantic horse of Rustum would have been unable to have forded it. A small bridge, by means of which we might have crossed, had been washed away by the torrent, which had left scarce a vestige behind. As, however, it would be a stain on any European (with the exception of the worthy friend of the author of "Sketches in Persia," who preferred a chase after a wild duck, which, by-the-bye, he shot, on visiting the ruins, although within a mile of them,) to have been in this part of Persia without visiting Persepolis, we determined to return from Shiraz as soon as the

waters should have sufficiently abated to allow our fording the river.

We passed this night at a small village, situated in the centre of the marsh; the haggard countenances and pallid visages of the inhabitants were plain indications of the extreme unhealthiness of the spot.

The following morning we resumed our journey, and in the afternoon arrived at the banks of the river Bendemeer. This is the same stream mentioned by Moore (who never saw it) in his *Lallah Rookh*.

How different is the reality from the poet's song; for this earthly Paradise, this calm Bendemeer, this image of a sweet dream, presents an appearance very different to his glowing description of it. Bendemeer, or, as the Persians call it, Bundameer, is a most rapid mountain torrent (during spring and winter at least, for in summer it is dried up,) flowing through an immense marsh, surrounded on all sides by barren mountains, from the eastern range of which it takes its rise. Not a single rose-tree glads the eye; the song of no nightingale delights the ear. Such is the *calm* Bendemeer and the plain it flows through.

We crossed the mountains before evening, and having descended upon a well-cultivated plain, we passed the night at Zergoon, a neat and clean little village, where our guide procured us an excellent lodging, with some warm nummuds to lie down upon.

Early the next day, the 7th of March, we started for Shiraz. Our route lay along a very rocky and mountainous track, abounding in beautiful gazelles, which were, however, too wild to come within gunshot. We had journeyed for about four hours, when, on turning a corner, Shiraz suddenly appeared before us, situated in the valley below. It is a city of most romantic and beautiful appearance, somewhat larger than Teheran, and was seen by us to great advantage from our elevated position. A quantity of cyprus trees grow within and around its walls, and the gilded domes of its mosques, its extensive palaces, its well-cultivated gardens abounding in orange trees, cause it to be the most beautiful city in Persia.

Our Bachtiaree guidè conducted us to within half a mile of the gates, and then reining in his horse, exclaimed, "Sahibi, we must part; I have performed my promise, and here is Shiraz." On our asking him why he would not enter the city with us, he answered, "Our lives are in the hands of Allah, still we should not wilfully throw them away; were I to enter that gate before sunset, I should be shot from a cannon's mouth."

We of course after this did not attempt to alter his determination, but proceeded to make him a handsome present, upon which he pressed our hands respectfully to his lips, and exclaiming, "May God be with you!" put spurs to his horse and galloped off.

Six months afterwards, this gallant Bachtiaree was shot from the mouth of a cannon, at Teheran.

The caravan which so ardently desired to force its unwished for company upon us, was attacked and plundered by the same party of Bachtiaari with whom we passed the night in the ruinous caravanserai. Their numbers (that of the Bachtiaari) had been much increased before this last event; at least such was the story of the members of the caravan, who said the bandits amounted to above fifty horsemen.—*Credat Judæus!*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

HAVING no hereditary aristocracy, very few landed gentry who can afford to live on their rentals, and a very small military and naval establishment, the United States have to look principally to the bar for a supply of public men as legislators and rulers. In England, Lord Brougham made a vigorous effort to give a similar monopoly to the legal profession; "barristration," as Sydney Smith declared, was in the days of Lord Brougham's ascendancy, the highest principle of the government; and in every one of the countless commissions issued it was stipulated that the commissioners should be "barristers of five years standing." We have the highest respect for the legal profession, but we doubt whether forensic training be the best preparation for diplomatic, administrative, or even legislative functions; and we have no doubt at all that the predominance of lawyers, to such an extent as to be almost exclusive, is a serious disadvantage to a legislative assembly. They bring to debate a great deal more of the desire to achieve what the schoolmen used to call "victory in dispute," than of an anxiety to discover and establish truth. They are animated too much by the feelings once candidly expressed by Lord Lyndhurst, when, as Sir J. Copley, he delivered his very able speech against Catholic Emancipation, and then, when quitting the house, said to his friends, "There, now, my speech is made for Cambridge, and I do not care a rush how the question will be decided."

Lawyers have a great tendency to become party-men in the worst sense of that term. They look upon their parties as their clients—and as clients to whom they may give the benefit of as extended a legal conscience as was exhibited by an eminent barrister at the trial of Courvoisier. It is impossible to read the debates of the American Congress without being convinced that a very lax tone of morality, and a very miserable style of eloquence, characterise the House of Representatives; instead of the noble sentiments of statesmen, we find too frequently the quibbles of special pleaders: there is hardly a speaker who does not remind us of Moore's description of a certain chancellor:—

And even when honest, which he could
 Be now and then, still quibbling daily,
 He served his country as he would
 A client thief at the Old Bailey.
 But do him justice;—short and rare
 His wish through honest paths to roam;
 Born with a taste for the unfair,
 When falsehood called he still was there,
 And when least honest most at home.

Among the legal statesmen of America, Daniel Webster deservedly holds a high place. Born on the Atlantic sea-board, he exhibits some of the best characteristics of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, sturdy independence, indomitable resolution, and an aristocratic pride of birth, which democracy itself cannot efface from the heart of the genuine Anglo-Saxon. Nor is he destitute of the less noble qualities which belong to the same race, that bull-dog pertinacity which too often degenerates into obstinacy; that adhesion to precedent not unlikely to transform itself into prejudice; and that maintenance of party watchwords such as the worthy freeman of Norwich exhibited, who being asked the

reason of his vote replied, "My father always voted for *the red*, and, therefore, I will always vote for *the red*."

Although Webster is a sound lawyer—indeed, in the opinion of his friends, he is the best constitutional lawyer in America—it was not at the bar he established his reputation. His early fame was derived from an oration delivered to commemorate the signing of the American Declaration of Independence, such an oration being annually delivered in Boston on the 4th of July, by some ambitious aspirant to senatorial dignity. On this occasion Webster dealt lightly with the hackneyed topics of the day, but, taking the principles of the Declaration as his text, he evolved from them all their future consequences with all the fire of a prophet and all the acuteness of a philosopher. His imagery had all the boldness, and not a little of the coarseness, of the old Puritan divines; his conceptions were daring, but often imperfectly developed; his language was "racy of the soil," but the Americanisms were sometimes tinged with vulgarity; his chief fault was a constant tendency to overlay his ideas with words, like the child overwhelmed with the pile of clothes:—

To wit, twelve jackets, twelve surtouts,
Twelve pantaloons, twelve pair of boots.

This speech secured his election to congress, where he was soon known as "The Great Whig," or "terrible senator from Massachusetts."

Both before and since his election, Mr. Webster has been a large contributor to reviews and periodicals, but he has not, we believe, written any original work. In his literary and political life "he is nothing if not critical;" he has proposed no great measure, introduced no new improvement, and devised no amelioration, whether legal, social, or political. He generally contrives to speak late in a debate, for he is thus enabled to apply his great analytic powers to the detection and exposure of the weak points in the arguments of his adversary. There are no debaters in America, and very few in England, who could equal his formidable power in reply.

Mr. Webster sets most value on the speeches he has made on questions connected with currency, finance, and commercial policy; but his knowledge of these subjects is very limited, and is made up of mere details neither harmonized nor connected by any great principle. He is now the great leader of the American Protectionists, and clings all the more fondly to what is called "the Mercantile System," and the "Protection of Domestic Industry," because both have been so damaged by the debates and events of late years in England, that their influence over the American mind is decidedly on the wane.

Mr. Webster is more honourably distinguished by his attachment to the British Alliance, and his resistance to the passion for territorial aggrandizement which led to the annexation of Texas, the invasion of Mexico, and the wearisome dispute about the Oregon territory. He discusses, however, even these questions too much in the spirit of a partisan; he allows it to be seen that his guiding principle is to prevent the influence of the New England states from being overborne by the states of the South and West; for he is fully persuaded that when the Pacific becomes the western boundary of the States, Washington must cease to be the capital of the Union; Massachusetts will have to substitute historical recollections for political power, and the produce of the Far West will not be included in the exports of Boston.



DANIEL WEBSTER.

OF MASSACHUSETTS U.S.A.

FESTIVITIES AND SUPERSTITIONS OF DEVONSHIRE.

BY MRS. JAMES WHITTLE.

AT the distance of a quarter of a mile from the turnpike-road, somewhere between Lyme and Exeter, a bye-lane leads to H——, which is traversed by few carriages but those coming expressly to the village, for it is not a thoroughfare to any place of importance. It lies in a valley, through which flows a stream, abounding in trout, that attracts many anglers to our neighbourhood in the fishing season. The village is perched on the side of a hill; the church forms a pretty object from a distance, being one of those square grey stone towers, partially covered with ivy, which are as peculiar to England, as is the scenery that surrounds us. Gently sloping hills, richly cultivated, rise from the valley, and nestled among them lie other little villages.

At the back of H—— the hill rises, and a very extensive wood covers many acres; it is one of the few remaining woods of “merrie old England;” large enough to lose oneself in comfortably, and beautiful enough to create a wish that, as in the days of good Robin Hood and his yeomen bold, the woods might be our dwelling-place.

How beautiful it is in all seasons! even now, when the frost covers the ground, and crisps the brown leaves beneath our feet, and the tall arms of the huge trees stretch naked and bare into the wintry sky, the banks and glens are as green as if it were summer prime; the ferns and mosses of infinite variety flourish now, when all other pretty weeds are gone; the curling fronds of the ferns, forming themselves into tall and elegant baskets, and the tiny leaves of the more minute and delicate kinds peeping through a carpet of bright green feathery moss. Then in the spring, thousands of primroses, violets, anemones, that lady of the woods, and wood-sorrel line the banks, or lay “their fairy gems beneath the giant tree;” these are succeeded in summer by harebells and hyacinths, both blue and white, all the curious tribe of orchises; in autumn we have the woodbines and wild roses, and the long wreaths of briony, with their dark glossy leaves and scarlet berries, twining around the bushes, intermixed with the lovely white convolvulus; but the glory of the autumn woods who shall describe?

But I must hasten back to our village and speak of its inhabitants; they are all, with few exceptions, composed of the better class of people; of respectable farmers who occupy and till their own land by their own labour and that of their family—the sons brought up to earn an honest livelihood by industry, not too proud to follow the plough in their father’s steps, nor the daughters too conceited or puffed up by modern fashions to busy themselves in the dairy or hay-field, or even to enter into service at the houses of the neighbouring gentry. Many of these farmers form part of the yeomanry corps, which is the pride of South Devonshire.

At the head of the village community, and first in respect with all who know her, stands Dame E——, the widow of one who bequeathed her a small farm of about seventy or eighty acres, a comfortable house, and a large family to bring up. Well has the good old woman fulfilled

her trust ; thrifty, provident, and hard-working, she has contrived to keep herself beyond the reach of anything like poverty ; her habits are simple, her wants few, and her store of the necessities of life, nay, even of its luxuries is abundant. Her sons and daughters are settled around her, and her grandchildren are numerous as olive branches. It is delightful to see this respectable family receive the sacrament together ; the venerable matron kneels at the altar, beside her are her sons and daughters, a goodly row, and further off are arranged such of the third generation as are old enough to join in this holy ceremony ; it is sweet and pleasant thus to find brethren united at the table of our Lord, and to feel that a reverence for holy things is handed down from generation to generation.

Near to the good Dame E——'s house stands the cottage of the sexton, a grey-headed veteran, who has dwelt in the village from his youth upwards, known and respected by all around him ; the very soul of honesty, and as active in his old age as many a boy. I have seen the good old man labouring along under a burthen of hay, which younger shoulders would gladly have thrown off. He has long held the office of sexton ; long enough to bury many an old friend, ay, and many a young one too.

Stopping in his sad work of grave-digging one day, and resting on his spade, he looked up in my face and said, "Ah ! Ma'am, it's a wisht job I am after ; I live to see them all drop off ; I dandled her (the young woman for whom he was preparing the grave) on my knee years ago. I didn't think she'd a gone afore me ! And the merrie little chap too ! Well, well, we bide our time."

It was truly a melancholy funeral, that to which he alluded : a sister and brother were next day to be borne side by side to their last earthly home. It was the happy cheerful home of one of Dame E——'s sons that had been thus desolated.

The young woman was the victim of a lingering consumption ; when first we came to the village, the hectic spot was on her cheek, but she still went about and sang as merrily as a lark, ay, and as sweetly too ; slowly she faded ; the buoyant step grew heavier and heavier, the breath became more laboured ; by and bye we saw her no more in the village ; her place was vacant in church, and her sweet voice was missed in the psalms ; we found that she could only crawl to the door on a sunny day ; the active household duties had long been laid aside, but the needle was still plied busily, and the lace-cushion showed signs of her industry. Gradually these, too, failed, and then she read more and thought more of that world to which she knew she was hastening. She suffered terribly, but her patience never forsook her ; she always spoke of death with a sweet smile on her face, and often said, "Why do you cry, mother ? would you keep me from Heaven ?" To one of her brothers she was devotedly attached—a little being who was the favourite and plaything of the whole village ; a very Pickle, whose merry, roguish ways, won pardon for all sorts of misdemeanours. The poor girl often looked at him with tears in her eyes, and then, as if speaking to herself would say, "I can leave them all—yes, all—but him ; would that I might take him where I am going." And so it was ordained. One Sunday night we were awakened by the news that the poor little fellow was seized with the croup, and lay at the last gasp ; human skill was unavailing, and before morning he was a corpse.

When his sister was told of it, she fervently blessed God, and said, "Now, I shall die in peace; I shall soon follow him; do not toll the bell, until it sounds the knell for us both." Before noon, her gentle spirit was freed from its suffering tenement. It was no wonder that the old sexton should moralize, albeit, he was little used to do so, as he dug that deep grave.

The event created deep sympathy, and the funeral was attended by a numerous tribe of relations and friends. It was a sight to move the hardest heart, as the funeral train quitted the farm-house and wound slowly up the village; we gazed on them with eyes dimmed with tears. It is the custom here, that when a young girl dies, her coffin should be carried to the grave by six young men; and that six maidens should bear the dead body of a young man; thus it was on the present occasion. The little boy's coffin, suspended on ropes, was carried by six of his female cousins, who held the ropes so as just to lift the coffin from the ground. In like manner, the poor sister's body was borne by six young men. The parents followed; brothers, sisters, and a long train of mourners succeeded. But I dwell too long on this our village tragedy.

Come with me to Dame E——'s chimney-corner; the fire burns brightly, and we will shut out the cold, frosty air, and listen to some tales of olden times, when the railways were not, and the steam pouring from the spout of the tea-kettle on the hearth brought none but pleasant thoughts;—when the Pixies loved mankind, and the Fairies dancing in the broad moonshine left the impress of their little feet on the dewy grass, or industriously stirred the butter over night, and laughed when the maiden came and found her work all done. Then, if a swarm of bees alighted on the ground, instead of on a tree, it was a certain sign that some one in the house would die during the year,—this is most religiously believed still. We listen with seeming reverence, for such superstitions are too closely twined around their hearts to be roughly handled, and one would not willingly shock the prejudices of these excellent people by any apparent ridicule. By this means we learn many strange tales, which I shall now try to pen.

These good old *commères* tell us that, in their early youth, the hell-hounds were often heard in the dead of the night on the hills around, baying with unearthly voices, until all good Christians, trembling in their beds, buried their heads beneath the bed-clothes, muttered a prayer, and vainly tried to sleep again. Once a powerful man, one, as we were assured, in no way likely to be daunted by spectres, ventured to traverse the bye lane which leads from D—— to the high road. In those days this was a feat which even Hercules might have declined, such was the character of the lane; however, the good man despised all fear, and laughed these ghostly terrors to scorn; so lighting his lantern at the turnpike-gate, he valiantly sallied forth. He had proceeded but half way, when lo! he heard behind him the rapid steps of a horse: at first, he took no notice of this—presently, however, a horse's head appeared over his shoulder. He stretched out his hand to turn the animal away, and where he plainly saw the head, grasped only thin air. At the same moment, his light was suddenly extinguished without any apparent cause, for there was not a breath of wind stirring; then the stout man's heart began to fail. He hastened his steps, when

the horse, which was still pursuing him, to add to his dismay, snorted in the most terrific manner: now indeed he gave himself over for lost. Pale, breathless, and half dead, he reached Dame E——'s hospitable door, and tottering to a chair, told his direful adventures, declaring that, for all the gold in the Indies, he would not venture a step further alone. The sequel of the story is, that very soon the brother of this farmer died, and, more wonderful still, was seen to pass through a field where several labourers were at work; entering at one gate, he walked within a few yards of them, and climbed over a stile at the opposite corner. To their horror, when they returned home, they heard that the poor man had been dead several hours before his apparition thus appeared.

The lane where the phantom-horse was seen is still held in bad repute; and many, even of our younger neighbours, would go miles round rather than come through it after dark. One young man gravely asserted the other day, that he had seen, "with his own eyes," a headless man, riding on a horse, fly along the road and pass clean through the barred turnpike-gate.

A labouring man was lately seen, by several persons, crossing the meadows, returning from work with his bag of tools over his shoulders, when every one knew that his head had been laid in the grave many days previously. One man (but this was in years gone by) was returning from a neighbouring village at the dread hour of midnight, when he heard in the distance the baying of the hell-hounds: nearer and nearer they came scouring over the hills above him. Terrified, he threw himself under a hedge, and in a moment the whole hunt passed by him, dogs and horses all sending forth hideous unearthly noises, while flames spouted from their nostrils; a carriage brought up the rear, drawn by spectre horses, and all bounded forward through hedge and over ditch as easily as on a turnpike-road.

Of those little, merry wicked sprites the Pixies, too, we hear wonderful stories. They dwell in the hill-sides, and dearly love a little mischief: they are the Robin Goodfellows of the country round, and delight in plaguing dairy-maids, upsetting their milk-pails, souring the cream, hindering the butter "from coming," and diverting themselves with a thousand practical jokes. The farmers, too, complain of their pranks; for, when the whim seizes them, these little urchins mount the ponies or colts, left in the fields all night, and pulling hairs from their tails, twist them into stirrups for their tiny feet, or knot the mane and, sitting astride on the neck, ride away over moor and fell, over hill and dale, faster and faster, until the poor beast sinks down from very exhaustion, and is found in the morning by its owner, in its proper pasture, lying half dead in a ditch. I lately heard of a colt in the village, that was said to have been Pixie-ridden, and sure enough the poor starveling looked as if its urchin-rider had taken all the mettle out of it. The people are careful to propitiate these little imps, and when the apples are gathered, one is left on every tree for them, which they call the Pixie's hoard.

On old Christmas Eve, or Twelfth Night, the farmers, with their sons and labourers, go out in a body after dark, and sing to the apple-trees, to insure a good crop the following year. They take with them a bowl of hot cider and toast, which they conceal amongst the branches

of the tree; this is an offering to the Pixies: then, standing round, they sing the following verse:—

“What zeal! what zeal in all our town!*

The cup is white and the ale is brown;
 The cup it is made with the Ashen-tree,
 Come, my brave fellow, we'll drink to thee!
 We hope the trees will blow and bear,
 Until their boughs are ready to tear.
 Hats full!
 Caps full!
 Three bushel bags full!
 Hurrah! Hurrah!”

On one of these occasions, when the party returned to the house, they found that in their absence all the cider had been drunk from the hogshead; and while they were wondering how it had happened, a little Pixie slipped into the midst of them, crying out, “I sipped once!” and instantly vanished. These customs are by degrees beginning to disappear; but they are still kept up most scrupulously in some of the farm-houses. Amongst them is the “Crying of the Neck,” during harvest. I have never heard it myself, but it has been thus described to me. When the wheat harvest is ended, the reapers assemble in the middle of the field they have just cut; one, generally the oldest man of the party, stands in the centre, and the rest form a circle round him; they then stoop down, with their hats in their hand, until they nearly touch the ground; and slowly raising themselves, they stretch their arms and hats high above their heads, shouting all together, “We hav’n—we hav’n—we hav’n!” words which seem to signify, we have it, or we have the corn; the cider jug is circulated, and then they shout again, repeating the same words and the drinking three separate times. This custom is preserved in full force around us. I cannot find out what object there is in the “Crying of the Neck,” whether it relates to the Pixies, or has its origin in some old tradition; the people themselves cannot tell why they continue the practice, only that “it was always done, long before our time.”†

In October a large fair is held in a neighbouring village, which, when the facilities of intercourse between town and town were few, was resorted to by people from all the surrounding country. Farmers went to sell and buy cattle, sheep, pigs, and corn; and their wives to dispose of their dairy produce. Then were seen booths, like large houses, lining the street on either side, and wares of every description were temptingly exposed, to ease the good wife's pocket of her superfluous cash. Stores of all needful articles were laid in; the kitchen and dairy were replenished with such utensils as had been worn out; a stock of good useful calicos, linens, flannels, fustians, corderoys, &c., were purchased; groceries and “cloam” (as earthenware is called in Devonshire) were laid in for the year: while the maidens cast wistful glances at the handsome gown-pieces, ribbons, laces and gew-gaws, which were tastefully displayed before their longing eyes. Then each house was filled with visitors, and dainties of every kind covered the table; scalt cream, white-pot, squab-pie, black puddings, and all the host of Devon-

* “What zeal,” seems to me a corruption of Wassail; for although in the written copy of the verse sent me the word is thus spelt, it is pronounced “*aus-ale*.”

† In Hone's Every Day Book, this custom of “Crying the Neck” is described in the manner in which it is performed in the North of Devon. It varies from that adopted here in some particulars, but must have had the same origin.

shire delicacies, abounded. The scattered members of families then gathered round the paternal hearth, and all was festivity and merriment. The fair retains now but a shadow of its former glory; but some old customs connected with it prevail still, which induce me to mention it. Every householder in the village is allowed to brew beer and retail it without a license during this week. For weeks previous to the time, the village smells like a vast brewhouse; the fragrant steam from malt and hops issues from almost every door, for all are eager "to hang out the bush," and thus add to their precarious earnings.

Another old practice obtains at this time. The fair begins on a Wednesday, and lasts two days: very early on Monday morning, long before dawn, a troop of boys and men make the tour of the neighbouring villages, armed with cows' horns, through which they blow sounds that

"Startle the dull cold ear of night."

and banish sleep from all who are unhappy enough to come within their influence. I had never heard of the custom, and when the long blast assailed my sleeping senses, I started up, believing that the hell-hounds were indeed come, and that it was the horn of the demon huntsman that I heard. Soon, however, I recognised merry, laughing voices, which issued from no phantom forms, but from living, breathing mortals, singing beneath our windows some doggerel verses, summoning all who are not sluggards to rise from their beds.

The object of this nocturnal visitation is to arouse the inhabitants of the farm-houses, that the washing, and baking, and usual business of the week may be despatched betimes, in order to allow the maidens leisure to enjoy the fair. For this kind office they are rewarded with potatoes of cider, which the awakened sleepers rise to offer them. They stop before every house to wind their horn and shout their most unmusical song.

On Easter Sunday a belief exists, and many still maintain its truth, that those who rise before dawn, and climb the highest hill within reach, will see as the sun rises above the horizon, the figure of a lamb in its disc, which vanishes when the beams of the bright God of day shine forth. The lamb is, of course, typical of our Saviour, who arose on this day from the dead. Another strange superstition attaches to Christmas time: it is said, that as the morning dawns of the day on which Christ was born, the cattle in the stables kneel down; and I have heard it confidently asserted that when the new style came in, the younger cattle only knelt down on the 25th of December, while the older bullocks reserved their genuflections for Old Christmas day, or the 6th of January.

But of all the wondrous tales we hear, none are to be compared with those that relate to witches. It is strange that in the nineteenth century people can be found who give serious credence to the existence of, and power possessed by, those poor old women, who from their ugliness, singular and lonely habits, gain the reputation of being witches. Such an one is reported to dwell in a village not far from this; the picture that was drawn of her for my edification was certainly rather revolting; a little shrivelled old hag, lame and decrepid, with a skin like a tanned hide, and withered bony arms; and eyes "oh, ma'am if you could see her eyes, you'd never forget them, they are for

all the world like a cat's in the dark, or like two coals of fire." She wanders about the country, peering into people's dwellings, foreboding evil and dreaded by all who fear to offend her, believing her to hold the power of blighting their fortunes and spreading ruin and death through their homes.

There are two Witches, the Black and the White: the former inflicts the evil, the latter administers the remedy; when the former has cursed a house and "*overlooked*" its inmates, then nothing can remove the spell but the counter-charms of the more potent spirit dwelling in the latter. The Black Witch lives alone in a little hovel, and has three large black cats, who follow her about, and who of course, are looked upon as imps under her command. A few instances of her power which were related to me by our neighbours, who implicitly believe in their truth, will best show how much she is feared.

One most respectable farmer's wife told me, that she knew what she was going to tell me was all true, because it had happened to a cousin of hers, and that he had lost hundreds of pounds by the machinations of the Black Witch. It seems that the farmer's wife had refused one morning to give the old woman a draught of milk, which so enraged her, that she cursed the household and the stock, casting an evil eye on them all "sure enough" as my informant went on to say; "the cattle all fell sick, and many died, and every thing went wrong, and ruin stared them all in the face. The wife at length fell ill, and her child and a servant, and lay at death's door. It was then high time to go to the other old woman, who told them to take a bullock's heart and stick it full of pins and burn it, and that when it was all consumed, the stock would recover and the people get well, and all be set right again. And so it all happened; and this must certainly be true, for there they are all alive now."

More marvellous still is the following tale, which I heard from the daughter of the good old people who were the chief actors in it. By some unlucky chance they had displeased the old witch, who put her curse upon them, and their house; the charm soon began to work, twelve fine bullocks, that were nearly fat enough for market, fell sick; all the usual remedies were tried in vain, nothing did them the least good; they hourly grew worse and death seemed at hand. In the evening when the family drew round the roaring wood fire, and were bewailing their impending loss, the good man spied a little creature perched in the chimney corner; it was something like a cat, but yet it was not a cat, it grinned like a monkey, was covered with hair, had large bright staring eyes, wore a bright scarlet coat, and hopped and skipped about, now settling on one thing, and now on another. In vain they pursued it; it eluded all attempts to catch it, and then springing through the barred door, disappeared. It was seen too by day jumping on the backs of the cattle, and every thing it touched seemed blighted; it returned to the house the following evening; the farmer determined to shoot it and tried to reach down his gun which hung over the chimney-piece, but an irresistible power forced his arm down; then he took up a huge stick and pursued the little imp about the room, striking at it repeatedly; but although he appeared to hit it, not a blow made any impression on it. It seemed to enjoy frolicking about, and led the "maister" (as the farmer is always designated) a fine dance; springing into the dresser it hid itself amongst the plates

and cups, and saucers, never rattling or moving one of them, but running in and out, where not even a mouse could have crept; then leaping down it squatted under the table, and, as the man came near, jumped away. The farmer declared he was then compelled, by a force he could neither see nor resist, to open the door, when the little sprite bolted through his legs and hid behind some corn-sacks which stood in the entry; these the good man turned over, belabouring the spot where he had seen the enemy conceal itself, but to no purpose; the active young imp was up again, unhurt. And now it bounded upstairs, laying itself down in the beds, frightening the family at night, by creeping under the bed-clothes or perching itself on the bolster. Meantime the bullocks were at the point of death; what was to be done? The White Witch must be consulted; accordingly the farmer went to her dwelling, and related his case. The "wise woman" told him that he must, when every one was asleep, make a huge fire of white thorn on the hearth, then take a new ashen-bowl, in which nothing had ever been put, and bleed that bullock which seemed the worst into it; the bowl containing the blood was then to be put into the midst of the blazing fire, and if before midnight it had not cracked, or been consumed, he was to break it into pieces, spill the blood, and conceal the fragments in the ashes. Now the farrier had declared that to bleed the cattle would be to kill them on the spot; yet in spite of this verdict, the farmer persisted in following the advice given him by the Witch. He did so, failing in no point; and wonderful to tell, the bowl though standing in the very centre of the flames, remained untouched by them, so that as the clock struck twelve, the farmer broke it and did as he had been directed. No one will of course venture to doubt the perfect cure effected; the bullocks rose up immediately, went on eating as usual; the little imp troubled them no more, and tranquillity was restored to the house.*

The belief in spirits haunting certain houses pervades all classes about us; people call them "troublesome houses." One pretty, old-fashioned farm-house of a superior order, which stands in a village about two miles from us, and which cannot fail to attract the notice of every passer-by, had the character in former days of being "troublesome."

The tale runs that in the civil wars much treasure was concealed in the walls and under the floors of such old houses, and that the spirits of the owners of this hidden wealth cannot rest until it is discovered; that they wander through their old haunts, frightening all who may haply behold them. By such a ghost was this farm-house haunted, and so frequent were its visits, so terrific the noises heard, that at length the owners of the place were fain to apply to the clergyman of the parish for aid. He came in due state, accompanied by a brother divine; and after divers ceremonies and exorcisms, the ghost was driven from the house, and compelled to take up his abode in a deep pit, at a considerable distance from it. It appears, however, that the power of these clergymen extended only to a certain point; the ghost was banished, but his exile was not to be perpetual, for every year he is allowed to approach nearer to his old haunts by the length of a cock's stride; and though the pit is far removed from the house, yet eventually

* This red-coated little imp puts one in mind of the Leprechauns of Ireland, whose feats much resemble those of the Devonshire imp here described.

these cocks' strides must accomplish the distance. May it not happen in our time!

I shall content myself with mentioning one more fact relating to these superstitions, though many others might be cited. One night two men, notorious smugglers, were passing over a high hill overlooking the sea, carrying a number of brandy kegs with them, which they were going to conceal amongst the rocks on the shore. The moon shone ever and anon from behind the rack of cloud that was scudding rapidly across the heavens, portending a wild and stormy night; a gleam revealed to these men a sight that curdled their blood with fear; on a tree, hanging by the topmost bough which whirled round and round the trunk, as if set on a pivot, swung a little old woman no bigger than a magpie, with glaring eyes. She looked at them sternly, and demanded the brandy; the men, far too frightened to encounter her gaze a second time, at once threw down their kegs at the foot of the tree, and taking to their heels never stopped till they reached the habitations of men. Such are the tales that fill the heads of the people around us.

Among the customs which belong to Christmas there is one that deserves our notice, as a remnant of the pastimes of "merrie Old England." On Christmas-day boys dressed in various costumes, go about from house to house acting a sort of play. This as well as many other ancient customs is gradually falling into disuse; time was, within the memory of many now alive, when these old plays were acted by men and women, and got up with the greatest care; when ladies lent their ornaments and feathers and brocades to deck out the "King of Egypt" and "fair Sabra," and the itinerant band were gladly welcomed in the houses of the gentry.

In our days the ancient usage, though not extinct, is confined to a younger generation; boys still continue to perform a play, but neither in "properties" nor in the characters assumed does it equal the former representations.

These plays are evidently a remnant of the ancient Mysteries, Pageants, Masques, Mummeries and Disguisings which are recorded as having been represented before kings and nobles, as early as the year 1170. These continued to form a part of the Christmas festivities of the Court until the Commonwealth, when they were suppressed by act of Parliament, and all celebration of the "Popish holiday of Christmas" was prohibited. For twelve years these "Dysgysyns and dyvers pleyes" were suspended. In the preface to a curious collection of Christmas Carols (published in 1833 by William Sandys) we find the following extract from an old book entitled the "Vindication of Christmas" wherein old Father Christmas laments the neglect into which he had fallen. "But welcome or not welcome I am come;" he says, "my best and freest welcome with some kinde of countrey farmers was in Devonshire."

After the Restoration, these merrymakings, pageants, masques, and entertainments were never revived in the Court; but traces of them gered amongst the nobility, and even yet, in some of their princely mansions, Christmas is celebrated with generous hospitality, and games, pastimes, and cheerful revelry, resound through the halls, where the yule-log burns brightly, and goodly barons of beef, plum puddings, and mince-pies, with strong ale, rejoice the inward man.

The wassail-bowl is of great antiquity, having been the accompani-

ment to the boar's head, and being peculiar to Christmas time. The entrance of the wassail bowl into the festive hall was hailed with shouts and songs; it contained "lamb's wool," a beverage compounded of hot ale, nutmeg and sugar, in which pieces of toasted bread and roasted apples were swimming. In some places, the wassail bowl was carried round the country to the different gentlemen's houses on Christmas Eve, the bearers singing a wassail song, in return for which they expected to be admitted to partake of the good cheer, or to receive a small gratuity in money. Some of these songs are still extant, though the usage connected with them has, I fear, become extinct.

On Christmas Eve, it is the custom in all the farm-houses of this neighbourhood to "burn the ashen faggot." All the labourers and servants are invited, and a huge fire is heaped up on the wide hearth; it was in Dame E——'s house I witnessed the curious scene I shall attempt to describe. She herself sat the presiding genius of the evening, dressed in her usual costume of eighty years since; her fine portly figure encased in the hard wooden corset, then worn by all classes; the tidy dark gown with short sleeves, displaying her muscular arms, rendered strong and brown by hard labour; the handkerchief crossed over the bosom, and confined by her clean apron; the cap so white, and so simple bound on the head with a broad coloured ribbon—this was her dress. Her face beamed with kindness and benevolence as she stood in the midst of her retainers, the matron of the village. We all sat round the hearth in a circle; the fire light deepening the shadows on the hard featured mahogany countenances around, and setting off the peculiarities of each form. The ashen faggot which lay on the hearth consists of a long, immense log of ash, surrounded with smaller branches, which are bound to it with many withies, forming one large bundle; it filled the whole hearth, and as it burned, the roaring in the large chimney was tremendous. As the fire slowly catches, and consumes the withies, the sticks fly off, and kindle into a sudden blaze, and as each one after the other gives way, all present stand up and shout with might and main; "the loving cup" of cider is handed round, and each drinks his fill. They then resume their seats, sing songs, and crack jokes, till the bursting of another band, and the kindling of a fresh blaze demands renewed shouts, and another pull at the cider flagon. The merriment is allowed to go on till nearly midnight, before which hour the worthy giver of the feast likes to have her house clear, that the "Holy Day" may begin in peace. The legend attached to this custom is peculiar; it is said, that at the birth of our Saviour, the winter was so very severe (in Judæa be it remembered!) that fire-wood was scarce, and that they were compelled in the stable, where the mother and child lay, to burn the green boughs of the ash-tree; and that ever since, the event has been commemorated on Christmas Eve, by the burning of "the ashen faggot." This custom is kept up religiously in all the farm-houses around, and is one of the principal festivals of the year.

THE LATE BISHOP OF NORWICH, AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

BY ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

Lady Dacre—Mathias—Nicholini—Dr. Parr—Wilberforce—Gurney—Mrs. Fry—
Mrs. Opie—Charlotte Smith—Hannah More—Lord Byron—Miss Millbank—
Queen Caroline.

NEXT to Shakespere, my father admired, almost adored, the sublime writings of Milton, especially the sonnets and smaller poems, and his prose works ; and he observed it was not the vanity of a little mind, but the conscious power of a great one, with the unaffected confession of that power, which induced Milton to express his certainty that “whether in prosing or in versing there was in his writings that which would live for ever.” The prejudices of later life, and the unwillingness with which my father ever turned to novelty,—an unwillingness which extended itself even to the minute details of his domestic affairs, and induced him almost to suffer any inconvenience rather than change a servant, and to feel pain even at the altered arrangement of the furniture—led him to undervalue modern poesy. Byron was not likely to suit him, a genius too earthly for my father’s refined and spiritual mind : he admired the lament of “Tasso,” more because it reminded him of his favourite Torquato. Shelley became known only in his very last years ; doubtless he would have appreciated his mighty genius which soared into, and sung from the spiritual world. With Moore’s smaller poems, those beautiful effusions of feeling and of tenderness set to the music of the Irish melodies—he was much touched. Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, he neither much studied, nor much admired. Many were the vain attempts exercised by Lady Beaumont to inoculate him with one spark of her enthusiasm for the latter poet, while Sir George at the same time intreated her “not to ride her hobby-horse so very hard.” I remember upon one occasion her muslin-scarf catching fire when she was declaiming, and my father with some difficulty extinguishing the flames.

My father’s taste for the *Belles Lettres*, like his poetical inclinations leant also, and naturally towards “the works of his own day ; he would allow of no writers later than Johnson, Addison, Swift, Sterne, Burke, Arbuthnot ; no historians after Hume and Gibbon, perhaps, with the sole exception of Mitford, whose simplicity of style, and strict adherence to the text of his Greek authorities satisfied his classical taste.

In speaking of Literature, which must occupy so large a space in any Biography of my father, I ought to have commenced with his earliest studies, I mean those to which the public schools in England are exclusively devoted ; the ancient classics, Greek and Latin, being the two main objects at Winchester, where memory leads to every distinction. He of course acquired a full knowledge of both, particularly the latter, in which he was a perfectly accomplished scholar ; he wrote both in prose and verse, and conversed in that language fluently ; he had learnt Hebrew of a Jew, and read the Bible in its own original tongue ; he had acquired a perfect knowledge of Italian, and delighted himself in the store of its poetical riches, such, at least, as he so considered them, for he much admired Petrarch, and particularly Dante.

From the latter he often repeated the story of Count Ugolino in the Tower of famine, and had so often told it, that he believed it himself true, how the Count had heard with despair the heavy fall of the prison key, and the splash of the waters, as the jailor, after locking the portal, flung that key into the Arno, thus barring for ever all hope of rescue. It was a splendid idea, and I question whether Dante would not have adopted it, had it occurred to him, or had he thought it possible to increase the horrors of the scene.

The Canzones of Petrarch, as translated by his friend Lady Dacre, and which afterwards appeared in Ugo Foscolo's life of that poet, were much admired by the Bishop, who considered these translations to surpass any attempts of the kind.

They were first made public by Mathias, who, with his friend Nicholls, better known by the name of Nicholini, on account of his love for Italy, was my father's frequent guest. Mathias printed them at Naples at his own expense, and, of course, with the consent of the Authoress, and made presents of them to his friends.

Mathias, in common with my father, and I may add also Sir Egerton Brydges, thought that poetry had stopped with Gray and Mason, several of whose poems Mathias translated into Italian, and printed for private circulation, having, it appears, the same bibliomania as the aforementioned Sir Egerton, who printed numberless volumes abroad and at home, where he had a private printing-press—a strange mania! and to him a very expensive one. A friend of mine, who knew Mathias well, says he greatly depreciated Byron, and laughed heartily at the following,

“* * * * * Morn
Begins to grizzle the dark locks of night.”

Although generally considered the author of the “Pursuits of Literature,” he all his life strenuously and almost with anger denied having any participation in that pedantic and Jesuitical work, now almost forgotten. No one who was acquainted intimately with him, would have suspected Mathias of its authorship. Whatever hand he might have had in the text, the notes he certainly did not write, for he was no Greek scholar.

Dr. Parr, whom we met at Holkham, and who was, at that time, tutor to the *then* heir apparent of Mr. Coke, *wished*, on the contrary, to *be* thought the author of “Junius,” and would often say, with his thick manner of speaking, as if his tongue were too large for his mouth, and looking significantly at his wife, “Mitthith Parr and I know who wrote ‘Thunnius.’” One day at dinner, he said to a lady next to him, whilst he was inhaling some favourite dish, “Mith B., we breathe here the pure air of *phatriotism*.” Perhaps he was at that moment eating a bit of green *fat*, to which he had no objection, being a great gourmand, and punning on the word. This pupil of his used to play him many practical jokes, one of which occasioned a great laugh by his heavy fall, the chair having been drawn from under him.

But to return to Lady Dacre, at that time Mrs. Wilmot, I was present at the first and last representation of her tragedy, in which my father took great interest. She herself was seated with a large party of her friends in one of the side boxes. Lord Byron speaks, in Moore's *Life*, of also witnessing the performance. He says, “The three first acts, with transient gushes of applause, oozed patiently but heavily

on;" but adds, "it was badly acted, particularly by * * *, who was groaned upon in the third act,—something about horror, 'Such a horror was the cause:'" (whether these asterisks of Mr. Moore's stand for Kean or Mrs. Bartley, I know not.) "Well, the fourth act became muddy and turbid as need be; but the fifth act, which Garrick (like a fool) used to call the concoction of a play,—the fifth act stuck fast at the king's prayer. 'You know,' he says, 'he never went to bed without saying them and did not like to omit them now.' But he was no sooner on his knees than the audience got upon their legs, the damnable pit, and roared and groaned, and whistled, and hissed. Well, that was choked a little; but the ruffian scene—the penitent peasantry—killing the bishop and princes—oh! it was all over." Lord Byron sums up these observations by saying, "It is a good acting play, good language, but no power."

He did not perhaps observe a ridiculous occurrence, which accidentally assisted in the condemnation of the piece. In one of the most tragic scenes, a current of air, not altogether unknown behind the scenes, puffed up the white satin dress of the heroine, threatening, like a balloon, to carry her off the stage: a gentle hum, a murmur of suppressed risibility first disturbed the stillness around. In vain a "hush! hush!" echoed from all sides—puff came the wind again. The gallery sent down a confused tumult into the pit, and soon the theatre resounded with merriment, mixed up with faint and gradually louder hisses, which frustrated the vain endeavours of the applauding party. Upon so mere a trifle sometimes does success in the more important stage of life often depend, and by as mere an accident is it often overturned. A tragedy is of all compositions the most difficult, and often, when it may read well, a totally different effect, or none at all, may be produced on the stage. Byron says that few women can write a tragedy, but adds, that he can conceive the possibility of Semiramis and Catherine the Great doing so. Lady Dacre's amiable qualities are well known to those who have the privilege of her acquaintance: her modelling of horses surpasses any thing ever seen in relieve, and her talent for writing, both in prose and verse, her works can testify. Few persons have had an opportunity of forming a right judgment on this tragedy, as her works, though printed, have never been published, with the exception of the Canzones before mentioned.

Thus having spoken of the Prelate's favourite Italian, I must observe that he was conversant with the literature of the French tongue, the chosen recreation, as I have said, of the old earl, during the time that he was his companion, particularly of the authors of the much vaunted *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*: here, too, he thought, with many of the bigoted admirers of the so called classic age, that writing ought to have stopped. The names of Victor Hugo, George Sand, De Lamartine, Balzac, Eugene Sue, and a host of these contemporaries were unknown to him. Like also to many of the lovers of Racine, he clung to the hallowed recollections of his earlier days, and thought that in French, cramped and feeble as must ever be, comparatively speaking, their poetry, the force of nature could go no further than in the "*Songe d'Athalie*," or the tiresome, long, and sing-song speeches in Corneille's tragedies, exceedingly beautiful though they may be. The male and female rhymes marching side by side, and the division of every verse into two equal parts, were rendered anything but musical to the ear of taste,

even by Talma's finest declamations; and I have heard my father say that great actor experienced but one regret, that he had not been destined to revel in the freedom of English blank verse, and in the unfettered eloquence of a Shakspeare.

There are many of the old school, who even raise their voices against the romanticism of the present style of French literature: the coinage of new words and the revival of old ones imparting a power to their prose, and almost to their poetry, before unknown; and perhaps in part attributable to a growing taste for English, and a familiarity with our modern writers, who have given an additional strength to our own language by similar innovations.

The study of German has also not been without its effect. Of that language and its literature my father, of course, knew nothing. I believe in his time there were scarcely in all England a dozen good German scholars. We had then, too, no translations from the German; which, after all, were poor compensations for the originals, sometimes even impossible ones, as in the instance of Göthe's "Faust." He had also formed the idea with many others, on the faith of the *Anti-Jacobin* and other works of the day, that the literature of Germany was an exaggerated rhodomontade, and did not believe it possible that schools or universities could flourish in that land (although he had, indeed, heard of Göttingen), that land of printing and of reading, where, so great is the march of intellect, that the commonest servant during her few leisure hours will feast upon the translated works of Bulwer and of Marryat, and the mere usher of an inferior school possesses his well-stored library of choice books.

At the annual meetings of the Bible Society at Norwich, my father was ever present, and I believe sometimes spoke, if he did not take the chair; and this circumstance cemented his friendship with many distinguished persons who came from far and near to be present on the occasion, all anxious promoters of the cause. Among the foremost, and above all in zeal, was Mr. Wilberforce,* whose eloquence sometimes so softened the hearts of the most obdurate, those who had attended the meeting with the full resolution of not being subdued, and purposely had left behind them the means of contributing to the fund; that such persons had been known to deposit at the door watches, rings and other articles of value, as pledges. He was an extraordinary man, and his faults, if he had them, were the faults of a great mind, and ought to be buried in the grave; while his enthusiasm, his benevolence, and his virtues, leaving behind them as they did lasting memorials, must live for ever. His oratory was impressive and riveting; and every sentiment, coming as it did from the bottom of his soul, struck with electric force into the bosom of his hearers. He might, such was his eloquence, have pleaded any cause, and made (had he been willing) even the worse appear the better. What wonder, then, that he should succeed in that great cause so near and so dear to his heart—the Bible? He diversified his harangues with interesting anecdotes of the value and success of this society, and of the providence of God blessing it.

* A beautiful statue, in a sitting posture, of this great man was executed by Joseph, an artist who was peculiarly happy in the intellectual and speaking expression of his likenesses, of which this is a striking proof. A small model of this statue, shortly before my father's death, was by Joseph's permission forwarded him for his inspection. He was much pleased with it.

Among the rest, he told a story of a young sailor who had received from the society a Bible, which he laid next his heart, and during an action a bullet struck him and lodged in the book, thus protecting his life. Among others who were distinguished for their oratory and ardour in the cause, were the Rev. Mr. Marsh,* of Colchester; Sir Fowell, at that time Mr. Buxton; and the two Rev. Messrs. Cunningham, brothers, one of whom was the author of a celebrated little work, entitled "The Velvet Cushion." These three latter were connected by marriage with a native of Norwich, one of the warmest promoters of the Society, Joseph John Gurney;† who delivered with that plain and simple character appropriated to his sect,‡ and with that modesty for which he was so eminently distinguished, in true simpleness of heart, his pure and Christian sentiments.

There were few persons whom my father loved and esteemed more than Mr. Gurney. They resembled each other in simplicity of character and in singleness of heart, and in the wish not to live in vain.

It was to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Gurney, near Norwich, that the whole party resorted after the labours of the day to partake of a repast. No person who had ever been present at these happy meetings, or who had joined the society of these individuals, so distinguished for their devout fervour, would agree in a too commonly accepted opinion, that religion brings with it gloom and misanthropy, for no persons are so cheerful as the really religious.

The life of the party was Wilberforce; he spoke well on all subjects, and his cheerfulness imparted itself to all around him.

Two ladies equally distinguished in different ways were present. Mrs. Fry, the sister of the host, and now alas! no more, and Mrs. Opie, who had then first embraced the opinions of the Society of Friends, and was warmly allied in friendship with the family of the host, whose intellectual qualities and many virtues rendered them the delight of a numerous circle.

Amelia Opie, one of the well-known and then more rare female authors, was a native of Norwich, and was also the esteemed friend of my father, of whom she had some twenty years ago written in the "Gentleman's Magazine" a slight memoir. Not long before the above-mentioned meeting of *friends* and orators, in a family which consisted of various sects and religions, though allied together, nevertheless, in unceasing harmony, she had been one of the mourners at the funeral of the eldest of the family, who, young himself, and in every way gifted, followed his yet younger bride with rapid strides to the grave.

Mrs. Opie was one of the few lady writers on whom my father bestowed the mead of praise, for he was not fond of display in our sex, and I believe gentlemen are generally of the same opinion; perhaps in the comparatively weak minds of women there is often little or much vanity mixed up with their sometimes feeble efforts, and the fear of ridicule may deter many who could please from making the attempt.

After Mrs. Opie and Lady Dacre, my father held in high esteem the acquaintance of his earlier day, Charlotte Smith, whose simple manners and retiring character left upon his mind a more pleasing impression

* This zealous minister bore a striking likeness to the most celebrated pictures of our blessed Lord.

† Author of the Practical View of Christianity, and many other works.

‡ The Society of Friends.

than even her talents. With Hannah More he was slightly acquainted, but had more than once declined meeting Madame de Staël at one of those coteries which above all things he disliked, where literary subjects are studied in the morning for the purpose of being discussed and making a display in the evening. Among those ladies whose society most pleased him, may be numbered not many, perhaps, none who shone conspicuous in the world of fashion, but many more who were distinguished for their amiability and attainments; among these may be mentioned Miss Millbank, who created at one time some interest in consequence of her having married, and afterwards separated herself from Lord Byron;—a union equally unsuitable on both sides, and the fatal consequence of which made an exile from his country of one of its greatest poets. My father had known Lady Byron from her childhood; the two families having been neighbours in the county of Durham. He considered her a superior person. Her attainments were highly rated, and probably with justice; and being an heiress and without pretensions, such attainments were the more readily admitted. I remember the Bishop being particularly struck with the Greek characters, from some old author, with which she headed a copy circulated about town of the lines in manuscript written upon the Prince, (then Regent), standing between the tombs of Charles I. and Henry VIII. The translation of the motto was “blood mixed with dirt.” I know not whether the Greek was transcribed by herself or Lord Byron. Lady Byron had the character of being a good Greek scholar, which Lord Byron never was. This was before the marriage.

I was a young girl, but had my imagination raised to the highest pitch by the perusal of the works of my adored poet, when I accompanied my mother to pay a congratulatory visit to the bride elect, whom I found with her mother engaged in that *then* fashionable employment of making shoes. The operators were at the moment of our entrance in great confusion from the upsetting of the bowl of water containing the cobbler’s wax—an employment though economical far from poetic, and which, when we returned to the, carriage occasioned my mother to burst into an almost inextinguishable fit of laughter.

Lady Byron was an only child, perhaps a spoilt one; she was just the kind of character the poet was unlikely to admire or to estimate. She had plain good sense, a cold and calculating judgment. She was simple and plain in her manners, plain in dress, though not absolutely plain in her person, plain in sentiment, plain in her wishes and desires, and above all plain in her understanding of others. That she mistook for insanity the fine phrenzy of a poet, or that she could expect or wish anything else in the first poet of the *then* day (for Shelley has since far eclipsed him) was a very plain proof of the extent of her judgment. Lord Byron was unfortunate, for he had never met with a woman who suited him; he sought in vain, and none had chanced to cross his path. He was remarkable for his kindness and tenderness to the sex, and had never wounded the feelings of any woman whatsoever. Pity that during the very few months his wife gave him the trial, a time hardly sufficient to try any one, even a domestic, she alone should have found him otherwise!

My father, in the amiability of his heart, always sided with the weaker sex, and his ear was ever open to their grievances. I have heard him often and often bewail the lot of woman, and the cruel

laws which weigh in our land, at least, so heavily upon her. No wonder that he was a favourite with the ladies, and consulted by them upon every occasion, and of course they could easily persuade him; thus doubtless he was the strong partizan of the above-named young friend, and these remarks are less his than my own. The prelate was honoured with the confidence of many distinguished ladies; among others the *soi-disant* Duchess of Sussex, who applied to him with unwearied zeal to exercise his influence with the Duke, his friend, to restore her to her would be honours, and to acknowledge her to the world as his lawful wife, &c.; although the matter had been before otherwise arranged, by her own consent, and she had accepted a title of Countess and the terms offered to her. She still maintained all the dignity of royalty. I remember, when with my mother, meeting her at Dumery's in Piccadilly; she was standing at the window and called our attention to some person who she imagined was drowning in the pond, though it was only a child's toy being set afloat. She was a painted, affected creature, and to our great surprise (for we knew not at the time who she was), was continually intreating us, in the most condescending manner, to *sit down*.

Among other oppressed, or self-supposed oppressed ladies, Queen Caroline had been introduced one evening at the British Gallery; I remember her well, and both her manner and conversation left an unfavourable impression.

To return again to my father, it might not perhaps be said that he was a man of extraordinary talents; but his intellects, which were fine and clear, were highly cultivated; he possessed a finely framed imagination, lively, pure, and delicate, which displayed itself in a conversation ever delightful, and it was his greatest charm that he was always amiable. Sir Bulwer Lytton commences a chapter in his "Pilgrims of the Rhine" with this elegant compliment to my father, "Once upon a time the virtues weary of living for ever with the Bishop of Norwich, &c."

It is to be regretted that he left behind him, neither in poetry, nor in prose, any work that might serve as a lasting memorial. His speeches in the House, and one or more sermons are nearly the only printed memorials extant. He wrote a beautiful letter upon all subjects; simple, clear, elegant, and touching, from the tone of tenderness, affection, and deep interest with which he addressed all those dear to him. Could his letters be collected, and properly selected, they would, perhaps, form as beautiful a volume as could be presented to the public; at the same time serving far better than weak description to paint the real loveliness of that mind which was written upon the page; that spirit, which, conscious of innate rectitude, walked straightforward in the path of life, plucking the flowers on every side, and enduring with uncomplaining cheerfulness its thorns and roughs. Self being ever forgotten, he passed on loving all, and hating not even his enemy.

His great longevity may be attributed in part to his habits of temperance through life, temperance of mind, and temperance of body; he was a man of the most simple tastes, simple and innocent feelings—so innocent, that he could scarcely believe in the guilt of others, or conceive the power of those evil passions that led to it. He was seldom

or ever excited to anger, or made use of an unkind word to any individual, and could endure patiently every provocation.

The bright light which had cheered and illuminated so many around it, at last expired, glimmering fainter and fainter, like a dying lamp; till it became suddenly and almost unexpectedly extinct; often gleaming like a flickering flame again and again, until we believed that it could never absolutely be extinguished; so great was its vitality—so difficult was it to reconcile death with one who was to become his victim.

Long and daily had he held converse with death, as with a kind and familiar friend. He would often say to me, "I am quite prepared, whether it comes one day or another, or whenever the hour may arrive; and at last he welcomed it with joy. Ninety-three years had nearly wearied him of life. Many of his contemporaries were gone before him, and those whom he left were sunk in age and infirmity.

His remains were by his own particular request conveyed to the Abbey Church at Great Malvern, where they repose by those of his beloved partner in life, one monument serving for both, in that spot so dear to each.

TO ELLEN.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

Author of "Spring Gatherings," "Lays for the Times," &c.

I've returned to the scenes of my youth,
To the pastimes and pleasures of yore,
Where young hope breathed in accents
of truth,

The vows that now greet me no more.
Oh! then I was happy and gay,
As cheerful as cheerful could be,
But Ellen has stolen away,
And nought can bring comfort to me.

The sweet bird that sat on the bough,
Blithely singing its summerly song,
As though it would hallow love's vow,
And the seal of affection prolong.
No longer inspires with its lay,
Or flutters its wings on the tree,
For Ellen has stolen away,
And with her all its music to me.

The spring flowers that washed by the
rain

Wooded the sun's golden tints into
birth,
And scattered their smiles o'er the plain,
Like diamonds strewn on the earth,
Now refuse their bright hues to display,
From the spell that once held them
set free,
For Ellen has stolen away,
And she was their brightness to me.

The stars, that such rich lustre shed,
When we wandered at evening alone,
Like angels' bright eyes overhead,
Keeping pace with the glance of our
own,
Have parted with each sparkling ray,
That once 'twas a transport to see,
For Ellen has stolen away,
And she was the planet to me.

The stream that thro' valley and field,
Like a spirit kept dancing along,
While the harvest sweet perfume did
yield,
And the reapers went forth in a
throng,
Now pauses, to think, on its way,
And babble its thoughts to the bee,
For Ellen has stolen away,
And she was its language to me.

Oh! Ellen—dear Ellen! whose voice
Like soft music once fell on my ear,
Making all that was near it rejoice,
And the far away long to be near.
My hope and my patience decay,
Long wearied with waiting for thee,
Say, why hast thou stolen away,
When thy presence is heaven to me?

ENGLISH ARTISTS IN ROME.

THE sun; "not as in northern climes obscurely bright;" but that glorious, cloudless sun, which is seen in such perfection during the winter as well as the summer months in Rome, shone brilliantly upon the opposite houses, and a light, powerful as the absolute sunshine of other countries, poured into a room of that peculiar form and character which denotes a studio. That, however, of which we speak differed in many material respects from those high, angular, dirty chambers, which have been merely adapted by means of a large window, an unwholesome stove, and a coat of dull coloured distemper, to a painter's use; lofty it was, and the walls, (where not hidden by the numerous studies of the painter) displayed, a peculiar and well chosen red, eminently calculated to set them off to the best advantage, and to give life and warmth to the strong shadows thrown upon every object by the light which entered as described into the chamber from a large square window, composed of four immense pieces of glass.

The floor was paved with Venetian stucco, beautiful in tone and perfect in execution: the small mantel-piece was of white marble, having something more than pretension to classic taste, and over it hung an old picture of several saints, whose glories and gilt robes bespoke a very early period of art. In the beading of the picture were stuck notes, visiting cards, and memoranda, and around the frame of exquisitely carved oak hung a strange collection, such as is only to be found in a painter's studio; mandolins of various forms, some partially strung, others in the most dilapidated condition, but retaining enough of their original shape to be of service; gourds for drinking cups, and wine flasks, many beads, rows of red berries, bright as coral, foils, old arms of different nations, and every variety of date; a beautiful ivory crucifix, a small and wretchedly executed print of a patron saint, in whose ensanguined heart innumerable arrows stuck thick as the quills upon the "fretful porcupine." On one side of the said picture hung a large, irregularly formed piece of slate, upon which the names and addresses of several models, with appended dates, were written in a bold, free hand in white chalk; upon the shelf itself a skull and several human bones, a book on anatomy, a volume of poetry, a tobacco pouch, and several well tinted meerschams, bespoke the amusements and occupations of the owner.

Around the walls were nailed with little attention to effect, innumerable sketches in oil and water-colours, finished copies, and spirited studies from the old masters, evidently arranged in no other order than that of their completion. A portrait strikingly handsome, and of that marked individuality of expression, which at once proclaimed a likeness, occupied a central position opposite the fire-place, and over a table literally covered with the implements and appliances of art, colours in powder, broken bladders, partly compressed tubes, bottles of glass and tin, brushes of every variety of form and material, and two or three plates tinted with every imaginable combination of colour, formed a melange not to be imitated. In one corner of the room was a splendid cast of the Venus de Medici, over whose shoulder a magnificent white drapery fell in grand and sweeping

folds; a number of plaster casts of hands, feet, winged cherubs, and portions of the anatomical frame were on the floor.

Just painted, and evidently prepared for more careful arrangement, a little apart stood one of those incomprehensible machines, a lay figure; the face was that of a woman, the long curls were tied out of the way over the head, the pink silk neck was partially uncovered, and the eyes, glassy and cold, stared dismally upon vacancy. The figure was clothed in the dress of a contadino, which hung loosely enough around the slender waist and delicate limbs of the model; in the hand was a guitar, and the attitude bore a grotesque resemblance to that of a beautiful figure, which formed the centre of a nearly completed picture occupying the easel. This was a sunny, joyous picture, a phase snatched from Roman peasant life; the player with an arch expression of mischievous pleasure had evidently just made a sudden pause in the music, and watched the confusion of the dancers, some of whom stood still, others endeavoured to make the best of the matter, and danced on, while one beautiful girl having left her place, was in the act of playfully striking the merry musician with her tambourine, the whole illuminated by a bright sun, and sustained by deep, transparent shadows; the figures brought out in marvellous relief, against a pure blue sky, and one of those picturesque vine-covered balconies which seem made expressly for painters, bespoke talent of no mean order.

Upon a high stool standing immediately before the picture, so evidently a work of love, were a large palette and brushes; the palette was freshly set, not a tint had been disturbed, not a brush soiled, all was ready for the painter. Alas, he was no more! In the centre of the room, raised upon what is technically called a "throne" was a plain coffin of more than ordinary length: the lid was lying by the side, and the simple silver plate, its sole ornament, bore a brief inscription, with the name and age of the deceased. An iron was heating in the wood fire, and two men, rough, cold, and painfully indifferent, stood ready to "fasten down" as it is called,—to hide for ever from the world's sight the mortal remains of Spencer Freeling. A young man whose velvet cap, long fair hair, and black tunic à la Raffaele, bespoke that he also was an artist, a painter, stood with his face buried in his hands at the foot of the coffin, his slender figure shaken from time to time by suppressed and bitter sobs, as the tears forcing themselves slowly through his long thin fingers, fell one by one upon the white linen which shrouded the corpse of his friend.

The head of the coffin was turned towards the light, and the broad shadows thrown over the deep set eye, by the finely formed brow, gave additional power to an expression, which not even death could rob of its peculiar and striking intellectuality; the skin was beautifully clear, the upper lip and chin were covered with long and exquisitely fine black hair, partially concealing the mouth which was gently open, and displayed a line of ivory teeth of perfect regularity; the nose was straight, and chiselled as an antique sculpture, and the fine broad forehead seemed in its marble whiteness to melt into the pure linen which surrounded it; the thin, long, delicate hands, and the finely turned wrist, were barely distinguishable from the linen upon which they reposed, and but for the pale violet hue which encircled the beautiful nails, and which tells so unmistakably of death, they might have been those of a woman in delicate health.

It was a mournful sight, that young proud man stretched out in the mocking panoply of death, and thus surrounded by all that told so plainly and so well of buoyant life, of bounding hope and lofty aims, by all too that spoke so palpably of high talent to warrant, and energy to sustain his noble aspirations. The sudden movement of one of the men, of whom mention has been already made, towards the fire, aroused from his reverie of grief the young painter ; hastily raising his head he threw a glance fierce, almost terrible in its expression of disgust and hatred upon the disturber of his woe, then bending frantic with sorrow over the corpse, he kissed with intense and devoted affection the cold clay, and no longer able to control the emotion of his heart, he sobbed aloud.

At this moment, a voice agitated to a degree which rendered it scarcely articulate was heard upon the stairs ; the accent unmistakably English, and the broken and imperfect Italian at once roused the poor youth, and for a moment a pallor rivalling that of the dead spread over his cheek. With that intuitive judgment which flows spontaneously from kindness of heart, he abruptly seized the two men, who were in the act of lifting the coffin-lid to its place, and hurrying them without explanation into a small room, in which poor Freeling had slept, and in which he had in all probability met his death, and hastily turning the key upon them, returned to his place near the coffin of his friend. To do all this had occupied far less time than the hapless comers, whose trembling limbs almost refused their office, had taken to ascend the somewhat dark and narrow stairs ; he was a moment too late, a young man whose strong likeness to the dead proclaimed his relationship, closely followed by a fair young girl, reached the open door at the same instant as himself. A single glance into the room told all, and the hapless girl fell not less dead than him she mourned into the arms of the horror-stricken boy, for indeed he was scarcely more. Gently disengaging himself, and assisted by Paolo, he bore the fainting burden to a long form, and bending over it with passionate affection, seemed in the intense anxiety with which he watched for the symptoms of returning animation, to forget for a moment the cause of her attack. A rude laugh was heard in the inner chamber, and before Paolo could rush to the door, the slight fastenings gave way, and the men advanced towards the coffin, rudely declaring that they could waste no more time, and were proceeding with inconceivable brutality to recommence their work ; Paolo, pale with rage strode towards them, and whispered in a voice of earnest and concentrated emotion a few words into the ear of the man who seemed master. They paused ; a dollar, it was his last, passed into the hands of the ruffian, and they left the room.

During this terrible scene, the poor girl just recovering from the prolonged swoon, gazed with an indescribable expression of horror upon the actors ; her mind seemed to wander for some minutes, and with a look of childlike confidence and helplessness, she turned to her companion, pressed her brow, passed her cold hands quickly over her face, as if the reality were too terrible for belief ; then, as if a sudden hope flashed through her soul, and gave back to her frame its lost energies, she bounded to her feet, and flew to the side of the coffin. Her quick eye glanced rapidly from the portrait full of life and fire, to the pale, set features of the original, and with a shriek, in which the agony of a life seemed concentrated, she

fell lifeless to the ground. His own grief absorbed in the condition of his companion, Henry Freeling bent over the prostrate form, and assisted by the Italian, tried every means of resuscitation: in vain, they poured water upon her forehead, chafed her cold hands, blew upon her temples, and called her by every endearing epithet to answer them; but the hapless girl breathed not, stirred not, answered them not; and alarmed beyond expression, Paolo leaving them for a few seconds, rushed down stairs to the next floor, and despatched a woman for the English physician. Returning to the studio, he found Henry still bending in speechless terror over the body of the unhappy girl, and using with fruitless assiduity their limited means again and again to rouse her from the state which every moment assumed a more alarming form. The jaws dropped, the pulse became imperceptible, and the hands fell from his own with that utter lifelessness, which to those not accustomed to see persons in a similar condition is so frightful. Frantic with fear and grief, the boy kissed her pale brow, and clasping her hand in both his own, prayed her to speak, to answer him, or his heart would break.

It was an awful scene, the glaring sun, bright, mocking, pitiless, streamed through the open door of the inner room, and fell full upon the group—the unfortunate girl stretched on the cold pavement, her bonnet off, her fair beautiful hair spread in wild disorder around her face, her neck partially uncovered, her whole attitude bespeaking the utter abandonment of despair. The youth who now bathed her pallid brow, now kissed her lips, and now in a voice of hopeless agony called upon her by every name of endearment and passionate entreaty to awake; the tall slight figure of the young Italian, who regarding them with unspeakable grief, stood with his arms folded, his brow contracted, listening with impatient eagerness to every sound. As a carriage rolled rapidly down the street, he started, flew down stairs, and in a few seconds re-entered the room with the doctor, a young and good-looking man, whose whole face beamed with intelligence and kindness, and whose ample forehead and well-set eye denoted no ordinary talent. As he advanced quickly into the room, a shade passed over his face; and in the glance which he threw around what a host of bitter and busy memories might be read! Kneeling down, he felt for the pulse of the fainting girl; as he did so, a scarcely perceptible contraction of the brow, and a slight tremor of the lip marked his immediate appreciation of the seriousness of the case. Laying his head upon the sufferer's heart, he became seriously disturbed, and hurriedly despatched Paolo for some powerful restoratives, and in the mean time applied without success all the more usual means of revival under similar circumstances. Finding all in vain, he eagerly questioned Henry as to the duration of the attack, the relationship between the fair girl and the deceased, who, in the peaceful unconsciousness of death, lay cold and unheeding above them. Paolo, breathless from the speed he had used, and trembling with fear and agitation, soon returned with several small phials. Hastily pouring a few drops from one of them into a little water, the good doctor put a small quantity into the mouth of the sufferer; and in a few minutes they had the satisfaction of seeing some slight symptoms of returning animation.

Fearful that a more complete recovery should take place before they could remove her from the fatal room, they quickly lifted the still lifeless body from the ground, and placing it upon the form,

Paolo and the doctor carried it down stairs, followed by the wretched brother, who now that his fears for Agnes, such was the poor girl's name, were partially removed, felt almost for the first time the full extent of his own loss.

Placing her carefully in the carriage, they proceeded slowly towards the hotel; Dr. D. preceding them, in order to prepare the unconscious mother to receive her daughter, and to break to her the news of poor Freeling's death. Fully conscious of the perilous condition of his patient, he did not attempt to conceal his fears from the person most interested in the truth; and when the sad party arrived, they found her fully prepared to find things even more alarming than they were. Still senseless, her beloved child was gently unlaced and placed on a bed from which, alas! she was never to rise again. Thus leaving the distracted party, let us go back a few years, in order to account to the reader for the terrible results we have recounted. Artist life in Rome! To many, but alas, only to the uninitiated, these words will convey none but pleasant thoughts of hopes fulfilled—ambitions realized—a life of sunshine crowned, it may be, by a death of fame. Alas! alas! how painfully the reverse is the truth. Those who have lived long in Rome, and have observed well, will feel the bitter truth of that which will doubtless appear to the many the result of a morbid and perverted imagination; to the incredulous our tale will be received as an exception, while the experienced will recognize it rather as an instance of a rule.

A group of young men, variously clothed as regarded their general dress, but all wearing a large bow of black crape upon their hats and caps, were assembled in the Caffé Greco, a place much resorted to by English and other artists, and situated in the Via Condotti. It was nearly mid-day, the place had a deserted and desolate appearance, the counter was covered with empty cups and half-filled saucers, and rendered additionally untidy by innumerable rings of milk and coffee, broken rolls, half-eaten cakes, the sprinklings of sugar and decapitated egg-shells. From the principal room, a long kind of corridor extended, still redolent with bad tobacco, and enveloped in the mystic fumes of the seductive weed.

The party, fourteen or fifteen in number, sat irregularly disposed around; or standing about several small white marble tables, they were conversing sadly and in an under tone: the absence of all appearance of any refreshment near them, and the frequent consultation of the clock, plainly intimated that they were waiting some message or signal to sally forth. The subject of their conversation was indeed sad. A young man, in the flush of health and all the pride of youthful vigour, had been suddenly attacked with Malaria fever. While unconscious of his danger, for he had but lately arrived, making a sketch at sun-set in the Campagna, feeling himself ill, but not choosing to "give under" as he considered it, he had pursued his usual vocations for two days, at the end of which he determined to free himself from the painful sense of oppression which overwhelmed him; he joined a merry party at dinner in the Sepre, and in the excitement of wine and agreeable companionship, so far succeeded in his object, that it was not until the following morning that his disorder again attracted the poor fellow's attention. He awoke burning with fever, and endeavoured to rise, but in vain; and at a late hour, the woman, who came daily

to make his bed and set his solitary room in order, found him alternately scorched with fever, and shivering with cold. Few days passed before he was pronounced in a hopeless state, and on the ninth day he breathed his last. He was a general favourite, and his fellow-students, anxious to show their respect and friendship, had determined to follow his remains to their final home.

"Is it true," said a young man, whose fair hair, bright blue eyes, and clear complexion, contrasted strangely with the dark locks, enormous beard, and fierce moustache of a large made but handsome fellow, upon whose arm he leaned, "is it true that Freeling is coming out?" "So true," replied one of the group, "that he is already here; and I am fearful lest he should come in before we are gone; it would be but a sad welcome to Rome we could give him,—but perhaps he has already been." "*Hist, Cameriere Botteghe,*" cried the youth in a louder voice, "*vi sono lettere per il Signor Freeling?*" "*Si, Signor,*" replied the obsequious waiter, "*Dunque non è stato qui questa mattina! Eccellenza, no!*" "He will be surely here, for I left a note some days back, telling him he would probably find some.—How late it is!"

The words had scarcely escaped his lips, when the glass door flew suddenly open, and a youth, whose whole expression, glad, riant, joyous, was so full of life that the coldest heart must have felt its reviving influence, dashed into the room, upsetting a table in his way, and stood grasping a friend in each hand, in the midst of the assembled group. "Oh Freeling! Ah, Lawson, how are you, my dear fellow? How well you look! How strange! How delighted I am to be among you! What a day! *Dio mio!* You see I have soon learned the bad words. Did you know I was here? I should have been with you half an hour ago, but I could not help going up the steps, just to take a look. What a sky! How beautiful!—how picturesque! And those queer devils! What, in the name of all that's grotesque, are they? Where do they come from? What a lucky dog I am to be here!" and the happy youth again shook his friend heartily by the hand. "But you can't think," he ran on; "you can't conceive the fuss I had to get away!—the journey, the heat, the danger! the malaria, the—" Struck by the peculiar expression which, despite themselves, spread over the faces of his listeners, Freeling paused. He looked inquiringly into their faces, and for the first time perceiving the crape which was upon all their hats, he at once understood the whole, and turning very pale, sat down without speaking. Mastering his emotion by a strong effort, he said, "Not Strange, surely?" "Oh no," said the youth he addressed as Lawson; "Strange is quite well, but he is not in Rome just now." Evidently relieved, Freeling's look still asked for information, and expressed his great and natural sympathy as in a few words the facts were detailed to him. Hastily rising, he declared his intention of going with them to the funeral. "Indeed, my dear Freeling, you shall not," said he who had chiefly spoken. "I will not suffer you to do so; and I, though I was poor Freeman's friend, will stay with you. You will understand," said he, turning to his companions, "I shall scarcely be less with you. Come, Freeling, I cannot bear to think of this sad welcome; come with me. We will go to the Forum;" and taking the arm of the young stranger, he sallied forth.



Jenny Lind

JENNY LIND'S LETTER-BAG ;

BEING

A CORRESPONDENCE OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

EDITED BY A BEGGING LETTER-WRITER.

WITH NOTES AND ELUCIDATIONS.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THERE is a rage just now in England for publishing letters. If a man affronts you, cuts up your book, or runs away with your wife, down go his dinner or breakfast-invitations into *bourgeois* or *small pica*. If a Bird who "can sing, won't sing," she must be "made to sing" on her manager's (not her own) terms, by printing her "Yes" or "No:"—be it "musical as Apollo's lute," or grating as "monotony in wire:"—be it as long as Lord Ponder's last speech on the Forty Hours' Bill, or as short as the late Lady Diaper's civilities. If a picture looks too clean—thanks to that rare incident, a London sun!—or too dirty; too white, or too yellow, some *Verax*, *Vorax*, *Mendax*, *Mordax*, or other *x* double or single, will there-upon, as a dead certainty, memorialise The Thunderer:—Puseyite poets start up into the controversy, and self-admiring amateurs make haste to compliment themselves, and affront their elders in print. No renown is any longer beyond the reach of reverses. Our brave Queen Bess may turn out a coward any fine summer day; Voltaire (Heaven bless us!) a Jesuit in disguise; Elizabeth Fry a second Mrs. Brownrigg;—and Brummell to have been the author of "Junius." No hoard is now left unrummaged; the receipt-books of our grandmothers, and the diplomatic instructions of the old wives of England (male and female), to their sempstresses, are laid under contribution; Stricklands select, Colliers collate, Athenæums attack, and Court Journals offer *critiques* upon them, "conceived with the most elegant attention to contemporary feelings," as George R—— might have said. The only safe She left in the world is your Maud or Mary, who makes "her mark," by way of attesting the schoolmaster's declaration to her John or James, that "her love is True: so no more at present."

Thus in transmitting to the press the letter-bag of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale," for publication, I am only contributing a grain to the vast collections of ornamental and useful knowledge, which are raked together on every side, and by every colour of hand,—white, brown, and whity-brown,—for the public good. Generally speaking, as the late head of the Letter-opening Department has often assured me, there is no correspondence so varied as that of your *prima donna*. Homages written in every colour of rainbow ink—abuse, masculine and feminine, made all the more delicate, by its being anonymous: offers of marriage from men of every class betwixt King Cophetua and the Cobbler; other offers, on which Mrs. Quickly's "*Never name them*," is the

best comment ; prayers of hungry poets, and musicians little less hungry ;—objurgations from Managers, “anxious for the resuscitation of the precarious state of the Opera ;” *reminders* from impatient milliners, and the makers of crowns, sceptres, and other royal toys ; (peremptory Warwicks, who will be paid for their ware, and allow no discount ;) prices current of bouquets, and laurel wreaths, and cherubims to descend amid showers of roses on benefit-nights—hints dark and clear from journalists ;—suggestions from enthusiastic friends of Art, as to when eyes are to be turned up, or what smile suits best with that shake on “*Q sharp* ;”—these are but a few among the items of the catalogue—written in epigrammatic French, or transcendental German, or Arcadian Italian, as the case may be.

It is obvious that the correspondence to be laid before the public, “of or concerning” Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, was intended to be printed on some future day : careful explanatory notes being added when necessary in the originals. I beg that no care or pains may be spared on their appearance, still further to elucidate such passages as may be calculated to mislead the reader or to provoke a controversy.

As to their intrinsic value—that, I apprehend, will speak for itself. They *seem* written, as my title has warned you, liberal English reader ! by “distinguished persons.” I say “*seem*,” however, advisedly. Whether Mr. L——, like his brother Mr. Moses of Aldgate, (for in free England every man is every man’s brother) keeps his Mr. Slum, who can assume the style of the party he desires to present ; or whether A. B. C. D. E. and F. of rank and fashion, prose and verse, have actually, themselves, and in no mechanical *simulacra*, been pressed into his cause—you will discover, with more certainty than I can tell you. Also, which among the following important documents bear no relation to managerial negotiations, past, present, or to come ;—but are simply “fervent breathings” of love, friendship, and admiration to one of the real potentates of the earth. I profess to offer no apology for the order or disorder in which these papers appear ; I shall not give a word of account (unless I be put “to the question” by Mr. Rowland Hill) how they came into my possession. By a memorandum pencilled on the back of one of the envelopes—which, doubtless, the dove-like Swedish eyes could not decypher—it would seem that more distinguished personages than those here assembled, had been invited to address Mademoiselle Jenny, and declined ; some because they had nothing to say, others, in expectation of a *rouleau* ; a few (much to be mistrusted), “on principle.” An ode from Father ——, written in nine languages (also in the picture alphabet of the Mexicans) was not ready. Mr. I.P.C.Q.U.A.N.A. ——, that *English* Dumas (even as Klopstock was a *German* Milton), had prepared for her a dedication to one of his last five romances ; but it had been unhappily committed into the hands of an unmusical amanuensis, who knew not Lark from Linnet ; and who, thinking one songstress as good as another, had addressed the seven sonorous pages of compliment, not to the Lind of Hearts, but to the *Linda* of Chamouny, dear Madame Persiani ! Lord I. O. U. had looked into Madame Merlin’s *Memoirs* of Malibran for something appropriate to say, but, being absorbed in making selections for his “*Turf-Cutter*,” a forthcoming romance, it had gone no further. Lady —— was editing the *Book of Daniel* !

with reference to her "Travels in the East." One famous hand, getting up a *dear* literature for the Poor; another, a cheap library for the Rich (whose popular sympathy in the cause of Art has of late taken the form of buying bargains); Mr. Drear was, for the thousandth time, revising for the stage the tragedy, which no one will accept or act; Mr. Borrow (not the author of "the Bible in Gipsy-Land") preparing a Ghost-Carol or a carolling Ghost, for Christmas, which should beat Dickens hollow; with pictures to make Maclise melt away and Doyle dwindle into dust. There were long excuses too,—with algebraic signs intermixed—from the sprightly author of "Albert Lunel." But I am not clear that he had been ever invited to contribute.

The heads of seven scientific Societies, nine Universities—symbolical of the nine Muses—and half a score of Agricultural Associations, had written a letter for H.R.H. the ——— to Mademoiselle Jenny, announcing that a bracelet, companion to the one with its moresco legend which spans the wrist of *Roxana* Rachel, *Phedre* Rachel, *Marie Stuart* Rachel, (or what you will) was in preparation at Hunt and Roskell's, awaiting the coming of the Charmer. But it appears that at a meeting of their United Wisdoms it was decided to withdraw the letter,—what has become of the bracelet is not added. Should any of these lost matters be recovered, or arrive "in the best of good time: an hour *after*," (as Major Shane Young Ireland, puts it) there may be a P.S.,—*alias*, a proud and superb postscript, —published to the "Letter Bag of Jenny Lind," by

The obedient humble servant of the nobility and gentry,—of all artists and artless persons,

THE BEGGING LETTER WRITER.

Vienna, March 10th, 1847.

NO. I.

Duchess DOLLALOLIA of Starefels,* to Mademoiselle JENNY LIND.

(On the envelope of this letter is pencilled, in very beautiful Swedish (as Mrs. Howitt will attest), "Not answered,—Do not recollect this lady!" J. L.)

——— Strasse, Munich, Feb. 14th, 1847.

MY GOOD JENNY,—Times have changed since last August twelvemonth, when we met at the Beethoven Festival in Bonn. You were then a Queen brought down to the frontier, to welcome a Queen when she crossed the frontier: I was one of the *οἱ πολλοὶ* (I make old Thiersch write this Latin in for me), getting along as well as I could in The Star, "quite promiscuous," as they say in dear, good, stupid England, whither you are hastening. You rode in coaches then: I was not sure of the same umbrella for the whole day; and in short, got monstrously splashed. When I went down to Stutt-

* "Starefels." Whether this title be Homeric, bestowed on the Lady or not, in recognition of peculiar properties of eye, I have been unable to ascertain. Among the quarterings on the seal, unhappily imperfect, something like a *flagellum*, or scourge, may be traced, which makes it doubtful whether the Duchess had not at some period or other belonged to one of the religious orders. She was in great favour at the Court of ——— in 1847, and remained so till an unusually protracted period of existence.—*Nicolas the Younger*.

gart again, last autumn, to give Olga* the meeting, I was sufficiently out at the elbows: cleared out at Homburg by that — of a Spaniard, who won all before him, and, they say, *has* sold himself to *Somebody* when his run of good luck's out. You were sitting in state at The Swan, at Frankfort, giving audience to couriers, day after day, from L——; night after night filling your pockets by your G A B, and how many a score more of upper notes I can't tell; and turning the heads of Barons and of Bankers;—of travelling Frenchmen Englishmen, and Poles—and always “retiring” from the stage, which some people make answer. I never did:—always was for dashing forward. Well, the *short* is, my good Jenny, (for how the deuce it is that the matter has come about I *can't* tell,) the tables are turned. I have now the palace, and the lake, and the coaches, and the title. Whether my friends be “weak in the upper story” or not, all I know is, they have made me a Lady of the Lower Empire. There's going to be a war about me! only think what fun! So that I am in the best position in the world to advise and protect you: and as I am sick of hearing about taxes,† regiments, Jesuits, newspapers, (except the *Allgemeine* ———, in which I write the fashions for the month,) and such trumpery; and as the arts are much more in my line, I really mean what I say, when, in putting pen to paper at ——'s request to beg you to take Munich in your way to London, and let us hear you, if you have anything new,—I assure you also that I have not forgotten old times; and, in proof of my wish to be of use to you, “put you up” to a thing or two before you go to England.

You will excuse my remarking, my poor Jenny, that you are a horrid bad dresser. What is good enough for Frankfort—good enough for Berlin (where there is only one man worth horsewhipping)—good enough for Vienna, where the women if *they have* clothes don't know how to put them on — won't do for England. In Paris the life they lead you about your toilette is the * * * * * and I used to say to poor dear D—— one thousand times a week, that I *must* cut and run if they could not let me make a figure of myself in my own wild way. But in London it is fifty times worse. You will have to go to church, my dear Jenny, taking the line you do; and the people will go there to look at you. Now as there is never a dinner fit to be eaten cooked in London on a Sunday, the women have twice the time for their *toilettes*. You know there are two ways of doing your business—a hat and feathers for the men, or a Clarissa bonnet and a veil for the women! I dare say you will try the last, my good Jenny, like the gentle little body you are, and who like always to keep the respectables with you, for the sake, no doubt, of your Swedish priest. (How comes it that your Priests can marry in Sweden?) But it's horrid hard work: take warning: I never had

* “Among the distinguished guests who illustrated the entrance of the never-to-be-enough praised Hyperborean star into the hearts of her Swabian subjects, English nobility found its representative in the son of a Minister. He appeared in the court-dress of the chase-loving islanders, a green coat and buckskin breeches. Nor was Art withheld in the person of Mademoiselle Dollalolla Dolores ——— the eminent dancer, “who divided attention with the looked-at Crown Princess.”—*Dumm Almanack and Kalendar*, 1846.

† “About this time the Duchess Dollalolla addressed a letter to the principal journals, declining the receipt of further petitions; and with a child-like unworldliness, openly confessing her resolution not to participate in public affairs.”—*Rauch, Gotham Cabinet of Wonderful Women*, vol. xcvi. p. 3.

patience for it, I know. You must be well enough, not too well; fine enough, and not too fine. You must set the fashion, and let people fancy they are setting it to you. You must be as civil to all sorts of women as if you liked them. You must go into the country with them by themselves for the whole day. And after all it won't do. They will only put up with you to your face, and pull you to pieces behind your back. They'll never forgive you your hundred pounds a night (or is it a thousand L—— is to give you?)—nor your picture in Mitchell's window. They'll rake up all manner of ill-natured tales about you, and your father and mother,—Bless you! they did about *me*; though I never kept company with 'em. They'll find out that you have not so good a figure as Grisi, nor a head of hair to compare with Persiani's. They'll say shabby things about your nose: and then, if you have kept the men at a distance, where will you be, I should like to know? The hat and feathers is the right kick, depend upon it, and it may dash you into a Duke's coronet before you can say "*Jean Robinson!*" There are some precious silly old men in England,—as, thank God! there are all the world over—and I would rather have such a country house as * * *

Here's my elderly gentleman wants me to go and see a *fresco*, as if I knew anything of such stuff! Never mind, 'tis all in the day's work.

Your sincere friend,

Avec la plus haute assurance et consideration,

DOLLALOLLA OF STAREFELS.

I say, you'll come to Munich, wont you? Give my love to Staudigl, and tell Meyerbeer he shan't put a foot in this place as long as I have anything to say to it, and that means something.

Frontier of Bavaria, Feb. 26th.

P.S.—Lord! my dear Jenny, here's a to-do! Here am I bundled out of the country, very much as if I had got the plague! They tore my best mantilla in getting me into the coach. They would not give me time to pack my things. There won't be a war after all, and I could tear their eyes out. As if one might not break one's umbrella over a butcher's shoulders, without being treated like a Joan of Arc,* and be —— to 'em! Here I am, without a stitch of clothes save what I have on my back,† and they have sent for the old

* "The historical knowledge of the Duchess Dollalolla was of the meanest possible order, nor did her orthographical attainments rise to a more exalted cast. Brought up in the theatrical hemisphere, her expressions preserved a characteristic tincture. The Monarch's favourite never forgot the Spanish *danseuse*."—*Strickland's Memoirs of Accurate and Inaccurate Females*.

† The to-be-foreseen termination of the Duchess Dollalolla's Europe-confusing career, had a significance and harmony which, enabling the philosopher to view the events as a whole, are suggestive and pleasing. Walking one day down the *Ludwig-Strasse*, attended by a ferocious dog, a butcher became to the latter obnoxious. The Duchess laughed at the too-rude assaults of her gigantic and brutal companion against the seller of meat. The man replied with an independent gesture and utterance; on which, taking her rain-screen, she undertook what was with her a frequently-practised task—namely, of personal chastisement. A conflict ensued, and confusion was diffused. The citizens, excited by the nobility, pursued the Duchess to her dwelling, round which, for security's sake, it became necessary to place a guard. With never-sufficiently-to-be-admired decision, instantaneous steps for the removal of the too-audacious upstart were taken. Placed by the police in a carriage, and, escorted by a regiment of cavalry, she was conducted to the frontier; the evil consequences of her fatal ascendancy being, by this summary measure, fortunately averted.—*Rauch, Gotham Cabinet*, &c. vol. xcvi. p. 300.

gentleman's sons home ;—and it's no fun to stir without a pair of grim looking grenadiers, or *John d'armes*, at one's elbow. But I shan't stay here, I can promise them. I'll go to England ;—I'll go on the stage again ;—I'll be put into the *Pas de Déesses*, and have the best place, or the —'s in it. Do—there's a good Jenny—manage this for me, for in plain truth I'm shockingly done up. And we take quite different lines you know ; and you'll want some experienced person to help you along ; so we shall be a mutual advantage to each other. I shall be at Frankfort about the middle of March, if you will, unless the old gentleman wont be *to be had*, and chooses to send for me back. He is *such* a noodle ! After all, I could n't have stood it a week longer, if they had made me the Pope's first wife, as they say they are going to do Fanny Elssler !

NO. II.

TO THE NORTH STAR.

O Jenny Lind !

Queen of all virgin queens !—Bird of the North,
 White as the winter pearls, with those soft eyes,
 Blue as the bluest midnight of the skies,
 When the ice spirits from their caves come forth
 To lead chaste dances o'er the iron earth ;
 Wilt thou for evermore refrain to bind
 For us thy long fair tresses ?—and unkind
 Wander by stranger rivers, while we grieve,
 And sick for thee, all other music leave,
 As 'twere the babbling of the wordless wind,—
 Wilt thou, for ever, promise and deceive ?

O wandering Jenny Lind !

Wilt thou not come with Spring ?
 When the leaves creep along the naked boughs,
 Decking sad Time with signs of Hope anew ;—
 Come with the primrose soft, the harebell blue,
 The wind-flower delicate ? Wilt thou not sing
 Like nightingale new-mated to her spouse,
 Till pale-browed Sorrow must the spell obey,
 Ceasing from anguish in a charmed swoon ?—
 Wilt thou not give a melody to May ?

A flower to rose-crown'd June ?

Doth Undine hold thee to the Danube side,
 Thou gentlest sister of that maiden wild ?
 Dream'st thou, half playful, of the desert child,
 The young Miranda ?—while thy lovers chide
 The strange denial of this cold delay ?

Must they till Autumn pray ?

We, round whose hearts the world ungentle weaves
 A thousand cares,—for whom do red-eyed† Hate,
 And snaky Malice on our thresholds wait,
 Missing thee, mourn, the while the bleak March wind
 Keeping sad descant with our midnight toil,
 Maketh its doleful music in the eaves.—
 Come, deep-eyed queen ! we weary for thy smile,
 O magic Jenny Lind !

WALLER BETHEL.

* “Red-eyed Hate,”—*Quære*, “red-haired ?”—*Scorney*. If the reading suggested be correct, it seems possible, that some particular person, conceived as accessory to the detention of “the Swedish nightingale,” lamented by the charming lyrist may be here intended.—*English Editor*.

NO. III.

A.*—NN to Mademoiselle JENNY LIND.

London, February, 1847.

MADemoisELLE,—Solicitous as I have ever shown myself to keep faith with my subscribers and the public, and anxious to remove every ingredient interposing to prevent the resuscitation of the dilapidated interests of my establishment; I have lost no time, on perceiving the announcement of "The Tempest" in the columns of the periodical press, in taking instantaneous measures for removing all difficulties with regard to new operas, &c. &c., on your part; and have the honour of forwarding to you the first act of a new grand musical drama on the story of "Faustus," which I have arranged for your introduction to the English public. May I request, then, that you will give me due information of the moment of your arrival; that I may cause measures to be taken for the costumes, &c., which will surpass in splendour any that have hitherto emanated from this magnificent establishment.

Yours, with sincerest respect and admiration,
(*The signature wanting.*)

* * * * *

ACT I.—SCENE IX.

An alley in the gardens of the Imperial palace at Schönbrunn, forming a sort of green tunnel. Groups of Austrian peasants, officers, citizens, and nobles, in high felicity, are scattered over the grass, and dancing the polka in the background. Bells in full ring.

Enter MARGARET, furtively from the left, followed by FAUSTUS.

Recitative. Why am I thus oppressed on such a festal day,
When hearts that love their country are met to trill and play?

FAUSTUS. 'Tis indecision clouds this rapturous scene,—

Be firm, resolve,—forget that it hath been;—

This journey doth your feelings so alarm. . .

MARGARET (*rustling as if self-terrified, to a rose-bush, and frantically plucking a flower from thence*).

Tempt me not, man! I'll try the wizard charm

Which oft beside the Bosphorus had power

To cheer my mother's solitary hour!

DUETT.

MARG. (*divesting the flower of its leaves, and contemplating them as they drop, with a sad smile.*)

Shall I go?—shall I not go?

FAUST. (*aside*).

Will she go?—will she not go?

Both.

{ My } heart what boding terrors thrill!

{ Her }

MAR.

Tell me what I seek to know,

Flower with bloom of magic skill!—

Shall I?

* Vienna doctors (*not quite* Doctor Solomons in their shrewdness) differ as to the right orthography of the above name, unhappily imperfect. The whole letter, which appears to have been voluminous, has been torn, and otherwise defaced. Some ascribe it to the gentleman of high profession, who has had the misfortune of pursuing other celebrated ladies besides Mlle. Lind. Professor von Trommel insists that it must owe its parentage to that "Son of (the '*berühmte*') A. Gunn, who has made such confusion in the English Universities!" I apprehend that both these solutions—advanced with the usual amount of German ingenuity,—will be rejected by the English reader; though, having pledged myself to suppress nothing, I think it right to lay them before him.—*Vienna Editor.*

FAUST.

Pray you, do not miss
In your counting !

MAR. (*plucking the leaves*).

Shall I ?—YES !—

Both.

O what rapture ! { I shall } go.
{ Me } no longer terrors thrill !
{ Her }

After Midnight's storms of woe
Morning's beam ariseth so,
Over Danube's eastern hill !

MAR.

Yet pause ; another bud my quest doth claim !
This ordeal terrifies each tender sense.
Lo ! broken contracts brought to open shame !—
I see the court !—I hear the cold defence !
Tell me, sweet blossom, guardian of my fame !
Will he then prosecute my innocence ?

FAUST.

She doubts !—O agony ! O wild suspense !

[*Goes to side scenes, and beckons on Chorus.*]

Be ready, steady friends,—'tis all the same,—
In yonder coach and four to bear her hence !

MAR.

Do not reproach me, while I fondly spell
This one last time Love's dewy oracle !

FAUST. (*regarding her with tenderness*).

BARCAROLLE.

Spent is the gladness
Lately so sure,
Now Fancy's madness
What shall allure !—
Memory is dating
Tears while they fall ;
But Love in waiting
Is worse than all !—
Feelings forsaken
Soon will decay ;
Hopes rudely shaken
Crumble in play.—
Youth's joys elating
Time may recall ;—
But Love in waiting
Is worse than all !

DUETT (*resumed*).

MAR.

He 'll sue me, *yes* !—he 'll sue me, *no* !

FAUST.

My dearest, are you counting fair ?
This dread suspense I may not bear !—

MARG. (*plucking the last leaf passionately*).

He 'll sue me, YES !—'Tis o'er !—I know

My doom—my lord ! (*with concentrated reproach*) I WILL
NOT GO,

The wanton's doom of crime to share !

Both (*with Chorus*).

O despair ! { I } will not go !
{ Me }
{ Her }

distracting terrors thrill—
After Evening's vivid glow
Night's weird shadow riseth so,
Over Danube's western hill.

[*All rush frantically off. A discharge of fire-arms is heard.*
*General tableau. The curtain falls.**]

* The reader will observe in the foregoing scene liberties taken with the story, which neither Goëthe, nor Marlowe, nor the Spanish dramatist to whom both were indebted, warrant. An attempt has been obviously made by Mr. ———, to convert the beautiful scene of "He loves me—he loves me not," into what dear Lady ——— would have called "a piece of occasion."—*Haystack.*

SPRING-TIDE;

OR, THE ANGLER AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY PAUL PINDAR.

SECOND DAY.

Senex.—Julian.—Simon Paradise.

Julian. WELL, though not wedded to seclusion, I confess there are many charms in a country life; but much depends on association.

Senex. He only whose early days were spent amidst rural scenes can truly love the country. Yet, as I stroll through these meadows, I feel, though lovely to look upon, they are, to my eyes, less beautiful than they were. The cowslip and the hare-bell blossom still; trees that were young when I was a boy, are still growing, and looking green; the lark carols as blithely as ever; the grasshopper vaults as high, and chirps as gaily; and the thrush sings from the hawthorn that feeds him in the winter. While Nature each season renews her livery, man has but one Spring; and through the long vista of declining years regards the happy hours of youth as the first sinner looked back on Paradise.

Still glides the stream, and shall not cease to glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise—
We men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish.

J. I wonder what our friend Simon thinks of the country?

S. You can ask him. I'll wager he would prefer his own native meadows to the streets of London, notwithstanding the legends once current hereabouts that they are paved with gold. Believe me, the countryman looks anxiously for the return of the swallow and the cuckoo. Doesn't he, Simon? What is it they sing of the cuckoo in our country?

Simon.

The cuckoo's a vine bird,
A zengs as a vlies,
A brengs us good tidins,
And tells us no lies;
A zucks th' smael birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear,
And the mwore a cries "Cuckoo!"
The zummer draaws near.

Now, vor my paart, I dwont pertickler like the wosbird. A's too vond o' other people's whoams; and, as to a's *voice*, a allus zeams to I to ha' zummut in's kecker. If a'd yeat a feaw scare o' snails, as the black-birds and dreshes do, instead o' smael birds' eggs, a'd vind's zengin' mended 'oondervul, I'm zhure. But it's pleazant time when the cuckoo's about—that's zartin. The whate be chittin'; the mawing graass looks vrum; the elmin trees ha' got ael their leaves on, and the young rucks are makin' a caddle.

S. What other verse is it they have about the cuckoo?

Simon.

The Cuckoo comes in April,
Stays the month o' May ;
Zengs a zong at Midsummer,
And then a gwoes away.

S. Ay, that's it. The bird chooses the three most delicious months of the year ; and, though his name has become a byword among us, his advent glads the heart of man, notwithstanding his "note of fear." The small birds, however, give him a dusting occasionally, either out of revenge for the petty larceny he commits on them, or for his resemblance to the hawk, with whom they sometimes venture too far, as with the owl, and suffer for their temerity.

J. You spake of the thrush loving the hawthorn. There are several of those beautiful trees in this neighbourhood. One often sees them on the hills and downs, standing alone, their beautiful foliage exhibiting in strong contrast their gnarled and weather-beaten trunks. It is truly a most picturesque tree. Can you tell why they are so frequently seen thus detached ?

S. "A bird of the air shall tell of the matter." Many of them are of very great age. I can fancy the thrush, the ouzel, or the wood-pigeon, scared by the fowler in ancient times, dropping a berry here and there, which took root, to the amazement of the wandering swine-herd. The Anglo-Saxons regarded this tree with superstitious veneration ; and in some parts of Ireland, to this day, if you talk of cutting one down, you will create a terrible hubbub in the neighbourhood. I am hardly free from the imputation of tree-worship, so much denounced by the Anglo-Saxon laws, and have an especial regard for the hawthorn, beautiful at this season, while it teems with its delicious perfume, and cheerful to look upon, studded with countless ripening berries, when hoar winter nips both man and beast, and makes your hearthstone pleasanter than the meadows.

J. I have no doubt many of these trees are of a great age, coeval, perhaps, with the oldest oaks and yews in the kingdom. Old records tell us of several of the latter two ; but the hawthorn, perhaps, lost—if not its beauty—its dignity under the Norman rule. Speaking of the age of trees, did you ever notice the old saying that an oak is five hundred years growing, five hundred years in a state of maturity, and another five hundred decaying. You will find it among the quaint list of "de-maundes joyous," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1511.

S. From what we have confirmed, as to the age of the oak, there seems some truth in this saying of our forefathers. The oldest men in this neighbourhood, and some have reached eighty years, say they remember trees which are "not a mossle chainged" since they were breeched. But much has been written on ancient trees known to have been standing before the Conquest. Yonder is an elm, which was a lusty tree when the Parliament men chased the fugitive Royalists across these meadows.

J. Heaven grant that such quiet scenes may never again be the theatre of such fearful doings. History usually gives us but the outline of events, and many an episode of blood and pillage in those strife-fel days is lost to remembrance.

S. We may guess the fate of many a happy and innocent family at that period, abandoned to the rage and lust of an infuriate and licentious soldiery, whose characters may be inferred when we read of the

devices borne by their officers. One Middleton, a Parliament man, had for his device an armed figure killing a bishop, with the motto, "*Exosus Deo et sanctis*," and underneath "root and branch." Langrish, another captain, bore a death's head, with a bishop's mitre, and "*Mori potui quam papatus*." But nothing can exceed the impiety and indecency of some of the Royalist captains, who adopted devices and mottoes which can neither be described nor written down. But come, Simon waits for us below the bridge; let us see what sport we are to have this fine morning. Ha! the May-fly is rising; the angler will not leave the river with an empty pannier to-day. "The insect youth are on the wing," as Paley prettily expresses it.

J. When this fly is on the water, the fish will take no other, I have heard.

S. Ask those who told you so if they ever tried. But we will soon put it to the test. The mention of that dogma reminds me that last season, in the month of April, with a cold north-west wind, which curled the surface of the water well, I took, in a part of this stream, within the space of half-a-mile, sixteen brace of fine trouts, and most of them with the artificial May-fly, though, of course, not one of these creatures had made its appearance. I have been equally successful with the May-fly's "counterfeit presentment" in streams where that insect is never seen. The fact is, that when the trout is really inclined to feed, there are few things thrown lightly on the surface, or slowly drawn through the water, which he will not take.

J. I have often observed fish rise and take the leaves which on a windy day are blown into the river. This seems to favour your opinion.

S. True, but you will find the trout repeatedly reject them. I do not think them so obtuse as to seize everything as *food* which may fall near them; but, doubtless, experience, or perhaps instinct, prompts them to *examine* everything that comes in their way. Thus the hairy caterpillar, when feeding on a leaf, may, like the clown sawing the sign-board, on which he is perched, eat away until he is precipitated into the water. In this manner, though hardly discernible by us, the fish, perhaps, often devour any reptile or insect that may be launched on a floating leaf, which is sent adrift again as soon as it is cleared of the creatures sailing upon it. I have had wonderful sport in the months of August and September, the fish rising at almost every fly cast near them, while the leaves were falling occasionally, in consequence of a breeze. Now, then, on with a May-fly for "stretcher," and use a hackle for the "bob." Well, Simon, have you marked a good trout?

Simon. Eez, zur; there's a featish good un, just under thuck bank yander, if Measter Julian can crape along by them pales, and kip out o' zite.

J. I'll try, Simon. I see him rising. Now see me give him "the line of invitation." There! ha! he's gone!

S. Yes; there he goes up stream like a rocket. He saw the shadow of your rod. He is an old and cunning fish, and is not to be easily caught.

Simon. The best woy to catch *he* is to drow a leetle bit abooove, and let the vly zail auver hin.

J. That last word of our friend's puzzles me a little; is it a corruption of *him* or *it*?

S. It is no corruption, but the pure Saxon pronoun *hyn*; though, strange to say, the compilers of our provincial glossaries have not remarked it; a proof, one may easily perceive, that they have but a very slight acquaintance with the dialects they have undertaken to illustrate. The compilers of some of these works are greatly deceived if they suppose any English dialect is to be illustrated by merely turning over the leaves of an Anglo-Saxon dictionary. Others err as much in concluding, that, as a certain provincial word is not to be discovered in these vocabularies, it is necessarily not of Anglo-Saxon origin, and, having searched all the ancient northern tongues for derivations, boldly assume it was *imported*!

J. But, is not this word sometimes pronounced like *un*?

S. It is; and the same change was, doubtless, remarked by the scribes in Anglo-Saxon times; hence the variation which we find in their orthography, even in the same page.

J. Then there is the word "thuck," which I do not remember to have noticed before, though I have frequently remarked "thick."

S. The first word "thuck" is now not so frequently heard, and is only used by those who adhere to the "owld taak," as they style it. "Thick" is the natural corruption of "thilk," which you will find repeatedly in Chaucer, and "thuck" is an equally natural corruption of "thulk," which you will discover in Robert of Gloster's Chronicle, and in the MS. of Piers Ploughman, edited by Whitaker; so, you see, my friend here is only talking a language which the scholar and the gentleman once used.

Simon. Won't 'e try a leetle bit lower down, zur. Ize zartin zhure ye'll vind a girt un or two in the mill-tail, if zo be Measter Julian 'oud like to try a minney.

S. What say you to Simon's suggestion? Shall we walk to the mill-tail and try a minnow?

J. With all my heart. Come along; and, as we walk there, tell me what you have to say on "Ize" which I often hear in this neighbourhood.

S. Ha, there you almost bring me to a *non plus*, and I fear you will get, in this instance, conjecture only, the hobby-horse of etymologists, in the place of illustration. The use of "Ize" or "Ise," is not so easily explained. I have little doubt that it dates from the twelfth century; but I don't remember meeting with it earlier than in Chaucer, in whose inimitable "Canterbury Tales" *I is* is used for *I am*, both by the Clerk and by the Miller. I cannot tell whether the illustrious old poet meant this for a *provincial* form of speech; but it is very likely to have been so. The introduction of Norman French produced many hybrid words, and it probably led to "Ize." The use of the *w* for *v* is not confined to the cockneys, as some suppose: it is common in the county of Kent; but there you often find "*I are*" for *I am*, as the vulgar Breton says *Je sommes*! The "English of Kent," so much vaunted in old days, was doubtless a language to which Norman French was *adapted*, whereby it was made more cockney, and less truly English, than the dialects of the "Shires," as the county people of that county to this hour call the other parts of England.

J. I notice that they use "on" instead of *of*, almost invariably.

S. There is a precedent for that from the earliest times, and it was in use down to the seventeenth century. What says the song,

Complain my lute, complain *on* him.

In the headings of the chapters of "Reynard the Fox" you find how the different animals complained *on* him; and Dame Juliana Berners, counting the terms used by sportsmen in her day, when describing the ages of the deer, says,

And ye speke of the Bucke, the fyrst yere he is
A Fawne soukyng on his dam say as I you wys.

You laugh at my illustrations; but I think you will find that I have authority for what I have advanced.

J. In sober earnestness, I feel interested in them; and, henceforward, shall endeavour to become better acquainted with the language of your humble neighbours.

S. I am glad to hear your confession that I have not pleaded vainly in behalf of my smock-frocked friends and their dialect, which, though I am no philologist, I hope I have shewn is entitled to some consideration, if only on the score of its antiquity. And, now, let us try for one of Simon's trouts, for here is the mill-tail. Ho! Simon! a minnow for Mr. Julian. Why, what's the fellow about.

J. He's making a detour to avoid the miller's bees, who seem disposed to resent his entering their fee-simple without leave.

Simon. 'Begg yar pardon, zur; but they there wosbirds zeemed rayther cam and mischievul. When I went oon woy they wanted to gwo there too. Um zeemed minded to ha' a turn wi' I as they did wi' Jack Ockle.

S. Why, when was that, Simon?

Simon. Laast zummer, zur. Jack 'ad cot a girt beg trout just agin thuck pwoast, and a run backerds to kip's line tight, right bang auver oone o' they hives. Massey haugh! what a buzzin' and vizzin' there was, to be zhure! out um coomed like vengeance, and pitched into Jack as if they was mad. The miller zeed it ael, but cou'dn't come anighst un. Jack roared like a town-bull, and drowed down his rod, and jumped bang into the river to zave hizzelf; but the leetle wosbirds watched un till a coomed up, and went at un agen. Very lucky var'n it coomed on to rain very hard, and a craawled out purty nigh dead, wi' his yead and vace covered wi' stinges, zo that a cou'd only zee's woy whoam out o' the carner o' oone eye. Poor owld Molly cou'dn't thenk what galley craw 'twas as coomed whoam to her. "Who in the 'ouruld be you?" zays Molly. "Why, I'll be whipped if 't aint our Jack!" and awoy a hobbled up street to vetch Measter Smith, the cow-doctor. 'Twas a lang time avoor a looked like hizzelf agen.

S. A pretty episode in the life of an angler, and worthy to be recorded with the story I told you yesterday. Now, then, Julian, pitch your minnow into that eddy, and if you should peradventure hook a fish, be warned by the fate of Jack Ockle, and don't run down a bee-hive in your ecstasy. You have him! steady!—he's a fine fellow, and will fight for it; keep him clear of that post,—that's well—wind up. No! another plunge, and another! don't pull him against the stream, or he's lost. Get below, and gently tow him down towards that slope. Give me the landing net. There he is!—a fine fish, indeed; a good three-pounder, if I mistake not. Carry him into the miller's wife, and ascertain his weight, Simon. And, now, let me tell you a story of the voracity and daring of some of these larger fish, which, when not inclined to feed, you may tempt in vain, but at other times will suffer

themselves to be caught by the veriest bungler. An elderly gentleman, fishing at Rickmansworth, on the river Colne, in Hertfordshire, in the summer of 1815, having laboured all day with the fly, and contributed but little to his pannier, before quitting the water-side, be-thought him of having a venture with a snail, which he substituted for his artificial temptations. In a short time he struck a very heavy fish, which, after playing for a while, he at length brought to the surface of the water, though not sufficiently near enough to make sure of him. The fish was a large one; and, the captor's attendant having quitted the ground, and gone to a neighbouring cottage, he was left without a landing-net. There was, consequently, no alternative but "playing him till tired,"—an antiquated practice now-a-days, and never resorted to but in desperate cases, like the present. The creature at length appeared to be exhausted, and was towed to the bank; but the angler, in trying to lift him out of the water, tore the hook from his mouth, and the prize slowly sunk to the bottom. The stream was at that spot deep and clear, but not swift; and the angler had the mortification of seeing his trout lying gasping almost within his reach. Perplexed and baffled, he put on another snail; but without hope. By this time the fish had recovered, and began to move out into the middle of the stream. The snail was placed before him, and, wonderful to relate, he darted at it, gorged it, and struck off up the stream. This time the angler was more successful; and, after a struggle of some minutes, during which his attendant returned, the fish was landed, and found to weigh five pounds. This is a well-authenticated fact; and it is the more remarkable, as the fish must have seen his captor at their first encounter. But, here's Simon, with our fish. Well, what does he weigh?

Simon. Dree pound two ounces and a haaf, zur. A's a 'oondervul vine un, to be zhure. A's got a back like a peg. I 'oonders how many scare o' minnies it's tuck to vat'un.

S. I think we may try for another in this mill-tail. Let me fit you with another minnow. Cast over to the opposite bank, and draw it towards you. There,—you had a run!

J. Yes; he has taken my minnow, and got off.

S. Try again. Another minnow, Simon.

J. Here's another!

S. Steady. Ha! he's gone! you lost that fish by pulling him against the stream; and, if I mistake not, a portion of your tackle, to boot.

J. Yes; confound him! he has taken my hooks, and about a yard of foot-line. I feel as much ashamed of this as a Spartan would have been at the loss of his shield.

S. Don't fret about it. This is one of the chances of the angler; but, let me tell you, it is always most hazardous to pull a fish against the stream. It should ever be your especial care, the moment he is hooked, to get below him as promptly as possible. Let us proceed further up the river, and perchance we may, as we return, happen on this very fish. That this is not altogether impossible I will show you, as we walk along, in a story told me by an old angler some time since; though you may not recover your hooks in the same way. This gentleman was fishing for trout with a minnow, when, either from the inadvertence of which you were guilty, or some fault of his tackle, it was carried away by a lusty trout. Having refitted with a fly, he proceeded down the stream, and met with good sport. Returning by the pool,

where he had lost his tackle, he resolved to have another venture, and had scarcely made his cast, when he had the good fortune to hook a thumping fish. He was greatly surprised, however, to find that his acquaintance, after a few plunges, came to the surface of the water, reeling and dead-beaten. Having landed him, astonishment succeeded to surprise, when he discovered that, instead of hooking the fish, he had caught the dis severed tackle hanging from its mouth. During his absence the trout had evidently become exhausted by his endeavours to free himself from the hooks which he had carried away in the first assault. Here is a part of the stream where I have generally had good sport. We'll try it as far as that hawthorn-tree yonder, and then we'll see what Simon has in my second pannier in the way of luncheon, which we can eat beneath its shade, like true anglers, with the sauce of a good appetite. There, I think, if you can manage to cast your fly under those alder-bushes, you may raise a good fish; but, if you do, take care of that patch of weeds hard by.

J. I have him! he's a thumping fish: he took the fly slowly, and, you see, is gone to the bottom?

S. If I mistake not, you have hooked a chubb. Wind up a yard or two, and walk down stream with him. Yes; I guessed rightly. The landing-net, Simon,—there he is. He has taken your hackle, I see, as I predicted.

J. You have a quick eye for a fish. How did you know it was not a trout?

S. By the quiet manner in which he took the fly, and by his dull, leaden plunge. Though a large trout is not so brisk generally as a smaller one, he will give you infinitely more trouble than the chubb.

Simon. A's a martial timerzome vish, zur; but still um likes a good vat bait, too; 'specially a dumbledore.

S. Yes, Simon is quite right; and, therefore, when you do fish for chubb, use a good, large, hairy palmer, or an imitation of the humble-bee or dumbledore, as they call it hereabouts. I have seen some in the fishing-tackle shops in London, dressed to perfection. And now I shall cross the ford here, and give you the meeting at the old hawthorn-tree, near which there is a foot-bridge. You will find some good fish just where the bank rises—*au revoir*. Simon will accompany you.
[*Exeunt.*]

The Hawthorn Tree.—Senex.—Julian.—Simon Paradise, meeting.

S. Well, what sport? Your pannier, I hope, is heavier than when I left you.

J. Turn them out, Simon. I have not been idle, you see.

S. Faith, you have not. Six fine trout, and another chubb. Like Corax, the rhetorician, I begin to fear I have bred a scholar that excels his master. I have killed only a brace; but they are fine ones.

J. They are, indeed, and full fairly worth my six; but I am delighted with my morning's work, which has given me an appetite, I warrant you.

S. Let us sit down. Hand me the basket, Simon. What has good Mistress Gerard provided for us? A cold fowl, and a neat's-tongue. We might fare worse.

J. Ay, and have a worse appetite.

S. Though mine is generally good, I have wished sometimes for the

digestion of a ploughman. "Oh dura ilia messorum!" says Horace, who probably knew what a weak stomach was. I have often seen Simon here eat a couple of cucumbers, each more than a foot long, as mere adjuncts to a noontide meal. Eh, Simon?

Simon. Eeez, zur, um beant much when a body's lear. Our grammer used to zay yettin' too much was wus than drenkin' too much,— "the spit kills mwore than th' spigot."

S. A very good saying, too. Note, Julian, that Simon does not quote his *grammar* for this adage, but his *grandmother*; the word not being this time derived from the Anglo-Saxon, but from the Norman-French, *grandmere*. While on the subject of eating, let me tell you a story of our parish schoolmistress, who, some time since, when the children were kindly presented with a cake, became suddenly indignant at the youthful gormandizing, and cried out, "Well, I never did see children eat at such a rate! where's your manners? Put the rest in your handkerchers!"

J. Thank you, both for your illustration of grammer, and also for your anecdote; but, pray, what does Simon mean by *lear*?

S. That's a word which ought to be drafted into our next new dictionary. "*Lear*" expresses the state of stomach for which "*hungry*" is not sufficiently descriptive; and, as it is a good Anglo-Saxon word, I recommend it to the notice of our lexicographers. The Germans have it; but with them I believe it merely stands for empty. Its use is not confined to this part of the country.

J. It is "an excellent good word," as Ancient Pistol phrases it. My own stomach readily supplies the gloss—I feel *lear*. Let us fall to, at once.

S. I know of nothing more beneficial to digestion than a day's fly-fishing. You will often eat your snack in this way with a better relish than a dinner at a wealthy friend's, who has laboured to bring every dainty in season before you. Even this food, however, is luxurious compared with the hard and simple fare of hundreds around us. But this gossiping of an old man must tire you.

J. Nay—nay: I thought you knew me better. Though I cannot enter entirely into all your feelings, I am a lover of gossip and of the picturesque; and, if a man will not talk unprofitably, he will find me a patient *listener*. There is no scandal in your discourse; and, therefore, I derive both pleasure and profit from it.

S. They are not all pearls that fall from the wisest lips; but, if I do not always discourse wisely, I shall not offend your ears with evil reports. No, as Wordsworth sings:—

Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

Come, let us be moving again. There be yet "lusty trouts" on the feed. [*Exeunt.*]

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

REMY BELLEAU, "the Painter of Nature," according to his contemporaries, has bequeathed to posterity a description of APRIL in her garniture of loveliness. We have read and re-read these verses, and each time with an increase of pleasure. They raise up bright and beautiful visions of the painter's art, spreading before our captivated sight fair scenes of trees and woods and winding streams, where the sprouting leaf and bursting blossom gem the purple spray ; where green meadows stretch away to some blue river's brim, whose sparkling waters feed a million dainty buds up-peeping from the tender grass.

Nor is it a picture only that we see ; the bud knits, the branch waves, the blade quickens, the stream passes onwards, and the cloud fleeces by ; nay, we hear the sigh of the zephyr, the triumphant horns of the plundering little bees, that know not moderation in spoil, and the soul-stealing song of

" Le gentil rossignolet."

Yes, Remy, we are tempted to become idolatrous, to burn odours at the shrine of

" Avril, le grace et le ris
De Cypris,"

and with thee, to hail her

" L'honneur et des bois
Et des mois."

We open our eyes ; for, be it known, that we had closed them in order to more thoroughly contemplate and enjoy the delicious penciling of the poet—we open our eyes, after feasting we know not how long, and all is over. Farewell the meadows and the beechen trees, the zephyrs and the nightingale ! We are in partial darkness ; puss is nodding drowsily on the rug, and the kettle (we have an out-of-date fondness for that domestic syren) singing shrilly on the hob, and steaming mightily with her exertions. Our candles are gone out with an unpleasant savour, telling not of "*l'odeur de la plaine* ;" and the fire burns dimly, discovering to our troubled gaze fantastic and somewhat elf-like apparitions of a half-dozen antique, carved, and tall-backed chairs, formally regarding each other ; and a sideboard of grim mahogany, surmounted by a portrait of our great-grandfather in a full-botomed wig and Pompadour coat. We rub our eyelids, and endeavour to arrange our bewildered ideas. Where are we ?—those pictures—all Rembrandts in the flattering *clair-obscur*—yon old china ornaments, moping and mowing at us in the flickering light ; those heavy curtains, dark as funeral pall ; that carpet, strewn with books and blotted MSS. Pah ! this is not the musky breath of the pink or the eglantine, but the vile expiration of tallow.

No !—we are *not* quietly ruminating in some flowery field ; the "tea-things" lie beside us, the last drop of Hyson is in our cup, and "La Première Journée de la Bergerie" in the fender. Now, courteous reader, we beseech thee not to innocently or maliciously detract from the merits of our bard, by opining from the preceding that the influence of his verse was somniferous, and that we have been unconsciously napping. Not so, we assure thee ; we were in a reverie of delight.

But we are recalled to ourselves: the day-dream is flown; an un-philosophical sense of vexation creeps over us—our temper is turned—the rigidity of the critic pervades us—his acidity steals into our blood; we are discontented and bitter—we have broken the wand of the wizard and scorched his book, and blurred out his landscapes; if they be still beautiful, it is as the colourings of the once wonder-working Turner's incomprehensible fancy, wherein, though the rainbow be simulated, form there is none.

Yea, Belleau, we are dissatisfied, offended, surprised. Thine "*Avril*" is imperfect; thy "*douce espérance*" a deceiver. We have counted the stanzas—thirteen, "full and fair" are they; and yet hast thou failed to dedicate even one to the festival which renders thy month as welcome to the youngsters of modern times as it ever was to the Romans of yore. The revels of the hilarious, the practical pleasantries of the facetious, and the sly witticisms of the small *beaux-esprits*, with the denunciations and discomfiture of the sacrifices that greet the **FIRST OF APRIL** have no place in thy song.

In this, Remy, thou hast been guilty of a sin of omission, of which thou shalt never be absolved by the patronisers of broad grins and "heart-easing mirth." *What* to them are your fine buds and wreaths, your zephyrs and your "*moisson de senteurs*?" *What* to them your honeyed adulation of your "*Dame*," and your raptures about the nightingale? Stuff, nonsense, bother, blarney, trash, anything but the right thing! No, Remy, you burked the spirit of drollery, turned a cold shoulder on

"Jest and youthful Jollity;"

and shamefully blotted out

"Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles:"

and for this "high crime and misdemeanour" Momus eschews you, Euphrosyne disdains you, and

"Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides,"

shall look sourly upon you *for ever*.

Unfortunate and misjudging bard! Better mightst thou have depicted the starry firmament without stars, a battle-field without bloodshed,

"Les tresses blondillettes"

of thy "ladye love" without beauty. We sigh for thee, we blush over thy delinquency; but we abjure—we abandon thee! *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet omitted; the Vatican without the *Loggie*; the Sistine Chapel without the sublime conceptions of Michael Angelo were pardonably imperfect compared with April sans *All Fool's Day*.

Cruikshank, our inestimable favourite, has illustrated our theme with an *overflowing* humour: it is quite true that a more elaborate effort would be infinitely worthy of his genius. The print to which we allude is a small oblong etching, slightly but happily handled: the place, a street; the time, noon; the weather "pluvial," in the language of the "*Vox Stellarum*," or heavy-wet, in more popular parlance; in fact, one of April's showers is descending with headlong rapidity, as if it not only had to summon the "May flowers" in most wonderful haste, but wished to have sport and "make fools" into the bargain.

And the pedestrians?—ah, cruel George!—ah, still crueller April! The pedestrians are of the softer sex; one, short as the 20th of December, the other tall as a Grenadier Guardsman; one, fat and “elderly,” the other lean and *un peu passée*. Amiable sufferers! they are in *St. Swithin’s Lane*, close to *Bath Court*, and wading by the “*depôt*” of “J. GINGHAM, Umbrella Manufacturer.” Disgust and despair wrestle in the countenance of the junior, and a noble contempt of mud and splashes and damp drapery dignifies that of the senior fair. The former seems grown

“To hideous shape of Dierihedd;”

vinegar, verjuice, and wormwood are visible in the twist of her lip and the sharp pinch of her nose; the latter, by reason of her plenitude of flesh, is far less disconcerted, her back is broader, and the rushing torrent sits more easily upon it. But can

“The wit and wale of womanhood”

enable our heroines to endure the trial? Behold! drenched muslins and dishevelled ringlets; dripping boas and bedraggled feathers; and, ah dire calamity! ah heart-piercing misery! the *new* bonnets—the spring fashions—sporting in a too fond reliance upon the faithless assurances of an April sun,—saturated, sopped, irretrievably ruined; summer parasols, of Lilliputian circumference, permitting the laughing tears of the most fickle of all months to run in fifty perpendicular streams upon the unfortunate wearers.

Now would not one imagine that a situation like this would move a very flint to pity; that beauty in distress would be viewed with a romantic tenderness, and that Gingham would rush from his counter with his best bow, and the very choicest and largest *parapluie* in his shop? But stay! we forget—we wander back into the dust of centuries, and resuscitate the days of knight-errantry. Let us be composed,—let us banish the indignant hue from our brow, and subdue the fierce plunge of our heart. True, chivalry is extinct, and the flower of La Mancha no more, but, certes, these afflicted damsels shall not be victimised in honour of *the day*! certes, their misfortunes, if not their sex, will protect them from the foul machinations of school-boys and chimney-sweepers,

“Who seeing them, with secret joy therefore
Do tickle inwardly in every vein.”

Danger is near them; the festivals of “the First” are celebrating. Observe! an unhappy wight who had innocently taken refuge from the rain beneath a well-primed *shower-bath* on the footway, is issuing from it like a drowned rat, having been hydropathetically experimented upon by two or three gibing rogues, who are plainly saluting him with the customary title. We look again,—we breathe more freely,—the shower-bath is evidently exhausted, and the ladies are untempted by the retreat; but a graceless urchin tries to increase the perplexities of the obese fair, by pointing to her outstepped foot, and politely assuring her that *her shoe is untied*. Smother the shout on thy lips, little funnidos; vain are thy hopes of a grin! Fierce as Bellona when striding to the field,—determined as Penthesilea in the tide of battle, the scornful dame moves on with the massive tread of an elephant in a rice field, she carrieth her nose aloft, and purseth up her mouth in disdain at this blundering attack on her sagacity, for—*she weareth no*

shoe; and, thanks to that non-descript "Injy-rubber," her boots are not subject to the *misgivings* of laces.

Although long past the period of its juvenescence, and consequently deprived of so much of its freshness as to be rejected by the fastidious, the plot of the shoe-string is still perseveringly laid by little boys, rendered bold by their first velveteens, who, watching their moment and victim, in a childish treble, and with well nigh irrepressible inclinations to flight, accost some very feeble old lady, or small timid girl, with

"If you plethe, marm, your thoo'th untied!"

"Lauk, miss! your thring'th undone!"

These are the immature Trojans who, emerging from petticoats, suddenly grow sufficiently valorous to ask, with an air of much court-eous anxiety, "If your mother knows you're out?" or whether she has "sold her mangle;" and to sing with pensive tenderness, "*All round my 'at*." But they are as yet the small fry of persecutors, the unfledged, the unskilled,—mere kittens of six weeks, compared to the regular bred mouser.

There are others—stout errand-lads in fustian and corduroy—who ring boldly at area bells, and, *sotto voce*, as having been cautioned, inform the gaping servant that

"A dark young man, wery fashionably drest, is a vaitin' for her in the square."

Or perhaps the presumed ambassador words it with Spartan brevity, as that

"She knows 'oo is stannin' round the corner to see her."

The bait is attractive and powerful, but does not invariably take, and sometimes the young gentlemen catch a Tartar, and the contents of a slop-basin delivered with hearty good will. More often the honeyed line succeeds: your soft-hearted country girls, fresh from the south, are not alive to the snare. Poor Dolly! with cheeks like a Devonshire red, and eyes twinkling with joy, listens to the fictitious appointment; she has or has not "a dark young man," no matter which. If she have, and he is a swan to her, he may be a crow to others. Love lightens all that it looks upon, and Othello was not black to Desdemona; and if she have *not*, so much the better: "Some grand gentleman,—O goodness gracious! p'raps a dook,—has seen her, and is desperate in love with her, just like the young squire with Miss Pamela!" and straightway she slips into the kitchen, smears over her face with the jack towel, whips on her bonnet with "red ribbons," snatches a peep in the looking-glass, and with the never-failing jug and "the key" in the hand, steals out to the rendezvous.

Alas! too confiding maiden, instead of the "dark young man" in his "Sunday clothes," or the heart-smitten duke, all powder and lace and embroidery, a rabble of dirty-faced brats, from seven to fifteen, hustle thee as thou trippest "round the corner" into the square, and saluting thee with divers popular gesticulations and watch-words, and wild shouts and uproars of merriment, hail thee as "Hapril Fool! Hapril Fool!" while the treachous messenger, feigning surprise, cries out, "Lor, miss! I'm wery sorry you've so many hadmirers: well, I never!"

Betrayed Dolly, burning with fury and mortification, half stunned and blinded, being completely "*bonneted*" with her "best Tuscan with cherry-coloured bows," and having her apron reversed in posi-

tion, escapes from her tormentors, not till she has laid about her in right earnest, and made the weight of her arguments felt; but when she *does* effect her retreat, she is right-royally attended by an enthusiastic multitude, who, with cheers and complimentary epithets, express their sense of satisfaction and their personal esteem.

* * * * *

To detail the witty pranks would be a task as endless as that of counting the sands of the sea. From the never-doubting urchin of eight, who wins Molly to let him slip out at six in the morning to keep an engagement with "one of the big boys" in Battersea Fields, "to sit upon mushrooms and milk ducks," to the soot-visaged lad who runs the length of the town to receive the contents of a squirt in his face, as the "*something greatly to his advantage*," of which he has been advertised in a letter by post;—from poor Dolly Gudgeon and the "shy" little damsel at school who is told by her mates that "governess has got a plum bun for her, if she goes up and asks for it," to the knowing one upon 'Change, who bustles about, cracking his joke on his neighbour, and unconscious that the back of his own coat presents a humorous drawing in chalk, rapidly sketched in by his partner in fun,—Men, Women, and Children, grave and gay, rich and poor, there are few who, from their personal experience, cannot add to the catalogue of dainty devices.

Ah, Remy! despite of thy disdainful neglect, still shall the festival be recorded. And now will we open our mouth, and, in imitation of Mother Shipton of old, prophesy a prophecy.

When "*le jour de l'an*" is a stranger to *bonbons*, and Twelfth Night loseth Cake and Character;—when the Fourteenth of February is innocent of love letters, and Shrove Tuesday heareth not the frying of Pan-cakes;—when the First of March is unproductive of Leeks, and the Seventeenth of Shilelahs and Shamrocks;—when Good Friday is unmarked by Cross-buns, and Easter Monday rejoiceth no more in her Cockney Hunt;—when the Twenty-ninth of May is barren of Oak-boughs and Apples of Hesperides;—when WELLINGTON and the Eighteenth of June are forgotten;—when St. Swithin sheddeth no more tears, and the green codling remaineth unchristianed;—when the Fourth of August bringeth not oysters to Billingsgate;—when the First of September is no longer fatal to Partridges, and the Twenty-ninth to fat geese;—when the Fifth of November faileth to gladden Boys of fifteen and fifty, with bon-fires and crackers and Catherine wheels and impenitent Guys;—when the Ninth is stript of its "show by land" and its "show by water," of its "Lord Mayor's coach," and its "city state barge," of its "men in armour," and its "Gog and Magog," and its rivers of turtle, and its huge sea of *bouches beautés*;—when the Thirtieth hath no Thistle to place on the gallant breast of the Highlander;—when the Twenty-fourth of December lacketh apples and snap-dragon;—the Twenty-fifth, turkey, and chine and plum-pudding, and the Twenty-sixth, "Boxing" and black eyes, and the First night of the Pantomimes,—WHEN all this cometh to pass, but not till then, shall the FIRST OF APRIL and "*the Feast of Fools*" remain unsung.

WHITEHALL, AND ITS PREDECESSORS.

THE OLD PALACE OF WESTMINSTER,—YORK PLACE.

I WONDER whether those gentlemen of the wig and gown, who parade Westminster Hall, ever give a thought to days gone by? It is not to be expected, I must allow, from any one in full practice to dwell upon the remembrance which has haunted me, who, to be candid, have passed beneath the peerless roof of that structure, day after day, to little purpose save to wear out my shoes, and to dash the powder from my wig, with certain actions of despair, with which I will not trouble the too pensive public. To close the theme at once, I am one of those unfortunates, who being called to the bar, have never since had any other call in a legal way. My spirit being disappointed, necessarily becomes romantic. Carlyle has recklessly coupled the Past and the Present together. Alas! how little they agree! The past for me for ever—it costs nothing. The present—ehue! for my rent, and my coal bill, and my clerk's wages, and my laundress, and my tailors, and my boot-maker, and—but complaining never did any man good.

Well might the district now called Westminster be termed Thorney Island,—prophetically, I presume, in relation to the battalions of starving barristers who daily frequent it;—literally, the learned tell us, because it was overgrown with thorns, and surrounded by water. This was in ages that one strives to think of. In the time of the Mercian King Offa, before whose dark era was built (I hate dates, but they look knowing), in 616, the Minster, or Church of St. Peter,—and hence, gentle or ungentle reader, as chance may be, that name of West Minster, which comprises so many pleasing, and, to the briefless, displeasing associations. There was a monastery, too, established in this dangerous place, or, as it is described in the old grants, in “*loco terribili*,” and, moreover, long before the red-haired William came to oppress his subjects, and to erect, from the pillage of the church, the Hall, there was a king's palace in this place, contiguous to the monastery. Twelve Benedictine monks from Glastonbury,—stern, yet sly, personages, had, from their proximity, an opportunity of intimacy with King Canute, to whose reign the first trace of a palace is derived, and afterwards with the gentle Confessor, in whose reign, alas! this said palace was burned down, or said to be burned down, for antiquaries differ as to the fact.

It seems, however, indubitable, that Edward the Confessor had a palace here, in which he lived, whilst occupying himself in building the Minster, dedicated to God and to St. Peter. Having finished this good work, he died;—the very hour of his death being announced to him by the delivery of a ring and message from St. John the Evangelist—I write in the spirit of the monkish chroniclers,—and a miracle being afterwards exhibited on his tomb in the Minster.

How little we think of all these matters now-a-days! There, where that stand of hackney coaches accommodates the country cousins who are turning into the Hall, dwelt the saintly Confessor,

in such odour of sanctity, that when in the country, the nightingales having once disturbed his devotions, he prayed that the note of that bird might never more be heard in that place—and mute were the groves of that district for ever more. Picture to yourself, my unknown friends of the public, there—where the omnibuses run—betwixt Parliament Street and the Houses of Parliament,—the pious processions of the pure Saint Edward, “abstracted,” as his monkish panegyrists have it, “from all fleshly delights,” scandalized even by the thrill of a poor bird. There he goes,—just where that barrow-woman sits with her basket of apples—followed by his grim Benedictines, holding candles, to the shrine of Our Lady. I see, in thought, his upraised eyes and folded hands. I follow him, even to his burial, in that same Minster, and hear the requiem, and am dazzled with the torches, and am moved even to tears by the sighs and groans of an assembled multitude, who attend him to his entombment, and in whose hearts the remembrance of the gentle Edward long dwelt.

The ungainly Rufus, building his fortunes on his brother Robert's rashness, hastened to plant his greatness in the palace of Westminster. Nature seemed to have forestalled the voice of the public, who called this King “Brute,” and to have impressed on his features, his voice, his passions, his actions, the worst characteristics of that age in which he lived. Rufus, unlike his father, who was handsome and well proportioned, had a vulgar presence; he was only of a middle stature, and had the crime of being fat; his hair of a deep yellow, his eyes were speckled, and of two different colours, and his face was very red. Unlike his father, too, who, though severe in countenance, could assume an irresistible sweetness of look, *his* visage never relaxed from its harshness; his voice was low, and he was vociferous, without being eloquent. The Conqueror had many great and noble qualities, which redeemed his oppressions;—his son displayed not one. The Conqueror was pious and temperate,—the son a blasphemer and licentious. According to the clergy, whom he hated, he had neither honour, nor faith, nor benevolence. He was even prone to atheism, and, at all events, treated saints and martyrs with open disrespect. To crown the whole, Rufus was passionately fond of personal decoration, which led him into many innovations. I see him, in my day dreams, in a tunic, indeed, but a tunic amplified and lengthened, so as to lose the convenient and manly character which it bore, whilst his linen vestment underneath it even trails on the ground. Over his shoulders he wears a rich mantle of the finest cloth, lined with black sable, whilst his peaked-toed shoes excite, almost as much as his rapine, the anger of the monkish tribe. His face is no longer shaved, but a beard descends, *kept in countenance* by flowing ringlets, which were deemed by the good almost as sinful as heresy.

Such was the founder of Westminster Hall. He did, however, much for our poor oppressed metropolis; for he was a gentleman of a very magnificent taste, even in the article of inexpressibles. One day, his valet-de-chambre bringing him a pair of breeches only worth three shillings, Rufus's face became scarlet with passion. He bade the man never to dare to bring his Kingship any pair that cost less than a mark. Indeed, he had a great reverence for that same Kingship. “Did you ever hear of a King being drowned?” was his

contemptuous expostulation to an attendant who entreated him not to put out to sea in foul weather. Rufus set the country that example of parade said to be peculiar to the English from time immemorial ; for we are, according to Hentzner, "lovers of show, liking to be followed wherever we go by troops of servants, who wear their masters' gems in silver, fastened to their left arms." So might be seen, his red face peeping through his vizor, "the Brute," riding forth from the palace, followed by his men-at-arms, rarely going to mass, if ever, and introducing—I blush to say it of my favourite Normans—that vice of swearing, which is one of the customs of antiquity still held to by the lower classes.

So superb a genius could not long be contented with the paltry old house, or palace, which had served King Canute and St. Edward indifferently well. By "Saint Luke's face!" (the King's accustomed oath) he would have a Hall first, next a Palace,—and a Hall he had. Amid the groans and curses of his oppressed subjects, the structure was raised. The period was marked by dire portents, and dismal accidents and judgments. Earthquakes affrighted both high and low ; a comet hovered over the city ; but what was the most horrible, a spring, that once gushed out pure water, ran blood, some say, for three days, others for a fortnight, consecutively ; and this—for the fable is told with a circumstance—at Finchamstead, in Berkshire. As if the elements had not done enough, a fire broke out in suffering London, and desolated that conquered city.

The crouching people marvelled at these events, but the erection of the Hall went on. We look upon it now as a detached building, and, as such, deem it a noble edifice ; but it was merely an ante-chamber to the palace of the King's imagination.

Its timber roof, to begin at the very highest point, is a masterpiece of carpentry, and shows that our ancestors had more science in them than we wot of. For it is framed upon this principle ; the property of the triangle, which is this : that while the length of the sides remains the same, the angles are unchangeable ; and in this case, all the pieces of timber are arranged to form the sides of triangles, and thus all the joints are rendered fixed and immovable. Thus, remarks an ingenious engineer, Mr. Rolf, "what would at first sight have the appearance of being a weight on the roof, is in fact its strength and safety." Our ancestors were not ashamed of their roofs, nor did they attempt to conceal them, but, proud of their construction, exposed them to view, decorating them in the most prominent parts.

Of a noble length—two hundred and forty feet from north to south, in width proportionate—sixty-eight feet from east to west ; in height ninety-two feet ;—one might have expected that the "Brute," coming home from his Norman territory, might think well of this fine Chamber. Fancy him going, one fair morning, followed by his belted knights (swearing furiously, no doubt), to hold his court there. How the helmets glittered in the sunbeams which came through the windows that day ! and how the heavy person of the King pressed down the rushes wherewith the flooring of the Hall was covered for his service. Some of his retinue, who had groaned perhaps under taxation, having remarked that the Hall was too large, larger than it should have been, were rebuked by a contradiction "that it was too small, and only a *bed-chamber*"—

thus spoke the King—"to the Palace he should build." He was, however, mistaken; and the brave though remorseless Rufus, who had figured in so many bloody skirmishes, was doomed to perish in a pastime. Some say he was warned in a dream of the danger he would run if he hunted on that memorable day on which he was slain; but as a monk had dreamed the dream, the King merely scoffed at it, and sent the man a hundred shillings to dream a better dream; and so, fearless as he was, he was killed by a spent dart, on which he is believed by some to have fallen, sped by the fatal hands of Walter Tyrrel. His successor was vastly anxious to get him buried, and Westminster had not the honour of receiving his pierced corpse;—into Winchester was it interred with indecent haste, being entombed the very day after his death.

The great "Bed-chamber" stood alone, therefore, in all its splendour; and the Church, which had been heavily taxed, began to breathe again; and we find little mention of additions to the Palace, although the court was always held there, until the third Henry exhibited his princely taste by enlarging and improving both the monastic and palatial edifices of West-Minster. He laid the foundation of Saint Mary's Chapel at the end of Saint Peter's, and on the site of Henry the Seventh's Chapel; and he betook himself, not only to making additions to his Palace, but to furnishing and decorating it;—all of which he drew out of the pockets of his subjects. The embroiderer, the goldsmith, the jeweller, were his frequent counsellors and company. Yet, even then, the domestic arrangements of our ancestors were not inviting.

The old Palace of Westminster might not, therefore, in point of interior accommodation, bear the inspection of a modern groom of the chamber, but in its perfection—in which it existed until the *second* fire, (called by Stowe a "vehement fire,") which injured it, in 1298—it must, indeed, have been a most commodious and extensive building, according to the wants and habits of the time.

Gallant days were those, in which Edward I. assembled at Westminster his three hundred young nobility and knights, to be equipped for the Scottish invasion. The Palace, which had recently suffered so much dilapidation, was found too small to contain half of the assembled aristocracy, who repaired, therefore, to the New Temple, cutting down trees in the progress, that booths and stands might be erected for the show. Prince Edward (the Black Prince) meantime, had watched all the long night previously by the shrine of Saint Edward in the Abbey, before the solemn act of his knight-hood. He was attended by the noblest of the young knights, in this act of duty. On the morrow, the king girded his son with the belt of a knight, and gave him the Duchy of Aquitaine. Then went forth the brave youth to show himself to his associates in arms; and the service of the choir in the Minster was drowned in the clang of trumpets. Such was the throng around the high altar, that two knights died, and several fainted away, although each knight had two or three people to defend him. At last, the altar being cleared, the Prince girded his companions. Then were brought two swans, adorned with gold nets, and gilded ornaments, to the king, when the monarch made that famous vow of arms, one of the usual chivalric observances of the day, which was the pattern of many similar ceremonies. Viewing the swans, the king vowed to Heaven and

the saints, that he would go to Scotland, dead or alive, to revenge the death of John Comyn ; adjuring the Prince and the other great men of the land, to give him their promise that if he should die, his body should remain unburied until they had triumphed over the perfidious king. Before the altar, and through the lofty aisles, resounded the voices of the young and brave ; and assurances were given that the Vow of the Swans should be fulfilled.

The Palace was, however, still a ruin ; but was restored in the reign of the second Edward ; and various fresh erections were constructed previous to the coronation of that monarch. Fancy, my patient reader, if you can, this old structure, of Anglo-Saxon origin, standing on the same plot of ground as that on which our new Houses of Parliament are erected. But then it was environed, except where the Thames, on the eastern side, laved its very foundations, by herbaries, vineries, and gardens, both within and without the Palace and its tower. It had two ponds for fish, which in those days of fasting were an indispensable addition. It had a falconry and a conduit, and even a gaol, for offenders within the precincts of the court ; and this is proved by old documents to have been situated near the well known Painted Chamber. There was an almonry, and a vast storehouse ; to say nothing of a plumber's shop, and other similar appendages ; all these, together with the main body of the building, of which I shall anon present a picture, occupied that plot of ground which extends from the Thames to St. Margaret's Church, is bounded by Bridge Street, formerly the Woolstaple, on the north, and by College Street on the south.

What a pleasant, suburban village must Westminster then have been ;—and how grandly must the old palace have risen, with its arched entrances, and battlemented tops amid vineries and trellices ; and how pleasantly the barges must have floated by, towards the aristocratic region of the Strand ; whilst dames looked forth from their lattices, or trod in dignity the walks of the herbaries, or kitchen-garden ;—of flowers, there were but few cultivated ? And then, there was the lesser or private palaces, as well as the greater : so that all was not state nor pomp, but merriment, such as old England has always relished vastly, went on. Of this lesser palace,—for a third fire, in spite of the river—in spite of the conduit—in spite of belted knights, who made perchance too free with the strong waters—occurred, no trace is left. It was burned down in the reign of Henry VIII. ; and we can only imagine how picturesque, and how pleasant outside ; how gay, but not cleanly, inside, it must erst have been. It contained, however,—this we do know, thanks to a roll in the King's Remembrancer's Office, a lesser Hall, the walls of which were provided with corbels, both within and without, of Caen and Reigate freestone ; with a timber roof, ornate and massive ; a Queen's Hall, nursery chambers for infant royalty ; a maydenhalle, for the queen's maids of honour, besides wardrobes, and galleries, and chambers, for the various members of the household.

Then there was the King's "White Chamber," which, together with many passages, galleries, &c. was distinguished by a diversity of coping ; this, too, overlooked the gay, and at that time, sparkling river. Such were the domestic portions of the Palace ; they are clean gone, for ever ; but of the greater Palace many tracts were

entire, previous to the last fire, in our own days ; for *five times* has this doomed edifice been in conflagration.

All the state offices, the festive halls, the royal chapel, and the chief apartments of our sovereigns, were on the eastern side of the Old Palace. There stood the Painted Chamber, bearing the name of St. Edward's Chamber, in honour of the Confessor, who built it, until the time of Henry III., when it was first called the Painted Chamber. This apartment had, before the late fire, two floors, the one tessellated, and the other boarded. The paintings from which it derived its latter appellation were concealed, from the time of Charles II. to the year 1800, by curious old tapestry, representing the siege of Troy. It was the room in which conferences were held between the Lords and Commons : it was the scene in which the death warrant of Charles I. was signed. It is now the House of Lords. Extending at a right angle from the east end of the Painted Chamber, stood once the old Parliament Chamber, rebuilt on the foundation of St. Edward's Palace. It was pulled down in 1823,—why, it is not easy to imagine, unless there be as much satisfaction in the present day in demolishing what is good, as there seems to be in erecting what is bad. Here sat the old House of Lords—the House which Guy Fawkes, in the vaulted chamber beneath, purposed elevating rather more loftily than they thought for, yet the feat was no easy one, for the walls were seven feet in thickness ; and Henry II., who erected this part of the old structure, used the vault as a kitchen, for in our own days have the buttery-hatch, and an ambry, or cupboard, been discovered near the south end.

Another feat of annihilation levelled to the ground the Prince's Chamber, or Robing-room, with its foundations of the Confessor's reign, and its lancet windows of that of Henry III. ; its oil-paintings of angels, holding crowns, and its capitals, whence groinings sprang, once richly gilt, and then (in that ever accursed 1823) blue and red, two of them exhibiting the busts of Edward I. and his Queen Eleanor, carved in Reigate stone, the faces coloured to resemble life, though with gilt hair and crowns, doubtless, accurate portraits. It was from the vaults beneath this apartment that Guy and his fell and desperate associates had access into those beneath the old House of Lords.

Then comes the original Whitehall of the old Palace, long used as the Court of Requests, and now honoured by the gentle bickerings of our honourable House of Commons. There it sits—it lounges—it sleeps—it groans—it cries hear, hear ! and all in a chamber said to be of the Confessor's time ; at all events, of a very early Norman period. What is to become of *this* chamber, with the bold zigzag mouldings of its windows, when our new palace of Westminster is completed ? Is Edward the Confessor to be fairly eradicated from his beloved Westminster ?

I hasten from this painful surmise to point out the chapel, the noblest erection of all this stately structure. King Stephen, in the midst of his wars and tumults, founded, of course, a chapel. Such an act was the usual *placebo* to troubled souls, and scared consciences.

Near this sacred structure was the little chapel of St. Mary de la Mewe, our Lady of the Mew—where Richard II. made his votive

offerings to the Virgin, before he went out to meet Wat Tyler. On the eastern side of the old Palace, close to the bank of the Thames, stood several buildings belonging to the exchequer; and adjoining to these on the north, there was an old archway which communicated with a passage to the river. In this part of the edifice was situate the infamous Star Chamber, abolished by parliament in 1641. The roof, beneath which the doomed received their sentence of fine or imprisonment, was studded with gilded stars; this chamber was of the Elizabethan age, and the date, 1602, was over one of the doorways. Its elegant appellation, '*Camera Stellata*,' was derived from its rich ceiling of oak, and curiously devised. Here, in this secluded nook, was English justice insulted, and innocence made to pay the penalty of guilt.

Of all these various and interesting compartments, illustrating as they must have done the state festivities and the domestic diversions of our ancestors, the Hall alone remains entire. Of all the English kings who had enlarged, rebuilt, or decorated their palace at Westminster, Rufus alone, could he arise from the tomb, would know his own handy-work; *his* handy-work, for the tradition that Richard II. pulled down and rebuilt the Hall seems to be of doubtful authenticity.

Many a peril has this structure escaped—perils of flood and flame. At the very time of a royal marriage—that of Henry III.—the river Thames unceremoniously flowed into the Palace, and so covered the area of the Hall, that it might, in the middle, be passed in boats, and people rode through it on horseback.

In the days of Elizabeth, Westminster Hall was so full of water that a wherryman rowed over the bridge into the Palace Court.

Again, in the reign of James I. the marshes and low grounds were flooded, and the water rose so high in King Rufus' "Bedchamber," the Great Hall, that after it abated, fish were found there—this is no fable, but the statement of the grave Stowe.

By fire the danger has been far more imminent, and the escape, consequently, more wonderful. Three conflagrations have I rehearsed; a fourth took place in 1512, when the Great Hall was again preserved from injury, but the Palace was for ever abandoned as a residence, serving only for feasts and coronations, or for arrangements, and courts of justice, but desecrated, alas the pity! occasionally, in former days, by the stalls of apprewomen and other craft, beneath its lofty roof. Henry VIII. was, indeed, the last monarch who resided at the old Palace; and, after the fourth year of his reign, he left it for safer and more tenantable habitations. His best days, indeed—his purest—his peace fullest were passed in the mouldering and damp Palace of Saint Edward with Katharine of Arragon. Here figured his fair sister Mary, whose gentle influence may also have stayed his wild passions, and her gallant admirer and future husband Charles Brandon, whom she loved before her marriage to Louis of France, and who, amid the pageants and the joists, saw but her image. Here figured the lofty mother of Anne Boleyn in the mask and the dance—here the gallant race of the doomed Howards, gorgeously apparelled, "with divers and curious devices of cuts and embroideries," went forth, under the high-sounding name of the Knights of Pallas to the lists within the precincts of the Palace. They were met by Diana's knights, who were the champions of the

fair. The knights or *scholars* of Pallas bore as their prize a crystal shield, and the bases and bands of their horses were embroidered with roses and pomegranates of gold; those of Diana's knights with the bramble bush. Nor was the patience of the spectators, rich and poor, high and low, met together, tried by a delay between the courses, that period being filled up by a pageant. Streams of Rhenish wine for the multitude ran, meantime, from the mouths of sculptured animals; and all this—it seems like the dream of the moonstruck—where your policeman walks in his shining hat and trim suit, or where yon beggar entreats you to buy a farthing's worth of lucifer matches!

I could dwell on these days long—for those that succeeded them were so gloomy, so unsettled, so perilous!

Not far from his Palace of Westminster was the archiepiscopal residence of the see of York. Here Cardinal Wolsey lived in such pomp during the later part of his career, as drew the King's jealousy upon him. It was of little avail to build Hampton Court and to present it to the monarch—York House was *too* near to be safe. Day after day, as Henry, in his days of corpulence and cruelty, drawn in a litter, passed the archiepiscopal abode, he was, perhaps, chafed at the stateliness of a subject's dwelling contrasted with his own poor Castle Baynard, or Palace of Bridewell. He fancied—and his fancies were laws—that he should like York House.

And no wonder! For scarcely ever had English monarch owned any residence so commodious as well as so noble. Often confounded with Yorke House, in the Strand, the residence of the Earl of Essex, it had no rival. Perhaps, on account of that confusion of names, Henry called it "Whyte-Hall;" and it was well termed by contemporaries "the glorious Whytehall;" "a regal mansion situate," as old Norden terms it, "on the River Thamise, beautiful and large, adorned with manie fair galleries, stately furnished with many delectable pictures, and such like princely ornaments;" and these were all the fruit of rapine, or to use a more respectful name, of confiscation—the confiscation of Wolsey's effects.

Let us draw a picture of Whitehall in the days of the all-potent Cardinal—it was then in the commencement of its splendour. A stately passage conducted the haughty owner to the river's brink; there his barge lay to convey him to the Court of Chancery, or to his Majesty's Privy Chamber at Greenwich, or to visit, in his days of peace, his distrustful acquaintance Sir Thomas More at Chelsea, or to Lambeth to some grave conference with the Primate. Another passage communicated with Saint James' Park, which seemed to be the proper domain of York House. Near the mansion were gardens, and in the midst of one of these stood a *jet-d'eau*, with a sun-dial, and while the gazers were intent upon the dial, a quantity of water, forced by a wheel, which the gardener turned at a distance, sprinkled those standing round. There was another large and most princely garden, "full of pleasant walks and other delights;" an orchard, also, equally delightful, although in a place more solitary.

The interior was at once elegant as well as splendid. A library, well stored with Greek, Latin, French, and Italian books, to which Queen Elizabeth afterwards added a little work of her own in French, on parchment, inscribed to her father, denoted the tastes of the

accomplished Wolsey. The books were bound in velvet of different colours, chiefly red, with gold and silver clasps, pearls, and precious stones, adorning the bindings. Two silver cabinets of exquisite work, afterwards used by Elizabeth for her writing paper; a costly bed, "ingeniously composed of woods of different colours, with quilts of velvet, gold, silver, and embroidery;" and a little chest, ornamented all over with pearls, are among a few of those articles which may furnish a sample of the whole. The pictures were mostly the addition of later times; but a small hermitage in wood, half hid in rock, and a piece of clock-work, "an Ethiop, sitting upon a rhinoceros, with four attendants, who all make their obeisance when it strikes the hour," being put into motion by winding up the machine, were probably some of the "stufte" mentioned mournfully by Cavendish, as being enumerated among the great Cardinal's movables.

From this delicious abode, far excelling the Palace of Westminster, let us behold the Cardinal coming forth to mingle in the affairs not of his *fellow-men*—for his proud heart owned none such—but of his very obedient humble servants. He is bowed out by a troop of gallant young gentlemen, pupils in his house, in the gentle arts of behaviour, the sons of the proudest nobles, who *board*—it is a vulgar phrase—and who serve at his table. Forth he comes, preceded by two of the tallest priests he could procure to bear his massive, legantine crosses of silver. His yeomen of the guard, often furnished obsequiously by expectant noblemen, were also the tallest men that could be found. Nothing was great enough for Wolsey.

He came forth in an upper garment of scarlet, or crimson satin engrained—for he introduced silk and velvet among the clergy—his collar lined becomingly with black velvet, and a tippet of black sables about his neck; he was heard, I make no doubt, as he passed forth, to quote a little Latin to his chaplain, according to the affected custom of the time; or—I blush to write it—perhaps to swear a little, according to the practice ascribed to our Norman conquerors, but to which the English seemed to take kindly. And so walked the Cardinal forth: in face and form—not, according to the few portraits of him extant—seemly, yet dignified and haughty, as if of the noblest descent. And holding in his hands an orange, cleaned out, and refilled with a sponge soaked in vinegar, he ventured his precious person into the courts of law, too often the seats of infection, and always of uncleanness, whilst before him was borne the broad seal of England, then the Cardinal's hat, held by a gentleman of worship, or by a lord "righte solemnly." But this earthly pomp could not last; and from a love-lorn boy, his noble menial or pupil, Lord Percy, and from an angry woman, were kindled the ruin of Wolsey.

With what emotions he must have beheld York House torn from him and for ever alienated from his archiepiscopal successors, and this after he had *given* Hampton Court, one can tolerably well conceive. He bore it, however, grandly, and, amid the regrets of his servants, who loved him, he set out on his last mournful journey to the north. The poor and lowly long missed him in the Court of Chancery; for, to use his own phrase, as "he loved nobody, so his reason carried him." He stood, indeed, isolated in society, and the question whether he had any social relations, any gentle affections, is a marvel.

Henry was busy at York House the very moment that it fell into his power. No doubt the name was far from pleasing to his royal ear, so, in allusion to a fine hall built by Wolsey, in York House, he hastened to change its name, but the public, until the reign of Elizabeth, still gave it its former denomination; and, in 1536, it was annexed to the old Palace of Westminster. The King spent, meantime, vast sums of money upon the new palace; he added to it Saint James' Park. He framed a tennis court, bowling alleys, and cock-pits near his princely house; and brought from the poor Cardinal's house at Esher a new gallery; he erected a spacious room for entertainments, and a sumptuous gallery, crossing the present street called Whitehall, and communicating with the Park, built for the purpose of overlooking the tilt-yard; an elegant gateway, designed by Holbein, finished this beautiful structure. The next thing he did was to be married here—in this which was henceforth to be called the New Palace of Westminster “for ever!” for little did Henry dream of Cromwellites or of Revolutions, and, therefore, he deemed the regal greatness was to last “for ever.” He gave his hand to Anne Boleyn, it is declared by Stowe, in his *closet* in the New Palace of Westminster; but there is a tradition that this ominous event took place in the Monastery of Sopwell, near St. Albans, where, it may be presumed, Henry swore to love his bride for “ever and for ever.”

Meanwhile the *ancient* Palace was mouldering to decay. What a comment upon human greatness is that passage from Norden, in which he speaks, in Elizabeth's time, “of a place called the Old Pallace, which was sometime the Pallace of a King,” now brought to the ground, and green grass growing where it stood. Some traces of the buildings then remained, “there are apparent tokens of a wall yet standing; that there were many vaults, sellers, and such like offices in that part which is now a plain field; there are yet certain towers standing, adjoining to the college wall, that seem to have been parcel of that Pallace; many buildings have been towards the mill, and upon the Thames side, extending as far as St. Stephen's Chapel.” Yet these old vestiges were destined to survive their successor of Whitehall, the ill-starred palace of Wolsey!

In the reign of James I. the Old Palace was the scene of that most singular and audacious design of Guy Fawkes. “God,” said the miscreant, “would have concealed it, but the devil discovered it.” It was discovered; and that remnant of St. Edward's structure remained, defying all its various enemies—the flames, the waves, and the treason.

One may conceive what a gloom, what a panic was spread over London after this domestic tragedy—a tragedy of which the first act only, that of preparation, was performed—how people ceased to sleep in their beds, or to rest in their graves even—what woe and disgrace fell upon the many relations of the well-born plotters—the slaughtered Catesby, who was slain in the fray at Holbeach, in Staffordshire, where he had fled for safety—the brave, though criminal Percy, who fell fighting for his life in the court of Holbeach House. But no! the English world was then accustomed to troubles—conspiracies were as frequent as festivals—assassinations were holiday work, and subjects of pleasant discourse—so the *beau monde* soon recovered its equanimity, and ere the ghastly heads of

Catesby and Percy had ceased to stare with their lifeless eyes upon the gazing multitude from the ends of the Parliament House—for there their heads were stuck in the very heart of the court, and looking, probably, towards Whitehall—the town was merry again. “I will now, in good sooth, declare unto you who will not blab,” writes Sir John Harrington, “that the Gunpowder Plot is got out of all our heads, and we are going on hereabouts as if the devil was contriving every man to blow himself up by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time and temperance.” “I do often say (but not aloud) that the Danes have again conquered Britain, for I see no man, or woman either, that can command herself. I wish I was at home.”

In James’s time, Whitehall was the Bartholomew Fair of courts,—the masculine, violent, vulgar, Danish-born Queen at the head of the revels; dark imputations on all who formed that court, added fear to disgust. “Mahomet’s paradise,” to borrow the phrase of the worldly and satiric Harrington, seemed to have arrived. Even the ladies were seen to “roll about in intoxication.” Not only was public virtue at its lowest ebb, but public decorum wholly extinguished. I cannot dilate on such days. Whitehall seems profaned by the merriment of the dames, by the *blasé* and obsequious Buckingham, by the contemptible Somerset. Let me drive from remembrance that beings so foul ever trod those galleries where Wolsey, great even in his faults, drew his plans for Christ Church one day; demolished a monastery—in ink—another; corresponded with an Emperor the next; and quietly dictated the fate of nations to his Holiness the Pope, with as much ease as he would direct his masons at Hampton Court. If we must have vice (though I don’t see any necessity why courts should be vicious), let it be vice coupled with some high ambition; for when it loses ambition as its stimulus, it becomes low, shameless profligacy.

Thank heaven! I arouse myself from a fit of spleen, refreshed. I have done with James; and a purer air, serener skies, seem to rise above, to play around Whitehall. The very costume became more elegant, as if inspired by the refined spirit of the royal ruler of the place. No gallants walking about now, in peasecod doublets, and Venetian hosen, quilted, stuffed, and guarded, as when James I. —a moving feather-bed—in his fear of the poinard of some assassin, or of some second Gowrie—set the fashion of that unnatural costume. No ruffs, even, nor steeple-crowned hats. No; my prince, blessings on his martyred head! had been to Spain;—and Buckingham’s twenty-seven noted suits would have availed even *that* nobleman, had he been alive, little in the remodelled court. No *buffin* gowns and green aprons for the ladies; no yellow starch either, that went out when Mrs. Turner ascended the gallows, when it was her pleasure to bedizen her neck with a yellow ruff,—and the association was not pleasing; no vardingales, nor Grenoble hoods. Still was the mask assumed,—all else was natural, modest, and elegant.

For Vandyke, himself one of the most bewitching of men to look at, ruled over the monarch. To the republicans let us leave the high-crowned hat and the hood; our royal dames and demoiselles wander through those fair gardens, their ringlets shaken by the river breeze, their full and sweeping robes giving stateliness to their persons; whilst by their side is Esmé Stuart, may be, the King’s kinsman, in love-locks, and a long loose doublet; his hat plumed with

feathers, and, on high days, looped with diamonds, dangling in his hand, which was shrouded by points of delicate lace. Sometimes his cloak, of fine broad cloth, or of heavy velvet, was clasped on his shoulders. And thus he paced along; his form—in that perfection of our English country, before the Rebellion had vulgarized it, and planted the new where the old should be—of the fairest; and his behaviour marked by a chivalric devotion which was easy, graceful, winning.

For the personal character of Charles was read in his court. Instantly, when he had brought thither his lovely and beloved Henrietta, the worthless portion of the nobility and courtiers seemed, as by a spell, to be dispersed, like chaff; the virtuous and solid alone remained. More really strict than that of Oliver Cromwell, one vice alone lingered—that of gaming; drunkenness was no longer in vogue; and the vile oaths which James had muttered in that glorious gallery, as Evelyn calls it, were heard no more.

But Whitehall,—poor doomed Whitehall,—was not long to hold such inmates. Many were the errors of him whose blood was so soon to be shed there; but they were not those of an evil-minded man. “I wish,” he once said to Sir Philip Warwick, “that I had consulted nobody but myself; for then, as where in honour or conscience I could not have complied, I could easily have been positive, for with Job I would willinglier have chosen misery than sin.” Whilst he spoke, the tears gathered in his eyes. Did he, in all his wanderings, in his various places of imprisonment,—in Carisbrook, within the fort at Hurst, think what Whitehall had become in his absence? Could he *bear* to think of the self-sufficient Puritans parading the haunts of Wolsey? If *he* could, I *cannot*. I would almost rather recall that erring monarch, but most amiable of men, guarded from St. James’s to Westminster Hall, there arraigned, condemned, trampled on, and rising, in his abasement, to the hero. I would the rather view him carrying out to the last his principle—“If I cannot live like a King, I will die like a gentleman.” I follow him, in his sedan, through a double line of soldiers, from the Old Palace to the New, passing through King Street, where Oliver had his abode. I hear the plaints of feeble women at the spectacle, and note down the hot tears shed by hardy, strong men. Then I view him at St. James’s, where that fair blighted blossom, the young Elizabeth, comes to prove to her royal father how sharp to a parent is the sting of death. I see her,—that unparalleled child, as Velasquez has depicted her;—for in an ancient country-house in Hertfordshire, I have gazed upon, until my very tears blinded me, a resemblance of this young creature. Her face was oval, pale, and symmetrical, and long thick curls shaded its delicate features; and her mother’s soft languishing eyes had in her the father’s melancholy sweetness. Truly, she seemed “the daughter of a King.” A pre-sage of her doom was on that fair young Stuart face;—but who could foretell such a destiny? Behold her, clinging to her father’s knees, treasuring in her precocious mind—made by events mournfully acute and sensible—his words. Behold her melting into tears as he blesses her, and bids her not to forget his admonition. “I shall never forget it while I live,” was her reply. “While I live!”—what a short space was that! and what a life! She died two years afterwards: for two years was she suffered to linger in a sor-

row too grievous for her tender years; and it requires little stretch of credulity to believe in the common rumour,—that she died of grief. In the archives of the town of Newport are the indentures by which this child of a lofty race was bound to a glover—an apprentice! A fever, little tended, little cared for, closed that career, after a few days of sickness, mitigated by a piety not so marvellous in a child of sorrow as it would have seemed in the daughters of prosperity. “She was affected,” writes old Fuller, “with the afflictions of her family beyond her age.”

The great national drama is at length brought to its close. If one were to read *that last act* over for ever, it would ever be the most touching passage of English history. The gallery across the street, which had been erected to view the jousts and the tournaments, is lined with soldiers, and through them passes the King; he went into his accustomed bed-chamber at Whitehall—what a crowd of associations must have rushed into his mind!—but he had done with time. In the front of that part of the palace, still called the Banqueting-house, arose his scaffold—I dare not pursue this theme further—a passage had been broken in the wall, through this the King walks. Then a dismal groan arose from the dense crowds; and ominous was the snow-storm, which, on that doleful evening, covered with its flakes the mourners who followed the funeral of Charles to Windsor. Hence the term of the “White Funeral.”

How changed was the scene then! Let it not be presumed that there was all preaching and no dining, in the Protector’s reign, at Whitehall. No, indeed; Oliver’s dinners were many; and his motto seems to have been, ‘the more the merrier,’ as he frequently invited the whole House of Commons at once! Fancy it in *our* days,—imagine even the ‘Tail’ feasting in that gallery; such were Oliver’s notions of festivity—doing business—that was all. However, he preserved, perhaps for his own sake, perhaps for the love of art, many of those fine paintings collected by Charles, which were, at first, to be dispersed. To Cromwell we owe the preservation of the Cartoons to the nation; they had been sold for £300 and he repurchased them. At Whitehall he died. A fearful tempest howled through the Old Palace, and shook even the foundations of its sister palace; when, amid the cries of his children, torn by delirium, the spirit of the Protector was summoned to its account. Yet holier and happier was his dominion, than that of the restored King of these realms. How quickly, how gladly, as it seemed, did they yield to French demoralisation. In an instant were they crowded with the most licentious of the one sex, the most degraded of the other. I do not mean to defend those days, but they must have been mightily amusing to any one who was *not particular*,—very sorrowful to a good mind; but there was a freedom, a good-humour, a grace in them, that might well nigh persuade one to think that a *moral* Charles II. would be a very pleasant sort of a King for any times.

In the succeeding reign, Catholic rites were again reassumed at Whitehall; and the mass was heard in that structure in which, since Wolsey’s time, it had ceased. There may be some in the present day, even, who may deem what followed to be a judgment. On the 10th of April, 1691, a fire for the fifth time desolated Whitehall. It broke out in the very hot-bed of vice—in those costly apartments

of the Duchess of Portsmouth, near to the water-side. Seven years afterwards the whole of the palace, except the Banqueting house, were again consumed by fire. The pictures, and works of art, in spite of the exertions of Sir Christopher Wren, who had apartments at Whitehall, were mostly lost, burned, or stolen. So much for Henry the Eighth's—'for ever!'

James II. and his admirable queen, Mary of Modena, were the last monarchs that lived at the New Palace of Westminster. Grynlyn Gibbons enriched it with his exquisite art, and planted near it the fine statue of the monarch: but a gloom was over it, even in these days. One bitter, cold, December night, Mary left it for ever. She stole to the water-side, and wrapping a cloak around her, was rowed across the Thames in an open boat, bearing in her arms an infant. That child's child—Charles Edward Stuart—*did* revisit Whitehall. That he was in London *twice*, is well known; he may have gazed upon the Banqueting house, the sole relic of that fine palace, and recalled the days when his father's infant wail was heard in that dark night, when the desolate Mary fled from the metropolis. But there the Stuart *monarchs* were seen no more.

I forgot—Mary of Orange did take possession. I fancy I behold her, as Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, describes her, calmly looking over the apartments from which her father had so lately fled,—as if she were about to take an inventory of the effects; turning up, as the duchess specifies, the bed-quilts, and looking into the closets! However, if she ever sojourned there—which I think she did not—she must have been driven thence, more rapidly than her father was, by the fire of 1691.

The Banqueting house, built by Charles I. from the designs of Inigo Jones, is the only portion of Whitehall remaining. A remnant of York House is to be traced in the Treasury buildings. Such is the history of that palace which was to be called Whitehall "for ever!" Was it a pious thought which led George I. to turn into a chapel the Banqueting house! Right enough, some may think; but I think those same gods and goddesses, plump and merry, Cupids and Pans, and other deities, painted strikingly on a black ground by Rubens, do not harmonize remarkably well with white surplices and bands; nor add very becomingly to the repose of one's Christian meditations. At all events, that beautiful roof seems far more appropriate to the revelries of Charles II., than to the religious observances of an age *nice* on such points, as is our own. I had better leave off, lest I say too much; and, besides, I hear a bell ring at the common stair.—It can't be—can it be! Of course it must be—*anything* except a brief.

AN ENVIABLE LEGATEE:

BEING

A LEAF FROM A BUSY MAN'S JOURNAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

I HAD finished my business in Glos'ter.

Various dates had been compared, conflicting statements had been reconciled, and certain vested interests carefully secured. All that could be done had been done to ensure an amicable arrangement of existing differences; and after a leisurely survey of the Cathedral, and a fit of musing at the mighty Warburton's tomb, I resolved to return to town and report proceedings.

Wending my way through "The Close," the party to whom I had an official letter of introduction accosted me, and with his habitual *brusquerie* of manner exclaimed,

"Do you wish to scan a queer specimen of human nature? Are you curious to see how wretched money can make a man?"

"'The proper study of mankind—' the quotation is somewhat musty, but it indicates my bent."

"Onward then!—only about three hundred yards—and you shall gladden your eyes with a specimen of the PLUTOCRACY. You shall see," continued my guide with a laugh, "that enviable animal a Residuary Legatee; and may write '*miserimus*' upon his face without any fear of a misnomer."

After crossing one or two busy thoroughfares we dived into a narrow, dirty, gloomy street, and stopping at a shabby-looking house, my guide, in answer to a sharp and somewhat peremptory knock, was admitted into a small and scantily furnished parlour. Thither he beckoned me to follow.

In an old weather-beaten arm-chair beside a grate—it was bitterly cold—in which there might be as many expiring embers as General Tom Thumb could have taken up in his tiny fist with perfect impunity, sat an elderly gentleman with his tea-equipage before him. Opposite were—as I afterwards learnt—three intimate friends; one of whom was reading to him aloud from some bulky packet of MS. which mightily resembled a counsel's brief; another was eagerly conning a dilapidated law-book—a work of unquestionable authority to judge from its well-thumbed, dog's-eared, and dirty state; the third had a huge ledger before him, from which he was carefully transferring to a folio sheet of paper a formidable array of figures. Each desisted from his employment when we entered; and all—this much I will say for their sincerity—evinced unbounded annoyance at the interruption.

"Ah! Mr. Osborne, how are you?" was my friend's inquiry; "we have not met for some days."

The elderly, at the tea-table, paused in his vocation, looked up, and then glanced uneasily at me. The look was caught, translated, and replied to in an instant.

"Don't be uneasy!" cried my chaperon: "he's no lawyer—not he—hates the tribe—mortally—as I do."

The tea-drinker looked relieved, and grasped his cracked tea-cup anew.

"My friend here, Mr. Nash," thus my conductor rattled on, "is a stranger—only here for a few hours—returns to town to-night—delighted to make personal acquaintance with *celebrities*—knowing this, I told him I would introduce him to the most fortunate man in Glos'ter."

At the word "*fortunate*" the old gentleman at the tea-table vented a lengthened groan.

Preserving my gravity with difficulty, I now made my bow in due form, and expressed my gratification in being permitted to make Mr. Osborne's acquaintance.

"Will you take a cup of tea, sir?" said he faintly—(the hour was somewhere about five!)—"I believe I have one left."

As a joke I assented.

"Would you like some bread and butter?"

There were a few crumbs on the table; and about an inch and a half of an unmistakably dry crust in a corner of a chipped plate.

A ready refusal was on my lips, when my guide slyly touched my arm, as much as to say "take it—take it by all means—a whole loaf if offered."

The wretched creature looked up wistfully, and murmured,

"It can be had, sir; more bread and butter can be had!"

But if ever eyes said, his did, "for God's sake don't ask for it!"

Again my audacious guide telegraphed by an indescribable movement his wishes and instructions. Heeding them; and maliciously regardless of Mr. Osborne's pleading eyes, I accepted his proffered hospitality. He summoned his female attendant.

"*One slice of bread and butter—ONE slice*"—was his precise and deliberate order.

By this time he had poured out the tea—such tea! so perfectly colourless! so thoroughly devoid of fragrance! such a mockery of our evening beverage! I laughed involuntarily when I looked at it.

At this juncture my Glos'ter acquaintance happily struck in,

"But, Mr. Osborne, you have never answered my question, how is your health?—how have you braved this cold weather?"

"Badly—very badly—hardly ever worse—I'm hurried and worried to death."

"Try change of air and change of scene—no prescription so efficacious."

"Where am I to find money to go from home?" said the miser piteously; "I have no means to meet travelling expenses."

"To my certain knowledge," whispered my companion, "*Muckworm* has saved upwards of six thousand pounds."

This was an aside.

"I'll find you money for that or any other purpose," cried one of the gentlemen in the background, he who grasped the huge ledger so fondly on our entrance; "I'll find you money, Mr. Osborne, any day or hour that you're pleased to ask for it."

"Ay! but you'll expect it back again with a tag of interest at its back," cried he at the tea-table, pettishly.

A very long, thin, yellow candle was now produced—closely allied, by its appearance, to a farthing dip—and set solemnly down in the centre of the table. Its light was hideous. The woman who brought it looked towards the hearth.

"Never heed mending the fire!" cried Osborne apprehensively. "*We are not cold! Never mind it!*"

She didn't. There was no necessity for it. The fire was out!

"Well but, Osborne," cried my companion, "if I felt myself amiss I would go from home—I would visit Malvern—I would go ——"

"I *shall* go to the WORKHOUSE; that will be my home; and not long first," was the reply.

"We'll all come and visit you there," was the merry response of one of the party in the background. "You shall not want society: your friends, Osborne, will follow you go where you may."

"I know to the contrary, and you know it also, Mr. Chadborn," returned the miser, bitterly; "who would ever remember that such a being as Jacob Osborne existed if he were once within the workhouse walls? But *there* I shall go. I know it—I know it."

"You take far too gloomy a view of matters," observed the former speaker Mr. Chadborn, in a calm, persuasive, pleasant voice; "some litigation there must be, necessarily—unavoidably; but of its result I have no doubt."

"Nor have I. It will ruin me."

"Nay!—nay!"

The tea-drinker persisted, Rousing himself he continued, "It will swallow up all my little savings—the *hard savings* I may say—of many years. I who hated law—always dreaded it—always avoided it—shall be dragged, whether I will or no, into court, and beggared. Yes, so it will be. I see it plainly. In my old age I shall be a parish pauper. Then, again, my old master—he who abominated all law and lawyers—I've heard him scores and scores of times curse them to his heart's content—to think of *his* fine property being devoured piecemeal by hungry proctors and starving counsel! Cruel!—cruel!"

Here the disconsolate man paused, not for want of matter but of breath, and trembled with agitation and apprehension.

"Look at him," said my companion slyly; "you would hardly take that man to be a residuary legatee to the tune of 200,000*l.* Yet such is his present position.

"Mr. Osborne is low to-night—very low,"—said one of the party in the back settlements, availing himself of the pause and advancing towards us; "we have been obliged to trouble him with a long string of questions and to weary him with much dry law; he is ill, too, from want of rest—"

"Pooh!" interrupted the niggard sharply, "I should be well tomorrow if I was out of law! But with the workhouse close ahead who can be easy?"

Convinced, however, that our presence was an interruption—that there were more questions to be answered, and more dry law to be read, we rose to terminate our visit. The moment we were on our legs the combatants in the background began to clear out for action. Books were opened—pens were nibbed—papers were unrolled—and the huge ledger unclosed with an awful bang upon the worm-eaten and rickety table. The worshippers of Mammon were girding up their loins anew for the race.

The miser sighed when we took leave of him; and shook his head sadly when we wished him a speedy recognition in the Court of Arches of Mr. Wood's will, especially of that residuary clause in which he was so largely interested.

"Ah!" cried he, "my old master never liked the idea of parting with his property; never relished the word 'Will;' but he'd have

made fifty wills could he have foreseen what has happened since he has gone. The money that has been wasted will stir him in his grave!"

We repeated our farewells and good wishes.

I looked back over my shoulder as I quitted the little parlour. There were the bloodsuckers all at work. There was Chadborn absorbed in his brief—and the gentleman so enamoured of the greasy ledger—and the little copying clerk, who never had found time to get shaved that day, wetting his thumb and turning over "Chitty's Practice" or "Creswell on the law of Codicils," with the most incomprehensible zest and earnestness; and, lastly, in the corner, was poor Jacob Osborne, cowering over his extinct fire the very image of penuriousness, and apprehension, and woe.

"Now," said my companion when we gained the street, "you indulged in some heroics this morning upon the woes of poverty. You exclaimed 'how it chills a man's feelings, and turns to gall the best and holiest affections of his nature!—how it narrows his sympathies with his kind—depresses him—degrades him—debases him.' Don't you think that money may produce the self-same effects?—Instance Mr. Jacob Osborne."

"Him I leave to your tender mercies; he's—"

"AN ENVIABLE LEGATEE is he not?" interrupted my companion, "with six thousand pounds and upwards in possession, and two hundred thousand in prospective! has not the heart to spend a penny, and is *thoroughly and undeniably* WRETCHED! You know, I presume, his previous history?"

"But imperfectly."

"He was the confidential clerk of Jemmy Wood the miser; was privy to all his pecuniary transactions; and inherited Wood's meanness, love of money, dread of parting with it. His savings, as you have heard, are considerable; and, in addition, he claims under his master's will, as one of the Residuary Legatees—some assert—a quarter of a million; call it, however, 200,000*l.* You have seen him to-night, and can form your own opinion. Old Wood's creed was this: '*to get all he could; and keep all he had.*' What is Jacob's? Admit that I have shewn you, in exquisite preservation, a curious specimen of the *genus Homo*, and—Good night!"

Years elapsed, and again I was in Glos'ter. Curiosity was rife, and Jacob Osborne was not forgotten. But the answer given seemed strange.

"A curse"—so spake my reverend, grey-haired, venerable informant—"seems, in a greater or less degree, to have tracked all those who inherited Mr. Wood's property. Mr. Chadborn—specially named in the will, and greatly mixed up with it—committed self-destruction. His mind gave way under the pressure which litigation brought upon it. For weeks before he died he might be met wandering about the fields, talking to himself, and answering at random the questions addressed to him. He never lived to see that will acknowledged which *he was so intensely anxious to establish!*—The worry, annoyance, and suspense arising out of protracted law proceedings, hastened, it is well

known, Sir Matthew Wood's end—another legatee to a large amount : and as to Jacob Osborne——”

“ Ah ! what of him ? Where is he ? ”

“ Dead : never fingered his large legacy. ”

“ How so ? ”

“ He sold his interest in it (while litigation was going on) to six gentlemen, who were to hold him harmless from all consequences, and to give him 20,000*l.* They did so. For them it was a hit. They netted by the scheme more than 200,000*l.* ;—a rare bargain ! Jacob screwed up his lips whenever it was alluded to !—Ah ! he was an apt scholar. He was brought up in a vile school, and—he outdid his master ! ”

A TRUE LOVE SONG.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

TELL me, charmer, tell me, pray,
Have you sisters many, say ?
One sweet word, ay, yet another,
Have you got a single brother ?
Have you got an aunt or two,
Very much attached to you ?
Or some uncles very old,
Willing you their lands and gold ?

Have you money in your right,
That in case we take to flight,
And your ma and pa be cross,
We should never feel the loss ?
Gold indeed 's a fleeting thing,
But when in a wedding-ring,
There 'tis endless round and round—
Settlements should thus be found.

Are your parents young or not ;
Have they independence got ?
Believe me, as your lover true,
'Tis alone my care for you
Makes me thus particular,
As regards your pa and ma.
Sisters, love, are very well,
But the truth I 'll frankly tell.

When a man intends to fix,
He doesn't like to marry six !
Brothers, too, are very well
To escort a sister belle ;
But they stand much in the way
When the dowry is to pay :
Then, sweet, I freely own,
You I love, and you alone.

At your feet I humbly kneel,
I have nothing—to reveal,
Fortune's been unkind to me
'Till she kindly proffered thee.
Speak ! and let me know my fate ;
Speak ! and alter your estate ;
If you are, what I suppose,
I 'll take a cab, love, and propose.

CAPTAIN SPIKE;

OR,

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

At the piping of all hands,
 When the judgment signal's spread—
 When the islands and the lands,
 And the seas give up their dead,
 When the sinner is dismayed,
 And the south and the north shall come;
 And the just man is afraid,
 Then heaven be thy aid,
 Poor Tom!

BRAINARD.

CHAPTER VI.

THE people had now a cessation from their toil. Of all the labour known to sea-faring men, that of pumping is usually thought to be the most severe. Those who work at it have to be relieved every minute, and it is only by having gangs to succeed each other that the duty can be done at all with anything like steadiness. In the present instance, it is true that the people of the *Swash* were sustained by the love of gold, but glad enough were they when Mulford called out to them to "knock off, and turn in for the night." It was high time this summons should be made, for not only were the people excessively wearied, but the customary hours of labour were so far spent, that the light of the moon had some time before begun to blend with the little left by the parting sun. Glad enough were all hands to quit the toil; and two minutes were scarcely elapsed ere most of the crew had thrown themselves down, and were buried in deep sleep. Even Spike and Mulford took the rest they needed, the cook alone being left to look out for the changes in the weather. In a word, everybody but this idler was exhausted with pumping and bailing, and even gold had lost its power to charm, until nature was recruited by rest.

The excitement produced by the scenes through which they had so lately passed caused the females to sleep soundly too. The death-like stillness which pervaded the vessel contributed to their rest, and Rose never woke, from the first few minutes after her head was on her pillow, until near four in the morning. The deep quiet seemed ominous to one who had so lately witnessed the calm which precedes the tornado, and she arose. In that low latitude and warm season few clothes were necessary, and our heroine was on deck in a very few minutes. Here she found the same grave-like sleep pervading everything. There was not a breath of air, and the ocean seemed to be in one of its profoundest slumbers. The hard-breathing of Spike could be heard through the open windows of his state-room, and this was positively the only sound that was audible. The common men, who lay scattered about the decks, more especially from the mainmast forward, seemed to be so many logs, and from Mulford no breathing was heard.

The morning was neither very dark, nor very light, it being easy to distinguish objects that were near, while those at a distance were necessarily lost in obscurity. Availing herself of the circumstance, Rose went as far as the gangway, to ascertain if the cook were at his post. She saw him lying near his galley, in as profound a sleep as any of the crew. This she felt to be wrong, and she felt alarmed, though she knew not why. Perhaps it was the consciousness of being the only person up and awake at that hour of deepest night, in a vessel so situated as the *Swash*, and in a climate in which hurricanes seem to be the natural offspring of the air. Some one must be aroused, and her tastes, feelings, and judgment, all pointed to Harry Mulford as the person she ought to awaken. He slept habitually in his clothes—the lightest summer dress of the tropics; and the window of his little state-room was always open for air. Moving lightly to the place, Rose laid her own little soft hand on the arm of the young man, when the latter was on his feet in an instant. A single moment only was necessary to regain his consciousness, when Mulford left the state-room and joined Rose on the quarter-deck,

“Why am I called, Rose?” the young man asked, attempering his voice to the calm that reigned around him; “and why am I called by *you*?”

Rose explained the state of the brig, and the feeling which induced her to awaken him. With woman’s gentleness she now expressed her regret for having robbed Harry of his rest; had she reflected a moment, she might have kept watch herself, and allowed him to obtain the sleep he must surely so much require.

But Mulford laughed at this; protested he had never been awake at a more favourable moment, and would have sworn, had it been proper, that a minute’s further sleep would have been too much for him. After these first explanations, Mulford walked round the decks, carefully felt how much strain there was on the purchases, and rejoined Rose to report that all was right, and that he did not consider it necessary to call even the cook. The black was an idler in no sense but that of keeping watch, and he had toiled the past day as much as any of the men, though it was not exactly at the pumps.

A long and a semi-confidential conversation now occurred between Harry and Rose. They talked of Spike, the brig, and her cargo, and of the delusion of the captain’s widow. It was scarcely possible that powder should be so much wanted at the Havanna as to render smuggling, at so much cost, a profitable adventure; and Mulford admitted his convictions that the pretended flour was originally intended for Mexico. Rose related the tenor of the conversation she had overheard between the two parties, Don Juan and Don Esteban, and the mate no longer doubted that it was Spike’s intention to sell the brig to the enemy. She also alluded to what had passed between herself and the stranger.

Mulford took this occasion to introduce the subject of Jack Tier’s intimacy and favour with Rose. He even professed to feel some jealousy on account of it, little as there might be to alarm most men in the rivalry of such a competitor. Rose laughed, as girls will laugh when there is question of their power over the other sex, and she fairly shook her rich tresses as she declared her determination to continue to smile on Jack to the close of the voyage. Then, as if she had

said more than she intended, she added with woman's generosity and tenderness,—

"After all, Harry, you know how much I promised to you even before we sailed, and how much more since, and have no just cause to dread even Jack. There is another reason, however, that ought to set your mind entirely at ease on his account. Jack is married, and has a partner living at this very moment, as he does not scruple to avow himself."

A hissing noise, a bright light, and a slight explosion, interrupted the half-laughing girl, and Mulford, turning on his heel, quick as thought, saw that a rocket had shot into the air from a point close under the bows of the brig. He was still in the act of moving toward the forecastle, when, at the distance of several leagues he saw the explosion of another rocket high in the air. He knew enough of the practices of vessels of war to feel certain that these were a signal and its answer from some one in the service of government. Not at all sorry to have the career of the Swash arrested before she could pass into hostile hands, or before evil could befall Rose, Mulford reached the forecastle just in time to answer the inquiry that was immediately put to him in the way of a hail. A gig, pulling four oars only, with two officers in its stern-sheets, was fairly under the vessel's bows, and the mate could almost distinguish the countenance of the officer who questioned him, the instant he showed his head and shoulders above the bulwarks,

"What vessels are these?" demanded the stranger, speaking in the authoritative manner of one who acted for the state, but not speaking much above the usual conversational tone.

"American and Spanish," was the answer. "This brig is American—the schooner alongside is a Spaniard, that turned turtle in a tornado about six-and-thirty hours since, and on which we have been hard at work, trying to raise her, since the gale which succeeded the tornado has blown its pipe out."

"Ay, ay, that's the story, is it? I did not know what to make of you, lying cheek-by-jowl in this fashion. Was anybody lost on board the schooner?"

"All hands, including every soul aft and forward, the supercargo excepted, who happened to be aboard here. We buried seventeen bodies this afternoon on the smallest of the Keys that you see near at hand, and two this morning alongside of the light. But what boat is that, and where are *you* from, and whom are you signalling?"

"The boat is a gig," answered the stranger deliberately, "and she belongs to a cruiser of Uncle Sam's, that is off the reef, a short bit to the eastward, and we signalled our captain. But I'll come on board you, sir, if you please."

Mulford walked aft to meet the stranger at the gangway, and was relieved, rather than otherwise, at finding that Spike was already on the quarter-deck. Should the vessel of war seize the brig, he could rejoice at it; but, so strong were his professional ideas of duty to the craft he sailed in, that he did not find it in his heart to say aught against her. Were any mishap to befall it, or were justice to be done, he preferred that it might be done under Spike's own supervision rather than under his."

"Call all hands, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, as they met. "I see a

streak of day coming yonder in the east—let all hands be called at once. What strange boat is this we have alongside?"

This question was put to the strangers, Spike standing on his gangway-ladder to ask it, while the mate was summoning the crew. The officer saw that a new person was to be dealt with, and in his quiet, easy way, he answered, while stretching out his hands to take the man-rope,—

"Your servant, sir ;—we are man-of-war's men, belonging to one of Uncle Sam's craft outside, and have just come in to pay you a visit of ceremony. I told one, whom I suppose was your mate, that I would just step on board of you."

"Ay, ay,—one at a time, if you please. It's war-time, and I cannot suffer armed boat's crews to board me at night, without knowing something about them. Come up yourself, if you please, but order your people to stay in the boat. Here, muster about this gangway, half-a-dozen of you, and keep an eye on the crew of this strange boat."

These orders had no effect on the cool and deliberate lieutenant, who ascended the brig's side, and immediately stood on her deck. No sooner had he and Spike confronted each other, than each gave a little start, like that of recognition, and the lieutenant spoke.

"Ay, ay—I believe I know this vessel now. It is the Molly Swash, of New York, bound to Key West, and a market ; and I have the honour to see Capt. Stephen Spike again"

It was Mr. Wallace, the second lieutenant of the sloop-of-war that had boarded the brig in the Mona Passage, and to avoid whom Spike had gone to the southward of Jamaica. The meeting was very *mal-à-propos*, but it would not do to betray that the captain and owner of the vessel thought as much as this ; on the contrary, Wallace was warmly welcomed, and received not only as an old acquaintance, but as a very agreeable visitor. To have seen the two, as they walked aft together, one might have supposed that the meeting was conducive of nothing but a very mutual satisfaction, it was so much like that which happens between those who keep up a hearty acquaintance.

"Well, I'm glad to see you again, Capt. Spike," cried Wallace, after the greetings were passed, "if it be only to ask where you flew to the day we left you in the Mona Passage. We look'd out for you with all our eyes, expecting you would be down between San Domingo and Jamaica ; but I hardly think you got by us in the night. Our master thinks you must have dove, and gone past loon-fashion. Do you ever perform that manœuvre?"

"No, we've kept above water the whole time, lieutenant," answered Spike heartily ; "and that is more than can be said of the poor fellow alongside of us. I was so much afraid of the Isle of Pines, that I went round Jamaica."

"You might have given the Isle of Pines a berth, and still have passed to the northward of the Englishmen," said Wallace, a little drily. "However, that island *is* somewhat of a scarecrow, and we have been to take a look at it ourselves. All's right there just now. But you seem light ; what have you done with your flour?"

"Parted with every barrel of it. You may remember I was bound to Key West, and a market. Well, I found my market here, in American waters."

"You have been lucky, sir. This 'emporium' does not seem to be exactly a *commercial* emporium."

"The fact is, the flour is intended for the Havannah; and I fancy it is to be shipped for slavers. But I am to know nothing of all that, you'll understand, lieutenant. If I sell my flour in American waters, at two prices, it's no concern of mine what becomes of it afterwards."

"Unless it happen to pass into enemy's hands, certainly not; and you are too patriotic to deal with Mexico just now, I'm sure. Pray, did that flour go down when the schooner turned turtle?"

Every barrel of it; but Don Wan, below there, thinks that most of it may yet be saved, by landing it on one of those Keys to dry. Flour, well packed, wets in slowly. You see we have some of it on deck."

"And who may Don Wan be, sir, pray? We are sent here to look after Dons and Doñas, you know."

"Don Wan is a Cuban merchant, and deals in such articles as he wants. I fell in with him among the reefs here, where he was rummaging about in hopes of meeting with a wrack, he tells me, and thinking to purchase something profitable in that way; but, finding I had flour, he agreed to take it out of me at this anchorage, and send me away in ballast at once. I have found Don Wan Montefalderon ready pay, and very honourable."

Wallace then requested an explanation of the disaster; to the details of which he listened with a sailor's interest. He asked a great many questions, all of which bore on the more nautical features of the event, and day having now fairly appeared, he examined the purchases and backings of the *Swash* with professional nicety. The schooner was no lower in the water than when the men had knocked off work the previous night; and Spike set the people at the pumps and their bailing again, as the most effectual method of preventing their making any indiscreet communications to the man-of-war's men.

About this time the relict appeared on deck, when Spike gallantly introduced the lieutenant anew to his passengers. It is true he knew no name to use; but that was of little moment, as he called the officer "the lieutenant," and nothing else.

Mrs. Budd was delighted with this occasion to show off, and she soon broke out on the easy, indolent, but waggish Wallace, in a strain to surprise him, notwithstanding the specimen of the lady's skill from which he had formerly escaped.

"Capt. Spike is of opinion, lieutenant, that our cast-anchor here is excellent, and I know the value of a good cast-anchor place; for my poor Mr. Budd was a seafaring man, and taught me almost as much of your noble profession as he knew himself."

"And he taught you, ma'am," said Wallace, fairly opening his eyes under the influence of astonishment, "to be very particular about cast-anchor places!"

"Indeed he did. He used to say, that roads-instead were never as good for such purposes as land that's locked havens, for the anchors would return home, as he called it, in roads-instead."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Wallace, looking very queer at first, as if disposed to laugh outright, then catching a glance of Rose, and changing his mind; "I perceive that Mr. Budd knew what he was about, and preferred an anchorage where he was well land-locked, and where

there was no danger of his anchors coming home, as so often happens in your open roadsteads."

"Yes; that's just it! That was just his notion! You cannot feel how delightful it is, Rose, to converse with one that thoroughly understands such subjects! My poor Mr. Budd did, indeed, denounce roads-instead, at all times calling them 'savage.'"

"Savage, aunt," put in Rose, hoping to stop the good relict by her own interposition,—"that is a strange word to apply to an anchorage!"

"Not at all, young lady," said Wallace gravely. "They are often *wild* berths, and wild berths are not essentially different from wild beasts. Each is savage, as a matter of course."

"I knew I was right!" exclaimed the widow. "Savage cast-anchors come of wild births, as do savage Indians. Oh! the language of the ocean, as my poor Mr. Budd used to say, is eloquence tempered by common sense!"

Wallace stared again; but his attention was called to other things just at that moment. The appearance of Don Juan Montefalderon y Castro on deck reminded him of his duty, and approaching that gentleman, he condoled with him on the grave loss he had sustained. After a few civil expressions on both sides, Wallace made a delicate allusion to the character of the schooner.

"Under other circumstances," he said, it might be my duty to inquire a little particularly as to the nationality of your vessel, Señor, for we are at war with the Mexicans, as you doubtless know."

"Certainly," answered Don Juan, with an unmoved air and great politeness of manner, "though it would be out of my power to satisfy you. Everything was lost in the schooner, and I have not a paper of any sort to show you. If it be your pleasure to make a prize of a vessel in this situation, certainly it is in your power to do it. A few barrels of wet flour are scarce worth disputing about."

Wallace now seemed a little ashamed, the *sang froid* of the other throwing dust in his eyes, and he was in a hurry to change the subject. Señor Don Juan was very civilly condoled with again, and he was made to repeat the incidents of the loss, as if his auditor took a deep interest in what he said; but no further hint was given touching the nationality of the vessel. The lieutenant's tact let him see that Señor Montefalderon was a person of a very different calibre from Spike, as well as of different habits, and he did not choose to indulge in the quiet irony that formed so large an ingredient in his own character, with this new acquaintance. He spoke Spanish himself with tolerable fluency, and a conversation now occurred between the two, which was maintained for some time with spirit, and a very manifest courtesy.

This dialogue between Wallace and the Spaniard gave Spike a little leisure for reflection. As the day advanced the cruiser came more and more plainly in view, and his first business was to take a good survey of her. She might have been three leagues distant; but approaching with a very light breeze, at the rate of something less than two knots in the hour. Unless there was some one on board her who was acquainted with the channels of the Dry Tortugas, Spike felt little apprehension of the ship getting very near to him; but he very well understood that, with the sort of artillery that was in modern use

among vessels of war, he would hardly be safe could the cruiser get within a league. That near Uncle Sam's craft might certainly come without encountering the hazards of the channels, and within that distance she would be likely to get in the course of the morning, should he have the complaisance to wait for her. He determined, therefore, not to be guilty of that act of folly.

All this time the business of lightening the schooner proceeded. Although Mulford earnestly wished that the man-of-war might get an accurate notion of the true character and objects of the brig, he could not prevail on himself to become an informer. In order to avoid the temptation so to do, he exerted himself in keeping the men at their tasks; and never before had pumping and baling been carried on with more spirit. The schooner soon floated of herself, and the purchases which led to the Swash were removed. Near a hundred more barrels of the flour had been taken out of the hold of the Spanish craft, and had been struck on the deck of the brig, or sent to the Key by means of the boats. This made a material change in the buoyancy of the vessel, and enabled the baling to go on with greater facility. The pumps were never idle; but two small streams of water were running the whole time toward the scuppers, and through them into the sea.

At length the men were ordered to knock off, and to get their breakfasts. This appeared to arouse Wallace, who had been chatting, quite agreeably to himself, with Rose, and seemed reluctant to depart, but who now became sensible that he was neglecting his duty. He called away his boat's crew, and took a civil leave of the passengers; after which he went over the side. The gig was some little distance from the Swash, when Wallace rose, and asked to see Spike, with whom he had a word to say at parting.

"I will soon return," he said, "and bring you forty or fifty fresh men, who will make light work with your wreck. I am certain our commander will consent to my doing so, and will gladly send on board you two or three boats' crews."

"If I let him," muttered Spike between his teeth, "I shall be a poor, miserable cast-anchor devil, that's all."

To Wallace, however, he expressed his hearty acknowledgments; begged him not to be in a hurry, as the worst was now over, and the row was still a long one. If he got back toward evening it would be all in good time. Wallace waved his hand, and the gig glided away. As for Spike, he sat down on the plank-sheer where he had stood, and remained there ruminating intently for two or three minutes. When he descended to the deck his mind was fully made up. His first act was to give some private orders to the boatswain; after which he withdrew to the cabin, whither he summoned Tier without delay.

"Jack," commenced the captain, using very little circumlocution in opening his mind, "you and I are old shipmates, and ought to be old friends, though I think your natur' has undergone some changes since we last met. Twenty years ago there was no man in the ship on whom I could so certainly depend as on Jack Tier; now you seem given up altogether to the women. Your mind has changed even more than your body."

"Time does that for all of us, Capt. Spike," returned Tier coolly. "I *am* not what I used to be, I'll own, nor are you yourself, for that

matter. When I saw you last, noble captain, you were a handsome man of forty, and could go aloft with any youngster in the brig; but now you're heavy, and not over active."

"I!—Not a bit of change has taken place in me for the last thirty years. I defy any man to show the contrary. But that's neither here nor there; you are no young woman, Jack, that I need be boasting of my health and beauty before you. I want a bit of real sarvice from you, and want it done in old-time's fashion; and I mean to pay for it in old-time's fashion, too."

As Spike concluded, he put into Tier's hand one of the doubloons that he had received from Señor Montefalderon in payment for the powder. The doubloons, for which so much pumping and baling were then in process, were still beneath the waters of the gulf.

"Ay, ay, sir," returned Jack, smiling and pocketing the gold, with a wink of the eye, and a knowing look; "this does resemble old times sum'at. I now begin to know Capt. Spike, my old commander again, and see that he's more like himself than I had just thought him. What am I to do for this, sir; speak plain, that I may be sartain to steer the true course."

"Oh, just a trifle, Jack,—nothing that will break up the ground tier of your wits, my old shipmate. You see the state of the brig, and know that she is in no condition for ladies."

"'Twould have been better all round, sir, had they never come aboard at all," answered Jack, looking dark.

Spike was suprised, but he was too much bent on his projects to heed trifles.

"You know what sort of flour they're whipping out of the schooner, and must understand that the brig will soon be in a pretty litter. I do not intend to let them send a single barrel of it beneath my hatches again; but the deck and the islands must take it all. Now, I wish to relieve my passengers from the confinement this will occasion, and I have ordered the boatswain to pitch a tent for them on the largest of these here Tortugas; and, what I want of you, is to muster food and water, and other woman's knickknacks, and go ashore with them, and make them as comfortable as you can for a few days, or until we can get this schooner loaded and off."

Jack Tier looked at his commander as if he would penetrate his most secret thoughts. A short pause succeeded, during which the steward's mate was intently musing; then his countenance suddenly brightened; he gave the doubloon a fillip, and caught it on the palm of his hand as it descended, and he uttered the customary "Ay, ay, sir," with apparent cheerfulness. Nothing more passed between these two worthies, who now parted, Jack to make his arrangements, and Spike to "tell his yarn,"—as he termed the operation in his own mind, to Mrs. Budd, Rose, and Biddy. The widow listened complacently, though she seemed half doubting, half ready to comply. As for Rose, she received the proposal with delight—the confinement of the vessel having become irksome to her. The principal obstacle was in overcoming the difficulties made by the aunt, Biddy appearing to like the notion quite as much as "Miss Rosy." As for the lighthouse. Mrs. Budd had declared nothing would induce her to go there; for she did not doubt that the place would soon be, if it were not already, haunted. In this opinion she was sustained by Biddy; and it was the knowledge of this opinion that induced Spike to propose the tent.

"Are you sure, Capt. Spike, it is not a desert island?" asked the widow; "I remember that my poor Mr. Budd always spoke of desert islands as horrid places, and spots that every one should avoid."

"What if it is, aunty," said Rose eagerly, "while we have the brig here, close at hand. We shall suffer none of the wants of such a place, so long as our friends can supply us."

"And *such* friends, Miss Rose!" exclaimed Spike, a little sentimentally for him,—*"friends that would undergo hunger and thirst themselves before you should want for any comforts."*

"Do, now, Madam Budd," put in Biddy, in her hearty way; "it's an island, ye'll remember; and sure that's what ould Ireland has ever been, God bless it! Islands make the pleasantest residences."

"Well, I'll venture to oblige you and Biddy, Rosy dear," returned the aunt, still half reluctant to yield; "but, you'll remember, that if I find it at all a desert island, I'll not pass the night on it on any account whatever."

With this understanding the party was transferred to the shore. The boatswain had already erected a sort of a tent, on a favourable spot, using some of the old sails that had covered the flour-barrels, not only for the walls, but for a carpet of some extent also. This tent was ingeniously-enough contrived. In addition to the little room that was entirely enclosed, there was a sort of piazza, or open verandah, which would enable its tenants to enjoy the shade in the open air. Beneath this verandah a barrel of fresh water was placed, as well as three or four ship's stools, all of which had been sent ashore with the materials for constructing the tent. The boat had been going and coming for some time, and, the distance being short, the "desert island" was soon a desert no longer. It is true that the supplies necessary to support three women for as many days were no great matter, and were soon landed; but Jack Tier had made a provision somewhat more ample. A capital caterer, he had forgotten nothing within the compass of his means that could contribute to the comfort of those who had been put especially under his care. Long before the people "knocked off" for their dinners, the arrangements were completed, and the boatswain was ready to take his leave.

"Well, ladies," said that grum old salt, "I can do no more for you, as I can see. This here island is now almost as comfortable as a ship that has been in blue water for a month, and I don't know how it can be made more comfortable."

This was only according to the boatswain's notion of comfort; but Rose thanked him for his care in her winning way, while her aunt admitted that, "for a place that was almost a desert island, things did look somewhat promising." In a few minutes the men were all gone, and the islet was left to the sole possession of the three females, and their constant companion, Jack Tier. Rose was pleased with the novelty of her situation, though the islet certainly did deserve the opprobrium of being a "desert island." There was no shade but that of the tent, and its verandah-like covering, though the last, in particular, was quite extensive. There was no water, that in the barrel and that of the ocean excepted. Of herbage there was a very little on this islet, and that was of the most meagre and coarse character, being a long wiry grass, with here and there a few stunted bushes. The sand was reasonably firm, however, more especially round the

shore, and the walking was far from unpleasant. Little did Rose know it, but a week earlier, the spot would have been next to intolerable to her, on account of the mosquitoes, gallinippers, and other similar insects of the family of tormentors, but every thing of the sort had temporarily disappeared in the currents of the tornado. To do Spike justice, he was aware of this circumstance, or he might have hesitated about exposing females to the ordinary annoyances of one of these spots. Not a mosquito, or any thing of the sort was left, however, all having gone to leeward, in the vortex which had come so near sweeping off the Mexican schooner.

"This place will do very well, aunty, for a day or two," cried Rose cheerfully, as she returned from a short excursion, and threw aside her hat, one made to shade her face from the sun of a warm climate, leaving the sea-breeze, that was just beginning to blow, to fan her blooming and sunny cheeks. "It is better than the brig. The worst piece of land is better than the brig."

"Do not say that, Rose—not if it's a desert island, dear; and this is desperately like a desert island; I am almost sorry I ventured on it."

"It will not be deserted by us, aunty, until we shall see occasion to do so. Why not endeavour to get on board of yonder ship, and return to New York in *her*; or at least induce her captain to put us ashore somewhere near this, and go home by land. Your health never seemed better than it is at this moment; and as for mine, I do assure you, aunty, dear, I am as perfectly well as I ever was in my life."

"All from this voyage. I knew it would set you up, and am delighted to hear you say as much. Biddy and I were talking of you this very morning, my child, and we both agreed that you *were* getting to be yourself again. Oh, ships, and brigs, and schooners, full-jigger or half-jigger, for pulmonary complaints, says I! My poor Mr. Budd always maintained that the ocean was the cure for all diseases, and I determined that to sea you should go, the moment I became alarmed for your health."

The good widow loved Rose most tenderly, and she was obliged to use her handkerchief to dry the tears from her eyes as she concluded. Those tears sprang equally from a past feeling of apprehension, and a present feeling of gratitude. Rose saw this, and she took a seat at her aunt's side, touched herself, as she never failed to be on similar occasions, with this proof of her relative's affection. At that moment even Harry Mulford would have lost a good deal in her kind feelings toward him, had he so much as smiled at one of the widow's nautical absurdities. At such times, Rose seemed to be her aunt's guardian and protectress, instead of reversing the relations, and she entirely forgot herself the many reasons which existed for wishing that she had been placed in childhood under the care of one better qualified than the well-meaning relict of her uncle, for the performance of her duties.

"Thank you, aunty—thank 'ee, dear aunty," said Rose, kissing the widow affectionately. "I know that you mean the best for me, though you *are* a little mistaken in supposing me ill. I do assure you, dear," patting her aunt's cheek, as if she herself had been merely a playful child, "I never was better; and if I *have* been

pulmonary, I am entirely cured, and am now ready to return home."

"God be praised for this, Rosy. Under *His* divine providence, it is all owing to the sea. If you really feel so much restored, however, I do not wish to keep you a moment longer on a ship's board than is necessary. We owe something to Captain Spike's care, and cannot quit him too unceremoniously; but as soon as he is at liberty to go into a harbour, I will engage him to do so, and we can return home by land—unless, indeed, the brig intends to make the home voyage herself."

"I do not like this brig, aunty, and now we are out of her, I wish we could keep out of her. Nor do I like your Captain Spike, who seems to me anything but an agreeable gentleman."

"That's because you arn't accustomed to the sea. My poor Mr. Budd had *his* ways, like all the rest of them; it takes time to get acquainted with them. All sailors are so."

Rose bent her face involuntarily, but so low as to conceal the increasing brightness of her native bloom, as she answered,

"Harry Mulford is not so, aunty, dear—and he is every inch a sailor."

"Well, there *is* a difference, I must acknowledge, though I dare say Harry will grow every day more and more like all the rest of them. In the end, he will resemble Captain Spike."

"Never," said Rose firmly.

"You can't tell, child. I never saw your uncle when he was Harry's age, for I was n't born till he was thirty, but often and often has he pointed out to me some slender, genteel youth, and say, 'just such a lad was I at twenty,' though nothing could be less alike, at the moment he was speaking, than they two. We all change with our years. Now I was once as slender, and almost—not quite, Rosy, for few there are that be—but *almost* as handsome as you yourself."

"Yes, aunty, I've heard that before," said Rose, springing up, in order to change the discourse; "but Harry Mulford will never become like Stephen Spike. I wish we had never known the man, dearest aunty."

"It was all your own doings, child. He's a cousin of your most intimate friend, and she brought him to the house; and one could n't offend Mary Mulford, by telling her we did n't like her cousin."

Rose seemed vexed, and she kept her little foot in motion, patting the sail that formed the carpet, as girls will pat the ground with their feet when vexed. This gleam of displeasure was soon over, however, and her countenance became as placid as the clear blue sky that formed the vault of the heavens about her head. As if to atone for the passing rebellion of her feelings, she threw her arms around her aunt's neck; after which she walked away, along the beach, ruminating on her present situation, and of the best means of extricating their party from the power of Spike.

It requires great familiarity with vessels and the seas, for one to think, read, and pursue the customary train of reasoning on board a ship that one has practised ashore. Rose had felt this embarrassment during the past month, for the whole of which time she had scarcely been in a condition to act up to her true character, suffering her

energies, and in some measure, her faculties to be drawn into the vortex produced by the bustle, novelties, and scenes of the vessel and the ocean. But now she was once more on the land, diminutive and naked as was the islet that composed her present world, and she found leisure and solitude for reflection and decision. She was not ignorant of the nature of a vessel of war, or of the impropriety of unprotected females placing themselves on board of one; but gentlemen of character, like the officers of the ship in sight, could hardly be wanting in the feelings of their caste; and any thing was better than to return voluntarily within the power of Spike. She determined within her own mind that voluntarily she would not. We shall leave this young girl, slowly wandering along the beach of her islet, musing on matters like these, while we return to the vessels and the mariners.

A good breeze had come in over the reef from the gulf, throwing the sloop-of-war dead to leeward of the brigantine's anchorage. This was the reason that the former had closed so slowly. Still the distance between the vessels was so small, that a swift cruiser, like the ship-of-war, would soon have been alongside of the wreckers, but for the intervening islets and the intricacies of their channels. She had made sail on the wind, however, and was evidently disposed to come as near to the danger as her lead showed would be safe, even if she did not venture among them.

Spike noted all these movements, and he took his measures accordingly. The pumping and baling had been going on since the appearance of light, and the flour had been quite half removed from the schooner's hold. That vessel consequently floated with sufficient buoyancy, and no further anxiety was felt on account of her sinking. Still a great deal of water remained in her, the cabin itself being nearly half full. Spike's object was to reduce this water sufficiently to enable him to descend into the state-room which Señor Montefalderon had occupied, and bring away the doubloons that alone kept him in the vicinity of so ticklish a neighbour as the Poughkeepsie. Escape was easy enough to one who knew the passages of the reef and islets; more especially since the wind had so fortunately brought the cruiser to leeward. Spike most apprehended a movement upon him in the boats, and he had almost made up his mind, should such an enterprise be attempted, to try his hand in beating it off with his guns. A good deal of uncertainty on the subject of Mulford's consenting to resist the recognised authorities of the country, as well as some doubts of a similar nature in reference to two or three of the best of the foremast hands, alone left him at all in doubt as to the expediency of such a course. As no boats were lowered from the cruiser, however, the necessity of resorting to so desperate a measure, did not occur, and the duty of lightening the schooner had proceeded without interruption. As soon as the boatswain came off from the islet, he and the men with him were directed to take the hands and lift the anchors, of which it will be remembered the Swash had several down. Even Mulford was shortly after set at work on the same duty; and these expert and ready seamen soon had the brig clear of the ground. As the schooner was anchored, and floated without assistance, the Swash rode by her.

Such was the state of things when the men turned to, after having

had their dinners. By this time, the sloop-of-war was within half a league of the bay, her progress having been materially retarded by the set of the current, which was directly against her. Spike saw that a collision of some sort or other must speedily occur, and he determined to take the boatswain with him, and descend into the cabin of the schooner in quest of the gold. The boatswain was summoned, and Señor Montefalderon repeated in this man's presence, the instructions that he thought it necessary for the adventurers to follow, in order to secure the prize. Knowing how little locks would avail on board a vessel, were the men disposed to rob him, that gentleman had trusted more to secreting his treasure, than to securing it in the more ordinary way. When the story had again been told, Spike and his boatswain went on board the schooner, and, undressing, they prepared to descend into the cabin. The captain paused a single instant to take a look at the sloop-of-war, and to examine the state of the weather. It is probable some new impression was made on him by this inquiry, for, hailing Mulford, he ordered him to loosen the sails, and to sheet home, and hoist the foretopsail. In a word, to "see all ready to cast off, and to make sail on the brig at the shortest notice." With this command he disappeared by the schooner's companion-way.

Spike and his companion found the water in the cabin very much deeper than they had supposed. With a view to comfort, the cabin-floor had been sunk much lower than is usual on board American vessels, and this brought the water up nearly to the arm-pits of two men as short as our captain and his sturdy little boatswain. The former grumbled a good deal, when he ascertained the fact, and said something about the mate's being better fitted to make a search in such a place, but concluded with the remark, that "the man who wants ticklish duty well done, must see to it himself."

The gold-hunters groped their way cautiously about the cabin for some time, feeling for a drawer in which they had been told they should find the key of Señor Montefalderon's state-room door. In this Spike himself finally succeeded, he being much better acquainted with cabins and their fixtures, than the boatswain.

"Here it is, Ben," said the captain; "now for a dive among the Don's val'ables. Should you pick up anything worth speaking of, you can condemn it for salvage, as I mean to cast off, and quit the wreck the moment we've made sure of the doubloons."

"And what will become of all the black flour that is lying about sir?" asked the boatswain with a grin.

"It may take care of itself. My agreement will be up as soon as the doubloons are found. If the Don will come down handsomely with his share of what will be left, I may be brought to put the kegs we have in the brig ashore for him somewhere in Mexico; but my wish is to get out of the neighbourhood of that — sloop-of-war, as soon as possible."

"She makes but slow headway ag'in the current, sir; but a body would think she might send in her boats."

"The boats might be glad to get back again," muttered Spike. "Ay, here is the door unlocked, and we can now fish for the money."

Some object had rolled against the state-room door when the vessel

was capsized, and there was a good deal of difficulty in forcing it open. They succeeded at last, and Spike led the way by wading into the small apartment. Here they began to feel about beneath the water, and by a very insufficient light, in quest of the hidden treasure. Spike and his boatswain differed as to the place which had just been described to them, as men will differ even in the account of events that pass directly before their eyes. While thus employed, the report of a heavy gun came through the doors of the cabin, penetrating to the recess in which they were thus employed.

"Ay, that's the beginning of it!" exclaimed Spike. "I wonder that the fool has put it off so long."

"That gun was a heavy fellow, Captain Spike," returned the boatswain; "and it sounded in my ears as if 't was shotted."

"Ay, ay, I dare say you're right enough in both opinions. They put such guns on board their sloops-of-war, now-a-days, as a fellow used to find in the lower batteries of a two-decker only in old times; and as for shot, why Uncle Sam pays, and they think it cheaper to fire one out of a gun, than to take the trouble of drawing it."

"I believe here's one of the bags, Captain Spike," said the boatswain, making a dip, and coming up with one-half of the desired treasure in his fist. "By George, I've grabbed him, sir; and the other bag can't be far off."

"Hand that over to me," said the captain, a little authoritatively, "and take a dive for the next."

As the boatswain was obeying this order, a second gun was heard, and Spike thought that the noise made by the near passage of a large shot was audible also. He called out to Ben to "bear a hand, as the ship seems in 'arnest." But the head of the boatswain being under water at the time, the admonition was thrown away. The fellow soon came up, however, puffing like a porpoise that has risen to the surface to blow.

"Hand it over to me at once," said Spike, stretching out his unoccupied hand to receive the prize; "we have little time to lose."

"That's sooner said than done, sir," answered the boatswain; "a box has driven down upon the bag, and there's a tight jam. I got hold of the neck of the bag, and pulled like a horse, but it would n't come no how."

"Show me the place, and let me have a drag at it. There goes another of his —— guns."

Down went Spike, and the length of time he was under water, proved how much he was in earnest. Up he came at length, and with no better luck than his companion. He had got hold of the bag, satisfied himself by feeling its outside that it contained the doubloons, and hauled with all his strength, but it would not come. The boatswain now proposed to take a jamming hitch with a rope around the neck of the bag, which was long enough to admit of such a fastening, and then to apply their united force. Spike assented, and the boatswain rummaged about for a piece of small rope to suit his purpose. At this moment Mulford appeared at the companion-way to announce the movements on the part of the sloop-of-war. He had been purposely tardy, in order to give the ship as much time as possible; but he saw by the looks of the men that a longer delay might excite suspicion.

"Below there," called out the mate.

"What's wanting, sir?—what's wanting, sir?" answered Spike; "let's know at once."

"Have you heard the guns, Captain Spike?"

"Ay, ay, every grumbler of them. They've done no mischief, I trust, Mr. Mulford?"

"None as yet, sir; though the last shot, and it was a heavy fellow, passed just above the schooner's deck. I've the topsail sheeted home and hoisted, and it's that which has set them at work. If I clewed up again, I daresay they'd not fire another gun."

"Clew up nothing, sir, but see all clear for casting off and making sail through the south pass. What do you say, Ben, are you ready for a drag?"

"All ready, sir," answered the boatswain, once more coming up to breathe. "Now for it, sir; a steady pull, and a pull altogether."

They *did* pull, but the hitch slipped, and both went down beneath the water. In a moment they were up again, puffing a little, and swearing a great deal. Just then another gun, and a clatter above their heads, brought them to a stand.

"What means that, Mr. Mulford?" demanded Spike, a good deal startled.

"It means that the sloop-of-war has shot away the head of this schooner's foremast, sir, and that the shot has chipp'd a small piece out of the heel of our maintop-mast—that's all."

Though excessively provoked at the mate's cool manner of replying, Spike saw that he might lose all by being too tenacious about securing the remainder of the doubloons. Pronouncing in very energetic terms on Uncle Sam, and all his cruisers, an anathema that we do not care to repeat, he gave a surly order to Ben to "knock-off," and abandoned his late design. In a minute he was on deck and dressed.

"Cast off, lads," cried the captain, as soon as on the deck of his own brig again, "and four of you man that boat. We have got half of your treasure, Señor Wan, but have been driven from the rest of it, as you see. There is the bag; when at leisure we'll divide it, and give the people their share. Mr. Mulford, keep the brig in motion, hauling up toward the South Pass, while I go ashore for the ladies. I'll meet you just in the throat of the passage."

This said, Spike tumbled into his boat, and was pulled ashore. As for Mulford, though he cast many an anxious glance toward the islet, he obeyed his orders, keeping the brig standing off and on, under easy canvas, but working her up toward the indicated passage.

Spike was met by Jack Tier on the beach of the little island.

"Muster the women at once," ordered the captain, "we have no time to lose, for that fellow will soon be firing broadsides, and his shot now range half a mile beyond us."

"You'll no more move the widow and her maid, than you'll move the island," answered Jack laconically.

"Why should I not move them? Do they wish to stay here and starve?"

"It's little that they think of *that*. The sloop-of-war no sooner began to fire, than down went Mrs. Budd on the canvas floor of the

tent, and set up just such a screaming as you may remember she tried her hand at the night the revenue craft fired into us. Biddy lay down alongside of her mistress, and at every gun, they just scream as loud as they can, as if they fancied they might frighten off Uncle Sam's men from their duty."

"Duty!—You little scamp, do you call tormenting honest traders in this fashion the duty of any man?"

"Well, captain, I'm no ways partic'lar about a word or two. Their 'ways,' if you like that better than duty, sir."

"Where's Rose? Is she down too, screaming and squalling?"

"No, Captain Spike, no. Miss Rose is endeavouring, like a handsome young christian lady as she is, to pacify and mollify her aunt and Biddy; and right down sensible talk does she give them."

"Then she at least can go aboard the brig," exclaimed Spike, with a sudden animation, and an expression of countenance that Jack did not at all like.

"I *ray—y—ther* think she'll wish to hold on to the old lady," observed the steward's mate, a little emphatically.

"You be d—d," cried Spike fiercely; "when your opinion is wanted, I'll ask for it. If I find you've been setting that young woman's mind ag'in me, I'll toss you overboard, as I would the offals of a shark."

"Young women's minds, when they are only nineteen, get set ag'in boys of fifty-six without much assistance."

"Fifty-six yourself."

"I'm fifty-three—that I'll own without making faces at it," returned Jack, meekly; "and, Stephen Spike, you logged fifty-six your last birth-day, or a false entry was made."

This conversation did not take place in the presence of the boat's crew, but as the two walked together toward the tent. They were now in the verandah, as we have called the shaded opening in front, and actually within sound of the sweet voice of Rose, as she exhorted her aunt, in tones a little louder than usual for her to use, to manifest more fortitude. Under such circumstances Spike did not deem it expedient to utter that which was uppermost in his mind, but, turning short upon Tier, he directed a tremendous blow directly between his eyes. Jack saw the danger and dodged, falling backward to avoid a concussion which he knew would otherwise be fearful, coming as it would from one of the best fore-castle boxers of his time. The full force of the blow *was* avoided, though Jack got enough of it to knock him down, and to give him a pair of black eyes. Spike did not stop to pick the assistant steward up, for another gun was fired at that very instant, and Mrs. Budd and Biddy renewed their screams. Instead of pausing to kick the prostrate Tier, as had just before been his intention, the captain entered the tent.

A scene that was sufficiently absurd met the view of Spike, when he found himself in the presence of the females. The widow had thrown herself on the ground, and was grasping the cloth of the sail on which the tent had been erected with both her hands, and was screaming at the top of her voice. Biddy's imitation was not exactly literal, for she had taken a comfortable seat at the side of her mistress, but in the way of cries, she rather outdid her principal.

"We must be off," cried Spike, somewhat unceremoniously. "The

man-of-war is blazing away, as if she was a firin' minute-guns over our destruction, and I can wait no longer."

"I'll not stir," answered the widow—"I can't stir—I shall be shot if I go out. No, no, no—I'll not stir an inch."

"We'll be kilt!—we'll be kilt!" echoed Biddy, "and a wicket murther 't will be in that same man, war or no war."

The captain perceived the uselessness of remonstrance at such a moment, and perhaps he was secretly rejoiced thereat; but it is certain that he whipped Rose up under his arm, and walked away with her, as if she had been a child of two or three years of age. Rose did not scream, but she struggled and protested vehemently. It was in vain. Already the captain had carried her half the distance between the tent and the boat, in the last of which, a minute more would have deposited his victim, when a severe blow on the back of his head caused Spike to stumble, and he permitted Rose to escape from his grasp, in the effort to save himself from a fall. Turning fiercely toward his assailant, whom he suspected to be one of his boat's crew, he saw Tier standing within a few yards, levelling a pistol at him.

"Advance a step, and you're a dead man, villain!" screamed Jack, his voice almost cracked with rage, and the effort he made to menace.

Spike muttered an oath too revolting for our pages; but it was such a curse as none but an old salt could give vent to, and that in the bitterness of his fiercest wrath. At that critical moment, while Rose was swelling with indignation and wounded maiden pride, almost within reach of his arms, looking more lovely than ever, as the flush of anger deepened the colour in her cheeks, a fresh and deep report from one of the guns of the sloop of-war drew all eyes in her direction. The belching of that gun seemed to be of double the power of those which had preceded it; and jets of water that were twenty feet in height, marked the course of the formidable missile that was projected from the piece. The ship had, indeed, discharged one of those monster-cannons that bear the name of a distinguished French engineer, but which should more properly be called by the name of the ingenious officer who is at the head of our own ordnance, as they came originally from his inventive faculties, though somewhat improved by their European adopter. Spike suspected the truth,—for he had heard of these "Pazans," as he called them,—and he watched the booming, leaping progress of the eight-inch shell that this gun threw with the apprehension that unknown danger is apt to excite. As jet succeeded jet, each rising nearer and nearer to his brig, the interval of time between them seeming fearfully to diminish, he muttered oath upon oath. The last leap that the shell made on the water was at about a quarter of a mile's distance of the islet on which his people had deposited at least a hundred and fifty barrels of his spurious flour; thence it flew, as it might be without an effort, with a grand and stately bound into the very centre of the barrels, exploding at the moment it struck. All saw the scattering of flour, which was instantly succeeded by the heavy, though slightly straggling explosion of all the powder on the island. A hundred kegs were lighted, as it might be, in a common flash, and a cloud of white smoke poured out and concealed the whole islet, and all near it.

Rose stood confounded, nor was Jack Tier in a much better state of mind, though he still kept the pistol levelled, and menaced Spike. But the last was no longer dangerous to any there. He recollected that piles of the barrels encumbered the decks of his vessel, and he rushed to the boat, nearly frantic with haste, ordering the men to pull for their lives. In less than five minutes he was alongside, and on the deck of the *Swash*—his first order being to—“Tumble every barrel of this powder into the sea, men. Over with it, Mr. Mulford ; clear away the midship ports, and launch as much as you can through them.”

Remonstrance on the part of Señor Montefalderon would have been useless had he been disposed to make it ; but, sooth to say, he was as ready to get rid of the powder as any there, after the specimen he had just witnessed of the power of a Paixhan gun.

Thus it is ever with men. Had two or three of those shells been first thrown without effect, as might very well have happened under the circumstances, none there would have cared for the risk they were running ; but the chance explosion which had occurred presented so vivid a picture of the danger, dormant and remote as it really was, as to throw the entire crew of the *Swash* into a frenzy of exertion.

Nor was the vessel at all free from danger. On the contrary, she ran very serious risk of being destroyed, and in some degree, in the very manner apprehended. Perceiving that Spike was luffing up through one of the passages nearest the reef, which would carry him clear of the group, a long distance to windward of the point where he could only effect the same object, the commander of the sloop-of-war opened his fire in good earnest, hoping to shoot away something material on board the *Swash* before she could get beyond the reach of his shot. The courses steered by the two vessels just at that moment favoured such an attempt, though they made it necessarily very short-lived. While the *Swash* was near the wind, the sloop-of-war was obliged to run off to avoid islets ahead of her, a circumstance which, while it brought the brig square with the ship's broadside, compelled the latter to steer on a diverging line to the course of her chase. It was in consequence of these facts that the sloop-of-war now opened in earnest, and was soon canopied in the smoke of her own fire.

Great and important changes, as has been already mentioned, have been made in the armaments of all the smaller cruisers within the last few years. Half a generation since, a ship of the rate—we do not say of the *size*—of the vessel which was in chase of Spike and his craft, would not have had it in her power to molest an enemy at the distance these two vessels were now apart. But recent improvements have made ships of this nominal force formidable at nearly a league's distance ; more especially by means of their Paixhans and their shells.

For some little time the range carried the shot directly over the islet of the tent, Jack Tier and Rose, both of whom were watching all that passed with intense interest, standing in the open air the whole time, seemingly with no concern for themselves, so absorbed was each, notwithstanding all that had passed, in the safety of the brig. As for Rose, she thought only of Harry Mulford, and of the danger he was in by those fearful explosions of the shells. Her quick intellect comprehended the peculiar nature of the risk that was incurred by having

the flour-barrels on deck, and she could not but see the manner in which Spike and his men were tumbling them into the water, as the quickest manner of getting rid of them. After what had just passed between Jack Tier and his commander, it might not be so easy to account for his manifest, nay, intense interest in the escape of the Swash. This was apparent by his troubled countenance, by his exclamations, and occasionally by his openly-expressed wishes for her safety. Perhaps it was no more than the interest the seaman is so apt to feel in the craft in which he has long sailed, and which to him has been a home, and of which Mulford exhibited so much, in his struggles between feeling and conscience—between a true and a false duty.

As for Spike and his people, we have already mentioned their efforts to get rid of the powder. Shell after shell exploded, though none very near the brig, the ship working her guns as if in action. At length the officers of the sloop of war detected a source of error in their aim, that is of very common occurrence in sea-gunners. Their shot had been thrown to *ricochet*, quartering a low, but very regular succession of little waves. Each shot striking the water at an acute angle to its agitated surface, was deflected from a straight line, and described a regular curve toward the end of its career; or, it might be truer to say, an *irregular* curvature, for the deflection increased as the momentum of the missile diminished.

No sooner did the commanding-officer of the sloop-of-war discover this fact,—and it was easy to trace the course of the shots by the jets of water they cast into the air, and to see as well as to hear the explosions of the shells, than he ordered the guns to be pointed more to windward, as a means of counteracting the departure from the straight lines. This expedient succeeded in part, the solid shot falling much nearer to the brig the moment the practice was resorted to. No shell was fired for some little time after the new order was issued, and Spike and his people began to hope these terrific missiles had ceased their annoyance. The men cheered, finding their voices for the first time since the danger had seemed so imminent, and Spike was heard animating them to their duty. As for Mulford, he was on the coach-house deck, working the brig, the captain having confided to him that delicate duty, the highest proof he could furnish of confidence in his seamanship. The handsome young mate had just made a half-board, in the neatest manner, shoving the brig by its means through a most difficult part of the passage, and had got her handsomely filled again on the same tack, looking right out into open water, by a channel through which she could now stand on a very easy bowline. Everything seemed propitious, and the sloop-of-war's solid shot began to drop into the water a hundred yards short of the brig. In this state of things one of the Paixhans belched forth its angry flame and sullen roar again. There was no mistaking the gun. Then came its mass of iron,—a globe that would have weighed just sixty-eight pounds, had not sufficient metal been left out of its interior to leave a cavity to contain a single pound of powder. Its course, as usual, was to be marked by its path along the sea, as it bounded half a mile at a time from wave to wave. Spike saw by its undeviating course that this shell was booming terrifically toward his brig, and a cry to "look out for the shell!" caused the work to be suspended. That shell struck the water for the last time within two hundred yards of the brig, rose

dark and menacing in its furious leap; but exploded at the next instant. The fragments of the iron were scattered on each side, and ahead. Of the last three or four fell into the water so near the vessel as to cast their spray on her decks.

"Overboard with the rest of the powder!" shouted Spike. "Keep the brig off a little, Mr. Mulford—keep her off, sir; you luff too much, sir."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the mate. "Keep her off, it is."

"There comes the other shell!" cried Ben; but the men did not quit their toil to gaze this time. Each seaman worked as if life and death depended on his single exertions. Spike alone watched the course of the missile. On it came, booming and hurtling through the air, tossing high the jets at each leap it made from the surface, striking the water for its last bound, seemingly in a line with the shell that had just preceded it. From that spot it made its final leap. Every hand in the brig was stayed, and every eye was raised as the rushing tempest was heard advancing. The mass went muttering directly between the masts of the *Swash*. It had scarcely seemed to go by when the fierce flash of fire and the sharp explosion followed. Happily for those in the brig the projectile force given by the gun carried the fragments from them, as in the other instance it had brought them forward; else would few have escaped mutilation, or death, among their crew.

The flashing of fire so near the barrels of powder that still remained on their deck, caused the frantic efforts to be renewed, and barrel after barrel was tumbled overboard, amid the shouts that were now raised to animate the people to their duty.

"Luff, Mr. Mulford—luff you may, sir," cried Spike.

No answer was given.

"D'ye hear, there, Mr. Mulford?—it is luff you may, sir."

"Mr. Mulford is not aft, sir," called out the man at the helm: "but luff it is, sir."

"Mr. Mulford not aft! Where's the mate, man? Tell him he is wanted."

No Mulford was to be found. A call passed round the deck, was sent below, and echoed through the entire brig; but no sign or tidings could be had of the handsome mate. At that exciting moment the sloop of war seemed to cease her firing, and appeared to be securing her guns.

THE HEBREW, THE SARACEN, AND THE CHRISTIAN.*

ALMOST professedly a continuation of Coningsby and Sybil, Tancred is essentially a combination of Vivian Grey and Alroy. To the analytic skill of the former, it unites the bold imaginings of the latter; the dexterity of the European statesman unravels the webs of diplomacy and politics to show that they should be despised; the spirituality of the Orientalist penetrates to the unsolved mysteries of the East to demand that they should be adored. Scorn for Europe, reverence for Asia;—contempt for the petty and the temporary, adoration for the grand and the eternal;—homage for a chosen race, a sneer for elected supremacies;—dukes little amid wealth and power, chieftains great in poverty and the desert;—such are the contrasts presented in these volumes, contrasts of scant courtesy to what we boast of as civilisation and of boundless respect for what we have been accustomed to regard as barbarism. It is a work calculated to delight and to bewilder, to please and to perplex; it is at once a vision and a problem; the mystic lessons of a Hebrew prophet, and the candid confessions of an English statesman. Readers will lay it down convinced that it is grand and wonderful, but equally convinced that they have not discovered what it is about; persuaded that it is a high object and deep import, but just as firmly persuaded that its object and its import remain to be discovered. It will be read again and again with renewed pleasure, and with equally renewed perplexity, for it is at once the most brilliant of dreams, and the most sober of realities.

The key to the mystery is an ideality of Judaism, conceived by the author in early life, and receiving fresh and bolder development every hour of his existence; it was this ideality which conjured up the glories of Alroy, and pointed the sarcasms of Vivian Grey; it is this ideality which impersonates intellectual supremacy in a Sidonia or an Eva, and aristocratic weakness in a Duke of Bellamont, the educational prejudices of ignorance in his duchess, and conventional dogmatism pretending to wisdom in a bishop. It is this ideality which takes the view of England's social state pronounced by a despairing Montacute.

“I cannot find that it is part of my duty to maintain the order of things, for I will not call it system, which at present prevails in our country. It seems to me that it cannot last, as nothing can endure, or ought to endure, that is not founded upon principle; and its principle I have not discovered. In nothing, whether it be religion, or government, or manners, sacred or political or social life, do I find faith; and if there be no faith, how can there be duty? Is there such a thing as religious truth? Is there such a thing as political right? Is there such a thing as social propriety? Are these facts, or are they mere phrases? And if they be facts, where are they likely to be found in England? Is truth in our Church? Why, then, do you support dissent? Who has the right to govern? The Monarch? You have robbed him of his prerogative. The Aristocracy? You confess to me that we exist by sufferance. The People? They themselves tell you that they are nullities.”

It was the influence of this ideality, which sketched the contemptuous

* Tancred, or the New Crusade, by B. Disraeli, M.P. London: Colburn.

picture of a memorable passage in the life of a living bishop, and a cotemporary history which we are about to extract.

"About the time of the marriage of the Duchess of Bellamont, her noble family, and a few of their friends, some of whom also believed in the millenium, were persuaded that the conversion of the Roman Catholic population of Ireland to the true faith, which was their own, was at hand. They had subscribed very liberally for the purpose, and formed an amazing number of sub-committees. As long as their funds lasted, their missionaries found proselytes. It was the last desperate effort of a Church that had from the first betrayed its trust. Twenty years ago, statistics not being so much in vogue, and the people of England being in the full efflorescence of that public ignorance which permitted them to believe themselves the most enlightened nation in the world, the Irish 'difficulty' was not quite so well understood as at the present day. It was then an established doctrine that all that was necessary for Ireland was more Protestantism, and it was supposed to be not more difficult to supply the Irish with Protestantism than it had proved, in the instance of a recent famine, (1822,) to furnish them with potatoes. What was principally wanted in both cases were—subscriptions.

"When the English public, therefore, were assured by their co-religionists on the other side of St. George's Channel, that at last the good work was doing, that the flame spread, even rapidly—that not only parishes but provinces were all agog—and that both town and country were quite in a heat of proselytism, they began to believe that at last the scarlet lady was about to be dethroned; they loosened their purse-strings; fathers of families contributed their zealous five pounds, followed by every member of the household, to the babe in arms, who subscribed its fanatical five shillings. The affair looked well. The journals teemed with lists of proselytes and cases of conversion; and even orderly, orthodox, people, who were firm in their own faith, but wished others to be permitted to pursue their errors in peace, began to congratulate each other on the prospect of our at last becoming a united Protestant people.

"In the blaze and thick of the affair, Irish Protestants jubilant, Irish Papists denouncing the whole movement as fraud and trumpery, John Bull perplexed, but excited, and still subscribing, a young bishop rose in his place in the House of Lords, and with a vehemence there unusual, declared that he saw 'the finger of God in this second Reformation,' and, pursuing the prophetic vein and manner, denounced 'woe to those who should presume to lift up their hands and voices in vain and impotent attempts to stem the flood of light that was bursting over Ireland.'

"In him, who thus plainly discerned 'the finger of God' in transactions in which her family and feelings were so deeply interested, the young and enthusiastic Duchess of Bellamont instantly recognised the 'man of God;' and, from that moment the right reverend prelate became, in all spiritual affairs, her infallible instructor, although the impending second Reformation did chance to take the untoward form of the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, followed in due season by the destruction of Protestant bishoprics, the sequestration of Protestant tithes, and the endowment of Maynooth."

We must not, however, omit the full-length episcopal portrait.

"The ready audacity with which this right reverend prelate had stood sponsor for the second Reformation is a key to his character. He combined a great talent for action with very limited powers of thought. Bustling, energetic, versatile, gifted with an indomitable perseverance, and stimulated by an ambition that knew no repose, with a capacity for mastering details and an inordinate passion for affairs, he could permit nothing to be done without his interference, and consequently was perpetually involved in transactions which were either failures or blunders. He was one of those leaders who are not guides. Having little real knowledge, and not endowed with those high qualities of intellect which permit their possessor to

generalize the details afforded by study and experience, and so deduce rules of conduct, his lordship, when he received those frequent appeals which were the necessary consequence of his officious life, became obscure, confused, contradictory, inconsistent, illogical. The oracle was always dark. Placed in a high post in an age of political analysis, the bustling intermeddler was unable to supply society with a single solution. Enunciating second hand, with characteristic precipitation, some big principle in vogue, as if he were a discoverer, he invariably shrank from its subsequent application, the moment that he found it might be unpopular and inconvenient. All his quandaries terminated in the same catastrophe—a compromise. Abstract principles with him ever ended in concrete expediency. The aggregate of circumstances outweighed the isolated cause. The primordial tenet, which had been advocated with uncompromising arrogance, gently subsided into some second-rate measure recommended with all the artifice of an impenetrable ambiguity.

“Beginning with the second Reformation, which was a little rash but dashing, the bishop, always ready, had in the course of his episcopal career placed himself at the head of every movement in the church which others had originated, and had as regularly withdrawn at the right moment when the heat was over, or had become, on the contrary, excessive. Furiously evangelical, soberly high and dry, and fervently Puseyite, each phasis of his faith concludes with what the Spaniards term a ‘transaction.’ The saints are to have their new churches, but they are also to have their rubrics and their canons; the universities may supply successors to the apostles, but they are also presented with a church commission; even the Puseyites may have candles on their altars, but they must not be lighted.”

“It will be seen, therefore, that his lordship was one of those characters not ill-adapted to an eminent station in an age like the present, and in a country like our own; an age of movement, but of confused ideas; a country of progress, but too rich to risk much change. Under these circumstances, the spirit of a period and a people seeks a safety-valve in—bustle. They do something, lest it be said that they do nothing. At such a time, ministers recommend their measures as experiments, and parliaments are ever ready to rescind their votes. Find a man who, totally destitute of genius, possesses nevertheless considerable talents; who has official aptitude, a volubility of routine rhetoric, great perseverance, a love of affairs; who, embarrassed neither by the principles of the philosopher nor by the prejudices of the bigot, can assume with a cautious facility, the prevalent tone, and disembarass himself of it with a dexterous ambiguity, the moment it ceases to be predominant; recommending himself to the innovator by his approbation of change ‘in the abstract,’ and to the conservative by his prudential and practical respect for that which is established; such a man, though he be one of an essentially small mind, though his intellectual qualities be less than moderate, with feeble powers of thought, no imagination, contracted sympathies, and a most loose public morality;—such a man is the individual whom kings and parliaments would select to govern the State or rule the Church. Change, ‘in the abstract,’ is what is wanted by a people who are at the same time inquiring and wealthy. Instead of statesmen, they desire shufflers; and compromise in conduct and ambiguity in speech are—though nobody will confess it—the public qualities now most in vogue.”

Now, how does it happen that Disraeli is irresistibly impelled to point at these objects of popular reverence, as Elisha did at the senseless idols of old, and say with bitter scorn, “These be your gods, O Israel!” What right has he to assume this tone of superiority? on what ideal height is he placed, that he can look down on humanity, like the Charon of Lucian’s clever dialogue, and regard all the laboured proceedings of mankind as no better than the antics of so many insects on an ant-hill?

There are two persons, often combined in the same individual, who

live and move among us, whom we meet every day, and of whom we just take so much cognizance as to misunderstand the one and never to perceive the existence of the other: these are the despised Jew, and the haughty Hebrew. Of the Jew many people believe that they know too much, and if there are any who want to learn more, are there not the portraits of Shylock and Fagin ready to their hand, as fair specimens of an outcast race? Have they not the legend of the nursery, and the lie of history, and the libel of the dramatist, and the passion of the bigot, and the prejudice of the mob? Is not this a Christian country, and are not Jews, therefore, an excrescence on its sacred soil? Of course everybody knows everything about the Jew, it remains to tell him something about the Hebrew.

Some twenty centuries before Britain had a name the Hebrew was invested with sovereignty and nobility, attached indefeasibly to his race for ever. Jehovah called Abraham from the land of the Chaldees. The Hebrew ruled in Egypt, and was trained in chivalry in Goshen; for him the laws of nature were suspended, and ten fearful plagues inflicted on the parent of western civilization; for him the Red Sea opened a path through its waters, and then closed over the host of the Pharaohs. For him food was supplied in the Desert, and fountains bubbled from the thirsty rock. To the Hebrew "the Highest gave his voice" from the thunder clouds that swathed the pinnacles of Sinai. It was the Hebrew sword which clove down the giant race that occupied Canaan while the sun stood still on Gibeon, and the moon on the valley of Ajalon, as witnesses of his prowess. Hebrew prophets, and kings, and worthies, have given the precepts which all civilized men revere, the examples which they quote, and the predictions in which they believe. Has the world any other such store-house of ennobling memories, and of proud recollections? "The temple has not left a stone, but thoughts such as these common to a race, build up a temple of living hearts, more magnificent in the contemplation of pure intellect than all the material grandeur of Solomon." "Mockery sits on the throne of Salem, but the Lord of that throne which is fixed in the Hebrew bosom is still the Lord Jehovah."

Nor is Hebrew pride ungratified by what the Jew is forced to witness in Christendom. The founder of the faith which has displaced his own is still the son of David; the paragon of moral loveliness for whom lances were most frequently couched, and to whose image, as the model of all female purity, eyes and hearts are most frequently directed, is a Jewish maiden, the Virgin Mary. It is Jewish law which is published weekly in the churches to guide the conduct of Christians, and it is with Jewish hymns and prayers that Christians offer their prayers and supplications.

We are not done; the Hebrew has an illegitimate brother, who, in a few brief years, won by his good sword a larger empire than imperial Rome gained in the long course of centuries. Saracen was long a name of terror, while Europe lasts it must be a name of admiration; for if the Hebrew gave us religion the Arab gave us science, and the Hebrew has a right to be proud of his illegitimate brother.

The Hebrew we have depicted is the ideality ever present to Disraeli's mind; it fills him with a sense of unrecognized superiority which at once exalts his conceptions, and embitters his opinions; the sense of superiority inspires glorious imaginings, the refusal of recognition dictates withering sarcasms.

Viewing this book more as a problem to be solved than as a literary work to be reviewed, we think that the passage in which the writer most clearly reveals his views of political philosophy—rather an inappropriate name for a science which includes both social and individual existence—is his description of Damascus.

The most ancient city of the world has no antiquity. This flourishing abode is older than many ruins, yet it does not possess one single memorial of the past. In vain has it conquered or been conquered. Not a trophy, a column, or an arch, records its warlike fortunes. Temples have been raised here to unknown gods and to revealed Divinity; all have been swept away. Not the trace of a palace or a prison, a public bath, a hall of justice, can be discovered in this wonderful city, where everything has been destroyed, and where nothing has decayed.

Men moralize among ruins, or, in the throng and tumult of successful cities, recall past visions of urban desolation for prophetic warning. London is a modern Babylon; Paris has aped imperial Rome, and may share its catastrophe. But what do the sages say to Damascus? It had municipal rights in the days when God conversed with Abraham. Since then, the kings of the great monarchies have swept over it; and the Greek and the Roman, the Tatar, the Arab, and the Turk, have passed through its walls; yet it still exists and still flourishes; is full of life, wealth, and enjoyment. Here is a city that has quaffed the magical elixir, and secured the philosopher's stone, that is always young and always rich. As yet, the disciples of progress have not been able exactly to match this instance of Damascus, but, it is said that they have great faith in the future of Birkenhead.

The Hebrew has received full justice from the pen of Mr. Disraeli; the Saracen has got a little more than his due, for he is credited with some achievements of the Sejukian Turks; the Druses are not fairly described, and the account of the Ansari is obviously a purely poetic fiction, and neither very probable nor very successful. The Christian has got some rebukes richly merited and not unsparingly administered; but the problem of race is left as far from solution as ever. We have yet to learn whether Sidonia is a fair specimen or a brilliant exception.

The political allusions in this work are few; the chief is a very spirited vindication of the course pursued by Lord Palmerston on the Syrian question. The story has been a very secondary consideration with the author; almost the only character which has any pretension to originality and novelty is that of Fakredeen, the ambitious chieftain of Lebanon, and his prototype we are inclined to believe must be sought nearer home.

The great merit of the work is the grandeur of its conceptions; it always suggests the supremacy of the spiritual over the material; one principle pervades the whole which may be thus briefly stated—"Asia thinks and lives; Europe works and perishes." We confine ourselves to interpretation, and shrink from criticism and controversy. The contemplative Eastern and the practical European have been too much in the habit of despising each other for us not to welcome a work which suggests, with unrivalled power, that the estimates of the party in whose correctness of judgment we are most deeply interested, may possibly have been erroneous, and may therefore need correction.

THEFTS FROM THE PERCY RELIQUES. No. III.

THE LADY TURNED SERVING-MAN.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

IT is some little time before the reader of ancient romances—albeit he has a glossary at the end—can become quite reconciled to the notion of all the ladies of the old metrical stories living in “bowers.”

And, indeed, our own idea of bowers, viewed as ordinary dwelling-places, are anything but satisfactory; judging from the remains of these features of a former age still extant in tea-gardens. For we do not take a bower to be an arbour or a summer-house. It is a structure more purely vegetable and airy; such as you might have seen formerly in the realm of the Bayswater Flora, before the polypus arms of the new city of Hyde Park overran them: pleasant in summer, to be sure, with a thatch of clustering canariensis, and twinkling clymatis, and deep-tinged velvety convolvulus, to keep off the sun—or even covered with hops, or scarlet runners; but still not suited to live in altogether. For the miseries attendant in summer upon the humblest meals, even tea, taken in a place of this kind have been made into comic songs: and the bare notion of any residence therein in winter is such an utter absurdity that it is not worth a second thought. Akin to this lackadaisical tenement is a residence “under the greenwood tree:” we should imagine, if any thing, several degrees more uncomfortable from the prolonged drip after a shower. With this, however, we have at present less to do: our business is with a “bower” more especially: and the bower of Lady Mabel Clifford.

A long time ago,—in that gloriously uncertain period wherein the simple affirmation, at just starting, of some one having existed, is received as an authority, and shields you from all charges of anachronism—a long time ago Lady Mabel Clifford lived on the Border. The Border was considered as the Field Lane of Great Britain. All sorts of vagabonds resided there, who were wont to rush out at certain times, pick and steal all they could, and then go back to their fastnesses: where they kept their goods until other stronger authorities, whom they were unable to resist, came and took them back again: occasionally leaving the thieves to dangle in the air from gibbets, as the thefts do in Field Lane at the present day.

The chronicles tell us that when Lady Mabel’s father died—who was an old English baron—she became the bride of a young knight, and that he, in an architectural spirit of affection, “built her a brave bower,” in which she lived gaily. Perhaps love made it always summer, which, for reasons stated above, was to be desired. For then a bower is not such a bad place after all, when the scent-laden air murmurs through the quivering leaves; and the white wings of the butterfly flash across its opening in the sunlight, which darts, here and there, through the light foliage wherever you can catch a glimpse of the deep sky to gild the tinselled insects that hover about it. And then all around there is pleasant music of life and summer. You may listen to the murmur of unseen myriads, high up in the air, whose song lasts until eventide: and, about, the buds and seed-pods burst and crackle joyously in the glowing light. The river tumbles on and gur-

gles with fairer melody: the hum of the bee has a gentler sound of busy self-content, and every tree becomes an aviary that may not be matched for sweet minstrelsy by any art. For an hundred birds shall always sing in harmony, albeit they are heretofore strangers to each other. Perhaps it was a bower life, like this, that made Lady Mabel so happy.

But bad times came. Lady Mabel's husband's turn arrived to be set upon by the other borderers, upon some hunting question; for the game-laws, in these rude times, caused almost as many men to be murdered in various ways as they do at present. And one night a great party of Scotch chiefs, including The Haggis, and M'Chivey of Cheviot, and the fierce Earl of Grab, and Sir Hugh Ullerbalow, made what they called a foray; and, having fired the residence, they killed Lady Mabel's husband, and then burst open the cellar and began to drink until they arrived at that pitch of intoxication assigned, by ancient comparison, to violinists.

Lady Mabel was very young and very beautiful; and the borderers were very rude. As a woman, she knew the first of these facts intuitively: and she had learned the second by report. So she determined to fly at once, before they recovered from the fumes of their wine: and she sought her little foot-page to accompany her. Alack! her little foot-page had been hewn down as he unwittingly answered the door to the first summons of the marauders, and all her other servants had taken the warning and left their place at a minute's notice. It would not do to risk the journey by herself, just as she was; so she stole up to her page's wardrobe, and hastily dressed herself, weeping and trembling the whiles, in a suit of his clothes. They were not too small for her; for a woman of moderate stature in boy's clothes may pass for a very fair page.

Accounts of female sailors which appear from time to time in the newspapers—when the large gooseberries and showers of frogs have been too often worked—shew us that it is still possible for the fair sex to pass themselves off as men. Else, supposing the stage to hold the mirror up to nature, we never should have suspected the "Little Jockeys," or "Eton Boys," or "Gil Blas," or "Little Devils," to be otherwise than what they really were; the pinched in waists, preposterous figures, oddly arranged hair, and utter want of knowing what to do with the hands beyond putting them on the waist—an attitude a man is never seen in—entirely destroying all illusion. Lady Mabel, however, without any hesitation, cut off all her silky rippling tresses, keeping only such length as a page might be supposed to wear; and, leaving them lying about like so many golden snakes upon the ground, fled from the house, she knew not whither.

Nor more do we. For the chronicle simply states that she "travell'd far through many a land," which is a direction as vague in locality, as the period "once upon a time" is in epoch. But we imagine that she arrived at last in one of those pleasant legendary countries, with the costume and geography, manners and custom of which Mr. Planché only is well acquainted—the fairy realms of the Countess D'Anois, in which we once so fervently believed—the loss of which belief has been the most chilling attribute of increasing years. Useful knowledge is all very right and proper; but its pleasures do not—cannot—equal the gilded ignorance of childhood.

Well—Lady Mabel, all wearied with her toil, at last sat down to

rest, and weep, in the middle of a mighty forest: and make a very frugal meal from beech-nuts and water. Her heart was very full—if it had not run over at her eyes, it would have well-nigh burst. Everything was gloomy around her. The trees of the forest were so tall and thick, that the sunlight never penetrated them; and there were black rocks and dark gloomy pools in every direction. She had parted, too, with all her jewels for food, and her shoes were beginning to wear away. It is terrible, at the present day, when the first decay of your pet boots evinces itself; but it was much worse in Mabel's case. For she knew not where to go for others; and her small white feet were not calculated to go without. She thought of all this as she lay against the mossy holl of a huge old tree—whose roots above-ground made a sort of rustic arm-chair—watching the ants running backwards and forwards on their highway, and almost wishing she was one of them to have a home and companions, until, worn out with her great sorrow, she sobbed herself fast asleep.

She was roused by a great noise of shouting and blowing of horns, to which the stoppage at Cheam-gate coming home from the Derby was nothing; and, opening her eyes in great terror, she found that she was surrounded by a crowd of huntsmen and falconers, both horse and foot, and a bevy of beautiful ladies on palfreys, with long flowing trains of cloth of gold such as they wear in a circus when they dance a grand cotillion upon horseback. One of the gentlemen who were mounted, was young and handsome, with a great deal more gold and bright things generally upon his dress than any of his fellows.

"Hillio!" he cried, as he saw Mabel; "wake up, knavelet, and tell us who you are. Some roysterer, I warrant, who has been up all night, and is taking it out of the noontide. Hillio!"

First impressions upon waking are usually very hazy affairs. Hence, at times, incoherent answers have been given in reply to the servant's knock at the bed-room door, to her great bewilderment, touching on the subjects of the dream thus broken; hence, a doze during a sermon—which although very wicked is not always to be battled with—induces wrong and hurried responses when none ought to be made, upon first waking up—hence, a friend to whom you are reading a five act play of your own will be apt to give loose opinions thereon upon being suddenly questioned. And hence, Lady Mabel's first impression was that all her border enemies had followed her to take her prisoner. So, as the horseman's bright dress was the first thing that attracted her, and he looked the chief of the party, she threw herself at his feet and cried,

"Mercy!—mercy! I implore you."

"What for?" replied the King, for such he was. "What for, stripping?—for going to sleep? Gad's my life! we don't punish people here for idle dreaming. If we did, all the trees in the forest wouldn't serve to make gibbets for our philosophers and poets. Who are you, boy?"

The last words somewhat reassured Lady Mabel; for they proved that she was not discovered. So she answered,

"I feared that I was trespassing. I am well born, but my family have been unfortunate; and I am seeking employment."

"You are a comely lad, and a well-built," said the King; "turn round and let us look at you."

Lady Mabel blushed deeply. She had very beautiful legs, and could have held rose-nobles between her knees, calves, and ankles all at once.

And knowing they were beautiful she never much cared, in former times, when the wind ruffled her dress round the aforesaid ankles, but that was very different to having them stared at in a pair of red *moyen age* page's trunks. However she did as the King ordered, but it was in some confusion.

"That will do," said the King, somewhat prepossessed in her favour; and so thought Mabel by the way, and wondered what he would have if it didn't, for she was a woman, and as such aware of her beauty.

"That will do. Now, what would you like to be? My esquire to ride after me always; or the wine-taster to attend on me in the hall; or will you be my chamberlain?"

Lady Mabel hesitated a minute. There were reasons for declining the first, and she feared her head would not stand the second. She, therefore, replied,

"An't please you, I will be your chamberlain."

"Well, so you shall, boy, so you shall," said the King. "Ho! lords and ladies, on with the hunt. Sir Widdicombe, let the stranger have one of your steeds, for he looks footsore."

He addressed this speech to the Master of the Horse, who had lived with him, and his father, and great grandfather in that capacity. Mabel felt more uncomfortable than ever. She was a capital horse-woman, as all the border ladies were; but her only notions of riding were connected with the crutch of a side saddle; for she had never seen the *ecuyères* at Franconi's. We must draw a veil over her embarrassment; and merely say, that she was nearly ridden over in the chase, and before she got home by the ladies, who were all anxious to get near the young and handsome stranger.

* * * * *

Time went on; the sand of his hour-glass passed like that of an egg-boiler, producing the whiles those eccentric actions which it does in the toys, only amidst real men and women,—and Lady Mabel rose into high favour; for the King had not so faithful nor so gentle a servitor. The men about the court found fault with the young chamberlain, to be sure; for he would not drink with them, nor sit long at their banquets; but the women adored him, which made the men hate him still more; and seeing that in the hunt he was ever first, or, if not there, by the King's side, they so plotted, that one day they got him left behind.

Lady Mabel had some suspicion that this was unkindly meant. She watched the train depart somewhat sorrowfully, and then wandered over the castle to find a companion. But everybody had left to join the chase. Had the King been married, and blessed with a family, and all his relations gone a hunting, to get the rabbit skin of nursery renown wherein to rock the darling baby, the party could not have been more universal. Even Blanche Angmering, the falconer's daughter, who believed—poor little simpleton!—that the chamberlain was in love with her, because Mabel was fond of talking to her when her father was out, had scampered off on her pony with the rest. But as Mabel sat down awhile in her room, to play with one or two of the tame hawks, her bright eyes fell upon a lady's dress—a new one just sent home for Blanche, by the court milliner. In an instant all her woman's feelings returned. She longed to put on a gown once more; so, locking the door, she hastily undressed, and donned Blanche's new robe. Not without some trouble though; for she had gone without stays so

long, that it was only with the greatest pains she could make the hooks and eyes meet. And then she put a wreath in her hair, and taking up a guitar, sang this little song, which we give in Percy's own words :

1.

My father was as brave a lord
As ever Europe might afford ;
My mother was a ladye bright ;
My husband was a valiant knight.

2.

And I myself a ladye gay,
Bedeckt with gorgeous, rich array,
The happiest lady in the land
Had not more pleasure at command.

3.

I had my musicke every day,
Harmonious lessons for to play ;
I had my virgins fair and free,
Continually to wait on mee.

4.

But now, alas ! my husband's dead,
And all my friends are from me fled ;
My former days are past and gone,
And I am now a serving-man.

" Bravo !" cried a voice outside, as the song concluded. Lady Mabel threw down the guitar in terror, as she heard the sound of applause from a pair of hands following the exclamation.

" You can't come in !" she cried, as she ran to the door.

" Can't !" exclaimed the intruder, whom she at once recognised as the King. " Who says I can't go anywhere in my own palace ? especially when such a voice invites me : it was a fair challenge !"

And sending the door flying before his shoulders he pushed it into the room, and found Lady Mabel fainting on the ottoman, which she had astonished Blanche by assisting to work. In her fear she looked more beautiful than ever. The *denouement* is quickly told. The King no sooner saw our heroine in her proper habiliments, than he fell desperately in love with her. Evil tongues whispered that he had returned from the chase under pretence of fatigue, to flirt with Blanche upon the sly ; for he bore the character of being—what all young handsome single Kings must be, if they have any spirit—*un peu roué*. It was furthermore asserted, that not being too constant in his attachments wherever a new beauty was concerned, he pressed his attentions somewhat too warmly upon Lady Mabel. But her behaviour was so noble, that the King bethought himself how admirably she would grace his throne ; and, after a very short consideration, he offered her his hand and his heart. Both were accepted ; and so, from a serving-man, Lady Mabel became a queen ; and she and her royal husband, in the good old fairy fashion, " lived happily together all the rest of their days until they died."

Now for the moral : for if you care to look for it, you will find one in all our old legends, far more pleasantly and kindly set forth than by crabbed acrid essayists of the present day. In the mantle of Lady Caradoc was shown a good conscience : in the sword of Sir Aldingar's fair adversary, the cause of right ; and in the adventure of Lady Mabel the bright destiny, never far distant, when everything around us wears its dreariest hue.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH NORMANDY.

BY ODARD.

You know that our hero of heroes, our ideal of the chivalrous warrior, sleeps at Rouen. The aisles of Notre Dame bend over the tomb of Rollo. Thither I next turned my steps. The design I had formed was that of reviewing the chief characters and events of the Norman period in France, beginning with the conquest of the province by Rollo, and ending at that epoch when it was re-annexed to the French crown by the valour of Philip Augustus. These two occurrences are vividly recalled as we stand by the sepulchre of Rollo, or under the broken battlements of the Château Gailard. Accordingly I so ordered my wanderings as to terminate with the one and commence with the other. The era which lies between is filled by characters and events peculiarly representing those qualities which distinguished the Norman race, and I hoped in some sort to reanimate those characters and realize those events, by visiting in succession the places with which their memory is especially connected. In thus descending as it were the stream of Time, I found a great interest in collecting from the old chroniclers, and such records as I conceived most authentic, some account of the first five Dukes of Normandy. I amused myself by condensing these materials, and bringing into (what I do not remember to have elsewhere seen) one connected view the career of those remarkable men under whose wise conduct and fostering care, the early Norman race was consolidated, and its character developed, before it was prepared to pass on into England, where, mingling with the Saxon, it found a final home. My expedition closes with a visit to the Church of Jumièges, where the grave of Agnes Sorel naturally reminds us of the failure of those attempts made by England through the course of a century to regain a permanent footing in France. For a brief period this seemed to be effected; but Agincourt was the flash of the lamp before it dies. France was saved by the heroism of Joan of Arc and the love of Agnes; as the grave closed upon the last, the Norman quitted the French soil for ever. Sir Edward Coke, indeed, informs us in his fourth Institute, that the crown of England hath not lost its right of entry upon the province of Normandy, maintaining that it is still competent to recover in ejectment against his most Catholic Majesty in due form of law; for saith the learned judge "*The possession of Guernsey, Jersey, Sark, and Alderney, is seisin enough for all the rest.*" This, however, is a matter for the consideration of the Foreign Office, my business is with the past.

In any notice of Normandy, its architectural monuments bear of course a prominent part. They deserve particular attention however when our views are directed to the distinctive qualities of the race to whom the architects belonged, for we shall find that architecture is one of those features by which we always characterize a people in our imagination. This is especially the case with reference to the early middle ages. In times when writing was an art confined to a few, and printing was unknown, architecture was one of the modes by which the national mind found expression.

The Norman style was peculiarly characteristic of that race. Its great features are strength, simplicity, grandeur. Though the remaining specimens of that style are very few, they yet suffice to shew that the Norman architects alone apprehended the true principles of construction applicable to a Christian Church. In their cathedrals, we find conspicuous those great qualities above mentioned. The propriety of their application I cannot better express than in the words of Coleridge that, "their cathedrals were petrifications of Christianity."

I shall endeavour, hereafter, to point out the causes, as I conceive, of this superiority in the Norman art, which seems to me mainly to result from the acknowledged character and qualities of that race, and the influence upon them of that wild and majestic scenery amidst which it dwelt so long.

In my opinion every departure from that style was a departure from the true principles of this branch of christian art. The pointed arch of the Saracens was the first innovation; this was accompanied by a relinquishment in the mouldings and capitals of the Norman simplicity. Henceforward we trace a gradual declension till we arrive at the dreadful Tudor arch with its attendant enormities. Then came Inigo Jones with his Italianism, and the curtain fell upon Christian architecture.

I know that this opinion of the pointed arch will seem heresy to some. I am aware there are many who regard what is called the Gothic style, in contradistinction to the Norman, with a kind of idolatry, and the most distressing theories have been started in the endeavour to appropriate to the Normans the *merit* (as some call it) of inventing the pointed arch. It is my firm opinion that in the pure stage of the Norman art, their architects would have shrunk from it as a form far less suitable for a Christian temple than that type of eternity and strength which they were accustomed to employ. I therefore strive throughout these short notices to vindicate for the Norman style, in opposition to what I may call *Puginism*, that pre-eminence which I think is its meed, for I never can be convinced that the pointed arch is a development, but on the contrary a perversion, of the principle under whose inspiration the architect of the Norman or round arch worked; or to speak more correctly, it is the introduction of a new principle altogether; the one the product of a mind whose dominant faculties were faith and reason, finding a type in that form which canopied the great temple of nature; the other projected by a refined imagination, bearing in its shape internal evidence of its birthplace, the South; from which it unquestionably came—beautiful indeed, but earthly in its beauty; and the effect it produces on the soul according well with the warm dreamy worship of the Saracen, but inappropriate for the purposes of that religion which "casteth down imaginations."

The period to which these sketches particularly relate should be one of paramount interest to every Englishman, and for that reason I am not without hope that I shall engage you to accompany me as I saunter through those scenes by which it is recalled, and even yet in some degree, illustrated. It is a period full of interest for all, from its stirring vicissitudes, its romantic dangers, and that spirit of chivalry which pervaded its action, and shed a glory upon all things, but on the attention of an Englishman it has an especial claim. It

is because these men are our fathers that we feel an interest in their career, which the mysteries of old Egypt, the Grecian's glory, or the Roman's power, fail to inspire. We find in the isolated life of the feudal baron, which each lonely castle recalls, a fit school for the training up of those domestic affections ever characteristic of the Teuton race.* Each blackened hearth presents to us the spot where at night returning from the foray or the chase the wife's welcome awaited the warrior, and he felt through all his stern nature the blessing of family ties and of a heart that was all his own. In the domestic feelings that once were cherished and sheltered within those mouldering walls, we recognize the germ of the true affections that have almost given back our lost Paradise in the English home. To the customs† which guided their civil conduct we trace the elements of our own liberal laws, and in their free social systems‡ the grounds of that polity which has occasioned Montesquieu to declare that England was the only land in the universe where "political liberty was the very end and scope of the constitution." Finally, it is to these men that England owes that spirit of honour and chivalry which has made her good faith a proverb to the remotest corners of the earth, constituted her the champion and protector of the oppressed all over the world, and placed her foremost among the nations on the path to universal civilization.

That such was the influence of those times on ours, seems to be now generally conceded. Yet some there are who take quite a different view of the matter. There are people who refuse to acknowledge any merit in the times of chivalry, or that we owe anything to the Norman race. Your "sophisters, economists, and calculators," think that humanity was amply furnished for its destiny in the elements of the older world, without this infusion of the tenth century. They regard any man who eulogizes that time and people, as a visionary, an enthusiast, a sentimental dreamer. They look upon them as always endeavouring to suppress the nascent genius of civilization, whereas they gave it its greatest impulse and expansion, and seem to have been, in fact, the one remaining element essential to its capability of perfection. They regard the Normans as imbued with an arrogant, narrow, and exclusive spirit, opposed to the dignity and independence of the people, the interests of learning, science, and the arts, and inimical to the energies and enterprise of commerce; forgetting that history ever represents them as the watchful vindicators of those laws by which the meanest individual is protected from the wrongs and insults of the greatest; the founders and guardians of the monasteries, without whose shelter the treasures the human intellect had bequeathed to posterity would

* It is worthy of remark, that the word *baron* is, in feudal language, synonymous with *husband*; so identified was the domestic character with the warrior of those days.

† Custom, which implies free and universal assent, was the essence of the Teuton law, as it is of its derivative, the common law of England. The body of laws compiled by Rollo, which still prevails in the Channel Islands was called *Le Grand Custumier*.

‡ The legislative power of the Teutons was vested in the society at large. "*De minoribus rebus principes consultant, de majoribus omnes.*" Tac. de Mor. Ger. c. 11. The limitation of the executive power was a first and essential principle in all their systems of government. "*Nec regibus infinita aut libera potestas,*" was the fundamental principle. Tac. de Mor. Ger. c. 7.

have perished for ever :—and let me remind the political economists, that the Great Charter which the Norman barons wrung, sword in hand, from King John, contains among its provisions an article which is the very life and soul of commerce.* It must be recollected moreover that to acknowledge what we owe to these times, is by no means to wish for their revival ; this would be puerile indeed. They accomplished their purpose, and I do not mourn their departure. When they had performed their part in the great scheme of Providence, it was time they should quit the stage.

On my return from Eu to Dieppe, I engaged the services of a stout little Norman pony, and the following morning cantered out of the town on my way to Rouen. As I rode along, I found it required a considerable effort of imagination to realise the past in any degree, so has the new régime impressed its character on all things. The monuments which have survived the bigotry of the 16th, and the licence of the 18th centuries, are few and far between. The stamp of the middle ages is well nigh obliterated ; the face of the country is wholly modern, and so is the aspect and the habits of the people. Three centuries and a half have elapsed since the descendant of the Norman tried to regain the land of his fathers and failed. The spirit of that race had been drafted away to England, and even its influence had exhaled during that period. Then came the Revolution, which entirely severed this people from the past. They are quite cut off from preceding history. The present inhabitants of the province have no more resemblance to the men who followed Rollo from their frozen mountains, than the Thames at Wapping has to the pure fountain that issues from the cold granite in the Cotswold hills. There is also something with which an Englishman never could grow familiar, in those inflexibly straight roads that announce an all pervading centralization at which his spirit revolts ; so unlike our winding highways, bending obsequiously to the rights and even the sentiments of proprietors ; marking the presence of strong local influences, and the power of country gentlemen at sessions or in parliament, to interpose between the convenience of the public, and the destruction of some ancestral park, or favourite tree. Neither can he reconcile himself with the peculiarities of the people. The eager flurried way in which they address themselves to the veriest trifles of life, offends the tranquil nature of the Englishman, as much as the childish passion for costume is opposed to the simplicity of his character. Yet in the midst of so much that is uncongenial, as he treads the soil of Normandy the Englishman cannot help feeling himself at home, and ever reverts to the days of his ancestors, from the obtrusive novelty around.

Such were my thoughts as I descended the road upon Rouen.

A French writer says with great truth, though with characteristic smartness, " If you wish to see *old Rouen*, you must make haste."

* Mag. Char. c. 30 ; Montesquieu, commenting on this, remarks, " That the English know better than any people upon earth how to value these three great advantages,—religion, liberty, and commerce." Very different from the genius of the Romans, who looked upon commerce as dishonourable, "*Nobiliiores natalibus, et honorum luce conspicuos, et patrimonio ditiores, perniciosum urbibus mercimorum exercere prohibemus*;" and the Canonists, who looked on trade as inconsistent with Christianity. "*Homo mercator vix aut nunquam potest Deo placare, et ideo nullus Christianus debet esse mercator, aut si voluerit esse, proficiatur de ecclesia Dei.*" Decret. l. 83, 11.

She, the Rathomagus of the Romans, the capital of feudal Normandy, the Rouen of the middle ages, sits there still in her old queenly attitude, under the shadow of those beautiful hills. The silver Seine flows by, and her churches still preserve the ashes of the mighty dead ; but the days of her glory are numbered. All the powers of innovation seem to have collected round and marshalled their forces for a desperate attack upon the vital seat of feudal memory. She is invested by an army of countless factories, a thousand deep ; thick as Vallombrosa's leaves they swarm on the plain. They occupy commanding positions everywhere on the hills, and the outline of the horizon is broken by heavy masses of high-chimneyed reserves. Ceaseless are the sounds of hostile activity ; and scarce can the sun penetrate the volumes of smoky gloom that roll out like banners from every point of the besetting host, and spread their lurid folds upon the pure clear air. The suburbs have been seized upon by parricidal Young Normandy ; down go the time-honoured buildings, and glaring novelties arise upon their ruins. In a gradually narrowing circle the devastation advances day by day, drawing nearer to the yet unreached centre of the town. Here is the cathedral, under whose aisles is the tomb of Rollo. Thither the betrayed spirit of Mediævalism has, as it were, fallen back. It takes a kind of shape under the spell of musing fancy. She conjures up a shadowy form by the sanctuary where the hero sleeps. She mantles it with the memories of the Past, and as the havoc approaches, it seems to fold closer the robe of antiquity, and calmly to await its doom.

Wrapped up in their speculations, pursuing their callous schemes of gain, the inheritors of old Rouen hasten through the historic streets to their bran-new chambers of trade. They delight to call their old town the Manchester of France, and glory in the dust of cotton, that overlays so fast the venerable dust of ages. Among her 100,000 inhabitants, how many are there who bestow a thought upon her bygone days, or turn aside for one moment from their chase of wealth, to reflect upon this mournful conflict between the Present and the Past ? Nevertheless, it still proceeds, and loses nothing of its sadness by reason of the apathy of man. To me, still uninfected by the manufacturing spirit, and unfamiliar with the scene, the struggle presented a spectacle profoundly melancholy. I asked myself if this antagonism existing between youth and age, wherever man's agency is at work, arose necessarily from the constitution of humanity. We do not find it in the operations of nature. The young oak springs up beside its parent monarch of the forest, and they share together the sunshine and the breeze : the branch of the banyan tree delights to give its shelter to the stem from which it sprung ; the fruit and blossom of the orange tree hang together on the bough ; new islands arise in the sea, yet the old lands remain ; and the astronomer who has discovered a fresh orb just formed of nebulae does not miss the immemorial stars. Is it a condition of man's nature that he cannot improve or advance without some corresponding destruction ? by what fatality is it that where *he* works, the life of Progress involves the death of Antiquity ?

These were questions suggested by the sight of the vanishing old city ; and I found no answer. I felt, however, that the spirit here

at work was changing the whole face of Nature, and obliterating every dear lineament associated with our golden youth. Yet a few years, and shall we grieve to quit a world whose once friendly scenes have shared the fate of the hearts we cherished, from which the familiar objects are all swept away, as well as the loved ones departed?

The same process goes on at home. Returning from abroad, I passed by —, where we spent so many years of our boyhood. I came on the same old coach, (the only thing almost remaining the same) and stopped at the tavern crowning the hill, where we have so often descended, coming home for vacation, long, long ago; the old man who kept it was gone, and I had no heart to talk to the new proprietor; so I walked towards the church, keeping time with my slow step to the bell which was tolling ominously as I approached. I was just then thinking, as I looked upon the stubble-fields at either side the road, how often we had tramped with old — by our side, *Ponto* and *Don* scouring away before us. With what pleasure he used to follow us in our boyhood's sports, carrying our guns and shotbelts with as much patience as he took our wayward fancies. Then, he was always at his cottage door as we rode by to cover, and, though a second deluge lurked in the sky, never damped our sanguine hearts by a hint of rain, insisting always we should have glorious weather. At least, thought I, I shall find the honest old fellow by his fireside, and we shall have a talk over old times and abuse the new, to his heart's content.—That was his death-bell! They were going to bury him to-day! With a full heart I hastened on, and began to descend the hill. There was the old house bosomed in the woods; there bounded the stream by the slope from the drawing-room windows, laughing from its merry heart as of yore; but between me and that dear spot a railway ran its iron course; and, to make way for it, they had cut down

“ The fir-trees dark and high,
Whose slender spires, I used to think,
Were close against the sky.”

A broad heavy arch spanned the passage between the hills, and shut out the heaven from that very spot where we used to stop in the summer twilight, and read romances in the stars. I could venture no further. Hurrying back, I took my place again on the old coach and went on.

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Having arrived at Rouen, my first visit was to the Faubourg Cauchoise. The old Roman road from Rathomagus to Juliobona leads you to the church of St. Gervais, a plain, massive structure, the petrification of simplicity. It is reputed the oldest Christian temple in France. The eastern end reposes on a crypt which antiquaries maintain is as old as the fourth century. Simple and insignificant though it be, it possesses an interest the grandest temple might fail to inspire. Seven hundred and fifty years ago, its walls beheld a scene of more impressive eloquence than all the homilies to which they have since responded.

On the evening of the 9th of September, 1087, there lay upon a step of the choir an unheeded corpse, whose scanty covering scarce sufficed to conceal the wounds with which it was disfigured. Is

there no kinsman, no friend of youth, not even a charitable neighbour, to watch awhile beside, or place some seemly drapery on the dead? None to toll a passing bell, to light a taper, to put up a prayer for the departed soul? Who was this most friendless man, to whom are denied the last poor offices that, even for the felon or the pauper, death has a right to claim? How lonely, how obscure, how destitute must the life have been to which this is the close!

Look upon those kingly Norman features;—a few days since, and they were shadowed by a crown! That prostrate and neglected form sat on a throne of power; and thousands of the bravest and the fairest looked for favour to these shrouded eyes! These are the mortal remains of one who founded the noblest kingdom the world ever knew—*William the Conqueror of England!*

Mortally wounded at the siege of Mantes, the dying hero just reached the old sanctuary, and then breathed his last.* Scarcely had he closed his eyes, when the crowd of courtiers vanished. One of the sons is speeding to seize upon the father's crown, before the veins are chill in the forehead it so lately pressed! Another hastens to secure the coronet of the duchy!

The sons and the courtiers are gone. The menials follow their example, having first possessed themselves of everything to be found, even to the habiliments of the royal person. The King is now alone with Death. Even woman has deserted him. Heaven in mercy had taken his noble and beloved Matilda, and spared her the anguish and humiliation of this hour. But the high dames that just now brightened his halls—were they false too, every one? Were their flattering words and graceful homage nothing but a mockery? Alas! for the unhappy monarch, when even woman's loving loyal heart deserted him in the hour of death!

A poor chevalier named Herlouin having collected the necessary funds, charged himself with the execution of the King's last wish, to be buried at St. Etienne. A few days after his death, a humble hearse might have been seen slowly wending its way to Caen, attended by a few hired mourners. It is Herlouin bearing the body of the Conqueror to its last resting-place under the holy aisles of St. Etienne.

In the volume of history this is an instructive page. Alas! for the ambitious dreamer who can peruse it, and then turn to his idol of earthly power with undiminished reverence and unabated devotion.

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There are few days in the year you will fail to find an Englishman in the little square before the Cathedral of Rouen, poring over Murray's Handbook. You would think he must have come to revise it for a new edition; for the great object seems to be to ascertain that it is entirely correct. He looks carefully that every architectural curiosity is duly noted down, each minutest detail faithfully recorded, and the description of the whole so complete, as to reject the idea of amendment. Now, passing to the interior of the Cathedral, he submits his volume to a similar ordeal; and having satisfied

* By some writers the king is stated to have lived to reach the Chateau d'Hermentrville, a dependancy of the Abbey of Fécamp, and the scene we are describing to have taken place there; but the most accurate historians close his eyes at St. Gervais.

himself with the precision of that faultless guide-book, he hurries on to test it by the next lion on his list. Well read it may be in his guide-book, but knowing about as much of the real merits of the Cathedral as you do of the intellectual qualities of a lady with whom you have danced once in a London ball-room.

While he hastens to the next sight in his programme, let us examine for a moment the marvellous sculpture of the western façade. It takes the bewildered retina fully a quarter of an hour to reduce that tumult of reliefs to any degree of order, and convey those saints, virgins, and kings in intelligible groups to the brain. It is a prodigious muscular effort, and just within the power of the optical machinery. Let us gaze, however, courageously, and we shall find that chaos of images change to a creation of order and beauty. Before us is a Scripture petrified. There is the tree of Jesse: *i. e.* the genealogy of the Virgin. Farther up, the martyrdom of St. John the Baptist. In the corner, Herod at the banquet-table, with his wives beside and his wines before him, while Herodias animates the foreground with those graceful dances whose guerdon was to be the martyr's blood. All in stone—and numerous other biblical episodes too numerous to mention,

To the faces of the north and south portals the same profusion of decorative imagery has been affixed. While the delicacy and extraordinary finish of these ornaments excites our wonder, we must admit that the whole is an exquisite architectural transgression, a beautiful violation of the rules of pure taste. You perceive that the great principles of religious symbolism have been misapprehended, if not lost sight of; and you recognize the production of a period when art had already passed that stage of perfection where it would seem that nothing on earth may be arrested, and fallen into the rankness that precedes decay.

We may complete our view of this florid style of architectural ornament by passing across the street to the Church of St. Maclou, over whose western portal the artists of the sixteenth century have raised a semicircular triple porch, faced in all directions with the most elaborate sculptural decoration, really seeming, as we contemplate the intricate groups of forms so fantastic and delicate, to be the work of enchanted chisels guided by raving imaginations.

But "swinging slow with sullen roar," the tongue of the Cathedral bell, hoarse with centuries, announces the hour when vergers and beadles leave the church. Let us take advantage of their absence, and recrossing the street pay our visit to the interior, while we may do it undisturbed.

The walls of the northern and southern aisles are pierced with chapels from the door to the choir. The topmost on the south contains the tomb of Rollo; opposite, in the highest chapel of the north aisle, rest the ashes of his son.

You have Norman blood within your veins: does not the name of Rollo stir your heart like a trumpet? Can any one come to his grave to gratify a mere tourist curiosity? Does it not awaken that reverence which is the rightful meed of those who stand so high above the dreary average of men? With Charlemagne, Alraschid, and Alfred, he appears over the ignorance, irreverence, and rudeness of those ages, on the vantage ground of intelligence, piety, and refinement, and exhibits in that character indistinctly as we trace it

through the gloom of those unlettered times and the tumultuous scenes of subsequent history, how great a possibility is man.

In what she has said, as well as in what she has omitted to say, History has been equally unjust to this illustrious person. Sometimes he is represented as a savage leader of a horde of barbarians, spreading everywhere before him devastation and death. Another portrait is that of a rather respectable pirate, endowed with a few wild virtues, that ripened at last into a degree of civilization under the influence of Christianity. By other writers he is passed over altogether, as having no claim to be distinguished from the general mass of the roving chiefs of those days.

Let me endeavour for a moment to clear away the mists that time, bigotry, and ignorance have hung upon his memory. Let me briefly sketch his life in its own true colours, unheightened, but, at the same time, undimmed.

Rollo is described as a magnificent creature, of colossal stature, but faultless symmetry; his countenance such as physiognomists delight to study: judgment in the broad full brow, resolution in the mouth and chin; the antisensual shape of the head, and aspiring outline of the profile, indicating a noble and magnanimous disposition; features that the early Persians always associated with an exalted character, and which at this day in England are distinctive, generally speaking, of Norman blood.

In the ninth century there were in Norway many rich and powerful seigneurs. Rogwald, Rollo's father, was eminent among them, and long held the kings of Denmark in check. When Harold Fairhair, towards the end of that century, overran Norway, the whole flower of the Norwegian nobility, excepting Rollo, retired to the Hebrides. He remained, and long withstood the Fairhair's progress. The latter, having vainly endeavoured to reduce Rollo's territory by force, had recourse to stratagem. Lulling him into security by a false truce, he set upon him unexpectedly, and killed his brother and many of his officers. Rollo was then also forced to withdraw. He followed his brother nobles to the Hebrides. On his arrival, they unanimously selected him as their chief, desiring he would lead them back to Norway, to administer to the Fairhair "the wild justice of revenge." Rollo wavered for a moment. He looked upon this band of noble warriors, and felt his power. Within him was at strife the natural instinct of vengeance, and the spirit so far before his time. What destinies hung on his decision! Is it too much to say that the regeneration of Europe was at stake?

Let us glance backwards for a moment. The world had been advancing, slowly indeed, but still advancing, on its path to civilization. Each age, as it passed away, bequeathed something to the great result; and at the fall of the Western Empire, we find three elements transmitted from the ancient world: viz. the intellect of Greece, the social and political wisdom of Rome, and the perfection of moral and spiritual truth in Christianity. To these was then added the element of the Gothic race,—an addition of such power, that for a time it changed the character of the whole mass. They brought with them some lofty qualities, but the soil that was to receive them had been rendered so rank by Roman corruption, that those fine virtues were speedily absorbed, and there became necessary a new order of men from yet harder and severer climes, en-

dowed with qualities of a more enduring complexion, virtues of a temper truer and more refined.

In the Normans this order of men appeared. Theirs was the mission to infuse a pure and vigorous blood into the corrupt and effete veins of the south, and while they imported fresh stores of animal courage, to temper what they brought, as well as what they found, with prudence and generosity. Theirs to introduce the notion of a regulated but free subordination, by the agency of feudalism—to soften the harshness of the mediæval spirit by infusing the graces and refinements of chivalry, and bringing with them that reverence for the softer sex, which always characterized the northmen, it was theirs to place Woman on the throne that women had so long usurped. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the influence this respect for woman may have had on the amelioration of Europe. Regarding Christianity and law as its main instruments, we cannot but perceive how well fitted these men were, especially by this woman-venerating quality to be its agents. Their love of woman disposed them to receive with readiness a religion whose prominent feature, as taught to them, was the veneration of the Virgin Mary, in which idea, that love, with its character of deep reverence, met a pure and enduring object. Accordingly, we find, that they everywhere embraced Christianity with ardour. Again, if, as thoughtful men have considered,* law has for its chief and essential basis and motive the love of and regard for woman, we see at once how this same genius qualified them to prepare and wield this other great engine of civilization. We find, in fact, that the Normans discovered an extraordinary and almost instinctive legislative spirit. Rollo especially is, next to Alfred, the only prince of his time who merits the name of legislator. His laws are the substance of the code called “*La Coutume de Normandie*, or, *Le Grand Customier* ;” and many are in force at this day.

Such, then, was the mission of that illustrious band assembled under Rollo on the shores of the Hebrides. Gradual it was to be, and wrought out as it were by instalments; the nature of man and things forbade it to be otherwise. They were to sow the seed, their children were to rear the plant. Many of them were unconscious of their lofty task; but I would fain believe that some, and among them their sagacious leader,

“ Dimly saw
Their far-off doubtful destiny, as the mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it be born.”

Oh, had they failed of that mission! The spirit of the age shouted “*Revenge!*” his own spirit whispered “*Forbear.*” The flames of war are quenched in the land he loves. Shall he take leave of it for ever, or kindle them again? His resolution is formed. He turns the prow of his galley southward. His banner runs up to the mast-head, and as the wind floats it out, displaying the well-known device, the sable bird in an argent field, every murmur is hushed; and there rises from the assembled warriors a one-souled prophetic cheer. They hurry to embark. The whole

* See *Schmidt's Philosophical Essays* and *Romagnosi*, “*Discourse on Woman*, considered as the Motive of all Legislation.” 8vo. Trent, 1792.

fleet gets under weigh, and they follow that banner as their guiding star.

A peculiarity attended this emigration which distinguishes it from every other. They were not a band of adventurers in search of a rank and fortune they had never known at home; they were not outlaws, driven by offended justice from their country; neither were they composed of the lower class of the community, leaving an overstocked land to seek elsewhere for unpeopled locations. They were the lords of the soil; they were the *crème* of the social body; they were the refined and intellectual class of the state. And this constitution of the emigration is most important, furnishing a key to the Norman history, without which much of it is inexplicable. We know that the previous invasions of the race had been marked by irreverent havoc, and the wildest devastation; they had been conducted by, and composed of, sea-born pirates, outcasts from their own country. But this descent was characterised by a forbearing, generous, and reverend spirit, such as we might anticipate from men to whom the possession of wealth and power was nothing new, and who therefore did not abuse them; men, who in the possession of property had received the education it necessarily implies, including some of the best lessons of humanity, forethought, justice, benevolence, wisdom in the use of power. Men, to whom many an illustrious ancestor had bequeathed his name and fame. These were the causes which enabled them to establish their conquests on the permanent basis of respect and gratitude, not on the tottering ground of force and fear. They first introduced to the world the idea of a moral power, stronger than any physical power it had ever known—the force of honour and the chivalrous spirit. The strength of gentleness found a type in the small hand of the Norman. It invested the sword he wielded with a quality that, like the rust on the spear of Achilles, healed the wound it gave. The brute force of the old world was no more.

Oh! how the heart swells to contemplate that august migration; the descendants of powerful chiefs, the ancestors of kings, princes, prelates, high nobles, and proud gentlemen, putting off “upon the deep’s untrodden floor,” without chart or compass, save that which the instincts of their aspiring souls supplied, and steering for unknown lands, their only title to which lay in their scabbards!

The Norman leader descended first upon the coast of England; but he speedily discovered that his destiny lay not here;—over that fortunate island watched the other great man of the time. Alfred unfurled the white horse banner and hastened to the rescue. But not with clashing steel and flowing blood was that illustrious meeting celebrated. It was solemnized by a friendly treaty, by wishes of prosperity, and promises of favour. With an intelligence and forbearance that became as well the invaded as the invader, these two supreme spirits of the age met and parted in peace.

Some writers assert that Rollo then adopted the same expedient practised by Mahomet, in pretending a supernatural vision which beckoned him to France. But this story is very inconsistent with the character of Rollo, as well as of his companions. He would have scorned to use, and they would have laughed to scorn, the device by which he of Mecca humbugged the Orientals. The imbecility of

Charles the Simple, and the distracted condition of his territory were the real inducements that led Rollo to France.

Steering first towards Friesland, he made a descent on that coast. He was opposed by Duke Radbold and the Count of Hainault. A battle ensued, and the latter was taken prisoner. His Countess hastened to propitiate the victors, by restoring all the Normans taken in the fight, and terrified at the fate which she thought awaited her husband, she offered everything she possessed in the world for his ransom. Rollo rebuked her coarse estimate of his character by delivering up the Count without ransom. Content with recovering his brothers in arms, he took sufficient only to defray the expenses of the war, and departed for France.

Sailing up the Seine, he advanced to Rouen. The fame of his exploits had preceded him here, and the inhabitants, judging resistance useless, sent out the Archbishop to offer their submission. The holy man was received with the greatest honour and respect. The Normans returned with him into the city, and, unlike their pillaging and destroying predecessors, this army of gentlemen entered it without shedding one drop of blood, or being guilty of one act of disorder. Once in possession, the peculiar character of this invasion began immediately to be apparent. The walls of the city were speedily strengthened, strong towers raised and fortified, and peace and order everywhere prevailed.

They had not been long in their new possession, before their valour was put to the proof. Renaud, Duke of Orleans, advanced towards Rouen as far as the banks of the Eure. Rollo went out to meet him, and in a short time the French fled in the greatest confusion. He followed up his victory by advancing upon Meulan, which he quickly reduced to submission. The Duke of Orleans again approached with a fresh army. It was in vain: he was routed a second time with great slaughter. A third and last time he tempted his fate, and fell.

The Normans then moved on to Paris, Rollo still at their head. Paris at this time was but a sorry town, scarcely extending beyond the island on the Seine, and, notwithstanding what Clovis had done for it, was little better than in its mud and timber days under the Romans when General Julian (afterwards the Emperor), who was quartered there, writing from his snug bath, called it his "dear Lutetia." Clovis had pronounced it the capital of his kingdom; but few of his successors resided there, and the Carlovingian monarchs did not seem to fancy it at all, none of them making it his seat. However, it contained some brave fellows, who resisted courageously. The siege was long; and Rollo, not attaching much importance to its capture, grew tired, and went over and took possession of Bayeux and the Bessin. This expedition was personally as well as territorially important to Rollo. Hitherto the requirements and strife of his career had left no space or pause for the exercise of the softer affections; but still they lived. Deep, deep in his heart, under the active surface of its stern virtues slept the folded flower of love. The flower was destined to open before the heart ceased to beat. Just as the sword of the conqueror was about to be relinquished for the legislator's sceptre, there was diffused over the iron qualities that made him unrivalled as the first, those human-

izing influences which so well prepared him to undertake the duties of the last. In this expedition he met the being whom they say for all of us men the world somewhere contains, if we could only find her,—the exact reflection of our thoughts, our fancies, and even our impulses, the true echo of our hopes of heaven as well as our earthly desires, the enchantress, that with the magical words “I will” wakens into rejoicing life all the dormant sympathies of our nature—annihilating what is in it of the worm, developing what is there of the God! Alas! how many work wearily through life’s day, its business or its pleasure, whichever it may be, and, without having ever found her, go lonely to sleep at last!

In Popæa, the daughter of Bérenger, Count of Bessin, Rollo met his first, last love. From that hour, their hearts never faltered in mutual loyalty. And here is the grave of Rollo. But, oh! time and change!—where is Popæa sleeping?

Having gained the Bessin and lost his heart, Rollo returned to Paris, where he found the siege still going on; he therefore turned aside again, and added Evreux to his conquests, next Meaux; and then this faithful ally crossed over to England, and fought awhile for King Alfred. He was absent three years. What became of Paris in the meantime I am unable positively to say. We may, however, safely presume that it was taken; for such was its fate, the chroniclers say, four times during the eighth century, and this must have been one of them.

Rollo, returning, found France as disordered as ever, and his reputation, if possible, increased. To enumerate his conquests from this time would be to mention half the places in France; suffice it to say that the Carolingian realm lay prostrate before him. And now his character shines out in its true lustre. He found himself at the head of a host who knew as much of fear as of the flowers of the tropics, and to whom defeat was unknown. With such a prestige had his own prowess invested his name, that it was an army in itself. A country lay before him absolutely defenceless. Its fortresses destroyed, its troops annihilated, its exchequer empty, its King a coward and a fool. Why did he not seize upon the prey? No; that sagacious spirit that prosperity could never blind, that wise moderation that power could not seduce, these restrained him. He saw on the one hand, this vast impoverished realm, whose resources were destroyed for years, tyrannized over by unruly and turbulent seigneurs, subjects but in name; on the other, was a fair province peopled by his own kindred, which he might make respected by his power and happy by his laws. So he turned away from the temptation, and flinging the imbecile Charles back upon his cushions claimed only Neustria as his heritage. He then sheathed his sword. Charles readily accorded the conqueror his demands, and Brittany (though not so readily) was added. He also offered him the hand of his daughter Gisla, and required only in return that Rollo should be baptized, and do homage for his province as a fief of the crown. Rollo felt how much he had to do, and that he would require every assistance that he could obtain for the great task before him. He therefore consented to the King’s conditions, and merged his own love and pride in his affection for his subjects. He was not contented with a mere conquest, he was resolved to bless what he had won.

And here commenced the truly glorious period of his career. We now see in him the sagacious legislator and the intelligent magistrate. The inevitable disasters of war were to be repaired, the terrified spirit of commerce to be invited back, the soil to be peopled and cultivated, laws to be framed for the new community, and, finally, by the institution of ecclesiastical establishments, religion was to be placed on an honoured basis, and given a permanent home in the land. All this he undertook and accomplished. As the echoes of war expired, and its crimson footsteps were effaced, the sounds of peace and industry everywhere arose, and prosperity smiled on the land.

But better than the laws he laid down for his people was the example he set them himself. They saw the man who had been ever foremost on the red paths of battle now holding the same pre-eminence on the less stirring, but not less difficult, paths of virtue; and never did he appear grander in their eyes than when he stooped to place his victorious hands within those of the contemptible King, in acknowledgment of the investiture of his dukedom.* This sacrifice to the interests of peace their haughty souls could well appreciate. But the other greater sacrifice they knew not of. In truth the greatest sacrifices are always those of which others know the least—the sacrifices of the heart. Hard was it for the pride of his spirit to put his hands within those of Charles, to repeat the words of homage to to him as a chief; but harder far—for it touched the truth of his soul—to place them within the hands of Charles's daughter, to take the vow of fealty to Gisla as a wife, while his heart was in Popæa's keeping!

At the same time he was baptized in the Cathedral of Rouen; so that of him, as of Count Witikind's son—

“ May the marvel be said,
That on the same morn he was christen'd and wed.”

Few political marriages are fortunate. This of Rollo's and Gisla was no exception to the rule. With all truth and honour Rollo kept his vow; but the heart that was Popæa's he could not share with her. That noble being in loving could not but fulfil what Lorenzo de Medici has well said to be the conditions of an exalted affection. “To love but one, and to love that one always.” And so their union was not happy. Ere long, Gisla died. Need I say that Rollo afterwards married Popæa? She bore him a son, who succeeded to the dukedom, William, surnamed Longsword.

In 914, Rollo established in his province an ambulatory tribunal, with duties and powers resembling our courts of assize. It was composed of bishops, lords, and citizens, such of each class being selected as were most eminent for their knowledge of the laws, and conspicuous for their integrity. In the year 1499, this tribunal became stationary at Rouen, under the name of a parliament. The other

* It is not generally known that the word *bigot* had its origin on this occasion. When tendering his fealty, Rollo was urged to kiss the king's feet. The indignant warrior made answer, “*Nein, bei Gott!*” “Not so, by God!” Upon which the Frank courtiers, deriding his scruples, and by a corruption of the words, called him *bigot*. The term was often applied afterwards to the Normans. One of the *bigots* undertook the office for his chief, and raised the king's foot so high that he upset him.

provinces had created similar bodies on this model. We cannot fail to be struck with the free independent front these parliaments, especially that of Rouen, maintained through the darkest period of Capetian despotism. Our Justice Blackstone saw the spark of liberty still glimmering within them, and declared, in the middle of the last century, with somewhat of a prophetic spirit, that if ever France recovered her liberty, it would be through her parliaments.

One article in the laws of Rollo is particularly to be noticed, as being founded on a principle which is the essential characteristic of chivalry—the *protection of the weak*. It consisted of a legal formula, called “*Clamour de Haro*,” constituting an appeal to the name of Rollo (*Ha!* and *Ro*, a contraction of Rollo). In case of injury to any one, on the injured person uttering this formula, the aggressor was obliged to desist, on pain of the severest punishment, and accompany him before a judge. By virtue of this law, Asselin arrested the funeral of the Conqueror, until the place of burial, which had formerly been Asselin’s property, was paid for. Up to the Revolution, the letters of the French Chancery all bore the clause, “non obstant ‘*Clamour de Haro*.’”

I mention this not merely to show in what reverence the name of Rollo was held, but as corroborative of the opinion I have before alluded to,—that it is to the Normans we owe the introduction of chivalry properly so called. The Teutons of the fourth and fifth centuries introduced a rude kind of chivalry, marked by the display of qualities unknown to the old world,—generosity, self-denial, honour; but it wanted the essential characteristic which it was reserved for the Normans to make known—the *protection of the weak*. The institutions of chivalry were to arise in another age, but from the Normans its spirit came. In fact, it was always more a spirit than an institution;—as Mr. James expresses it, “*the spirit was the chivalry*.”

As an instance of the admirable police which Rollo had established I may notice that a heap of precious stones and a variety of valuable articles were exposed for a length of time, by his order, in the wild forest of Roumare, where they remained untouched and uninjured.

Most men worship power as an end; Rollo prized it only as a means. When it had effected his object, it ceased to have any value for him, and he laid it down. Having seen order and prosperity established in all parts of his territory, his laws obeyed, and religion respected, he handed over the reins of government to his son. He withdrew into retirement, bearing with him the title of “*Le Juste*,” which the strictness of his rule had acquired, and, what he valued more, the love of all classes of his subjects, won by the leniency with which he happily tempered the sternness of justice.

He lived five years after his abdication, but we are not to suppose that he was idle during this period, for the chronicles say that he died worn out with the cares of government. It is probable that while he transferred to the Longsword the outward insignia of sway, and the concerns of foreign policy, he still continued to give his counsel for the welfare of the great fabric of which he was the architect, and watched over the police and the domestic interests of the province he loved so well. And well might he love it. Every inch of the fair

soil he had won with his own right hand, and we have seen the personal sacrifices he made to confirm his conquests. Sometimes, indeed might his thoughts revert to his own far clime, and his ancestral home in the hands of strangers would rise up before him; but he always checked these wanderings. He felt that the utmost force of will allowed to human nature, was not too much for what he had to do; and he knew how the resolution required for future exigencies is weakened by unavailing regrets for a past step. He felt in such vain "backward-lookings" how much of the passions may be consumed, and knew that his destiny demanded all that he could bring.

In apportioning his territory, Rollo proceeded on the feudal plan. He divided it into fiefs, which he bestowed upon his companions in arms. Castles rose everywhere on the soil, the chiefs generally adopting the name of their fief in addition to their own. Once more the Norman noble found himself in possession of rank, property, and power, those birthrights of which he was entirely worthy, from the lofty qualities of his nature.

These men became the parents of warriors who, in the next century, transferred their blood and their great spirit to the British soil, and more than one of our English families are said to be able to trace their descent from the illustrious individual whose history we have been tracing. At this day we pass through spots whose names—Evreux, Percy, Tancarville, Harcourt, Vernon, and many others in Normandy, bear witness to her being the parent lake of England's best blood.

And well may they be proud, those English gentlemen, whether they have "hid their heads in coronets," or move in the peerless independence of a British commoner,—well may they be proud of the source from which they spring. The "sophisters, economists, and calculators" of the present day, sneer at the importance which the Norman of an ancient line attaches to his family records. They wonder at the regard with which he contemplates what, to them, is a mere list of names; as to blood, it is in their eyes a red fluid, capable of reduction to certain vulgar elements, without one particle of enchantment; why any person should care about it one way or the other, except for the legal consequences, they cannot make out.

But it is not as a mere pedigree of his fathers that the Norman regards the records of his line. They are, as it were, solemn documents constituting him the trustee of an illustrious name, and their silent characters seem to express a hope that he will take care to transmit it unsullied on. Moreover, he views the long line upwards to the first chief who trod the Neustrian soil as forming with himself but one family, whose co-existence, though forbidden here by the laws which regulate the succession of human generations, is sure to be brought about hereafter, when life shall lose its progressive character, and when there will be space enough for all at once. He rejoices to recognise in the fragments of private records, or the public page of history, the same tone of feeling, the same spirit which he is conscious animates himself, and which may prove a means of recognition in the future world. He finds throughout that genius ever characteristic of the English gentleman, that genius which, however modified in individuals, is still that spirit of chivalry, which is the true foundation of

the glory of our land, and which, in spite of political economy and pseudo-liberalism will never die. It confers a rank and a nobility that resides not in prerogative, and has no necessary connection with coronets and ermine. From it arise that spontaneous rank, that innate nobility which kings cannot give,* or parliaments take away,† “the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour that feels a stain like a wound, which inspires courage whilst it mitigates ferocity, which ennobles whatever it touches, and under which vice itself loses half its evil, in losing all its grossness.” This is a nobility which the Norman may well be proud to recognise as the birthright of his fathers and his own. The peer, as such, is but a local aristocrat; his letters-patent give him a conventional dignity, and precedence in a district procession; but the Norman is the “Aristocrat of the World,” and in the dignity that Nature gives him has his place among the foremost of mankind.

As the Norman dwells on the fragmentary chronicles of his departed ancestors, they come each successively from their graves, as it were, and grow familiar with him. He looks forward to the time when he shall complete that acquaintance, where they have preceded and await him in

“The land of souls beyond the sable shore,”

and, knowing that the sun of mercy shines beyond the clouds of ancestral errors, he would fain hope that one day will unite them all,

“No wanderer lost,
A family in heaven.”

Immediately on Longsword's assuming the government, he was summoned to defend it against invasion. He first repulsed the Counts of the Cotentin, then the Lords of Brittany. To oppose these Longsword had only time to collect in random haste a few half-armed men; but the enemy was completely routed, without a casualty on his side.

Time had now added to the natural imbecility of Charles the Simple the decrepitude of old age. It would have been easy for Longsword to throw off his allegiance, but he felt that while Charles breathed he was still his sovereign; and, true to his father's oath, he hastened to defend this miserable senility against the rebellion of Raoul, Duke of Burgundy. He next commenced a series of expeditions, whose object was the relief of the wronged and the oppressed throughout the land. On one of these occasions he forced Arnould, Count of Flanders, to restore to the Count of Ponthieu the town of Montreuil, which he had unlawfully seized upon. Arnould dissembled his resentment. He begged of Longsword to grant him a conference; the latter, seeing him through his own soul, never dreamt of treachery: on turning to depart, four miscreants set upon him from behind and assassinated him.

* A quaint illustration may be found in the first of the Stuarts, a man who had no mean idea of the royal powers. His old nurse begged of him to make her son a gentleman. The King, rather profanely, thus declared his incompetency,—“My good woman, I'll make your son a nobleman, if you like; but God Almighty himself couldn't make him a gentleman.”

† George Neville, fourth Duke of Bedford, was degraded by authority of Parliament, on account of his poverty.

Longsword was more than a mere warrior. In the intervals of his battles and expeditions he devoted all his leisure to the interests of his subjects, and vigorously carried out all his father's views for their improvement and happiness. In fine, his character may be summed up in these few words:—he inherited all the valour and the virtues of Rollo. What more could the historian say? He fell at the early age of forty-two! He who was so brave, so excellent, so indispensable as a ruler of his people, as the example of his time!—another instance that God does not *want* the best of us to carry out his designs; that the important thing is, not what we do, but what we are!

Father and son lie opposite to each other in the two topmost chapels, at either side the lofty cathedral aisles. You might spend an age with books and living men, yet fail to learn such a lesson as you may gather in a short half-hour from these dark and silent tombs. As I went away towards the choir, I found my soul within me repeating, in the words of Burke, "Remember, Resemble, Persevere!"

In the pavement of the sanctuary you will see, close to the altar, three lozenge-shaped marble tablets; underneath them lay, and, I hope, will lie again, the "Lion Heart" of Richard I.* at present it is deposited in the sacristy. They say the heart is very slightly shrunken;—as we should have expected, for it was made of tough material. Englishmen are justly proud of the character of Richard; indeed, reverence for it may be almost asserted, as it was said love for the character of George III. ought to be a "part of the constitution." But, great as he was, he bears no comparison with his ancestor who sleeps below. Tremendous in war, he yet wanted those loftier qualities that peace requires of a King. The names of both were accustomed to be adjured long after they were dust. The name of Rollo was invoked at home as an appeal to justice. In Palestine it was common to invoke the name of Richard, but it was to inspire fear. The meaning of the two invocations is the best comment on the two men.

Yours faithfully,

ODARD.

* Everybody knows his body was buried at his request at Fontevrault, the convent whence Scott makes Constance de Beverley undertake the romance for which she paid so dear at Holy Isle. He dearly loved Rouen, and bequeathed his best gift to it.





The Party one in possible.

BRIAN O'LINN;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

CHAPTER XXII.

"The Pet's" unselfish sorrow for the Captain's robbery.—Consultation at the "Fortune of War," in consequence of the "Early One's" discoveries.—Important interview between the dwarf, Brian, and myself.—Am visited by Miss Harley.

"VELL, Sal, old gal," said the Pet of Leg Lane, with a heavy sigh, "I never knew sich bad luck, since ten years ago I got two years 'hard' at the Penitentiary, for body-snatching. Holy Moses! isn't it enough to wex a saint, or make a quaker kick his own mother, to think that a man under our own roof was cleaned out of fifteen pound, and ve not a bob the better?"

"It's werry aggrawating," returned the lady.

"And vot makes it more so," said the fighting-man, "is that I fancies there were times, Sal, when you might have drawed the captain safe enough."

"That I could have done handy once, Ben; but lawks! I'm out of practice. Many and many time my poor dear mother said to father, after I had left a sailor's pockets in the same condition that they had come from the tailor's shop, 'Other men, Josh, may git gals with nails at the inds of their fingers, but the cove as gits our Sal vill have a vench with fish-hooks on 'em.'"

"Ve must bear the loss like christians," observed the Pet; "the captain's writin' for more tin, I suspect. I vish I could see the cove wot the letter is directed to—but he's too deep for that. Mind ye, Sal, ven an answer comes for Mr. Brown, you'll be sure to take care the captain gits the letter."

And the Pet laid his forefinger on the organ of smell, and winked significantly, as a summons from the state-apartment recalled him to the presence of the guest, announcing that his

"Task was done—and what was writ, was writ."

"I vonder," said the lady, soliloquising, when her much-respected husband had toddled out, after holding this connubial colloquy, "that poor Ben stands this robbery on us so quiet as he does. To be done brown by a won-heyed runigade, like him they calls the Bouncer, is so wexatious. Had any gent or lady as frequents this house cleaned out the captain I knows they would have dropped our part on it honourably at the bar. But though the Bouncer knows gallows vell that every ghost in the skin kivering would have reached this till, that unconscionable wagabone wouldn't be honest enough to say, 'Mistress Huggins, there's a pictur of his majesty to buy a bit of cambric.' But sich willany von't go unpunished—and the warmint vill be lagged before it's long. Heigh ho! vot trouble von meets vith in this vicket vorld, vere all are fighting' on the cross!"

And with a heavy sigh at the thought of human depravity, Mrs. Huggins opened a small press, and, from a highly-ornamented bottle of Dutch proportions, filled a glass of a light-coloured fluid.

"Ven won meets with rascality and ungratitude a drop of max von't come amiss," and so saying, she bolted a thimble-full of Booth's best, and resumed her post of honour at the counter.

When the fighting-man entered the sanctum, the gallant captain had closed and sealed his despatches. As the Pet had anticipated, he was not inclined to exhibit the address of his unknown correspondent, and deposited the letter in his breast-pocket, intimating that he would post it with his own hand. The landlord politely volunteered to save his guest the trouble, but "it wouldn't do," and Mr. Huggins remained a sadder, but not a wiser man than ever.

"Vell, captain, I'm reg'larly flabbergasted," said the fighting-man, "ven I thinks that a knowing kiddy as yourself should have wentured into sich low company any how, and more partic'lar, with a full cly. You were safe to be drawn and hocused. Vy, it's among the werry vorst dens in Lunnon."

"No help for leaked lick. You must stand grub and rhino 'till the tin comes up. Will you do it?" returned the commander.

"Do it?" exclaimed the Pet, indignant that for a moment his devotion to his guest should admit a doubt; "Vy would ye ax the question? Vot's mine is your'n—turn the house inside out. Ven ye're dry go to the hingin'—and ven ye wants the coriander-seed my missus vill stump up. That's the ticket, and no mistake."

The captain acknowledged his host's civility; for he remembered that on former occasions when he had been plucked bare, his hosts had not proved Samaritans; and, without a notice of ejectment, when no countenance of the reigning sovereign answered a dip into the pocket of his trousers, he had been forthwith, as Jack Falstaff terms it, "quoited like a shore-groat shilling," and, accordingly, he expressed his gratitude to the fighting-man for finding the supplies. But Mr. Huggins ran no risk—and he was no fool in his generation. If the business in which the mariner was engaged "came off," he, the Pet, would pocket, per agreement, fifty pounds; and should untoward circumstances oblige the captain to cut his lucky, without calling for a bill, there were traps in an enormous sea-chest in his dormitory, that would be a full set-off against all liabilities, whether meal or malt—or, in plainer English, cash and cognac.

Matters being thus far comfortably accommodated, the continued amity of the high contracting parties was being ratified over a tumbler of two-water grog, when one of the most melancholy notes which ever issued from anything feline, was heard in the outer chamber. The sailor uttered a malediction on the offending animal, while the host smilingly remarking that "that 'ere cat might prove a christian," unclosed the door, and gave admission to the Early One.

One hurried glance told that the young gentleman had been in trouble.

"I'm blowed," said his patron, "but ye seems rather hodd, Dickey. Vat's wrong?"

"I'm blessed but he's been overboard," exclaimed the mariner.

"Von says 'hodd,' and another says 'hoverboard;' but all I knows is jist that I'm out of the Sarpentine," returned the blubbering youth.

"And how did ye fall in?" inquired the host, with compassionate innocence.

"Fall in!" exclaimed the Early One. "Do you see any small sand in my hies, wot's commonly called milestones? I was pitched in—and all jist happened as I told ye it would. But if I had been drowned neither on ye would have cared a dump. But here I stands a shakin' like a dog in a vet sack. Vere's the clothes that missus got the tin to buy?"

"Safe, outside. Go, Dickey dear, and make yourself genteel and comfortable, and then come back and tell us ye'r adventures."

The Early One's toilet was not elaborate. He returned highly gratified with the exchange he had effected, received a glass of brandy neat, to corroborate his nervous system, which cold bathing, opposed as it may be to the opinion of the faculty, had, nevertheless, damaged very seriously, and then acquainted the captain and the host with all that had occurred at the interview between Brian and the pale girl.

"It's all over!" exclaimed the fighting-man, dashing his hand passionately on the table, "and I'll be ruined. The beaks had enough agin the house afore—but now it's up."

"She's as safe," said the young gentleman, who had breasted the waters of the Serpentine, and very much against his own consent, "she's as safe to split to-morrow morning as I am to swallow this here drain."

And suiting the action to the word, down went the last drop of alcohol.

"What the devil's to be done?" said the mariner.

"The chap ye named is the only one to hanser that 'ere question, I fancy," returned the host.

"She must be silenced," observed Mr. Wildman.

"Vere's the use of bribing her? Ven a voman desaves ye vonce she'll fight a cross and sell ye a second time."

"Are there," said the gallant captain, "no other means of muzzling a woman but with money? The best stopper, in my opinion, for a woman's tongue is choking."

"Vy, yes," responded the Pet of Leg Lane, "it's the most sartin method, that's undeniable, and it has honly von objection."

"And what's that, Ben?" said the mariner.

"Vy—they calls that thing murder—and ye gits scragged for it, and no mistake," was the reply.

"Couldn't she be kidnapped? I have done the trick before now—it's a handy method of disposing of a woman that's in your way."

"Vell—I allow it is," replied the Pet. "But it's mortal expensive, and requires a lot of tin."

"I see clear enough how the wind blows at present; and before I drops my letter in the post I must add a little more to it. The job becomes a stiffer one than it was supposed to be at first; but for all that no money will be wanting to have the trick done cleverly. Now mind me, comrade," and the captain looked steadily in the Pet's face.—"My employer is a cove who won't be balked in the fancy he has taken to have a chap removed who is likely, if let live ye see, to tread heavy on his corns. I knows my man, Ben—he'll go the whole hog—and the thing must come off though it cost five hundred—and whether the hundreds come down in pounds or pence

he don't matter this here blast of tobacco," and the mariner rolled forth a volume of the weed which went curling upwards to the skylight.

The emphatic manner of the commander, and the flattering account he gave of the resources placed at his disposal, were not lost on the fighting-man. The Pet, like most of the fighting fraternity, was anything but a brave man. In point of fact, with great physical powers, Mr. Huggins was at heart a coward. He had never fought excepting under decided advantages, or until matters had been previously made safe by a pre-arranged cross on his own side or on that of his antagonist. But Mr. Huggins was also a sordid scoundrel—and, with an unconquerable antipathy to hemp, still for a proper consideration, he was not averse to undertake any job which incurred penalties short of strangulation. The reckless indifference with which Wildman had thrown money away, guaranteed the scoundrel's truth, when he asserted that he had a wealthy employer to call upon, and the Pet had little doubt but in money matters the said employer would come to time. The captain again requested to be left alone until a postscript should be added to the despatch. The Early One was dying for an opportunity to exhibit his person in its present state of high improvement, to the visiting circle of his acquaintances in a neighbouring alley, and the fighting-man repaired to the bar-fire to place existing matters before Mrs. Huggins, and avail himself of that lady's experience and advice.

Such was the state of affairs at the Fortune of War, when the third quarter had chimed from the Horse Guards, and I was waiting, in no small alarm and uncertainty, the appointed visit from the little gentleman. Punctually, as the first hour after mid-day struck, a vehicle was heard turning into Craven Street from the Strand, and in half a minute, a cab stopped at our door, and after the steps had been cautiously let fall, the long lean fingers of the dwarf protruded from within, handed the driver his regulated fare, and then leisurely descending, he entered the hall-door, which had been opened for his reception. On this occasion the little gentleman had declined coming in state. Probably, the damaged condition of Cupid's foot—if the term could be applied to an enormous extremity, which the boldest boot-maker would not advisedly have undertaken to encase in leather—had deprived the dwarf's equipage of its brightest ornament, and hence, induced him to dispense with dignity, and content himself with a sixteen-penny set-down.

As usual, the little gentleman merely presented us his first finger on which to offer our obeisance; then placing his person in an attitude of repose in the library-chair, he drew forth his snuff-box, and indulged in a pinch of blackguard.

"Very happy to see you, sir. I hope—"

"That you will be of the same opinion in half an-hour," said the little fellow, interrupting the complimentary sentence in its deliverance.

"I cannot imagine any reason whatever, why I should feel otherwise," I replied; "I, and my young friend here, are quite sensible of your kind wishes, and you have made us also a solid and most liberal donation. I am certain that I speak the feelings of Brian, in telling you my own—and I beg to assure you, did an opportunity present itself, we should both endeavour to mark our gratitude to our benefactor."

"Humph! and both doubtless in your own ways," returned the little fellow, drily. "You would offer me Border hospitality for a twelvemonth—I should be stuffed with muir-fowl, and might swim in Glenlivet if I chose it. He would break anybody's bones I pleased, or chuck any private gentleman into the Serpentine whom it was not my good pleasure to have qualified for Guy's Hospital."

Brian turned pale.

"Frank!" he said in a whisper, "there can be no doubt but that little fellow is the devil. For Heaven's sake! return what remains of the money. Holy Saint Patrick! that a man can't toss a ragged rascal into an overgrown horse-pond, like the Serpentine, but before the scoundrel has splattered out of it, an attendant imp communicates the full particulars to his master there!"

"To business!" said the dwarf. "Mr. Francis Elliott, I have done for you what you could not do for yourself—selected a wife. Will you have her?"

"Mr. Smith, Brown, or Robinson," I coolly answered, "for it has pleased you to conceal your own name, and give me a choice of three—I have made a selection for myself, and altogether repudiate your agency."

"And who may the happy fair one be?"

"That—when I shall have ascertained that my proposal is accepted—I will freely communicate, and not till then," I replied.

"Humph!" growled the dwarf; "and if this amiable and accomplished pauper condescends to accept your hand, how do you purpose to provide for her?—whither will you bring her?"

"To a home, sir, where she will be received with open arms—my father's house."

"And where may that be?" inquired the little gentleman, with the greatest innocence imaginable.

"He who has come there twice an intrusive visitor, and, notwithstanding the trespass, was hospitably entertained, need scarcely ask that question," and I looked the dwarf sternly in the face.

"And you really believe that Braestone-Hall belongs to Francis Elliott?"

"Yes—about as firmly as I believe myself to be his son," was my careless reply.

"I wish," responded the dwarf, "that the title to the property were clear as that touching your paternity. The cap of folly, which your headless ancestors bequeathed, in due succession, no doubt, will drop safely on your shoulders," and the yellow scoundrel dipped deep into the silver chest that contained his high-toast.

"What mean you, sir?" I exclaimed, as a dark suspicion crossed my mind. "Dare you question my father's right to an inheritance that, for three centuries, has passed through our family in lineal descent?"

"Mr. Francis Elliott," returned the little gentleman, all unmoved, "I question not the title of the Elliott property in direct descent—but I question whether the present possessor is the direct descendant."

I looked at Brian—his Irish blood had mounted to the forehead—and I paused to take his opinion on the expediency of sending the dwarf into the street at once, *via*, the first-floor window—a proceeding in which I felt perfectly assured he would fully coincide. But

on a moment's reflection, I endeavoured to master my anger, and quietly inquired, "did the little gentleman question my father's legitimacy?"

"Lord no!" returned the visitor; "A genuine thick-headed Elliott—one who piously keeps open house for all comers and goers as if it were enjoined by an eleventh commandment; and, honest man, had he only the opportunity, would peril neck and property for George with as bull-headed a devotion as ever his decollated forefathers did for James. No!—no! the genuine Elliott imprint is marked upon him as decidedly as you see in a trunk-maker's window 'solid leather' branded upon a travelling portmanteau."

"Then what the devil do you mean?"

"Why, I mean," returned the little fellow, with the most unaccountable *sang-froid*, "that for thirty-seven years your father has filled the shoes of the absent, and during the period he thus held Braestone, he was acting *locum tenens* to the absent proprietor."

"You rave, my friend," I said with a sneer.

"I do not. Within half an hour I could convince you that my statement is correct. What issue had your grandfather?"

"Three sons," I answered mechanically, for the little scoundrel seemed to have a power over me like moral mesmerism—if there be such a thing.

"Humph!" grunted the dwarf. "The eldest was called Archibald, if my memory fail not—what became of him?"

"He died from a fall from his horse."

"The second—they called him Richard. Well, what became of Master Dick?"

"He was, as I have heard, a wild youth. By the commission of some extraordinary mischief he incurred his father's displeasure, ran away to avoid punishment too justly merited, and perished at sea."

"As much as a ragged boy was drowned this morning in the Serpentine," and he applied a pinch of high-toast to his nasal organ.

I looked at Brian—and Brian looked at me—and the look was a confirmatory assurance that we were in the presence of his satanic majesty.

"And why do you differ from an opinion which never has been questioned for a period of thirty-seven years?"

"Because," returned the little fellow, "I know that Dick Elliott is as certainly alive as I am, and that he will be immediately in England, and reclaim his rightful inheritance."

"He is probably some impostor who—"

"Oh no!" said the dwarf interrupting me. "Doubt ye that the origin of my man Cupid is African?"

"He would indeed be a bold sceptic who would question that," was my reply.

"Then so certain as Cupid is an Ashantee, as certainly Richard Elliott will be on the Borders in a week—ay! and claim and receive his just inheritance, for none can gainsay his right."

"You do but jest, sir?" I said in grievous alarm.

"Not I, marry," replied the little man, "for I am his accredited agent, and therefore speak from authority. His feelings towards his own family are friendly—and matters between your father and himself might yet be amicably adjusted. He has formed no tie throughout a long and arduous career, to bind him—save one of friendship.

'Tis simply told. Early in life, when destitute and all but despairing, he was plucked from the ground, stayed, supported by a stranger, and put into the path to fortune; when, after a succession of perilous adventure, he reached the topmost rung of that most slippery ladder. He returned to England. Start not—such is the fact. What found he there? He who had succoured him when friendless—he who had propped him when prostrated by adversity—he who had pointed out the road to wealth, and consequently, to worldly advantages and distinction—him he found suffering from the infirmities of years, and the villainy of pretended friendship—half-desponding, half-pauperised—with that maddening addition to his cup of misery—the thought, that through his infatuated confidence in a scoundrel, he had wrought the ruin of himself—ay! and the ruin of one whom he loved with more even than parental love. What will Mr. Elliott's remembrance of the past point out as his course of action? What! but to place his old, his tried, his faithful friend, beyond the reach of monetary embarrassment, and dower amply the daughter of that man, without whose generous assistance himself might have lived in wretchedness, and died a pauper."

"It is," I said, when the little man paused for the double purpose of recovering his breath, and resorting to his snuff-box, "a most honourable intention; and were he the devil, or my uncle Dick—although Heaven knows—and as Byron says—I most sincerely wish the latter

"Ten fathoms under the Rialto,"

still there's something in it that smacks of genuine Elliott feeling, and makes me half-inclined to acknowledge the relationship."

"With Mr. Richard Elliott," returned the dwarf, "who, I have little doubt, will feel particularly thankful for the Rialto settlement you have so piously assigned him—well, with him, I am on terms of intimacy and confidence. Through him I have acquired independence, and, in return, through me, he has in a great measure, reached the palmy position, in worldly estimation—as you know, or should know, wealth is everything—which he now possesses. I am, I repeat, in his confidence, and cognizant of his intentions, and to a certain extent, I shall, if you request me, disclose them."

"You will deeply oblige me," I replied, "by doing so."

The little gentleman bowed, and thus continued—

"My visit to the Border was made at my friend's suggestion; not exactly to view the nakedness of the land, but to report on the capabilities of the family. Cæsar-like, I went, saw, and estimated accordingly."

"And no doubt," I added, "the report was favourable."

"Why, as favourable as in honesty it could be. Let me recollect—ay! I'll give you the outline," and the little fellow applied again his high-toast. "Your father, I described, as a chip of the old block—an honest, addle-headed, country squire, who would neither disturb the Royal succession, as by law established, nor set fire to the Tweed. You, I represented, as imperfectly educated at a Kelso school where, if you acquire a little Latin and less Greek, you are declared fully competent to rubskirts with mankind. I mentioned that nature had given you the usual quantity of thews and sinews—that you could traverse a moor—knock over half-a-dozen grouse

without a miss—imitate the prevailing fly upon the Tweed to a nicety—and if required, as I believed, break a head as well as any of your progenitors. The world, I added, was to you a sealed book. On the Borders you might possibly get on, and neither run your head against a stone-dyke, nor walk into a peat-hole. But did you venture among mankind, then would you support the distinctive characteristic of the Elliotts. As heads are at a discount now, what nobody requires, everybody can retain; but as to the purse—the only thing, now-a-days, to which any value is attachable—when such an article was in your pocket, I recommended that you should always be provided with a bear-leader. Was I much astray in this opinion? You are silent. Well—let us refer the question to the decision even of your own particular friends—and I'll abide the opinions of the relict of Colonel Bouverie, C. B., and her legal adviser, the whiskered solicitor."

That last was the "unkindest cut of all;" but I held my peace knowing that I was in the hands of a Philistine.

"Touching the lady-portion of the occupants of Braestone Hall, truth enabled, and gallantry prompted me, to place a high and well-merited estimate on their qualities, personal and intellectual."

"By Heaven!" whispered Brian, with flashing eyes, "had the little scoundrel dared to whisper aught against your excellent mother, and the dear young ladies, out he must have gone! But Lord! a flight from the first floor would do him no harm, for he would drop upon his legs like a cat."

"Well, sir, having heard your personal report of my father's character and my own, may I next enquire, what may be this gentleman's intentions towards us; if, indeed, such a person does exist, who, after seven and thirty years undisturbed repose in 'ocean caves,' rises from the deep to 'push us from our stools?'"

"Well then," said the little man, "to reply to your question in Shakespearian terms, his 'intents are charitable;' and so far from bringing scathe or misfortune to your father's roof-tree, if Mr. Francis Elliott prove wise in his generation, the advent of a relative so long estranged, and even believed so long non-existent, will carry with it increased prosperity to the auld house."

"If it depend on me, rest assured there is no sacrifice I could make, consistently with my honour, were it only on account of those at home, that shall not be willingly made to propitiate him who appears to have obtained the direction of our fortunes. What will this newly-found uncle require from me?"

"In a word, but little," replied the little man; "obedience to his wishes will avert a serious calamity from those to whom you properly express a natural attachment, lead to your own aggrandisement, and, if beauty be estimated as it once was on the Borders, you will have no reason to complain of what your uncle will demand."

"And what will that be?" I asked in desperate alarm.

"To marry the daughter of his early benefactor; and thus the ties of kindred shall not be unloosed, while paying the debt of gratitude."

"Mr. Smith, or—"

"No, Smith will do as well as Jones, and come as near the mark too.—Proceed."

And after another dip into the box, he announced himself ready to listen to my appeal.

"I pray you, sir, hear me with patience, and with forbearance."

The dwarf nodded in the affirmative.

In the first place, my heart is given to another."

"A rapid transfer," said the little scoundrel, "from No. 13 over the way."

"My hand is pledged."

"Well, redeem it as you would a deposit with a pawnbroker—pay principal and interest."

"You mistake me, sir; judge me not by the most contemptible *escapade* I got into with an artful woman. One practical lesson like that which I have received, does more to indoctrinate a novice in the page of man, than all 'the learned theoric' which fools, who call themselves philosophers, propound in musty folios. In a word, I have met with one with whom the impulse of the heart assures me I shall be happy."

"Pish!" exclaimed the little fellow, "never mind impulses of the heart; it's a phrase only to be met with in a half-bound book from a circulating library."

"But, sir, my honour is engaged."

"And what's honour?" returned the dwarf with bitterness. "I never dealt with a man on that security, that I had not had reason to repent it."

"Well, sir, regardless of human falsity which you have tested by experience, give me but a simple assurance that you will use your powerful interest with this newly-discovered relative to save a happy and prosperous family from unexpected ruin, without sacrificing the honour and the feelings of the son, and I will hold it sacred as holy writ, and declare myself your debtor for ever."

"Would you have me dissuade my friend, were it possible to be done, against plans and measures devised for your own good, and pregnant with future advantage to yourself and every member of your family?" exclaimed the dwarf. "No, I will be candid, and I tell you honestly, that I heartily approve of Mr. Elliott's intentions, and so far as my advice will prevail, it shall be to confirm him in his purpose."

"Then, sir, when you lay your head upon the pillow, you may court repose with the pleasing recollection, that you have made a fellow being miserable for life." And I turned to the window to prevent emotions, too strong for concealment, from being observed, a hand pressed mine, I looked round—Brian was beside me—and his flushed cheeks and glistening eye told how deeply he sympathised with his friend.

"Don't despond, dear Frank! Could the dislocation of every bone in the carcass of that devil incarnate avert this misfortune, by Heaven! in three minutes, neck included, he should not be the owner of a sound one."

"That Hibernian system of persuasion, I am inclined to think would not get over the present difficulty," observed the little gentleman, all unmoved. "Nor, indeed, would I wish it resorted to. To me, the experiment would be extremely disagreeable; and at my time of life, the re-union of fractured bones is generally both tedious and troublesome."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the startled Irishman, whose generous ardour had caused him to deliver his *projet* for remedying my misfortune by the total demolition of the dwarf in a tone not *sotto voce*, as it should have been. "What ears the devil has!"

A sudden thought rushed across my mind, and I turned round and addressed the little gentleman.

"You mentioned that Mr. Elliott is immediately expected in England."

"I rather imagine that Mr. Elliott is at this present moment in London," replied the dwarf.

"Then you will have an opportunity of seeing him soon," I said.

"I shall most assuredly," returned the little fellow.

"Tho' you decline to become my advocate, will you so far exercise your influence, as to obtain an interview with this dreaded relative, and thus afford me an opportunity to see and reason with him, before he brings ruin on my father's house, or entails misery upon me?"

"Humph!" grunted the little fellow, "what good can arise from an interview? You know my sentiments on the subject; and when you see Mr. Elliott, you are certain to find me at his elbow."

"Well, even with that disadvantage against me, I press my request."

"So be it then," returned the little gentleman; "but in common candour let me apprise you to expect nothing from your appeal to him. You will find him fixed to his purpose—ay, and as immovably as myself."

"Where, and at what hour shall I wait upon the stranger?" I enquired.

"You will find him to-morrow at my house at two o'clock. Be punctual regarding time, for he is regular in business matters—and now I have nothing more to say—Is that sherry which I see open on the side board? Humph! You might have offered me a glass before. I hope when Mr. Elliott returns your visit, that you will display a little more Border hospitality to your honoured uncle, than I, his unworthy representative, have experienced at your hands."

I handed him a glass of wine, and Brian presented biscuits, with a bow "that aped humility." His deferential bearing was not lost upon the dwarf.

"Many thanks, young sir," he said, "for your intended kindnesses—past and present—I prefer biscuits to broken bones, and against dislocation of the neck, I protest altogether. I am not an Elliott—a race who, like skinned eels, are accustomed to the operation. And touching the prospect of broken bones, why 'no more of that, an you love me, Hal!' And now go into Whitehall, pick me a comfortable cab—none of your Patent Safety's—but an old-fashioned and roomy cabriolet. Ride with me home, and without wasting time unnecessarily, I can talk to you on your own affairs."

Our relations with the dwarf were regularly Turkish—"To hear and obey" were synonymous.—Brian departed *instantly* on his mission; and, favoured by fortune, he found an antiquated vehicle on the stand, which for the past hour every wayfarer had carefully eschewed, and in this "leathern conveniency," in a few minutes he came lumbering to the door. The selection found favour in the

dwarf's sight, and after repeating that two o'clock next day was the hour when I should have my interview with Mr. Elliott, he enforced punctuality by precept and example, took a second glass of sherry, bade me a good morning, and then deposited his person in the exploded machine waiting at the door, in a corner of which Brian was already ensconced, obedient to previous order.

I was sorry that the departed visitor had taken my young companion with him ; for, in truth, any society at this moment would have been preferable to my own. I found myself in perilous uncertainty. The dictatorial tone with which the little gentleman had hitherto affected to direct my course of action, had a sufficiency of the ridiculous mixed with its absurd pretensions, to amuse, rather than alarm, one who, like myself, felt himself a free agent, and knew that he had the power when he felt inclined, to cut short this assumed authority, and send the dwarf to pandemonium—if that, indeed, was the place, as generally believed, from whence he came.—But matters were seriously changed, a personage, whom none could ever dream of, had suddenly, as it were, started into being ; one too, if the little fellow could be credited, and there was no reason to doubt his truth, with abundant power to warp me to his will, or make my recusancy to anything it was his fancy to propose, the ground for pouring the phials of his wrath upon a family, hitherto blessed even to abundance with all that renders existence happy. Wrapped in these gloomy meditations, a slight tap at the door was unheeded, and scarcely heard. It was repeated after a short interval. I ejaculated a harsh “come in,” and supposing it was the servant to ask orders touching dinner, I continued at the window gazing vacantly on the street. The door opened, and a voice, that thrilled to my very soul, said in a sweet under-tone, “I fear I intrude on Mr. Elliott.” I started like a man who has been sleeping, and Julia Harley was standing in the door-way, with Mrs. Honeywood immediately behind, aiding and supporting her favourite, while their contrasted figures seemed intended to impersonate shadow and substance.

“Good God, Miss Harley, of what unintentional rudeness have I not been guilty !” and I took her hand and led her to a chair ; “I never dared to hope that you would have honoured me so far.”

“Mr. Elliott will no doubt be still more surprised when he is acquainted with the object of this visit. Circumstances exercise over mankind a stern and imperious control, and the act which yesterday we would have contemplated with a blush, to-day becomes a matter of necessity.”

I looked at the pretty speaker. Her cheeks were flushed, but her lips were tremulous. No ordinary affair of life had caused this visit—the crisis in our love had come.

“Dearest,” I replied, “the last three days have been the most wretched that ever man endured. Events, portending everything short of ruin to my father's house, have occurred—matters absolutely beyond belief—and outstripping romance immeasurably. The very grave has given up its dead, and unless on to-morrow I can propitiate a person I never saw—turn from his purpose a man described to me as immovable, I bring ruin on my family, or misery for life upon myself.”

“You draw a fearful picture,” said Julia, with a bitter sigh,

"During the short interval since we last met, I too have been supremely wretched;" and tears rolled down her crimsoned cheeks in quick succession.

When all around is smiling—the sky, a blue expanse without a cloud—the sea, unruffled by a breeze—the course of love is smooth and insipid, and its pleasures abundant almost to satiety; but those who love in sorrow—possibly—not wisely but too well—they alone feel its intensity, and estimate the all-enduring union between hearts, which draws them more closely to each other in misfortune, and rises triumphantly over every thing the world can promise, or the world withhold. Such was the position in which Julia Harley and I were placed. Wealth was offered her, and she rejected it; ruin was denounced, should I obey the dictates of my heart, and I dared the worst that fortune could inflict.

"Come," said the kind-hearted hostess, "why should you both be so cast down? Who knows what fate has yet in store? Are you not young, she, with sense and firmness beyond her years; and you, unless looks and figure are deceptive, with spirit, nerve, and strength, to push your way gallantly through the world? Well, as the Colonel is out, your friend absent with—Heaven protect us! the oddest-looking little gentleman I ever laid an eye upon—and as you may have much to speak about, why, I'll just go down and look after the dinners, and leave you quietly to yourselves."

And so saying, the stout gentlewoman took her departure, leaving a couple *tête-à-tête*, very much in love, and as miserable as their worst enemies could have wished them.

"Dearest Julia," I said, seating myself beside her, "I feel miserable at hearing that you have been so unhappy since we parted."

"And in return I sincerely sympathise with you. I can perfectly understand your present very painful position; and though our causes of affliction may differ, I can readily believe that wealth proposed under peculiar circumstances, may cause even more pain than threatened penury."

"Indeed, your conclusion is correct," returned Miss Harley, "and it has fallen to my lot to prove it by sad experience. I have, Mr. Elliott, not only felt the apprehension, and although it be a painful confession, to make even to a friend like you, I have known in all its bitterness, the reality of straitened means. Poverty in itself I might have patiently submitted to, but attendant circumstances rendered its endurance almost intolerable. I had a deceptive appearance to keep up. When my purse did not contain a shilling, and I trembled lest the means to obtain the common necessities of life in a few days should be wanting, I was obliged to affect monetary indifference; and when my heart was breaking, I dared not indulge in woman's luxury, and relieve my sorrows with my tears. The blind confidence of my father rendered him an easy victim to designing men, who deluded themselves first, and then in turn, deluded others. He fell into the snare, my aggrandisement was his only object; in pursuit of the shadow, the substance was lost; thousand after thousand disappeared, until the bubble burst, the last guinea in his banker's was drawn out, and ruin seemed a certainty. He strove, poor soul, to hide the sad truth from me, but he was an indifferent actor. The unbidden tear, the involuntary sigh, betrayed the fatal secret. Had I permitted aught that I suffered to appear, I

felt that it would have killed him.—But 'tis a painful subject, and let it pass. The pressure has relaxed, and the penalty of rash confidence has been paid in full—for life, his pension ensures an independence to us both—and when it pleases Him who gave to take away, and the only relative I have on earth will be with those who have been, that Being who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, must and will be the stay and succour of the orphan.”

Tears came to her relief, and in a few minutes she was enabled to continue.

“Under the strangest circumstances, a matrimonial overture has been made me through my father. The suitor for my hand is utterly unknown; and all the Colonel can tell, or probably is permitted to tell me, is, that in worldly advantages the offer is unobjectionable. Reasons, with me paramount to every consideration besides, have determined me to negative the proposal; for private causes I have consequently declined the proffered honour, and for the first time in life, my father's wishes have been urged unsuccessfully upon his daughter. At his earnest and repeated entreaty, I have given a reluctant consent to grant an interview to the claimant for my hand to-morrow.”

“And, dear Julia, will no persuasion on his part avail? Is the resolution you have taken unchangeable?” I enquired doubtingly.

“It is,” she calmly but firmly replied. “Did I go to the altar, feeling as I do, before God and man, I should commit an act of perjury. Mr. Elliott, at our last interview you made me a most generous proposition, and I gave you a promise in return. If woman's honesty of intent will not be mistaken for indelicacy, I come to claim the performance of the one, and to redeem the other.”

Never, I believe, did a sudden declaration produce in a Borderer's breast the same confiction of feelings, that Miss Harley's occasioned in mine. Love and pride at first were exultant, while honour whispered a doubt, whether Miss Harley perfectly understood how altered were my prospects and position. Should I avail myself of that ignorance of my fallen fortunes, to hurry her into a rash engagement? No, I would be candid as herself, and apprise her of all that had occurred, and all that could be apprehended.

“Julia,” I said, as I held her hand in mine, “the days which have elapsed since we parted here, have been few and evil. With me the horizon has been suddenly and unexpectedly overcast. A fearful influence appears to direct my destiny, and the independence I boasted I possessed, hangs on the breath of a stranger. Ere a month pass, I may be obliged to seek some honest means of livelihood, and the home in which my father drew his first breath, and where, as he believed, he would render up his last one, may before long own a stranger for its master.”

“I perfectly understand you,” said Miss Harley, as she gently disengaged her hand from mine, and rose from the chair. “Altered intentions have been produced by altered circumstances, and prudence points out the folly that Mr. Elliott would commit, in adding to his other encumbrances, the burden of an unportioned wife. I feel assured that the offer made, was generously and honourably intended, and I estimate the candour which discloses the necessity of its being annulled. Farewell, sir. May your prospects prove brighter than they promise—once more—farewell!”

The last sentence was uttered in a tremulous tone ; and when she pronounced the word "farewell!" nature overcame her firmness, and bursting into tears, the woman asserted its mastery, and the secret of the heart was disclosed—Julia Harley loved me!

To catch her in my arms—press her rapturously to my heart—kiss her tears away—and pledge to her an undying attachment, which neither time, nor age, nor weal or woe, could weaken—all passed rapidly as thought itself. Through tears and blushes she raised her dove-like eyes to mine, and timidly whispered,—

"And will you extend a husband's protection to the impoverished child of a rashly-confiding man, and, in the daughter's love, forget the imprudence of the father?"

An ardent kiss was the reply ; and "all that my lips impassion'd swore" was credited.

"There, Elliott," whispered the blushing girl, "there is my hand, and rest assured that Julia Harley never would have given it to you, had not the heart freely and faithfully accompanied it."

Is there in the happiest passage of mortal existence, one moment of sublimated and ecstatic joy like that man feels,

"When first her love, the lov'd one tells?"

No ; "pride, pomp, and circumstance" may dazzle ; but the bliss amounting almost to agony—almost too much to bear, can only be known, when rosy lips whisper in the suitor's ear that his passion is reciprocated.

The sayings and doings of lovers, and all they swear, and all they rhapsodise, are no doubt extremely agreeable to themselves, and particularly uninteresting to the residue of the human race. What though poverty threatened to entail itself upon a union, rashly but advisedly contracted, in contempt of worldly considerations, in Julia's tears and blushes I read the heart's determination to trust her happiness to me, and share the sunshine and the storm, as fortune smiled or frowned. I was transported to the seventh heaven. If I might repose credit in the Dwarf's assertion, to a dead moral this act would be decisive, and I should be a lost Borderer. But never had an Elliott who wore a head, or parted with one, rushed upon ruin with more reckless desperation ; and yet, for all that, it would have puzzled the little gentleman to have convinced me, that I was not the happiest fellow the metropolis held at present. We were still seated on the sofa, my arm encircled the sweet girl, and in the full confidence of honourable love, her head rested on my shoulder, when the lock yielded to a hand without, and the exuberant person of Mrs. Honeywood filled the doorway. One glance told that experienced gentlewoman, that the crisis had passed, and all bade fair for housekeeping, "and no mistake."

Great was the satisfaction of the worthy hostess when I gave confirmation to her conclusions, and warm and heart-felt were her congratulations. Mrs. H. was an optimist—marriages were made in heaven ; and, in her opinion, there was not the slightest doubt that ours had been fabricated there. Hers was a discursive imagination, that not only embraced the present, but took a peep into futurity. She advocated an early union ; and, dissenting altogether from Harriett Martineau, declared herself assured that the Lord never sent a mouth, that he did not also send something to put into the same,

Passing, in rapid transition, from the altar to the nursery, she placed a cherub upon my knee, and armed "the colonel" with a pap-spoon. With blushing cheeks Julia was on the point of retreating; I laughingly endeavoured to retain her—but a thundering knock brought the business to a close. Mrs. Elliott elect levanted to the second-floor, Mrs. Honeywood scuttled downwards to the parlours. I heard Brian's voice ask impatiently if I were at home, and next moment the young Irishman was in the drawing-room, and in close divan with me.

"Lord, Frank! what a devil that dwarf is?"

"So runs the general opinion, my dear Brian."

"He says," continued the young Irishman, "that incontestably I am the son of Henry Devereux—heir to Homesdale Priory and estates—and that he will have sufficient evidence to establish my claims in a day or two."

"And, at this brilliant prospect, are you not overjoyed, dear Brian?"

"I am," returned the youth, his flushing cheeks and brightened eyes exulting in the thought that wealth and high position were now placed, and almost with a certainty, before him. "Will it not enable me to prove to Susan how faithful my attachment was? And, dear Frank," and he grasped me by the hand, "No matter what goes wrong upon the Border, shall not he who in misfortune received your generous friendship—and when supposed a mere cast-away on the world, was honoured with a place he could not presume to claim—shall not he find the greatest happiness attendant upon his unexpected opulence, the delight in having the means of averting misfortune from those he loves, and restoring to its excellent owner that generous roof-tree, which sheltered him when he was denounced and unprotected?"

In return I wrung the hand which grasped mine.

"Nay—let us hope the best. This unknown relative may be made of more malleable metal than his saffron-faced privy counselor. You, after dinner, shall tell me the particulars of your *tête-à-tête* with the little gentleman; and, in the meantime, I must acquaint you with a tenderer transaction;" and I briefly informed him of my recent interview with Miss Harley.

Great was Brian's delight when I communicated the successful termination of my suit. To all who should presume to offer let or hindrance to my union, he inculcated open rebellion on my part, and war even to the knife. For himself, were he so circumstanced as I, he would not attach the value of a *traneetine** to every dwarf and devil, from Bath to Ballyporeen. He owned himself under heavy obligations to the little gentleman. He had not only taken an interest in establishing his rightful claims; but, during the drive home in the cab, he conducted himself with common civility, and made but one allusion to the proposition he had unfortunately overheard,—namely, the ingenious plan devised by Brian, of restoring the prosperity of my father's house, by devoting its evil genius—to wit—himself, the dwarf, to the infernal deities, and sending him, with a broken neck, back to Pandemonium, before his leave of absence had expired.

* *Anglicè*—a jack-straw.

Dinner was ended—the cloth removed—and over our wine the young Irishman and I were occupied in discussing the probable termination of the varied difficulties in which we were both so seriously involved, when the servant entered the room, and laid two letters on the table. In the note addressed to me, I recognised Julia's hand-writing, and broke the seal with some apprehension. Fortunately, my alarm was groundless. Miss Harley mentioned that her father had returned in unusually good spirits—that he had apprised her, that one o'clock was named for her next day's interview with the unknown pretender to her hand. She had, on her part, fully and candidly acquainted him with existing engagements—and Colonel Harley had given her an assurance, that beyond her affording the nameless candidate an opportunity to personally urge his suit, he, the Colonel, would use no farther influence in his favour. The latter declaration of her father, she added, had removed much anxiety. It would have pained her to have been pressed by him upon a subject on which his wishes and hers were in such decided opposition. She added, that could the appointed interview have been evaded, it would have been more desirable; but as she had determined to prevent unnecessary explanation on both sides, she would simply apprise the unknown suitor, that she was already an affianced wife. The *billet* concluded with a promise that she would see me when her meeting with the rejected-one was over—and an assurance, that she was ever and affectionately mine, and mine only.

It appeared that Brian's epistle, like my own, had been indited by a fair hand, and to judge from the serious attention with which he perused its contents, the letter contained important matter. Having read it carefully a second time, he threw it across the table to me. That document was a momentous one to him to whom it was addressed,—it hurried doubtful fortunes to a crisis.—and decided the fate of Brian O'Linn!

A DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

THEY tell me I must die, love,
That nought can stay my doom,—
A week! and I must lie, love,
In yonder silent tomb.

They say it *must* be so, love,
And yet I feel no pain;
And see, the healthful glow, love,
Comes to my cheek again.

Our babe's first sleep is sound, love,
Her arms around me twine;
With *life* her pulses bound, love,
Can there be *death* in mine?

* * * *

Thy burning temples throb, love,
Thy tears fall fast as rain;
I hear thy stifled sob, love!
Alas! my hopes are vain.

* * * *

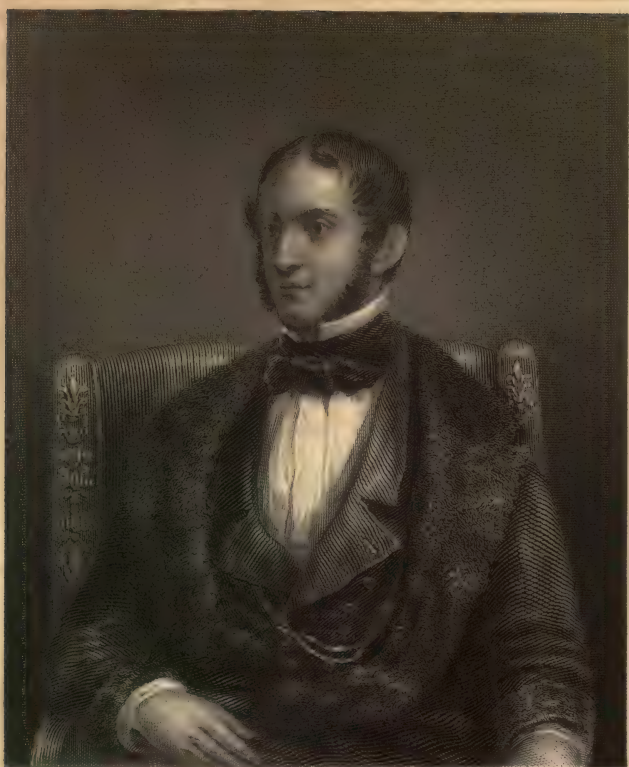
We fondly deem'd but now, love,
Our early troubles past,
And Hope's prismatic bow, love,
Seem'd o'er the future cast!

I feel that it is sad, love,
From this fair earth to part,
While still young life is glad, love,
Nor griefs have chilled the heart.

And yet I would not sigh, love,
This happy world to leave,
Were't not that I must die, love,
While you are left to grieve.

Oh! think not that I dream, love,
Nor chide me that I rave,
If faith like ours I deem, love,
May live beyond the grave.

C. F.



WILLIAM W. PRESCOTT, ESQ.

ENGRAVED BY W. GREATBARDEN FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY HENRY

WILLIAM W. PRESCOTT, ESQ. 8, NEW BURLINGTON STREET, 1857

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

BY WILLIAM RUFUS GRISWOLD.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THIS eminent historian (whose works have acquired for him a reputation second to no living writer) was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in the United States, on the 4th of May, 1796. His father, William Prescott, LL.D., who died at the good old age of eighty-two, in December 1844, ranked among the noblest ornaments of the legal profession in the United States. The general grief of the community at his loss afforded the most touching and honourable tribute to his intellectual and moral worth.* His grandfather was Colonel William Prescott, who commanded the American forces stationed in the redoubt at the memorable battle of Bunker's Hill, on the 17th of June, 1775, and with the undisciplined New England militia twice broke the ranks of the British grenadiers and light infantry, and drove them to their boats.† His great-grandfather was also a man of much consideration, and was chosen the agent of the province to the Court of England in 1738, but declining the office, it was consequently filled by Edmund Quincy. Few men have more reason to take an honest pride in their descent than Mr. Prescott. In his twelfth year, he removed with his family to Boston, and was there placed under the care of the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, one of the pupils of the celebrated Dr. Parr, by whom he was carefully instructed in the classics, and carried through a range of study in the Latin and Greek authors, much beyond the limits usually reached at that time in the public seminaries of America. After entering Harvard University, which he did in 1811, one year in advance, he continued his predilections for the ancient masters; and while he gave little attention to the mathematics and the sister sciences, he employed his leisure hours, especially in the latter portion of his college life, exclusively in the study of his favourite authors. This was a matter of taste with him; but, considering his subsequent occupations, he has not had reason to repent it. The chaste richness of his style could have resulted only from the happiest union of learning with genius. On leaving the university, in 1814, he embraced the study of the law, but gave a preliminary year to more general reading. He had already made good progress in a course of historical study, when he was stopped by a violent rheum-

* The late William Prescott presented to his associates throughout a long life, whether at the bar, or on the bench, or in the dignified retirement of his late years, such an eminent example of modest talent, substantial learning, and unpretending wisdom, with affable manners, strong social affections, absolute fidelity in every relation of life, and probity beyond the slightest suspicion of reproach, as rarely adorns even the highest walks of professional excellence. Concerning whom may it be more appropriately asked than of him,

Cui pudor et justitiæ soror
Incorrupta fides nudaque veritas
Quando ullum invenient parem?

DANIEL WEBSTER.

† Dr. Young's Discourse, occasioned by the death of the Honourable William Prescott, LL.D.

atic inflammation of the eye, occasioned probably by a too free use of it, especially at night, in the study of the Greek historians, with which he chiefly occupied himself. An accidental blow in college had previously deprived him of the sight of one of his eyes, though this is not apparent from any change in the appearance of it. The whole burden of study, therefore, fell on the remaining eye, which gave way more easily on that account. After a severe illness, in which, for a while, he was perfectly blind, he recovered his vision, but so much enfeebled, that he was compelled to abandon his profession and reading altogether.

In the autumn of 1815, he went to Europe, and passed two years in England, France, and Italy; too young, however, to derive lasting profit from his travels, but yet, probably, enjoying the novel scenes opened to him with higher relish than he would at a later period. On the classic ground of Italy he revelled as in a land of enchantment. But his associations were wholly with the ancient people, who had passed away, and he felt an enthusiasm which might have cooled under the criticism of a riper age, as he trod the soil of Cicero and the Cæsars. After a gay dream of two years in Europe, he returned to Boston, but not to resume his studies, or even to open a volume, for his eye was still too susceptible of inflammation. In the course of a few years he was married to a lady of his own city, and he remarks in a letter before me, that "contrary to the assertion of *La Bruyère*, who somewhere says, that the most fortunate husband finds reason to regret his condition, at least once in every twenty-four hours, I may truly say that I have found no such day in the quarter of a century that Providence has spared us to each other."

In the beautiful library of Mr. Prescott, at Boston, so richly stored with the rare printed works and manuscripts used by him in the composition of his histories, with portraits of the Catholic sovereigns and their servants who are his heroes, and with trophies more glorious than have been won in the tented fields of war, which have been sent him by admiring scholars in foreign nations, I observed suspended over one of the bookcases two swords, crossed with an Indian calumet, and was told that they were worn at Bunker's Hill by the great-grandfathers of his children, one in the people's service, the other in the King's. Would that the two countries might for ever be united in as firm a bond of peace as that which binds these descendants of their two champions on that memorable day!

As Mr. Prescott grew older, the inflammatory tendency of the system diminished, and his eye became less sensible to the fatigue of study. At first he used it sparingly, but in a few years he so far recovered it, that he was enabled to indulge his taste for books to a very reasonable extent, and the deficiency was made up by a reader. He now devoted himself to the study of the Oriental languages and literature, taking copious notes, and exercising his pen very freely in critical and miscellaneous essays, chiefly in the *North American Review*. A selection of the papers written during this period has recently been published in London as well as in the United States,* and they are remarkable for sustained ease and felicity of expression, fine enthusiasm, and natural brilliancy, which in a still more eminent degree distinguish his later productions. In the Me-

* Biographical and Literary Miscellanies.

moir of Charles Brokden Brown, in this volume, Mr. Prescott does full justice to the remarkable series of fictions by this novelist, which "constitute an epoch in the ornamental literature of America," though I disagree with him upon some points in his criticism of Wieland. The subjects of the other papers are the Asylum for the Blind, Irving's Conquest of Granada, Cervantes, Molière, Chateaubriand's English Literature, Sir Walter Scott, Scottish Song, Bancroft's United States, Italian narrative, poetry, poetry and romances of the Italians, and De Ponté's Observations on Italian Literature. These but imperfectly indicate the range of Mr. Prescott's studies and attainments in literary and social history, as I find by consulting some of his other contributions to the Review; but they show he was always equal to his theme in research, hearty appreciation, and acute critical judgment. This work is affectionately dedicated to George Ticknor, to remind him of studies pursued together in early days.

Mr. Prescott kept before his dreaming vision the hopes of one day entering the arena of history, and achieving something that posterity might not willingly let die. Aspirations to this effect occur in his diary as far back as 1819. He there allows ten years for preliminary studies, and ten more for the investigation and preparation of some specific historical work. The event nearly corresponded with this preconceived arrangement, and considering the lapse of time embraced by it, it is singular. The subject which he selected for his first performance, the reign of the sovereigns under whose auspices the existence of the continent of America was first revealed to Europe, was a suitable one for an American. The period in which Isabella of Castile, the statesman Ximenes, the soldier Cordova, and the navigator Columbus, lived; in which the empire of the Moors was subdued, the Inquisition was established, the Jews were driven from Spain, and a new world was discovered and colonized, was not lacking in interest or importance, indeed, to tempt the most eminent historians to its illustration. Mr. Alexander H. Everett was the American minister at the Court of Spain when Mr. Prescott decided upon the choice of his subject, and through his aid and that of two other American gentlemen residing at the time in the Peninsula, he succeeded in obtaining whatever was known to exist, that could not be supplied by the public and private libraries of Boston. Among the works thus procured were some brought to light by the researches of recent Spanish scholars, in the peculiar freedom of inquiry they have enjoyed, which gave him great advantage over previous historians. In his preface he refers particularly to Llorente's History of the Inquisition, the analysis of the political institutions of the kingdom by such writers as Marina, Sempere, and Capmany; the version of the Spanish-Arab Chronicles by Conde, the collections of Navarrete, and the illustrations of the reign of Isabella by Clemencin, the secretary of the Royal Academy of History; besides which he succeeded in obtaining various contemporary manuscripts, covering the whole ground of the narrative, none of which had been printed, and some of which were but little known to Spanish scholars. When these literary treasures reached him, Mr. Prescott was not able to read even the title-pages of the volumes. He had strained the nerve of his eye by careless use of it, and it was several years before it re-

covered so far as to allow him to tax it again. By the sight of his Spanish treasures lying unexplored before him, he was filled with despair. He determined to try whether he could make the ears do the work of the eyes. He taught his reader, unacquainted with any language but his own, to pronounce the Spanish, though not exactly in the accent of the Court of Madrid. He read at a slow and stumbling pace, while the historian listened with painful attention. Practice at length made the work easier for both, though the reader never understood a word of his author. In this way they ploughed along patiently through seven Spanish quartos. He found at last that he could go over about two-thirds as much in an hour as he could when read to in English. The experiment was made, and he became convinced of the practicability of substituting the ear for the eye. He was overjoyed, for his library was no longer to consist of sealed volumes. He now obtained the services of a secretary acquainted with the different ancient and modern languages. Still there were many impediments to overcome. His eye, however, gradually improved, and he could use it by daylight (never again in the evening) a few hours; though this was not till after some years, and then with repeated intervals of weeks and sometimes months of debility. Many a chapter, and some of the severest in Ferdinand and Isabella were written almost wholly with the aid of the eyes of his secretary. His *modus operandi* was necessarily peculiar. He selected first, all the authorities in the different languages that could bear on the topic to be discussed. He then listened to the reading of these one after another, dictating very copious notes on each. When the survey was completed, a large pile of notes was amassed, which were read to him over and over again, until the whole had been embraced by his mind, when they were fused down into the consecutive contents of a chapter. When the subject was complex, and not pure narrative, requiring a great variety of reference, and sifting of contradictory authorities, the work must have been very difficult; but it strengthened memory, kept his faculties wide awake, and taught him to generalize; for the little details slipped through the holes in the memory. His labour did not end with this process: he found it as difficult to write as to read, and procured in London a writing-case for the blind. This he could use in the dark as well as in the light. The characters, indeed, might pass for hieroglyphics, but they were deciphered by his secretary, and transferred by him to a legible form in a fair copy. Yet I have heard him say his hair sometimes stood on end at the woful blunders and misconceptions of the original, which every now and then escaping detection, found their way into the first proof of the printer. Amid such difficulties was the composition of the history of Ferdinand and Isabella heroically completed, at the end of something less than ten years from its commencement. He remembered that Johnson says that Milton gave up his History of England because it was scarcely possible to write history with the eyes of others; and was stimulated in the midst of his embarrassments to overcome them. Well might he feel a proud satisfaction in conquering the obstacles of nature. Mr. Prescott had four copies of the History first printed for himself, and had so little confidence in its immediate success, that he had thought of postponing the publication till after his death, but his father told him, "the man who writes a book which he is

afraid to publish is a coward." This decided him. The work was published in the beginning of 1838. Its reception in his own country, and in all parts of Europe, was such as to repay him, if anything could, for the long night of toil by which it had been produced. On its publication in London, it was praised in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* and in the leading journals, and has since gone through four editions and twelve in the United States! It was translated into Spanish, German, and Italian; it was everywhere recognised at once as a great history. The voice of posterity was anticipated; by the unanimous judgment of the learned it was admitted without probation into the circle of immortal works.

Mr. Prescott allowed himself but short repose; he was not content to rest upon his laurels, nor fearful of endangering his great reputation by a second effort. The success of his first work gave him advantages which he had not before possessed of collecting materials. He was made a member of the Royal Academy of Madrid; and its rich collections by Muñoz, the historiographer of the Indies, by Ponçe from the archives at Seville, and by Navarrete, its president, were thrown open to him, with permission to have copies of whatever he desired. From these collections, the results of half a century's diligent and intelligent researches, he obtained a mass of authentic and original documents relating to the conquest and settlement of Mexico and Peru, comprising altogether about eight thousand folio pages, some of which were of the highest interest and importance. The descendant and representative of Cortes, also, the Duke of Monteleone, of Sicily, opened to him the archives of his family, from which were obtained some interesting particulars respecting the Conquistador's biography. His friend, the accomplished and highly respected Don Calderon de la Barca, now resident minister at Washington from the Court of Madrid, was at that time in the same capacity in Mexico, where his estimable qualities had their natural effect in securing to him every privilege he desired; and, through him, Mr. Prescott obtained such materials illustrative of his subject as were existing in the country itself. The manuscripts of the Tezcucan historian, Ixtlilxochitl, described as the "*Livy of Anahuac*," the works of Veytia, Sahagun, Boturini, and Camargo, with the splendid pictorial works of Dupaix and Kingsborough, and whatever else was published, were also gathered round him before he entered fully upon his studies.

The "*History of the Conquest of Mexico*" was written under much greater advantages of eyesight, which had been so far improved that he was enabled to do most of the reading himself, restricting always this part of his labour to the day. His writing is still conducted in the same manner as has been already described, for he has ever found the process of writing a severe tax on the eye. Mr. Prescott's second historical work was even more successful than the first; the American publisher sold nearly seven thousand of it in a single year. It was published at the same time in London, where it quickly passed to a second edition. It was translated in Paris, as well as in Rome, Madrid, Mexico, and Berlin. The Mexican translator, a person of some consideration in that country, advertised that he should accommodate the offensive opinions in religion and politics to the more received ideas of the Mexicans; but the version which appeared in Madrid being faithful, the Spanish-Americans have perhaps had an opportunity to see the work in an unmutilated

form. Among the evidences of its success abroad was the election of Mr. Prescott into the Institute of France. The death of the venerable father of the historian for a time interrupted his studies, but the "Conquest of Peru," upon which he was engaged when that event occurred, will be published in England in the course of the present month. It will form a pendant to the "Conquest of Mexico," and is quite equal in romantic incident to that admirable history.

But the work for which Mr. Prescott has assembled the largest mass of materials, and upon which he proposes to employ the last ten years of his historical life, *Da, Jupiter, annos !* is the "History of the Reign of Philip the Second;" the history of the beginning of the decline, as that of Ferdinand and Isabella was the end of the rise, of the greatness of the Spanish monarchy. For this Work he has drawn materials from the principal archives and private libraries of Europe (especially in Spain, where the libraries of the descendants of the old statesmen of Philip the Second have been thrown open to him), amounting to nearly ten thousand folio pages of manuscripts.

Mr. Prescott is undoubtedly entitled to a prominent place in the first rank of historians. With extraordinary industry he explores every source of information relating to his subjects, and with sagacity as remarkable decides between conflicting authorities, and rejects improbable relations. His judgment of character is calm, comprehensive, and profoundly just; he enters into the midst of an age, and, with all its influences about him, estimates its actors and its deeds. His arrangement of facts is always effective, and his style flowing, familiar, singularly transparent, and marked throughout with the most felicitous expressions. Of the "Conquest of Mexico" it is justly remarked by the Edinburgh Review that, considered merely as a work of amusement, it will bear a favourable comparison with the best romances in the language. The careful, judicious, and comprehensive essay on the Aztec civilisation, with which it opens, is not inferior in interest to the wonderful drama to which it is an epilogue. The scenery, which is sketched with remarkable vividness and accuracy, is wonderful, beautiful, and peculiar; the characters are various, strongly marked, and not more numerous than is necessary for the purposes of art. Cortez himself is a knight-errant, "filled with the spirit of romantic enterprise," yet a skilful general, fruitful of resources, and of almost superhuman energies; of extraordinary cunning, but without any rectitude of judgment; a bigoted churchman, yet having no sympathy with virtue; of kind manners, but remorseless in his cruelties. His associates, Velasquez, Ordaz, Sandoval, Alvarado, the priest Olmedo, the heroine Doña Marina, and others, of whom we have glimpses more or less distinct, seem to have been formed as well to fill their places in the written history as to act their parts in the crusade; and the philosophical king of Tezcucó, and Montezuma, whose character and misfortunes are reflected in his mild and melancholy face, and Guatemozin the last of the emperors, and other Aztecs, in many of the higher qualities of civilisation superior to their invaders, and inferior in scarcely anything but a knowledge of the art of war, are grouped and contrasted most effectively with such characters as are more familiar in the scenes of history. The biographical and bibliographical information and criticism contained in notes and addenda to the different books of "Ferdinand and Isabella" and the "Conquest of Mexico," form one of the most at-

tractive of their features, and would alone sustain a high reputation for learning and judgment. Mr. Prescott, perhaps, excels most in description and narration, but his histories combine in a high degree almost every merit that can belong to such works. They are pervaded by a truly and profoundly philosophical spirit, the most deserving of recognition because it is natural and unobtrusive, and are distinguished above all others for their uniform candour, a quality which might reasonably be demanded of an American writing of early European policy and adventure.

In private life, I may be permitted to add to this account, that no man is more admired and beloved than Mr. Prescott. He is not more remarkable for his abilities and acquirements than for his amiability, simplicity, and high-bred courtesy. He is one of those men who are a blessing as well as an honour to the community in which they live.

THE OLD ORCHARD PLOT.

BY THE REV. GEORGE ASPINALL.

A RUDE uncultivated plot,
O'ergrown with many a wasterel weed,
Where tree on tree did spring and rot,

Without one eye to heed
Save mine ! I ever lov'd the place,
For me it had its own wild grace.

Why did my young heart all alone,
Joy here in savage mirth to beat ?
Was it that *Nature* held her throne
Within this dim retreat ?

It was ! for here my thirsting soul
Lay passive 'neath her full control.

They tell of birds, that not one song
Can pipe within the cage's gloom ;
And so with me, my joys are strong,

They pant aloud for room ;
The world's too narrow for *their* choice,
In green paths only they have voice.

And therefore in the dreamy-still
Of that old wilderness of ground,
My ardent spirit drank its fill

Of calm, from calm around ;
No outward trace of man was near,
But yet I had acquaintance dear.

High hopes were mine of wing'd kind,
For sightless angels o'er me bent,
And through the windows of my mind
Pour'd thoughts of bright intent :

I felt their presence all around,
To me that place was hallow'd ground.

Full often on my back I lay,
To gaze upon each drifting cloud ;
I smil'd to see the winds at play,
I laugh'd when they grew loud ;

Their sounds were *vocal* sounds to me,
They cried, "be truthful, brave, and free."

And then the leaves and purple flow'rs,
What homilies from each I gained,
They talk'd to me of peace for hours,
To love my feelings tam'd ;
In *after* wells of tender thought,
The wealth gush'd forth that they *then*
brought.

I am not *now* a merry lad,
But yet I seek that olden place,
And conjure up, half pleas'd, half sad,
A remnant of the grace
That gild'd my fresh boyhood's prime,
And made its year one *vernal* time.

At pensive eventide I love
To seek that orchard plot the best,
When all the pale blue sky above
Looks like a sea at rest ;
A sea without one stormy wave
In which I fain would have my grave.

But when grim shadows skirt the
ground,
And swallow up the golden rays,
I can't but grieve how I have found
The hopes of early days
O'ershadowed by mischance and strife,
Those shades of all my after life.

I've bid them bring me here in death,
(Nor deem it an unholy choice,)
That I may hear with parting breath,
One whisper of that voice
That met me in this place in youth,
And knit my heart to love and truth.

A BISHOP "VERY CONSIDERABLY DISGUISED :"

A PASSAGE IN THE PILGRIMAGE OF MRS. BOBY
AND MISS VINK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

In a straggling village at the outskirts of one of the Eastern counties, washed by the sea, and duly ventilated by the most cutting blasts, lived a couple of ladies, whose means, deeds, and words formed a subject of never-ceasing comment to the wondering community around them. They were sisters: resembled each other somewhat in person, and more in disposition; and were—as to their common object—decidedly of "one heart and of one mind." Mrs. Bobby—the elder lady—was a widow. Of her departed lord this only was remembered, that he was a little, spare, wistful-looking man, who never dared speak above his breath in the presence of his formidable helpmate; had to submit to daily reproofs for being "so uncommonly hearty," and to listen to solemn warnings of "*the bad place*" they would go to who so unduly indulged their unlawful appetite.

John Trumps, the farming man, held a totally different creed. He averred that "master was pined to dead," and that "mistress's tongue used, months before he died, to scare him off his feed! Howsumdever, he would be freed from his plague anon. Heaven was a place of peace. No aggravating women slipped in there. No parson had told him so. But he was sartain it was gospel truth!"

Whether John Trumps' theology was orthodox or erroneous, Mr. Bobby's malady progressed. The submissive man languished for some months: Mrs. B. protesting every morning that he "was better, and ailed little or nothing;"—the sick man, that he "was deadly cold and mortal weak." One Saturday forenoon, however, speech and hearing suddenly failed, and Rebecca Howgego, the dairy woman, sped away for the doctor, without caring to wait for instructions from head-quarters. The leech, anticipating a long attendance, and expressing his usual conviction that "the attack was caused by atmospheric influences," and would "unquestionably yield to treatment," bustled into the dark, stuffy parlour, where the sick man lay. The masculine form of Mrs. Bobby darkened the doorway; and from a sharp, gritty voice came this ominous greeting,—

"Oh! Mr. Cram, pray come forward. I'm quite willing to see you; for—I'm satisfied you can do nothing. This dear blessed being is beyond human help."

She spoke perfect truth: the ailing man died within the hour.

Widely different is the homage paid to the remorseless tyrant, Death, in the secluded hamlet and in the bustling city. In large towns man hears of the demise of his near neighbour with the most apathetic indifference. He may have known the departed personally,—have jostled against him more than once in the busy race of life,—discussed matters of moment with him as an ally or competitor,—now he learns that he has been for ever withdrawn from life's rivalries and triumphs. The announcement causes no emotion. The survivor, as he hastens to the docks, or the mart, or the 'change, passes the silent dwelling. He glances carelessly upward; and is

answered by the closed windows and the staring hatchment. What to him are the breaking hearts or the crushed hopes within? Nothing. They appear not in the invoice. There is no mention of them in the bond. And the business-man, full of his own projects and pursuits, mends his pace, and hurries on. In the country the demise of a neighbour forms matter of speculation for the entire village. It is an event of considerable importance. It involves results. "Who will occupy the dead man's house? Who will succeed to his farm? Who will inherit his money? Where will he be interred? and when?" Even the last sad obsequies are looked forward to with interest. To the villagers they constitute excitement—form a *spectacle*. They scan the funeral *cortège* closely, and criticise its details eagerly. They feel interested in ascertaining who and how many were the mourners; whether many tears were shed; whether young Dashaway, the scapegrace, followed his uncle; and whether in the squire's pew any members of "the family" were present. So much for village curiosity and vulgar thirst for excitement.

But occasionally even in a city the funeral of "a celebrity" attracts a concourse, and is the source of considerable comment. I remember, some few years ago, witnessing the funeral of a very rich man. He had died enormously wealthy. A million, and upwards, rumour stated the miser to have left behind him. There was a host of expectants, for he had made various promises during his life-time; all of which, or nearly all, he had forgotten or broken. He was a rich, heartless, miserly old man. His money was his god; and it was one of his favourite boasts—often repeated during a long life—that he had never given away to human being a crown in charity! A dense crowd was assembled to see him borne to his grave, and coarse and bitter were the comments which rose from the multitude.

"Make way for the body—make way!" cried the undertaker.

"Ay! ay! there's his body; but, where's his soul?" was the reply.

At one part of the line the approach of the coffin was greeted with a hearty "hurrah!"

"For shame, gentlemen,—for shame!" cried a scandalized official. He had better have been silent.

"*'When the wicked perish there is shouting;'*" was the response, uttered in a shrill, clear voice. The versicle was at once adopted by the mob, and vehemently applauded. The burial-ground was reached; and here a pause took place. In a moment a stentorian voice shouted, "*Be sure the grave be deep enough, or his master will have him out before midnight.*" And when the body was lowered into its last resting-place, the yell of exultation which was raised—the shout of triumph swelled by so many voices,—the cry distinctly audible, "Down with him! He ought to have been where he is years ago!" were frightful. The presence of the officiating minister, and the frowns of the attendant executors—men of influence and character—were alike powerless. None heeded them. What a comment on the life of a selfish, sordid, heartless being, was the yell of that indignant and exasperated multitude over the rich man's grave!

From every manifestation of such embittered feeling the funeral obsequies of the old yeoman were happily free. The little cemetery was crowded long before the procession reached its boundary wall; and the comments—calmly and quietly expressed—of those who lin-

gered around the yawning grave formed no unfaithful estimate of Mr. Boby's character.

"We've lost a good neighbour!" cried one.

"And a harmless, well-meaning man!" added another hoarse voice.

"Never wronged a labourer in his life," chimed in a third.

"And no man ever lost a penny by him!" was the gruff rejoinder.

"Can as much be said of madam?" inquired a very old man in a shrill childish treble.

Before this embarrassing question could be answered, a cry was raised, "The mourners are at the gate: make way there!"

At the word, silently, respectfully, and readily the crowd filed off, leaving the centre path entirely free. On the widow as the procession advanced the eyes of many were fixed with a view to ascertain her feelings. These seemed dolorous enough. Her demeanour was that of a woman bowed to the dust with grief; but John Trumps and Rebecca Howgego, who closed the procession walking side by side, entertained the most abominable suspicions of the sincerity of her regrets—the scene of the previous evening staggered them. It seemed that five minutes after the widow had taken a last look of the departed, had wept, sobbed, screamed, and shrieked in a tone "woful to hear," she descended to the kitchen, where she speedily encountered the bustling Rebecca Howgego.

"Beccy," was her address, "be thrifty, be thrifty."

"I am so, ma'am, in a general way, and none can say to the contrary," was the handmaid's ready response.

"Be particularly so *to-morrow*."

"Not *to-morrow*?—no, not to-morrow," repeated Beccy imploringly, and with genuine feeling.

"Yes, to-morrow," resumed her mistress sternly. "Listen; and, if you wish to keep your place, obey: not a drop of the *best* beer for the bearers."

"The other's not drinkable," observed Howgego plaintively.

"And the bacon—the *doubtful*, the tawny."

"You don't mean the rusty flitch, which none of us could stomach?"

Her mistress nodded. "That, and no other."

"Oh, mistress, have a thought!" cried Beccy entreatingly.

"I have!" returned the lady; "my life proves it. And now, as to bread—let that batch made with the bitter yeast flank the bacon. And the Irish butter—throw a couple of handfuls of salt over it; it will go much further—can match the bread nicely. There! all's arranged; thriftily as he would have wished it who is gone. You know, Beccy, he hated extravagant ways, and was a careful man.

"Yes," said Beccy; "but he always set the best afore his friends."

Thus, when the disconsolate handmaid called to mind this conversation of the previous evening, she whispered confidentially to John Trumps, and pointed to her mistress, "Them's all sham take-ons, I believe. When the heart is sick and sorely grieved, folks don't trouble themselves about rusty bacon, and washy beer, and bitter bread, and salted butter, do they, John?"

"Well, I never heerd of such a thing till now, sartainly," said John musingly.

Had this worthy pair overheard the comment of the widow to her

sister Miss Vink, at the conclusion of the ceremony, suspicion would have become conviction.

The service over, Mrs. Bobby looked around her, and leisurely scanned each individual mourner. Those who caught her glance imagined that this scrutiny arose from a desire to ascertain and bear permanently in recollection those who had paid the last mark of respect to her late husband. They would have been undeceived, had they caught her piteous ejaculation addressed to her sister,

“Oh, Bessy Vink! that rascally undertaker! Fifteen hatbands and twenty pair of gloves! I’m a ruined woman!—Bessy, Bessy, I’m a ruined woman!”

Wealth, like the dropping well at Knaresborough, has the most petrifying properties. It hardens the heart, it deadens the affections, it narrows the sympathies, it chills the warm current of benevolence, it raises artificial and unnecessary barriers between the necessitous and the affluent—between the suffering and the successful, it banishes the memory of past services, breaks up the bonds of brotherhood, converts the living, breathing, dependant man into—stone.

Something of this transformation seems to have been undergone by Mrs. Bobby. No sooner had she become aware that her late husband’s will conveyed all his property to her absolutely, than she anxiously consulted with her sister how they could “possibly reduce the expenses of the establishment.” The point was fully and fiercely debated; and the conclusion these amiable women arrived at was this—that their best course was to make a material reduction in the wages of John Trumps and Rebecca Howgego. The intended victims were consequently “summoned into the presence.”

Now both the subordinates entertained a firm persuasion that “master would never leave the world *onhandsome*!” Both had received an assurance from him, a few evenings before his death, that “he would think of them;” “he was not,” so they argued, “the man to baulk poor working people,” and they “were mortal sure their names would be found at the back of his will somewhere.” The summons, therefore, to the parlour was gladly obeyed; willing steps bore them thither, and eyes, glistening with eagerness, scanned the cold impassive-looking Mrs. Bobby, from whom they were confident they were about to “hear something to their advantage.”

The widow began the parley; she spoke with her accustomed sharpness and shrewdness, and detailed, with vicious energy, the various law expenses attendant on the proving of her late husband’s will. “These,” she averred, “would pinch her sorely; she and her household must live closer than they had ever yet done.” At this remark Rebecca Howgego’s eyebrows were visibly raised, and her round eyes stared with amazement—it was a feat she clearly considered impossible. “Household expenses must be lessened, and wages—” John Trumps pricked up his ears—“must undergo a very material reduction.”

The grey-haired retainer groaned; the widow, without noticing his emotion, detailed her scheme for cutting down and paring away the common comforts of others, when John’s impatience became unbearable, and he broke in with the faint inquiry,

“Please to say, ma’rm, whether or no there ar’n’t a word or two about *me* in master’s will?”

“About you? certainly not.”

"Eh!" cried John; "Isn't my name writ in the quoddysbill?"

"There is no codicil," returned the lady in a tone of rising wrath.

"And no token for long servitude—nothing—no remembrance?" pursued Trumps despondingly.

"There is no remembrance in the grave," was her rejoinder.

"I know that, ma'rm," said the serving-man pointedly; "but, so long as folks are out of it, they may do justice and love mercy."

The lady winced at this reply; she was unprepared for it.

"Beccy, lass," resumed Trumps, addressing his companion, "speak for thyself; maybe thy luck is better than mine."

Rebecca, thus prompted, became in her turn a questionist; and, with flushed cheek and trembling lip, demanded,

"And, ma'rm, be pleased to say is my case the same as John's. Am I, too, passed over and forgotten?"

"You take nothing under your master's will, that's quite clear," was the response, and it was given quickly and cheerfully, as if its tenor was very agreeable to the speaker.

"Then he's died forsworn," said Beccy resolutely.

"How dare you make such an assertion?" cried her mistress fiercely: "Forsworn! forsooth! What words as these? Beg pardon instantly for using them."

"That were cowardly when I meant them," said Beccy quietly. "The master *did* die forsworn if he has broken his own solemn promise. Twice he called God to witness he would prove a friend to us when he settled his affairs. This he said of his own free will; and if he has falsified his own word I reckon him forsworn."

"He told us," said John, stepping forward to support Beccy's views, "that as we had spent our prime in his sarvice we should not pine away, when old and crippled, in a union workhus. 'His will,' he said, 'should prevent that as we should see.' Why die," exclaimed the old man indignantly, "with a lie in his right hand?"

The widow paused ere she replied. The colour came and went. A struggle between contending feelings was going on within. At length truth triumphed.

"I will clear his memory from this reproach." She spoke hoarsely and with difficulty. "He *did* intend leaving to each of you a small annuity. He wished it—ordered it—was earnest about it. But I opposed him; I said positively it should not be. How could you expect it? You had no claim upon him?"

"Not after two-and-twenty years' servitude?" screamed the unfortunates in a breath.

"No: nor after fifty," was the reply.

"You hear that, Beccy?" said the old herdsman: "honest toil is worth naught, nor faithful service either. This is no longer a home for us, let us go. Let mistress now slave and toil for herself. Good bye, ma'rm. I can't say I wish ye well. The words would choke me. But this I say, may God forgi'e ye! Your hard heart will be wrung yet. You'll find out afore ye die that *THE BOOK* speaks truth where it says, 'There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it *tendeth to poverty!*'"

And the pair, regardless of remonstrance, entreaty, threat, or persuasion, left that very evening the amazed and thoroughly-incensed Mrs. Bobby to tend her own stock, milk her own cows, and manage her own dairy as best she might.

Some few weeks after the departures announced in the last chapter, and long before Mrs. Boby had filled up to her entire satisfaction her “household appointments,” she received a visit from a very vivacious and persevering gentleman named Trimmer.

Mr. Trimmer was a country neighbour, and obnoxious to the widow in no slight degree. She dreaded him. He had, she remarked, “such disagreeable propensities!” Perhaps there were grounds for the accusation. He was mightily given to speak his mind, and was wofully deficient in “respect for high places and existing circumstances.” Moreover, his means were straitened; and yet the villain dared to speak frankly to the rich; and never flinched—worst of all!—from supporting the claims of the poor. Altogether Mrs. Boby deemed him “a most objectionable personage;” and the more because he had on two occasions told her some home truths which she could neither parry nor forget.

However, in the green parlour there he sat; smiling, erect, and self-possessed as ever! Another hateful interview was before her. This time she was resolved their conference should be brief. She entered. Her visitor rose, and with profound courtesy placed for her a chair.

“Here I am, my dear madam, once more; and I gather from your countenance how pleased you are to see me!”

A growl from Mrs. Boby formed an odd pendant to this sentence.

“I’m upon my old errand,” continued he, “begging: and I address myself to you in the first instance because—”

“I’ve nothing to give,” interrupted the lady sharply, “nothing whatever. *I am pinched myself!*”

“Ah well! we’ll come to that presently. But first of all let me tender my sincere condolences. Grieved was I to learn my worthy friend’s demise.”

“*He was worthy,*” exclaimed the lady emphatically; “and all to whom my late husband felt bound or beholden, I respect.”

“Precisely so: no better introduction could I desire for the subject I have in hand. You remember poor Isaac Gamadge?”

“Not in the least!”

“No!”

“You surprise me. He worked as a labourer for some years upon this farm; and was fortunate enough to save Mr. Boby’s life. You cannot have forgotten Gamadge finding his master lying insensible in a fit two miles from home in the Black Thorn Meadow; the skill and presence of mind which the labourer showed on that occasion, and the care and tenderness with which he carried his employer the whole distance home upon his back? How the poor fellow managed it was marvellous; but it was done: and Pearce, the surgeon, declared that had Gamadge been less prompt or less judicious, Mr. Boby would never have breathed again! These details, I am persuaded, will place the whole scene again before you.”

“I do remember something about the matter,” remarked the lady coldly and unwillingly: “and the man Gamadge, what of him?”

“He is dying from typhus fever in one bed, his wife is lying in another with two children—twins—three days old, and the remaining children, five in number, are literally starving. Now, with your good leave, in remembrance of ‘auld lang syne,’ I must have a crown from you for them.”

The lady jumped upon her feet. She screamed rather than said,

"The saints preserve me! Mr. Trimmer, where am I to get the money? And if I had it, why am I to give it?"

"Because we are sent into this world to help one another. 'The poor shall never cease out of the land!' that is writ in the RECORD of HIM who—"

"I hope, sir," interrupted the lady, "you don't pretend to teach me my bible? At my years I ought to know something about it. I read my bible, sir, long before you were born; and I'm satisfied I practice fully what it teaches. Pray was there ever a poor's rate called for *twice* at my door? Never, sir, never, in the memory of mortal man! And as to the water dues—"

"Your payments, madam,—pardon me for interrupting you,—are, I doubt not, all made to the very day. I hazarded no allusion to them: but of this unfortunate sufferer let me say—"

"People have no business to be unfortunate!" was the lady's rejoinder. "Everybody in this free and fertile land could live if they please. All may do well if they like: and I'll hear nothing to the contrary."

"But, bear in mind," continued Mr. Trimmer pleadingly,—“that this poor fellow, Gamadge, has been cruelly wronged. He was completely overreached by the man to whom he sold his freehold cottage and couple of acres of land. Scrubbs, the auctioneer, vilely deceived him; and legal redress was beyond his reach.”

"All his own fault! I've no pity for him. People should live as I do—with my eyes open. They would then hold their own. I should like to see the person, man, woman, or child, who could take me in! Ha! ha! ha! I'd forgive them. They should be welcome to all they got; and I'd never mention it afterwards."

Mrs. Boby rose upon her toes, and rocked herself to and fro in the air while she uttered this magnanimous vaunt; and the while Mr. Trimmer eyed her with a merry and significant smile. *Could she but have penetrated his meaning!*

"I'm delighted to see you so jocular," resumed the gentleman, "since now I'm persuaded that in you this poor man will find a friend."

"For whom were *workhusses* built?" The lady hissed this question between her teeth.

Trimmer, without pausing to answer it, proceeded,—

"He has a claim upon you: remember he saved your husband's life."

"Well! and he was paid for it. I myself sent him a huge manchet of bread and cheese, and the best part of a pint of beer. What would ye more? It's infamous how encroaching people grow day by day!"

"You cannot be serious?"

"I am: and, harkee, sir, if there's any I would assist, it's the ill-paid and unfort'nate working clergy. There's our curate—Mr. Meredith—he has a starvation pittance: can't marry for want of a living!"

"Ah! true! I understood he was attached, if not engaged, to your fair sister, Miss Vink?"

Now this was one of the pleasantries—*malins et malicieuses*—in which the provoking Mr. Trimmer delighted to indulge. Mr. Meredith attached to Miss Vink! The lady was old enough to be the un-

happy man's mother. That she was constantly upon his trail, knew all his haunts,—chased him,—made violent love to him,—was true enough; and that the shy and blushing Mr. Meredith dreaded her,—fled from her as his evil genius,—avoided her whenever it was practicable,—was most laughably apparent. Oh! wicked Mr. Trimmer, thus to instance your love of fun!

“Well! I must say he has not declared himself,” said Mrs. Bobby musingly: “but a single glance is sufficient to show one the state of the case. Whenever Mr. Meredith and my sister meet, he trembles like an aspen leaf,—blushes like a girl,—and seems ready to sink into the earth.”

Well he may, thought Mr. Trimmer, considering the daily chase he undergoes!

“The state of his affections,” continued Mrs. Bobby, “is no way doubtful. I have seen his anxiety for months!”

“Anxiety, indeed! Poor wretch!” said Trimmer *sotto voce*.

Mrs. B. resumed. “He says, indeed, that he’s a confirmed bachelor; that he’s ‘married to his church.’ But we all know the value of such expressions: they amount to this—‘I cannot marry from limited means.’”

“And Miss Vink?” inquired Mr. Trimmer tenderly.

“Oh! she’s dependent on me. She can have nothing till I die. But, my prayer is that I may fall in with some dignitary or high person in the Church. Only let me cross a bishop—once, only once—and see if I don’t wring a promise from him in favour of that modest, unassuming, pains-taking young man, Mr. Meredith.”

A smile of deep and peculiar meaning again flitted across Trimmer’s countenance as he carefully heeded the widow’s ejaculations.

“Those are the men,” resumed Mrs. Bobby, “whom I should wish to help,—poor, hard-working curates, like Meredith.”

“But help poor Gamadge in the meantime,” pleaded his persevering advocate.

“No,—not a single sixpence, let his wants be what they may!” returned the well-dowered widow; and to you, Mr. Trimmer, let me add, that if I was a gentleman the last trade I would take up would be that of begging. I would stand and break stones on the road rather than meddle with such a noisome office.”

“I never was so fully sensible of its many disagreeables as to-day!” observed Trimmer quietly.

“And to come to me of all people,”—thus the wealthy niggard ran on,—“who never beg or borrow of human being,—who scrupulously pay my way,—who give to every one his due,—who am ready to a moment with my poor’s rate,—and, as for my water dues—”

Mr. Trimmer moved off. His adieu was a distant bow. But a quick listener would have caught this sentence as it left his lips,—

“Yes; and you’ll give the devil *his* due some one of these days, or I’m mistaken,—a due he has long waited for; and most justly his own.”

Time sped away with noiseless wing: but left behind him various tokens of his visit. The master-passion of the merciless widow he strengthened. With increased means came augmented avarice. The wealthy woman grew more miserly hour by hour,—Miss Vink more

desperate in her matrimonial intents, — and Mr. Meredith more bewildered and perplexed by his bachelor difficulties.

Dear, bashful young man! his interests were about being cared for in a very remarkable manner!

One morning, when Mrs. Boby had successfully devised a dinner for eight grown-up people out of three bare bones and a handful of cold vegetables, Prudence Pike (Rebecca Howgego's disconsolate successor,) watching her the while with tearful eye,—and finally relieving her sad heart with the incomprehensible exclamation, — “Better be killed outright than pined to death!”—a handsome den-net stopped at the widow's door, from which a smart, saucy-looking young man alighted, and craved an audience of the lady.

That personage having hastily presented herself in her Sunday cap, the stranger handed her a card bearing the address of

“MR. CLAUDE ASHBROOKE, 5, WOBURN SQUARE:”

and, after a few preliminary remarks, inquired whether she “would receive as inmates for one month an individual of some consequence, accompanied by his secretary and valet?” The remuneration “he was instructed to offer would be liberal.”

The widow hesitated ere she replied. Pride and avarice battled within her. The former triumphed first.

“She was not in the habit,” she returned loftily, and somewhat angrily, “of letting lodgings! That formed the livelihood of a lower class in society. Lodgings,” she begged to observe,—“lodgings—”

Mr. Ashbrook entreated she would not use so disagreeable a phrase. It had been long since exploded by people of education and condition. “Apartments” was now the recognised term; and the phrase that fell from his lips was “inmates.” The parties he had the honour to represent would pay for the trouble they occasioned.

Avarice now had the day.

“Oh!” exclaimed the widow more complacently. “Ah! yes; now I understand you. And what sum are you prepared to offer?”

“Ten guineas a week for each individual.”

“And you require?”

“Oh! of course a very liberal table; wine *ad libitum*; the unrestricted use of the orchard and fruit-garden, two sitting-rooms, and three bed-rooms.”

“And who may the party be?”

“His name I am forbidden to disclose: under any circumstances his title would be withheld; but his position in society I may, perchance, feel myself at liberty to announce before the interview closes.”

Mrs. Boby listened with a much more complacent air. These last remarks told surprisingly. “Title,”—“position in society,”—“secretary,” were words of import. The demon of avarice whispered that a golden harvest was within her reach.

“I never have let lodg—apartments I mean—before; never, certainly never. Nor am I—thanks to a confiding husband—obliged to do so. But still—pray, sir,” said she abruptly, and with a dash of her usual shrewdness,—“what may be your friend's motive for fixing on such a secluded village as this?” The envoy's reply was ready.

“His health has been injured by devotion to the duties of his high

office: and his medical attendants tell him that rest, perfect quiet, sea air, entire exemption from official toils, are indispensable. These various requisites he will meet with here combined.”

“It’s a great undertaking!” said the widow with a sigh, “a very great undertaking—an alarming undertaking. Excuse me, sir, I must ring for my sister; I can give no answer to your proposal without consulting her.”

Miss Vink was summoned; and Miss Vink came attired in a flaming shot coloured silk dress, and a coquettish cap trimmed with bright cherry-coloured ribands. She gave one piercing glance at the smart young man, who rose and bowed profoundly on her entrance—a second—a third—and then took her seat with an air that betokened much of complacency and approval.

The elder lady then detailed Mr. Ashbrook’s scheme, and asked Sister Vink for her opinion.

“Who is the party?” cried the spinster.

“As I said before,” remarked the young negotiator, “I cannot give his name or title; and if he comes here at all, he will be disguised—very particularly disguised.”

“Oh! good heavens bless me!” cried Miss Vink, in a well-affected agony of alarm. “Oh! oh! oh! we can do nothing here, sister, with a man very particularly disguised. Think of our characters! I couldn’t consent to it for the world!”

“Then the negotiation is ended,” said Mr. Ashbrook, rising and preparing to take his departure; “disguised from first to last my principal must be.”

“Dear sister don’t be rash!” cried Mrs. B. in a deprecating tone; “these are matters not to be hastily decided on. Patience! Patience! Sister Vink.”

Sister Vink assumed an air of the most virtuous indignation. “A man disguised, Mrs. Bobby—very considerably disguised—oh! oh! oh!” And the middle-aged Miss Vink looked as if she was about to faint.

Mrs. B. ruminated. Then after a pause,

“If Mr. Ashbrook would only be a little more communicative—a *leettle* more frank—so that we could judge with greater accuracy. Now, sir,” turning pointedly to the go-between; “say, as a gentleman, *is this party respectable?*”

“Zounds, madam, he is a bishop,” returned Ashbrook undauntedly.

“Oh!” cried both ladies in a breath, and exchanged most expressive glances.

“Has he patronage?” said Mrs. B. carelessly.

“Very considerable patronage—patronage that must in the course of nature be very speedily available.”

“Indeed!”

Again the sisters looked earnestly at each other, and seemed lost in thought.

“My respect for the church,” Mrs. Bobby at length remarked, “is so great, and my reverence for the bench of bishops so undeviating, that if only the disguise could be waived I—”

“Madam,” interrupted the gentleman, “that is essential. It will be maintained from first to last. His physicians insist upon it, and most judiciously. His lordship’s mind has wavered—slightly wa-

vered—from the intensity of his studies and his unremitting attention to public business. This fact must be carefully concealed. None but yourselves must be aware that a spiritual peer is sojourning under your roof.”

Miss Vink looked impressed, and dropped a curtsy.

“He will visit?” inquired the widow.

“Nowhere,” was the reply. “Perfect rest—unbroken seclusion—entire exemption from public cares—these form the main specific. He will read no letters, because he will be allowed to receive none. His exercise will be taken in your garden—a large one, I believe”—Mrs. B. assented—“and on the water. A sailing-boat will be kept constantly awaiting his orders. He is fond of sea excursions. Your grounds communicate, I believe, with the beach, so that access to the shore is attainable at any hour?” Another gesture of assent from the lady. “Having now stated all I am empowered to disclose, I await your decision.”

“I am so devoted to my church,” observed Mrs. B., having exchanged a meaning glance with her sister, “that for his lordship’s sake—” here due stress was laid—“I will consent to waive my scruples. But,” continued she, raising her voice, “as disguise is insisted upon, and secrecy imposed, I submit that these points be considered in the way of remuneration.”

“Really!” cried Ashbrook, “I was not prepared for this demand. Thirty guineas a week for three individuals—one of them a servant—appear to me ample recompense.”

The lady was firm.

“Mystery, sir, is an item that requires separate consideration.”

“Provided for, surely, in the sum of one hundred and twenty guineas per month?”

“If you require your secret to be kept,” contended the female extortioner, “pay for it proportionably.”

“I have already exceeded my instructions,” remarked the young man.

“Disobey them for once,” insinuated the lady in her most wheedling tones; “say one hundred and fifty and the arrangement is closed.”

“I scarcely deem myself at liberty in a case of this nature to overstep my instructions,” said Ashbrook, slowly; “however, I will venture. Madam, I accede to your demand. And now have only to say that his lordship will be here on the fifth day from this. I rely on your preparations being completed for his reception.”

“You may do, sir, safely,” struck in Miss Vink.

“Then my object is attained, and I beg to take my leave.”

The ladies, unseen, watched him down the drive. He seemed to them to walk oddly; and Miss Vink hinted that his shoulders apparently shook with suppressed laughter.

“He fancies, the simpleton,” was Mrs. Boby’s comment, “that he has made a good bargain; but I know who is on the right side of the hedge.” And the widow grinned horribly from downright exultation.

“Sister Vink!” continued she, “down on your knees this night and bless your happy fate that you possess a sister who has a head on her shoulders—a sister who can think and plan, and whom none can baffle.”

Sister Vink bent her eyes on the ground oppressed with humility and gratitude.

"A bishop considerably disguised," repeated the widow slowly, "possessing patronage—worried with public cares—and worn down with study. See how carefully I'll coax and finally gammon his lordship! Possesses patronage, eh? Sister Vink, mark my words, your course is clear; before the month expires I'll put you and young Meredith in clover!"

"Oh! may Cupid speed you!" cried Vink with a truly lackadaisical air.

There is, it may be presumed, a certain degree of happiness in triumphant *tracasserie*!

Brief, like the exhilaration of champagne; but delicious while it lasts.

Talleyrand—that prince of dissemblers—must have revelled in it at various epochs of a life devoted to intrigue. To it M. Guizot could be no stranger when he witnessed the arrival at the Tuileries of the Duchesse de Montpensier. Of it the late Lord —— must have had some slight experience when he extracted from country dupes 300*l.*, 500*l.*, 700*l.*, for "valuable situations under government," placed at his "disposal under the most positive assurances of successive secretaries of state;" the said "secretaries" carefully eschewing all communication with him, and shrinking from the very mention of his name.

Giddy with this dearly-bought intoxication was, beyond all question, the Widow Boby, on the eve of the day on which she ratified the treaty anent the invalid bishop. She laid her head that night upon her pillow in a perfect flutter of delight. Visions of bankers' cheques, sovereigns, Bank of England paper, floated in mazy indistinctness before her sleepy eyes. Mammon mingled with her very prayers. And her last audible ejaculations were "Bishop. —" "Guineas" — "Valet" — "Living" — "Sister Vink" — "Rent-charge!"

On the day appointed, at dusk, in the most quiet, private, and unostentatious manner the anxiously-expected party arrived. A secretary and valet were in attendance upon the bishop. He was a middle-aged gentleman,—very much muffled up,—very much afraid of cold and the night air,—walked very firm upon his legs,—and was blessed—this Mrs. B. could have dispensed with—an extraordinarily keen appetite.

His lordship expressed himself satisfied with all arrangements, and retired early to rest. But, neither on the next day, nor on the following one, nor on the day succeeding that, could his hostess contrive her much coveted opportunity of conversing with him. He systematically shunned her little attentions. He was either busy with his papers, or dictating to his secretary, or taking his constitutional walk in the shrubbery, or his afternoon sail upon the water.

Scheme how she would, Mrs. B. could never find his lordship alone.

Other incidental matters grievously worried her.

"His secretary," she remarked, "was a most impracticable man. He *would* order the most expensive dinners; and insist upon such an ample supply of wine. It was frightful. There was no saying him 'nay.' And, as for Guiseppe, the valet—the wastefulness of that

fellow was beyond all human conception and calculation ! He would ruin a score of bishops irredeemably ; and his frowardness and selfishness were diabolical. Provided his master's wants were attended to, the whole house might starve, or help themselves how they could. The coolness and hardihood of that valet were indescribable."

Days rolled on. A week elapsed. Sunday came. The bishop was too poorly to attend church. But Mrs. Boby marked—approve it she could not—that so far as eating and drinking were concerned his lordship was as hearty as ever.

Miss Vink, too, was observant ; and, as a pattern churchwoman, somewhat scandalized."

"What unfounded notions," cried she, "are afloat in society about bishops, as to their gravity, decorum, and settled sobriety of manner. Our bishop is all life and merriment. Gracious heavens ! what peals of laughter I have overheard in his apartment !"

"But allowance, Sister Vink, great allowance should be made for his lordship," observed the elder lady,—“his mind, we were told, had wavered—slightly wavered—from over-study : remember, too, the pointed remark of his secretary yesterday."

"What was it ? That the cucumber was not sliced sufficiently thin : or that the supply was short of lobster-sauce for the John Dory ?"

"No ! no ! This was his remark : a remark uttered by way of caution. We were not to be surprised at any little eccentricities in the bishop : he had written one charge in favour of the Tractarians, and another against them : in theology his friends did not know where he was : and his lordship did not seem clear about it either."

"Oh ! ah !" said the younger lady languidly,—“well ; one point I remark, —that whenever speaking of, or to, you all, the party seem choking with suppressed laughter. Their features are absolutely distorted with concealed merriment." Mrs. Boby reddened perceptibly. "In this they are all alike,—bishop, secretary, and valet."

"As for that good-for-nothing Guiseppe," said the widow vehemently, "the freedom, not to say audacity, with which he conducts himself is intolerable. And a bishop's servant, too ! I've heard that a bishop's household should be a pattern household. But in this case it's well if the cry be not raised, 'like master like man !'"

Eighteen days had elapsed, when Miss Vink became all at once singularly abstracted and horribly depressed. The fears of her sister were instantly aroused.

"Are you ill ?" was the first inquiry.—“No."

"Have you anything on your mind ?"—“No."

"Is Mr. Meredith ill ?"—“No."

"Have you seen him lately ?"—“Yes."

"Is he as usual ?"

"Yes ; much the same : his habitual nervous, timid, anxious manner remains unchanged : he frets, poor young man, I'm persuaded : frets about me terribly."

"Take heart, darling," was the response : "this period of doubt and anxiety will soon terminate. I made decided overtures to the bishop yesterday ; his lordship received them very favourably, and I broached gently, very gently, the project of the living."

"Don't mention that horrible subject !" shrieked Miss Vink ; "don't,—pray don't ; it's more than I can bear with my present awful suspicions."

Mrs. Bobby was alarmed ; but the voice of Guiseppe calling for another bottle of Madeira agitated her more deeply, and drew involuntarily the anguished exclamation,—“What, so soon!—and the last gone already! Oh, that villain Guiseppe, *he bottoms everything!*”

It was evening. The third week was on the point of closing, when the bishop’s hostess—after a fatiguing day—said mournfully to her sister, as they retired for the night,—

“I shall not make of this party half—no, not half—what I expected. I’ve been unfortunate! There never were upon this earth before—in one and the same house—three men with such hearty appetites. As for that sickly bishop, what he manages to get through is perfectly incredible.”

“Oh! my dear sister!” sighed Vink, “I was afraid from the very first that you had miscalculated.”

“Don’t mistake me,” replied the other briskly, resolved to maintain to the last her powers of penetration; “the scheme will leave a profit, a handsome profit, behind it; though not to the extent that I had reckoned on.”

“Would to heaven there may be no loss!” said the spinster; “but my fears—”

“Ah! *those* you always have on every subject,” interrupted the widow: “now as to the living—”

“*There* you are deceived,” cried Miss Vink, “awfully deceived—frightfully—fearfully!”

“Am I? You should have seen the smiling manner with which the bishop received my request. He was all smiles; and when I finished my story and begged my right reverend guest, for your sake, to remove Meredith to his diocese, and very speedily to benefice him, his lordship laughed—laughed peal after peal—till the tears stood in his eyes.”

“Well he might!” said Vink reproachfully.

“Why? What request more natural?”

Miss Vink here grasped her sister’s hand, and said with solemn emphasis, “Have no fears, no doubts, no suspicions, ever crossed your mind as to these people?”

“None—none whatever—except, indeed, that I was really alarmed about that guzzling secretary; I did think he would one of these days go off in apoplexy.”

“Was there ever seen upon this earth,” continued the spinster, in the same solemn, warning tone, “so jocose, jovial, and light-hearted a bishop?”

“The temperament of the right reverend bench varies,” said Mrs. Bobby apologetically; “and I certainly have heard of bishops given to jocularly.”

“Never to the extent to which this gentleman carries it—never—never! I myself, unperceived, saw him race his secretary in the garden. Did you ever hear of a bishop running races?”

This was said bitterly.

“He is here for recreation, remember,” suggested the hostess.

“They are *ALL* here for recreation,” resumed the former lady; “but a bishop, I maintain, is not among the party.”

Mrs. B. started up aghast.

“Who in the name of fortune is he?”

“I know not.”

"Who are they one and all?"

"That is best known to themselves."

"Whom have I in my house?" cried Mrs. Bobby in dismay; "swindlers, coiners, conspirators, or what? Oh! sister Vink, you are surely alarming me unnecessarily; when did these horrid suspicions first possess you?"

"Days since! They were conversing after dinner: I had my ear close to the keyhole—I confess it."

"Quite allowable under the circumstances," said Mrs. B. in a parenthesis.

"Thus placed, I heard the secretary say, 'how fortunate that both Trumps and Rebecca were dismissed. They would have recognised Guiseppe to a certainty.'"

"That proves nothing," said Mrs. B. with a relieved air.

"You think so; then, perhaps, you will attach slight importance to what follows. The next day I concealed myself in the summer-house, drew down the blinds, and locked the door. So screened, I became mistress of much of their conversation as they paced the shore. Their own boat drew near, and the boatman landed. He spoke. To my fancy I recognised the voice and mocking laugh of that abominable torment Mr. Trimmer!"

"'Tis all fancy!—nothing but fancy!" said the widow firmly; "but I'll know who's who by to-morrow's light. With the dawn I'll be stirring; and, bishop or no bishop, all disguise shall be thrown aside."

A wakeful and restless night did the wary Mrs. Bobby pass. Towards morning she fell into a deep and heavy sleep. And the day was far advanced when the bustle of her household roused her. She rose, dressed hastily, and rushed towards her inmates' apartments. They were empty. Bishop, secretary, valet, all were flown! Not a trace or clue of any description remained. Themselves, their luggage, their papers, their books, all had disappeared. They had sped away "in the boat o'er the moonlit sea." Guiseppe's domain was then searched. The only memento of that accomplished personage was row after row of empty bottles, and beside them, wrapped up in white paper, as a special souvenir for the widow, his well-used corkscrew.

Again and distractedly did Mrs. Bobby examine the drawing-room. On a closer search a sheet of paper was discovered inscribed "with the bishop's compliments;" and beneath it was traced in inverted commas, the following characteristic quotation from the widow's daring and self-reliant conversation.

"I should like vastly to see the person who could take me in! He should be welcome to all he got. I'd forgive him; and never mention his freak afterwards to human being."

One portion of this boast the widow verified. Never, during her after life, was she known to refer to her inmate, the bishop, to his secretary, or his valet. As to forgiving the parties, that was another matter. Those who knew her best—sister Vink among the rest—had, like Lord Chancellor Eldon, on other matters equally mysterious, "very considerable doubts."

SPRING.

I AM here, I am here with my gifts and smiles,
 The light of my presence all care exiles ;
 Nor tears nor sorrow may idly fling
 One shadowy gloom o'er my glancing wing ;
 For I've burst each link of the chain which bound
 The pent up streams and ice-fetter'd ground,
 And each blossoming branch, and each flow'ry stem,
 Are twining for Earth a diadem,
 As she sweet replies with her thorns and tongues
 To the sun-wreath'd strains of my joyous songs.

Earth's emerald bosom I come to stud
 With the beauty and light of each tender bud ;
 And flowers spring up from the verdant sod
 Where'er my footsteps have lightly trod ;—
 The mountain torrent's impetuous roar
 Resounds through the leafless woods no more,
 Its voice of wrath which bestrode the blast
 Of the wintry tempest is hush'd at last,
 And changed to the rippling streamlet's song,
 As it murmurs its sedgy nooks among.

A balmy incense is on the gale,
 As it frolics o'er hill and flowery dale ;
 And the mystic song of all beautiful things
 Comes wafted along on its fragrant wings ;—
 The Spring bird, no longer a homeless rover,
 Re-echoes each note of its favor'd lover,—
 And the gentle hopes of its heart embosoms,
 As they nestle amid the hawthorn blossoms ;—
 'Tis the season of joy—the season of flowers—
 'Tis the season of love's most impassion'd hours.

The sunbeams are sleeping lovingly,
 O'er the mirror'd breast of the tranquil sea,
 And far adown 'neath the lucid wave,
 Shed a soften'd light through each rocky cave.
 Its azure beauty is frequent speck'd
 With many a bark in its white sails deck'd,—
 Like sea-birds asleep 'neath the hour which brings
 The rest vouchsafed to their wearied wings,
 Which battled so late with the wind and foam,
 When the storms swept over their watery home.

Oh ! list ye toil-stricken, the voice of Spring
 Is abroad to gladden your labouring ;
 The blithesome heart of each maiden fair,
 Each brighter spell of my joy shall share,
 And her bright eye flash with a sunnier gleam,
 And her budding beauty more proudly beam ;
 The fervour of youth and the tremors of age
 Shall rejoice in their tranquil vassalage ;
 For I heighten the hopes which the young heart rears,
 And banish the greybeard's causeless fears.

Thou mayst view Spring tokens around each dwelling,
 Thou mayst list the burst of glad music swelling
 In lengthen'd cadence through gilded domes,
 And the happy cottagers' rustic homes.
 O'er the stately trees are my trophies seen,
 O'er the trim parterre and the village green,
 E'en the old churchyard forgets its gloom,
 And pensive smiles light its verdant bloom,—

A fresher hue the lone ivy steeps,
As round the old tower it silent creeps.

The merry of heart are my favour'd ones,
For mine are the heart's rejoicing tones.
Are there mourners around me ? The gloom of woe
Is mine to chase from each clouded brow ;
To tinge the cheek that looks wan and pale,
Or bid the big tear-drop in light exhale.
Yet hold ! though the light of my presence flings
O'er nature its mantle of blossomings,
Alas ! no balm on my breath I bear
For the crush'd heart's vigils of woe and care !

Oh ! let me awhile o'er my pathway linger,
Change hath been here with no gentle finger ;
There is silence now round the lonesome hearth
Which but yesterday echoed with sounds of mirth ;
And vacant, too, are the fireside places,
Where erst I reckon'd familiar faces.
Where are ye fled ? why come ye not
From each home of gladness, each pleasant spot,—
To greet the return of unnumber'd flowers,
And sport 'mid the young Spring's festive hours.

Are ye silent still ? ye whose light feet press'd
With scarce ruffling tread the green earth's breast ;
Whose cheeks wore the rose's tender bloom,
Whose lips breath'd the altar's rich perfume,
Whose eyes, like the gemming stars of night,
Ever beauteous flash'd with a living light ?
Why tarry ye, lov'd ones ? In vain I recall
Each sweet tone of welcome from bower and hall ;—
Ye come not, the joy of my spirit seems marr'd,
“ There are new-made graves in the lone churchyard.”

Tho' deem'd such radiance and bloom could never
Be quench'd or shorn from the earth for ever,—
The halls of the great, where the glad ones stood
In the strength of their pride and life's plenitude,—
Of gifts and smiles which around each heart
Turn'd a rapture that seem'd as 't would ne'er depart,
Are voiceless, tenantless, desolate.
Nor alone 'mid th' abodes of the rich and great
Hath care been busy,—it scorneth not
The humbler roof of the shepherd's cot,
For the Angel of Death hath here outrung
His summons alike for the old and young,
And his sable banners impartial wave
O'er the cloister'd vault and the grass-bound grave.

Yes ! changes o'er bower and hall have pass'd,
And o'er them or glooming or radiance cast ;
Changes have over the wrung heart crept,
Changes have over the glad one's swept.
And tho' mine the season of joy and flowers,
A change must come over its light-wing'd hours ;
What though the glance of my frolic wings
Fade with the life of all beautiful things,
Whose spirits have plum'd their heavenward flight
To the mansions of rest ? Oh ! a halo of light
Shall memory twine o'er each thing it lov'd,
And hallow each spot where my footsteps rov'd.

THE FLÂNEUR IN PARIS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SECOND LOVE."

"Row" in the Chamber of Deputies.—Parliamentary interruptions.—Mania of the Parisians for theatrical effect in every-day life.—The French actors.

AFTER the comedy of a Ministerial Crisis, there is another to be constantly witnessed in Paris, which often turns out one of the most amusing of the season, and certainly never fails of attracting crowded houses—that is, the comedy of a great debate in the Chamber of Deputies upon any such important, or *soi-disant*, important question as the Address, or a vote of confidence to Ministers. No scene of farce can offer richer caricatures than those exhibited by the worthy representatives of their country, the French Deputies, when, upon some agitating occasion, they all seem suddenly to be animated by one general "kick-up-a-row" feeling. The outcries, the interruptions, the schoolboy jokes, the blackguardisms, the shouts of insulting laugh or cries of rage, during the debate, far surpass any similar scenes ever exhibited in the British reformed House of Parliament, in spite of the acknowledged superiority and vast powers of mimicry of its once famous menagerie. To see these grave magistrates jumping upon their benches, like schoolboys let loose upon a holiday,—these sage legislators tossing up their hats like the chorusses of Lazaroni in "Masaniello," and crying "bravo" to their own performance—these bearded men hugging and kissing each other in sympathetic congratulations at some noisily earned victory, as if they were, at least, more than "half seas over"—to witness all these grey-beard childishnesses, who could not but imagine France to be in her second infancy, instead of the rising giantess she boasts herself? How comes it, that men, who know how to behave themselves pretty decently in daily life, where they only represent their own families, or in society, where no particular attention is bestowed upon them, should lose all sense of gentlemanly feeling, of dignity, of education, as soon as they are called upon to represent their own country—as soon as they appear before the eyes of France, who looks to them as her arbiters, and before the face of all Europe, to be judged of their actions? How comes it, that men, who individually possess unquestionable talent and intelligence, should, when assembled in a body, be nothing but an uneasy and fermenting mass, without power, dignity, or even decency—members of importance when single, which, when added up together, compose a zero—valuable particles, which build no connected whole, and are most disunited in union—streams, which fructify their own peculiar soil, but which together constitute a useless and capricious ocean, roused by every petty passion, as by the wind, and in which the fragile vessel of the state is wrecked! An explanation of the mystery may be sought in that pettiness of personal ambition, that overweening vanity, that mania for showing off, for acting a part, for attitudinising, which forms such a fundamental part of a Frenchman's character, and which, under the influence of party excitement, degenerates into a display of the vilest taste and worst feeling.

Even upon minor occasions there is a peculiar portion of the dialogue of this comic drama, which especially deserves mention. This portion

consists in the constant interruptions and exclamations of those who do not belong to the principal *dramatis personæ*, and who have no part "writ down" for them to declaim. These interruptions, however, little as they may belong to the main plot, have great weight in the legislative eloquence and parliamentary tactics of the Chamber of Deputies. Every session counts its regular and irregular troops of interrupting sharp-shooters. These undisciplined soldiers hover about the flanks of a debate, and worry it without intermission: and they never display more wisdom and activity than when importuned by the power of the orator, by whom they expect to be defeated. They may be compared to the gnats hovering about a lion,—little insects, whose continued and repeated stings exhaust the great beast at last with fatigue and pain; or to the *banderillos* of a Spanish bull-fight, who distract the attention of the furious bull by their light darts and floating colours, when it threatens the life of those who attack it. In the Chamber of Peers such interruptions are looked upon as an utter want of *savoir-vivre*, and even as a disgraceful impropriety of conduct; although, to be sure, many an aged peer of the old stamp may be seen watching the speakers with a *finesse* of expression, indicating a thousand malicious and satirical thoughts boiling in the man within, but which are never, by any chance, allowed to escape. In the Chamber of Deputies, on the contrary, they are the natural produce of the soil; and they are as various in their style as in their effect—sometimes sudden, quick, and passionate—often cool and calculating—sometimes wearing the form of a half-murmured trait of satire, at another of thundering abuse—of all descriptions, in fact, from the sneer to the shout, from the cynical smile to the burst of insulting laughter, from the teasing sting to the force of clamour.

The effects of these interruptions are not less various upon the orators they are intended to harass. To young speakers and neophytes in eloquence they are fatal: they paralyse. In general, with most speakers, they disconcert and unsettle, sometimes completely annihilating, but more generally irritating. Even upon some of the best orators in France their influence has been deadly—petrifying some speechless to the spot, so completely overwhelming others as to drive them from the tribune, and choking others again with their own passions in a fury of irritability. In all these cases, the enemy well knows how and when to use his means of opposition, and is without scruple in the discharge of his missiles when he can "hit the raw." In some few instances, it is true, they bestow a fresh force upon the speaker, and furnish him with new opportunities of eloquence, which then fall in so *a-propos*, and with such telling vigour, that a suspicion might be entertained whether they were not a comedy acted by the orator's friends, in order to stimulate his faculties, and call forth a fresh burst of strength. So much is there of preparation in modern impromptu—so much of artifice in the most genuine inspiration, that it would be difficult to say how far this suspicion may, or may not, be true.

Mons. Berryer grows grander under the force of interruption—Monsieur Guizot coldly sends back a retort, with apt address and ready talent. Monsieur Thiers remains untouched, immovable: he braves all interruption, stares it boldly in the face, gives himself a sort of devil-may-care air of insolent disregard, and waits doggedly until the storm shall have passed away, in order to resume his speech, the thread of which he never loses for a moment.

In the Chamber of Deputies, the last bench of the extreme left—the

ultra-liberal party—is the most renowned for its interruptions: and from that quarter unceasing roars of laughter, or characteristic little witticisms, about as full of *finesse* and gentlemanly feeling, as the “Go it,” or “Does your mother know you are out?” or other little slang phrases of English blackguardism, may be heard without a second’s intermission. Monsieur Lafitte used to repeat his interruptions continually, and with a feeling of profound bitterness which had really a saddening effect. Monsieur Odillon Barrot makes them in a grave and solemn manner, and endeavours to render them imposing. Monsieur Arago always strives to give his interruptions a striking and *piquant* turn, and often succeeds. Monsieur Dupin generally endeavours to interlard a pithy witticism: and if he does not always reach his mark, at all events often excites a laugh. Monsieur Thiers, when in opposition, hurls a whole thunderbolt, which it needs no weak ægis to parry. And certainly, be it said *en passant* , never is the little fiery ex-Minister—the would-be Tom-Thumb Jupiter of the parliamentary Olympus of France, so powerful as when he is not in power—never so great as when dismounted from his ministerial pedestal—never so forcible, as when in opposition—never so sparkling in eloquence as when his mouth is not smeared with ministerial honey. Among the interruptions, which form a sort of running comment to the comedy enacted in the Chamber, like the remarks of a Gracioso in a Spanish play, ought to be enumerated also those of the Ministers, who never cease holding conversations with the orator in the tribune, to the great annoyance of the President of the Chamber.

Besides these real and often fatal interruptions, there exist also fictitious ones, much in use among the press and newspaper reporters, who have always a store of *bons mots* and exclamations ready cut and dried, wherewith to interlard the discourses of *Messieurs les Députés* in their *compte rendu* of the previous day’s performance. Many a famous interruption, which has passed current for matter of truth, and has taken up its position as a well known historical anecdote, has been the pure invention of a sportive journalist. Generally, in the case of these inventions, the French reporter puts down his own lively ideas, or those of his comrades, under the head of “a voice,” or often “several voices:” and it is ridiculous enough sometimes to witness the long series of well developed phrases often put down in a paper to the count of “several (simultaneous) voices;” since they are of so complicated a description, that nothing short of a miracle, or more natural than the chorus of a Greek tragedy, could ever have produced so sympathetic an explosion of the same words from several mouths at once.

Like the little amateur dramatists, who have furnished a joke to an author-friend for his comedy, the habitual interrupting deputies are always very anxious that their real or supposed interruptions should not be lost to the world and to posterity, and should duly appear in print to the very best advantage. Little messages, consequently, are every moment being transmitted from the Chamber to the Reporters’ Gallery, in order to make sure that some very striking interruption has been duly recorded, and that every justice may be rendered to every word and even gesture: and many there are who attend upon the official printing of the day’s debate, in order to correct the proof sheets of their interruption of half a dozen words, with the most perfect self-assurance that these flying remarks are true plums in the great heavy pudding of the sitting.

In spite of the farcical amusement they afford, these parliamentary interruptions in the Chamber have, however, done more mischief in their time than many great speeches. These light missiles it has been, which have begot, brought forth, and fostered the parliamentary duel. Much more might there be found in the great comedies daily acted during the session, worthy of the world's laugh: but again the *Flâneur* shrinks back upon the brink of so deep and muddy a pool, and fears, if he step in further, to flounder out of his depth. This short, incomplete, and very sketchy *programme* of these amusing performances is all he ventures to offer.

From the comedy of public life to that of the stage *il n'y a qu'un pas*. The French, or, to speak more correctly, the Parisians, are the most theatrical people on the face of the earth. Not content with their fondness for dramatic representation, however, they are never easy unless they can play their own little pet comedy, drama, or tragedy, on their own little stage of private life: and the mania for attitudinizing—showing off—acting a part, in fact, in the eyes of the world, which has already been alluded to in the upper classes, often reaches a pitch of frantic excess among the lower. The overweening vanity of the national character has been fostered by the opportunities, afforded to the people by two revolutions, of showing themselves off in characters, that were applauded “to the echo,” as noble and sublime: the intoxicating excitement, thus deeply drunk at such periods, has left a sort of moral *delirium tremens* among the people; or, at least, the reactionary prostration attendant upon debauch, which is always craving for another, and yet another exciting cup to rouse the spirits. Like habitual drunkards, the Parisians cannot forego the customary stimulating dose of flattered vanity, and seek it in whatever form they can contrive to find it: and how many of the lower classes are urged on by this fondness for theatrical effect to set themselves up, each on his own stage of life, as a hero—even if that hero be a villain. This craving for notoriety and part-acting in the eyes of the world, has been probably fostered, in a great degree, by that species of French drama, which, in the years immediately following the revolution of July, exhibited crime in so attractive a light, whilst it waded on from horror to horror, until the *Genie du Romantique* wore the semblance of a drunken tiger. The Parisian of the middling and lower classes is nursed from his very cradle in a predilection for the “*grand melodrame*.” The drama thus becomes his model and his mirror; and no wonder that he should strive to emulate, in the practice of reality, the character of the romantic “*traître de melodrame*,” whose desperate deeds are saluted with so many furious rounds of applause upon the stage. This frantic eagerness for stage effect is constantly displayed in efforts to obtain it, even in its utmost limits. The mania *de faire parler de soi* goes as far as committing suicide or atrocious crime, in order to die with *éclat*, and a *coup de théâtre*.

One of the most striking instances of this desire of going out of the world with all the flourish, gong-clashing, and bengal-fire of the last *tableau* of a melodrame, may be recorded in the case of the assassin Fieschi. He had no powerful political opinions to urge him to the desperate act of firing upon the King of the French,—he had no private motive for a work of vengeance,—he was not even led on by a desire for reward. No! it was the hope of *renown* alone that urged him to the deed. For some time before the commission of the crime,

it would appear, he had been subject to the constant pursuit of the police for forgery; and, weary of a life spent in flying from house to house, and street to street, in insecure concealment, he resolved to end it by some great act, which would be extraordinary and celebrated. Chance threw him in the way of the conspirators; he accepted their offers; it was the very opportunity he sought. He undertook the deed of assassination without any recompense, and gained his ends by dying upon the stage of the scaffold, *before an admiring audience*, a hero, although a murderer,—whose portrait would be lithographed, and sold upon the Boulevards of the capital,—whose “birth, parentage, and education,” would form a subject for a nine-days’ wonder in the newspapers,—whose name would become a name in history—*n’importe* whether a name to be blessed or cursed, but a name to be talked about, in fact, an actor in a great public drama, whose exit from the stage would be made with *éclat*.

Another well-authenticated anecdote, connected with the same lamentable history, may be taken as another illustration of this perversion of exaggerated vanity, and the desire, at all risks, *de faire parler de soi*, which forms so powerful an ingredient in the French character. Were it not for the serious nature of the sad catastrophe, the anecdote might be taken as a most amusing and laughable bit of farce.

Two young girls were pursuing their avocations as laundresses in a house opposite the spot where Fieschi had concealed himself. When the royal procession went by, one of the girls ran out to see the sight: the other was too much occupied at the moment with her ironing-box, and delayed. The unfortunate laundress, who ran out, was shot by the explosion of the infernal machine and killed. She was buried with all the funeral honours accorded to the other unhappy victims upon the same occasion, and with great pomp and show. Her friend, on seeing her thus conducted to the grave, burst into a passion of tears. It might have been supposed to have been grief for the loss of her deceased companion, that made her weep. No! It was *envy*! “Oh! why was it not I?” she exclaimed with bitterness. “I might have been in her place, if I had not been a fool! I had as good a chance as she—and I lost it. And to think that now, if I had not, I should be buried with all this pomp. Oh! what an unlucky girl I was: and how fortunate was she!”

This craving for an unnatural food to pamper an exaggerated vanity, leads thus, through various grades of acts of folly, to suicide and crime. The desire, however, for being produced before the eyes of the public, seems to turn to excellent account when it is directed into an artificial channel. When able to mount upon the stage of art, there “to be seen of men,” the French become the best actors in the world in their delineations of nature. Their histrionic art is carried to so high a pitch, that it no longer wears the least resemblance of art. Among the superior troupes of comedians congregated at Paris—and this may be said of almost all the theatres in their different styles of comedy, vaudeville, drama, melodrama, and scenes of low life in farce—there is a perfection of *ensemble* without appearances of study, of high dramatic effect without appearances of effort, which is not to be found, to such an extent at least, in any other theatres of any other country in the world. From this high praise, however, the word “tragedy” has been, and must be excepted.

THE GHOST OF A STORY ABOUT A GHOST.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

My uncle always pooh'd and psha'd at all unbelievers when they answered to the question of "Do you believe in ghosts?" by the positive denial of having any such weakness, or, indeed, having any superstition at all. "It is all nonsense," said my uncle: "everybody believes in ghosts—and I had a great belief in my uncle."

He was a man who had entered the army in those glorious times when boys learned tactics in the field, instead of on a slate by a diagram, and when necessity compelled rulers, such was the universal fighting all over the globe, to make soldiers by the gross, like pins: and they were used up in the like manner. Nobody knows what becomes of the pins, and very few troubled themselves to know what became of the soldiers. We had victories, and the glorious fields were much greener for the farmer's scythe the next year.

My uncle, consequently, knew very little of civil life. The roll of the drum had been his early rattle; his childhood a drill, his manhood a fight, and his old age a review. Civilians he looked upon as mere suttlers to the fighting part of human nature, born to supply the camp with necessaries, and keep things all right and tight at home.

He laughed at anything like the idea of a lasting peace. "As long," said he, "as there is anything to fight for, so long will man fight. Now and then, indeed, nations must get second wind, but it is only to fight with more vigour. Nations, civilised or savage, always did fight, and always will fight, no matter about what. The small birds fight upon the tree, domestic animals fight about your hearth, the wild beasts fight in their forests. In fact, a universal pugnacity seems to pervade nature; and peace is nothing but time given, to think of what is to be fought about next."

All these savage ideas of human nature were only the military part of my uncle; for a kinder-hearted and more simple-minded man never existed. His love of children was delightful. We all loved him in return, although we rather kicked against his awful discipline. What was told us to do we were obliged to do; or woe betide us. Then he had such a voice, which, coupled with his shaggy white eyebrows and towering height, quickened the steps of the lagging youngster who ventured on any little experiment that appeared like mutiny.

Notwithstanding the wholesome fear with which he had imbued us, his visits were welcomed with the greatest delight; for his long stories and quaint anecdotes were ever a fund of the greatest amusement to our young minds. This power, of which he was not a little proud, he exercised with much tact; telling stories of war and valorous deeds to the bold boy, and others of kindness and humanity to the mild mother's darling, until the one flushed with ardour, or the tears started into the eyes of the other. But his principal luxury in this way, was to get a large circle round him, and tell a ghost story. He here, with all the drollery of his character, would seek to find out the belief of his listeners, and what quantity of strength or weakness he would have to combat with during his relation.

Often, at the very point, when breathing almost was hushed, and the young people huddled closer to each other, and the faces of the most unbelieving shewed the effect of his recital, and the power of his deep-toned voice sinking almost into a whisper, he would point out suddenly the contradiction given to the tongues of the incredulous by their pallid faces.

One evening, when a large circle of our acquaintance had collected at my father's old-fashioned country place to spend the Christmas with us, my uncle was particularly happy in his stories of adventure and frolic gathered from his Peninsula campaign, where he felt himself more at home than in any other part of his career.

He promised us a ghost story, and we all sought cozy places near to the large gaping chimney, up which the flame roared in the wintry wind, that we might look out into the dark corners of the room with feelings of security. He took his place in his capacious arm-chair, with my little sister Emily on his knee, where she always seated herself as her prerogative, and commenced the

HAUNTED CHATEAU.

"MANY years ago, my dear friends, when my home was the battlefield, and my only friends the companions that fought by my side, or lay beside me in the midnight bivouac; when home seemed but as a dream, and my relations, from my long absence from them, I felt were beings to be loved, almost without a hope of ever again seeing them. But I was then young, and full of hope and enthusiasm in the career which I had chosen, and which hardly allowed me time to give way to anything like despondency. Gay spirits, like myself, surrounded me. Light of heart, and full of ambition, we rushed forward after our guiding star—glory; and seldom, if ever, cast a thought behind. My favourite friend and companion was a lieutenant about my own age, then about two-and-twenty; an Irishman by birth, named De Courcy; full of courage and devil-me-care; of good family and bad fortune, which he had determined to better before he returned to the dilapidated mansion of his father; where he was resolved never to go unless he carried the wherewith to keep at bay those troublesome things that swarm round the out-at-elbow estates in Ireland called bailiffs. He always said, after a well fought field, in which he was sure to have signalled himself by some daring act or another, that to screw himself up to a pitch of desperation, he only imagined the army before him to be a lot of scoundrelly bailiffs so dreaded in his youth, and it then became the very acmé of gratification to have the pleasure of soundly trouncing them.

"Either in the field or the town we always managed to get our quarters near to each other. If one had a bit of luck in getting well lodged, he always shared with the other; so in the story I am about to relate to you he became my companion, and, as you will see in the sequel, a most useful one.

"One wretched evening, after a fatiguing day's march, drenched to the skin, and scarcely able to sit our horses, that stumbled through the rough ways from sheer exhaustion, we entered a dreary Spanish village that promised very little accommodation to our troop,—a few scattered cottages, without any signs of inhabitants, and a wretched posado, round which lounged two or three very questionable-looking Spaniards, who peered at us from under their broad sombreros with

no very welcoming look. The host came out as we alighted,—I should say got off our horses, for there was very little grace in that very awkward manœuvre, stiff as were from a ten hours' ride, which made us, when we stood on our own proper legs, feel as if we still had the horses between them, which gave us anything but a graceful carriage. The host welcomed us in with all the magniloquence of a Spaniard, but the inside of his house was as wretched as the unpromising outside. A good warm English stable would have been far preferable for many reasons—the one of cleanliness especially. We shuddered as we looked at the accommodation, if bare walls and uncomfortable stools could be called so, and knowing from long practice that money would do anything in Spain, as well as everywhere else indeed, we tried it on our host, to discover if we had any hope of anything better. In the midst of his shrugs my man entered, and stated that he saw at the end of the lane leading out of the village, the top of some old mansion, where he thought we might be made comfortable if the owners were christians. This delightful news to us seemed anything but so to the poor host, who begged us not to attempt the dreadful house, where no one had resided for years, on account of one of those frightful tragedies of revenge and murder so frequent in Spain. We laughed at his long visage and terrified looks, and prepared to set out for the better quarters, bidding the soldier bring some wine and refreshments after us. Our host hereupon seized me by the arm, and implored us not to venture, as many had been foolhardy enough to do so, and never had been heard of again; and it was reported that strange noises and awful screams were heard nightly in the house, supposed to proceed from the spirits of the departed guilty parties, doomed to enact nightly as expiation the scenes of bloodshed and crime.

“This was quite enough for my friend De Courcy, who vowed he had never seen anything in the shape of a ghost, and would mightily relish the passing an evening with one.

“The host looked at us with despair, which we attributed to his affection to our purses and not our persons. We took no heed of him, but departed, determined to force an entrance into the avoided mansion.

“Five minutes' walk brought us, through an approach darkened with the thick foliage of the trees, to the entrance of as pretty a piece of uncomfortable architecture as a nervous man would wish to look upon. Many of the lower windows had been half boarded, to keep out pilferers, and had a very Chancery like look. The building itself was in the castellated style, and appeared in pretty good repair. It had evidently been a residence of great pretension. To try the legitimate entrance was of no use, so we exercised our ingenuity upon some of the before-mentioned barricades for some time, but unavailingly, and began to look into each other's faces, as we both felt we had done rather a silly thing. When we beheld the host trotting down the avenue, accompanied by one or two persons bearing our refreshments, we hailed his approach with pleasure. On reaching us he said, that if we were rash enough to still hold by our resolve of sleeping there, he thought we might find an entrance through some of the back offices; so, guided by him and his companions, we made our way through an old dilapidated garden wall into a kind of back court, and found a door conveniently ajar. Our friends seemed quite at home, and lighting their lanthorn,

proceeded through a very fine spacious hall, very little the worse for wear, up a noble staircase, which led into what appeared to have been the reception room. Much to our astonishment the furniture, though sadly wanting the dusting brush, was of the richest kind, and the room altogether bore the appearance of being lately inhabited. Books, even, were lying on the tables, and the remains of burnt logs were upon the hearth. We turned and questioned our host as to these curious appearances. He whispered his reply, evidently terror-stricken, that the family had fled after the sad tragedy, about six months before. From the dreadful disturbances and appearances that he had fore-warned us of, and after many unavailing attempts by some more courageous than the rest to keep possession in spite of the ghosts, it had been at last abandoned in despair.

"Without another word he, with the help of his companions, soon raised a cheerful flame in the chimney, and placed the refreshments they had brought with them on the table, with a few bottles of wine. When he had completed these little arrangements, he requested to know at what time we intended to march in the morning. 'By the holy St. Patrick!' said De Courcy, 'it's not to-morrow we cross saddle again. We wait in this district until farther orders, which I hope wont come till I've got some new skin on me, and rested my aching bones.' With this he threw himself into a large cushioned chair, with a sigh of great satisfaction.

"The host looked aghast, and exchanged glances with his companions. I laid my holster pistols on the table, and with great *sang froid* uncorked one of the long-necked bottles, with a pop that startled the group, and echoed through the spacious chamber.

"The host and his companions put us under the care of a whole battalion of saints, and prepared to depart. We did not forget to see them to the door, which we secured after them, before we returned to our comfortable quarters. We resumed our seats and commenced our suppers, of which we were sadly in want, looking first carefully at the corks of our wine, to see that they had not been previously drawn, to play any trick with our drink, for such things were too common, although in the present case the proximity of our troop would act as a check upon anything like treachery; so a pretty good meal we made of it, without bestowing a single thought upon the unhappy ghosts who were to pay us a visit at midnight.

"We turned our luxuriously cushioned chairs round to the welcome blaze, and stretched out our weary limbs, unused to anything for weeks softer than rock, with a counterpane of grass thinly spread over it, then lighting our cigars, prepared to make a night of it, hugging ourselves upon our resolution in avoiding the filth of the wretched posado and its occupants.

"Fatigue, and the warmth of the blazing logs, soon drew our eyelids together, and our conversation became broken murmurs. At last my friend appeared, by the light of the lamp, to have taken to dance up and down in the most eccentric manner. He then became more indistinct. I heard one satisfactory snore from him, and I slept.

"A shriek of most powerful shrillness, like a trumpet-blast, pierced the very depths of our slumbers. We both started to our feet, with our blood throbbing and tingling through our frames, at the suddenness of the alarm. We listened, hardly conscious of where we were, when our ears were struck by another shriek, which seemed to hover

around us, and then, with faint echoes, die away with most mournful cadence through the distant corridors.

"By this time our senses became a little clearer. We looked at each other, and, without a word, prepared for action. De Courcy quickly replenished the fire, so that we might have the full benefit of the blaze, whilst I trimmed the wick of the lamp, the melancholy state of which told plainly of the length of our slumbers. We looked to our pistols ; then quietly resumed our chairs.

"A deep groan, of a most sepulchral nature, sounding in close proximity to the door of the chamber we occupied. put us on the alert. We peered cautiously over the backs of the chairs in the direction of the sound, and I confess, for the moment, our young nerves were startled by seeing the chamber door move noiselessly on its hinges, as if to give entrance to some supernatural visitor. We waited with beating hearts the entrance of our unbidden guest. I thought if it turned out to be some poor injured ghost, he or she might have been legitimate enough to have walked in after the fashion of its kind, without opening the door, which had a sad mortal effect. We soon heard footsteps echoing along the passage in rapid approach towards our chamber.

"‘Reserve your fire,’ said De Courcy to me in a whisper. ‘If it is a genuine ghost, it is of no use, and if it is not, I don’t see the fun of making it one.’

I determined to follow his advice, feeling that something must be intended either by mortal or ghost, which as yet was a mystery, and mysteries always pleased me, so I withdrew the muzzle of my pistol from its point, and my finger from the trigger.

"Now I have already said that we were both young and in the full vigour of life, with all the devil-me-care naturally concomitant : used to death in all its most frightful shapes on the battle-field ; nerves strung to meet surprise, and minds made up to meet death at a moment’s notice, in all which little philosophies we had been properly initiated during our Peninsular campaign. But I must own that our breathing grew rather short, and an odd sort of chill crept to our very marrow, as we beheld a face of the most pallid and unearthly cast peer round at us with lack-lustre eyes. It was that of a female, with large folds of black dishevelled hair thrown back from her brow, which at that distance showed stains of dark crimson blood. It continued to gaze on us with the same mournful expression, and from which it seemed impossible to withdraw our eyes : we were fascinated.

"After some few moments, which appeared an age, the figure seemed to glide into the room, gazing around the chamber as if in search of something. It was arrayed in what was apparently a night-dress, which was pressed tightly to the breast by her clasped hands. Having gained nearly the centre of the chamber it stood still : we felt we could not speak, and the figure, from the intenseness of our gaze, appeared to vibrate before us.

"At last De Courcy seemed to be summoning up courage to address it, for I saw that his lips were getting into form to say something ; but his eloquence was stopped by the entrance of a figure so completely enveloped in a dark cloak that no feature was distinguishable. An extended arm clasped the female by the hair, and dragged her noiselessly from the room ; the door slammed violently, and again we heard the dreadful shrieks and groans ring through the passages.

"We both leaped from our chairs and rushed towards the door; it quickly yielded to our touch; the dark corridor yawned before us, but nothing was to be seen. Without a word De Courcy discharged his pistols in the darkness, but no other sound met our ears than its echoing reports.

"We closed the door and returned to our seats.

" 'We are unwelcome visitors here, it would seem,' said De Courcy; 'but I never could make out the dog-in-the-manger feeling of ghosts, who won't let others enjoy what they can't enjoy themselves. Why a disembodied spirit should feel bound to annoy honest Christians, who take a chair or bed in the house to which they have been a disgrace, I can't see. It is said they never rest, consequently they can't want the chair to sit down in or the bed to lie in; but it's a Red Sea I'll lay them in, if there is any faith in rifle barrels. I've an idea; mum—say nothing on parade, or to that thief of a landlord. We'll circumvent them yet; these are much too good quarters to be resigned.'

"Daylight broke in upon us as we sat talking over our schemes, of which more anon. We went quietly to muster, and made every arrangement necessary for the comfort of our men. The landlord followed us about with officious assiduity, as if he longed to ask us how we fared during the past night, expressing a decided belief in our being nothing less than saints in horsemen's boots to be shielded, as we evidently had been, from the interference of bad spirits. We should have taken all this in good faith, if we had not perceived a waggish curve about the corners of his mouth. 'Wait till it is our turn to play,' whispered De Courcy; 'and if we don't rub off scores, carbonado us.'

"We turned our attention during the day to the outside of our quarters, but saw no appearance of any other entrance being used but the one by which we had entered, and carefully barricaded upon our host's retiring the night before.

"We laid in stores during the day for our night's entertainment, repelling every attention from the landlord, who seemed rather surprised at our coolness. Amongst other things I saw an old hamper conveyed by De Courcy's direction late in the evening to our haunted mansion by our Irish drummer. We quickly followed him, and resumed our position of the previous night. The drummer departed, after receiving instructions to keep a good look-out in case of any alarm from us.

"After everything was quiet, and preparation made against surprise by peeping into all the nooks and corners, De Courcy opened the before-mentioned mysterious hamper, and out crept a large bulldog, which I recognised as belonging to the drummer; and a beautiful specimen he was of his kind, and a great favourite of the regiment. De Courcy laughed at my surprise. I immediately saw his design, and applauded his judgment, for they must be quick of foot who would escape our canine friend. He stretched himself out before the blazing logs; and, after an intelligent look, as much as to say 'call me when you want me,' sank fast asleep with his nose on his paw.

"Our evening passed much as the last, excepting only the sleeping, which we had guarded against by taking a long siesta. We watched anxiously for the expected natural or supernatural visitors, and as the hour of midnight approached we laid back in our chairs, as if sleeping. Scarcely had we done so, when our ears were saluted by the most horrid din of shrieks and groans, banging of doors, and every other noise in the catalogue of ghostly annoyances.

"The dog sprang to his feet, and uttered a low growl, but was quickly silenced by a sign from De Courcy's hand; he sank slowly to our feet, with his ears pricked and his tail erect, a beautiful picture of watchfulness.

"The door, as before, slowly revolved on its hinges; then, with almost imperceptible motion, the same figure of a female entered the room. The appearance was ghastly and startling. It did not venture so far into the centre of the chamber as on the previous night, but kept a wavering noiseless motion at some distance in the obscurity.

"The dark figure, enveloped as on its former appearance, glided after her with its arm extended as if to clutch her. Upon its nearing her, the same appalling screams vibrated through the chamber. De Courcy seized the dog by the neck, hardly able to restrain his efforts to spring upon the intruders; but the moment he saw the female figure glide from the room, he loosened the dog upon the retreating male. He vanished with most ghost-like rapidity. Upon our following to the door through which the dog had pursued him, he rushed back with something in his mouth, which he was shaking savagely. We closed the door, and disengaged it from his jaws, when we perceived our prize was the lappet of a most natural-looking jacket.

"'Oh, oh!' exclaimed my friend; 'so you see these ghosts have excellent tailors; and, if I mistake not, I have seen this jacket before.'

"Having wheeled a heavy piece of furniture against the door, we sat down to deliberate, and morning found us resolved.

"Upon issuing from the back-door at daylight, we were surprised to find a small keg of spirits, a roll of cigars, and various condiments, such as olives, savalois, &c., packed in a basket, to which was attached a label, on which was the following:

" *Dejarnos y les dejaremos,*

which, freely translated, meant, 'Let us alone, and we'll let you alone.' We picked up our prize and returned to stow it away; which, having done, we pursued our way to the posada. The host's face wore a look of quaint cunning when he gave us the morning's greeting; and, as he turned to leave the room, he showed the loss of half the lappet of his coat.

"Our invisible commissariat department went on from that day in most glorious style. Our brother officers wondered at our luck, the secret of which we never disclosed during our stay; nor did we trouble ourselves at any noises we might hear in the middle of a moonlight night, although they were very different from those with which we were first greeted. The mysterious visits only seemed to replenish our stock, and our prudence prevented more prying eyes from discovering the use made of the deserted mansion by a set of smugglers and contraband travellers, created by the anarchy of the times and looseness of the government at all times; who, in this case, did a deed of great charity in cherishing with everything in the way of stores two most discreet lieutenants.

"I began by saying," added my uncle, after the "Ohs!" of the disappointed ghost-lovers had subsided, "that I would tell you a story about spirits; and, had you seen such as we did, you would have believed in them ever after."

DOINGS AT STAMFORD HILL.

BY W. LAW GANE.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

"Credula res amor est."

"As sure as I'm alive, ma'am, there was somebody in our garden last night!"

"Somebody in our garden, Susan!"

"Yes, ma'am, a man!"

"A man, Susan? impossible, impossible, Susan!"

"There was, ma'am, depend upon it. All the tulips are trampled down, and I myself heard somebody whistle and cough, cough and then whistle, for more than an hour altogether."

"Susan, you amaze me. It must surely have been some chimera, the nightmare, perhaps; I cannot bring myself to believe that any man would dare to invade our privacy—I cannot cherish so dreadful an idea."

"No cammera, and no nightmare, ma'am! I can swear to the colour of his hat; it was as white as my apron, and I saw it with my own eyes. Cook, too, says she saw him get over the wall, and that he jumped like a cat or a ghost."

"Why not alarm the house, Susan?"

"Lor', ma'am, he might have murdered us."

"Do you think he was a robber, Susan?"

"I don't think he was, ma'am; nothing has been touched, not even the young ladies under-things that were left out last night."

"The affair wears a serious aspect; it must be looked into, Susan."

The lady and her servant descended to the garden. Susan showed her mistress the broken flowers, and pointed out the exact spot where the intruder stood while he coughed and whistled, whistled and coughed, and then they walked to the place where the cook had seen him leap the wall. The lady attentively surveyed the foot-marks, and appeared to have arrived at some conclusion.

"These marks, Susan," said she, "are imprints of a well-made boot. Some gentleman has been here: what in Heaven's name could he be after? You perceive, Susan, there's no trace of hob-nails nor of donkey-heels. Oh! the monster! What is your candid opinion of the matter, Susan?"

"'Pon my honour, ma'am, my brain's a boiling: I can't think, I can't conceive, ma'am. To be sure, ma'am, he couldn't be after any good."

"Certainly not, Susan. You run directly and give information to the police, and let Jabez go for a shoemaker to measure the foot-prints while they are yet fresh, which may probably afford us some clue to a discovery."

The police came, and so did the shoemaker. Of course the vigilant guardians found, on doors and shutters, indubitable proofs that a dreadful attempt had been made to break into the house, and described the party as being burglariously expert, quite an accomplished cracksmen, and failed not to take credit to themselves for defeating the attempt. They recommended extreme watchfulness, promised to have

an eye and a half upon the premises, insinuated something about a correspondence between the thief and some one in the house, pocketed some silver, and departed. The shoemaker quietly measured the marks, shrugged up his shoulders, and said it was "a very queer business."

The inmates of the house were of course excessively alarmed; nevertheless, they were rather surprised at reading the following statement in the evening papers:—

"A most daring attempt was made last night to break into Rydall House, Stamford Hill, the fashionable ladies' seminary, conducted by Miss Sewell. The robbers were evidently practised hands, and but for the resolution of Miss Sewell, who hearing them, threw up the window, and called the police, who were instantly at hand, they would no doubt have succeeded in their nefarious design. How the burglars managed to escape no one can tell. In the immediate vicinity of the house the police picked up a double-barrelled pistol with spring dagger, a mask, two crowbars, and a large bunch of skeleton keys, and, searching the garden, they discovered a gossamer hat and a blucher boot. The police have no doubt but these articles will give them a clue to the detection of the robbers. The family is in a dreadful state of alarm, but to quiet the fears of the young ladies, Miss Sewell has appointed three men, well armed, to watch during the night."

The conversation which we have related, the survey of the police, even the shoemaker's admeasurement, all took place, and the various parties had gone their various ways before the usual breakfast hour at Rydall House. When the morning meal was served, little was eaten and less said; fear sharpens not the appetite; and the young ladies reserved their speculations on passing events until they were by themselves. Miss Sewell sipped her coffee in silence; she ate nothing; but her mind laboured hard. The affair perplexed her amazingly. It was all along evident that she did not coincide with the police, but as yet no one had heard her opinions, whatever they might be. Miss Sewell was a lady of great discretion, and seemed to think that wisdom is not found in a multitude of counsellors, she resolved to trust to her own ingenuity to unravel the mystery.

As soon as breakfast was over, the young ladies were as usual about to proceed to the schoolroom; Miss Sewell intimated that she desired to speak a few words with the seniors, and all above fourteen years of age were directed to remain. Of these sage dames there were about a dozen. Several little pussies, verging on fourteen, were observed to toss their heads and pout their pretty lips at the idea of being treated like children; and one or two of the forwardest asserted that they could have an *affaire-du-cœur* as well as the rest of them, and enumerated sundry unfortunate individuals who were at that moment dying for them. Half-a-dozen young romps vowed there should be more tulips pressed down, and numberless schemes were suggested for revenging the affront. They did not, however, lose much by being excluded from the conclave of the elders. Miss Sewell merely asked each young lady individually, if she had any idea who the person was that had been in the garden, or what his purpose might have been; and every one, of course, being in total ignorance on those points, they were dismissed to their lessons, Miss Sewell giving them to understand that they would consult together on the subject in the evening.

Miss Sewell did not go into the school-room during the whole day, nor did she show herself to the family even at the dinner table. It was evident that the business had affected her beyond measure, she seemed mightily perplexed and not a little annoyed, really more so than any selfish ideas, called up by this untoward event, could have induced. In the course of the day, she again surveyed the garden, and gave some directions to Jabez Bott, a personage whom we have once before had occasion to mention. Jabez was a stout, hearty lad about seventeen years of age, shrewd withal, and being the only male servant in the family, was a very important individual, filling at least five-and-twenty different offices. Among the orders Jabez received, was one to procure the most terrible mantrap the neighbourhood could produce. It was placed by Miss Sewell's directions, not in the spot where the intruder had made his ingress the previous night, but in a corner where there was no probability of its being visited except by a stray cat, and in order to conceal it, it was covered so securely that an ox might have walked over it uninjured. Jabez smiled at Miss Sewell's thief-catching abilities; he could not fail, however, to admire her humanity.

Among Jabez Bott's manifold virtues, his practice of maintaining a constant and affectionate correspondence with his maternal parent, was certainly not the least conspicuous. Mrs. Bott, who dwelt in some verdant grove in the neighbourhood of High Holborn, was regularly informed of every circumstance of importance that happened in Miss Sewell's establishment. Of course, the mysterious occurrence we have noticed, could not fail to employ his epistolary abilities. No sooner had he placed the man-trap, than he repaired to his room, and addressed to his mother the longest, and certainly the most important, letter he had ever written to her.

As in most similar cases, the excitement soon subsided, and Rydall House quickly regained its usual serenity. The nine days' wonder ran its round, was alluded to at dinners, commented on over tea and toast, received every possible variety of construction, was hinted at, winked at, nodded at, and then allowed quietly to slide into oblivion. Indeed, ere the newspapers containing the startling account reached John o' Groat's it was forgotten on Stamford Hill. Nothing more was heard of the intruder; Miss Sewell's tulips were not again violated; and although the young ladies watched long and late, they saw no ghost.

Now be it known unto all whom it may concern, that Miss Sewell had a suitor, a very proper man, very affectionate, very assiduous, a great man at the tea-table, very great at an evening party, and particularly regular in his attendance at church when Miss Sewell and her young ladies were there. He was the son of a retired military officer, and of course, had himself a military air. He was some ten years younger than Miss S., and there was a merry and roguish twinkle in his eye, which did not sit at ease upon his usually staid and quiet demeanour. It was whispered that he had been a tremendous rake, and that his affection for that excellent lady, Miss Sewell, had worked his reformation. He was a mighty favourite with all the young ladies of the establishment; the juniors called him a dear, the seniors a love. Miss Sewell was very fond and very proud of him, and our friend Jab Bott was so patronising as occasionally to honour him with a very knowing

wink, as he pocketed the customary half-crown. This *affaire* was an exception to the course of true love never running smooth, nothing could be smoother; the gentleman was happy, the lady was content. The only exception to this was so trifling as scarcely to merit the name of an exception; the lady sometimes thought that her lover was a *little* too respectful, for all ladies, even the fair quakeress, we have been told, like a moderate degree of warmth and ardour in their lovers, on proper occasions. She observed that he seldom presumed to look directly at her, and that, when at church, or other places, she caught his timid glances directed to her right or left, he would blush and exhibit too much confusion altogether to please her. This minute drop of acidity, however, was insufficient to affect her cup of bliss, which might indeed be said to run over: it served only to prevent its cloying.

The happy day was fast approaching. Mr. Geo. Robins had received a commission to dispose of Miss Sewell's establishment; silks, satins, and laces had been inspected; orange flowers had been bespoken; the church was named; the ring procured. The gentleman was now a daily visitor at Rydall House, and was generally to be seen by the side of his betrothed, heading the bevy of the fairy-like creatures who were under her charge, in their walks along the green lanes and across the meadows of the neighbourhood. Miss Sewell daily expressed her regret at the approaching separation from her young friends, and as the time drew near, generally accompanied her laments with a tear. But smiles would return when she told them how sweet to her would be the memory of the happy days they had passed together, how she would frequently visit them all, how she should watch and rejoice over their future welfare. This pleased their dear little hearts, and they thought what a fine thing it was to get married.

A week is a very brief period to a man who has a bill to meet, and no means, and no chance of renewal, or to another, who expects to be introduced to the public in an elevated position, with hempen honours dangling o'er his head; to lovers it is to all intents and purposes a juvenile eternity. A week was all that remained between Miss Sewell and happiness. The day which divided this anxious period into two equal portions arrived, and was chosen by Miss Sewell to give a grand tea-party, a sort of farewell performance, to her more intimate acquaintance. Of course, the gentleman who figures so conspicuously in our narrative, but who, for sundry weighty reasons, must remain nameless, was the lion of the *fête*. He was formally introduced to the circle, and right meekly did his lionship bear his blushing honours. He was in capital spirits, the very life and soul of the party, and proudly Miss Sewell glanced on her chosen, almost saying, "Is he not a darling? what heart could resist him?" And then he was so assiduously attentive, so active in dispensing tea, toast and butter; coffee and cake whirled about in his hands like a conjuror's balls; he positively returned five empty cups to be refilled while Jabez bungled over one. And when wine took the place of less generous fluids, he sang songs, and told tales, making even quakers smile. The evening passed off delightfully, and the only regret that remained was, that it had passed so quickly. A sandwich closed the festivities, and after many a tender farewell, the friends separated; the lover lingered long and last, and when at length compelled to go still loitered to cast tender and



The Elopement.



anxious glances behind, and to slip, what looked very much like a note, into the hands of Jabez Bott. Miss Sewell waved her fair hand to the departing swain, and quoted Thompson :—

“ Dear youth, be still as now, discreet,
The time may come you need not fly.”

This had been a great day for Miss S., and bright—aye, brilliant, were the visions that danced about the lady’s pillow at its close.

Next morning Miss Sewell occupied her usual place at the head of the breakfast-table. She looked upon her fair scholars with soft delight ; a gentle languor, the offspring of love and excessive happiness, pervaded all her movements ; the more apparent this from her desiring the senior assistant to pour out the coffee, and the junior to butter the rolls. “ Is Clara Sheers unwell this morning, that she is not down to breakfast ? ” affectionately inquired Miss Sewell. No direct answer being returned, one of the young ladies was requested to go to her room, and inform her breakfast was waiting. While the young lady is absent on her errand, we will take the opportunity of briefly introducing Miss Clara Sheers. Clara was the oldest—her summers numbered sixteen,—the prettiest, and the richest girl of Miss Sewell’s establishment. Her father was a great man, the most fashionable city tailor of his day. Clara was clever, amiable, and accomplished.

The messenger was absent some little time, and Miss Sewell was about to send another, when an apparition presented itself, which quite monopolised Miss Sewell’s attention. It came in the shape of our earliest acquaintance, Susan ; but alas ! how altered. Her looks were wild and haggard ; her dress was unfastened, or had burst its bands ; her hair was either uncombed, or she had pulled out the hair-pins in her despair, for it hung about her ears in most admired disorder. She strongly resembled a Shaksperian witch, who had been twelve months at a charity school, or a playhouse murderess in humble life. She stood for a moment by the door, still, stiff, and rigid as the door-post. When she did speak, she screamed out in accents terrific, “ The thief !—the ghost !—the ladder ! ” Miss Sewell’s heart sank a thousand fathoms deep. A very delectable scene of confusion ensued : Miss Sewell dropped the toast from her hand, and the tea-cup into her lap. Three young ladies fainted, and four felt very much inclined to imitate them. Susan took breath, and continued ; “ The monster has been here again, and so has a ladder ; and he isn’t in the man-trap, for I’ve been to look.” The tissue of horrors soon received its climax. The young lady deputed to call down Miss Sheers returned, and announced that she was nowhere to be found ; but she had brought her nightcap. Miss Sewell was frozen, petrified ; and, as a natural consequence, motionless ; but soon reanimated by a desperate energy, a sentimental lightning-flash, she rushed from the room and into the garden. There, surely enough, was a ladder, we believe, of fourteen *staves*, and it was standing beneath Clara’s bedroom window ! Bad enough this—worse remains behind. The poor lady flew like a maniac to the spot where her tulips had grown in the spring, and there again beheld the guilty foot-prints. She tore from her pocket a slip of paper, much resembling a shoemaker’s measure, and compared it with the impressions : can we write it ?—

by no other foot than her lover's had they been made! Fearful forebodings were matured into frightful realities. Alas! alas! what a sad termination to such happiness as she had experienced; she beheld herself scorned, deceived, and jilted; positively buried beneath turnips in bunches; and firm indeed must her heart have been to have held together amidst such a disruption of her dearest, brightest hopes; such a clean knock up of the golden-visaged future. Soul-sick she returned to the breakfast room, not to finish her breakfast, oh, no; she just found time indignantly to kick the nightcap, before mentioned, across the room, and then she fainted.

Kicking a nightcap across a room is generally an amusement as unprofitable as it is innocent; this case proved an exception to the rule; for in the transit of the said nightcap, a slip of paper emerged and dropped upon the floor. Strange creatures those dear things of sixteen; who else would have thought of making a nightcap a post-bag? how interesting! how truly feminine! Yes, a slip of paper dropped, and Miss Sewell, insensible as she was, saw and seized it. It was addressed to herself; but stated merely that business of some importance demanded the writer's absence for the future; and that a further communication would be made with as little delay as possible, and was signed "Clara Sheers."

It is perfectly useless to disguise or palliate the fact,—Clara and Miss Sewell's recreant lover were off together. Confound the railways! Father and mother, uncle, brother, and cousin, all pursued in vain; the fugitives safely reached the hymeneal forge, and were legitimately soldered long before they were honoured by the attendance of any of the above-named relatives of the lady.

This affair terminated as such affairs generally terminate; there was a great deal of anger, a great deal of scolding, a great many tears, and a great many promises of better behaviour for the future; and then there was melting and forgiving. Mother first, and then father, took the poor, fluttering, errant dove to their hearts, and shook hands with the brave lad who had taught the pretty bird how to fly; and the reconciliation was ratified with gifts of cash and bedsteads, tables, chairs, and crockery.

So far as the unfortunate lady, the betrayed Miss Sewell, is concerned, the first fierce burst of grief and disappointed love over, she bore her wrongs with surprising fortitude; and her friends would have called her a Roman matron, only they could not decently do so as she remained a spinster. She soon brought herself to look upon her former lover with contempt, mingled, we believe, with pity for what *he* had lost; and the five hundred pounds a jury awarded her as compensation for her blighted hopes, just repaid her for the teas and suppers the traitor had taken at her expense. All was so far well; and that his treachery did not kill her, we may fairly assume from the fact, that she lived to educate his daughters.

CAPTAIN SPIKE;

OR,

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

Thou art the same, eternal sea !
 The earth has many shapes and forms,
 Of hill and valley, flower and tree ;
 Fields that the fervid noontide warms,
 Or winter's rugged grasp deforms,
 Or bright with autumn's golden store ;
 Thou coverest up thy face with storms,
 Or smilest serene, —but still thy roar
 And dashing foam go up to vex the sea-beat shore.

LUNT.

CHAPTER VII.

WE shall now advance the time eight-and-forty hours. The baffling winds and calms that succeeded the tornado had gone, and the trades blew in their stead. Both vessels had disappeared, the brig leading, doubling the western extremity of the reef, and going off before both wind and current, with flowing sheets, fully three hours before the sloop-of-war could beat up against the latter, to a point that enabled her to do the same thing. By that time, the Swash was five-and-twenty miles to the eastward, and consequently but just discernible in her loftiest sails from the ship's royal yards. Still the latter continued the chase; and that evening, both vessels were beating down along the southern margin of the Florida Reef, against the trades, but favoured by a three or four knot current, the brig out of sight to windward. Our narrative leaves us to lose sight of both these vessels, for a time, in order to return to the Islets of the Gulf. Eight-and-forty hours had made some changes in and around the haven of the Dry Tortugas. The tent still stood, and a small fire that was boiling its pot and its kettle, at no great distance from it, proved that the tent was still inhabited. The schooner also rode at her anchors, very much as she had been abandoned by Spike. The bag of doubloons, however, had been found, and there it lay, tied, but totally unguarded, in the canvas verandah of Rose Budd's habitation. Jack Tier passed and repassed it with apparent indifference, as he went to and fro, between his pantry and kitchen, busy as a bee in preparing his noontide meal for the day. This man seemed to have the islet all to himself, however, no one else being visible on any part of it. He sang his song, in a cracked, *contre alto* voice, and appeared to be happy in his solitude. Occasionally he talked to himself, aloud, most probably because he had no one else to speak to. We shall record one of his recitatives, which came in between the strains of a very inharmonious air, the words of which treated of the seas, while the steward's assistant was stirring an exceedingly savory mess that he had concocted of

the ingredients to be found in the united larders of the Swash and the Mexican schooner.

"Stephen Spike is a capital willian!" exclaimed Jack, smelling at a ladle filled with his soup—"a capital willian, I call him. To think at his time of life, of such a handsome and pleasant young thing as this Rose Budd; and then to try to get her by underhand means, and by making a fool of her silly old aunt. It's wonderful what fools some old aunts be! Quite wonderful! If I was as great a simpleton as this Mrs. Budd, I'd never cross my threshold. Yes, Stephen Spike is a prodigious willian, as his best friend must own! Well, I gave him a thump on the head that he'll not forget this v'y'ge. To think of carryin' off that pretty Rose Budd in his very arms, in so indecent a manner! Yet, the man has his good p'int's, if a body could only forget his bad ones. He's a first rate seaman. How he worked the brig till he doubled the reef, a'ter she got into open water; and how he made her walk off afore the wind, with stun'sails alow and aloft, as soon as ever he could make 'em draw! My life for it he'll tire the legs of Uncle Sam's man, afore he can fetch up with him. For running away, when hard chased, Stephen Spike has n't his equal on 'arth. But he's a great willian—a prodigious willian! I cannot say I actually wish him hanged: but I would rather have him hanged, than see him get pretty Rose in his power. What has he to do with girls of nineteen? If the rascal is one year old, he's fifty-six. I hope the sloop-of-war will find her match, and I think she will. The Molly's a great traveller, and not to be outdone easily. 'Twould be a thousand pities so lovely a craft should be cut off in the flower of her days, as it might be, and I *do* hope she'll lead that — sloop on some sunken rock.

"Well, there's the other bag of doubloons. It seems Stephen could not get it. That's odd too, for he's great at grabbin' gold. The man bears his age well; but he's a willian! I wonder whether he or Mulford made that half-board in the narrow channel. It was well done, and Stephen is a perfect sailor; but he says Mulford is the same. Nice young man that Mulford; just fit for Rose, and Rose for him. Pity to part them. Can find no great fault with him, except that he has too much conscience. There's such a thing as having too much as well as too little conscience. Mulford has too much, and Spike has too little. For him to think of carryin' off a girl of nineteen! I say he's fifty-six, if he's a day. How fond he used to be of this very soup. If I've seen him eat a quart of it, I've seen him eat a puncheon full of it, in my time. What an appetite the man has, when he's had a hard day's duty on't! There's a great deal to admire, and a great deal to like in Stephen Spike, but he's a reg'lar willian. I dare say he fancies himself a smart, jaunty youth, ag'in, as I can remember him; a lad of twenty, which was about his years when I first saw him, by the sign that I was very little turned of fifteen myself. Spike *was* comely, then, though I acknowledge he's a willian. I can see see him now, with his deep blue roundabout, his bell-mouthed trowsers, both of fine cloth—too fine for such a willian; but fine it was, and much did it become him."

Here Jack made a long pause, during which, though he may have thought much, he said nothing. Nevertheless, he wasn't idle the while. On the contrary, he passed no less than three several times

from the fire to the tent, and returned. Each time, in going and coming, he looked intently at the bag of doubloons, though he did not stop at it or touch it. Some associations connected with Spike's fruitless attempts to obtain it, must have formed its principal interest with this singular being, as he muttered his captain's name each time in passing, though he said no more audibly. The concerns of the dinner carried him back and forth; and in his last visit to the tent, he began to set a small table—one that had been brought for the convenience of Mrs. Budd and her niece, from the brig, and which of course still remained on the islet. It was while thus occupied that Jack Tier recommenced his soliloquy.

"I hope that money may do some worthy fellow good, yet. It's Mexican gold, and that's inemy's gold, and might be condemned by law, I do suppose. Stephen had a hankerin' after it, but he did not get it. It come easy enough to the next man that tried. That Spike's a willian, and the gold was too good for him. He has no conscience at all, to think of a girl of nineteen! And one fit for his betters, in the bargain. The time *has* been, when Stephen Spike might have pretended to Rose Budd's equal. That much I'll ever maintain, but that time's gone; and, what is more, it will never come again. I should like Mulford better, if he had a little less conscience. Conscience may do for Uncle Sam's ships, but it is sometimes in the way aboard a trading craft. What can a fellow do with a conscience when dollars is to be smuggled off, or tobacco smuggled ashore? I do suppose I've about as much conscience as it is useful to have, and I've got ashore in my day, twenty thousand dollars' worth of stuff, of one sort or another, if I've got ashore the value of ten dollars. But Spike carries on business on too large a scale, and many's the time I've told him so. I could have forgiven him anything but this attempt on Rose Budd, and he's altogether too old for that; to say nothing of other people's rights. He's an up-and-down willian, and a body can make no more, nor any less of him. That soup must be near done, and I'll hoist the signal for grub."

This signal was a blue-peter, of which one had been brought ashore to signal the brig; and with which Jack now signaled the schooner. If the reader will turn his eyes toward the last-named vessel, he will find the guests whom Tier expected to surround his table. Rose, her aunt, and Biddy were all seated, under an awning made by a sail, on the deck of the schooner, which now floated so buoyantly as to show that she had been materially lightened since last seen. Such indeed was the fact, and he who had been the instrument of producing this change, appeared on deck, in the person of Mulford, as soon as he was told that the blue-peter of Jack Tier was flying.

The boat of the light-house, that in which Spike had landed in quest of Rose, was lying alongside of the schooner, and sufficiently explained the manner in which the mate had left the brig. This boat, in fact, had been fastened astern, in the hurry of getting from under the sloop-of-war's fire, and Mulford had taken the opportunity of the consternation and frantic efforts produced by the explosion of the last shell thrown, to descend from his station on the coach-house into this boat, to cut the painter, and to let the Swash glide away from him. This the vessel had done with great rapidity, leaving him unseen under the cover of her stern. As soon as in the boat, the mate had seized

an oar, and sculled to an islet that was within fifty yards, concealing the boat behind a low hummock that formed a tiny bay. All this was done so rapidly, that, united to the confusion on board the *Swash*, no one discovered the mate or the boat. Had he been seen, however, it is very little probable that Spike would have lost a moment of time in the attempt to recover either. But he was not seen, and it was the general opinion on board the *Swash*, for quite an hour, that her handsome mate had been knocked overboard and killed by a fragment of the shell that had seemed to explode almost in the ears of her people. When the reef was doubled, however, and Spike made his preparations for meeting the rough water, he hove to, and ordered his own yawl, which was also towing astern, to be hauled up alongside, in order to be hoisted in. Then, indeed some glimmerings of the truth were shed on the crew, who missed the light-house boat, though many contended that its painter must also have been cut by a fragment of the shell, and that the mate had died loyal to roguery and treason. Mulford was much liked by the crew, and he was highly valued by Spike, on account of his seamanship and integrity, this latter being a quality that is just as necessary for one of the captain's character to meet with in those he trusts as to any other man. But Spike thought differently of the cause of Mulford's disappearance, from his crew. He ascribed it altogether to love for Rose, when, in truth, it ought in justice to have been quite as much imputed to a determination to sail no longer with a man who was clearly guilty of treason. Of smuggling, Mulford had long suspected Spike, though he had no direct proof of the fact ; but now he could not doubt that he was not only engaged in supplying the enemy with the munitions of war, but was actively bargaining to sell his brig for a hostile cruiser, and possibly to transfer himself and crew along with her.

It is scarcely necessary to speak of the welcome Mulford received when he reached the islet of the tent. He and Rose had a long private conference, the result of which was to let the handsome mate into the secret of his pretty companion's true feelings toward himself. She had received him with tears, and a betrayal of emotion that gave him every encouragement, and now she did not deny her preference. In that interview the young people plighted to each other their troth. Rose never doubted of obtaining her aunt's consent in due time, all her prejudices being in favour of the sea and sailors ; and should she not, she would soon be her own mistress, and at liberty to dispose of herself and her pretty little fortune, as she might choose. But a cypher as she was, in all questions of real moment, Mrs. Budd was not a person likely to throw any real obstacle in the way of the young people's wishes ; the true grounds of whose present apprehensions were all to be referred to Spike, his intentions, and his well known perseverance. Mulford was convinced that the brig would be back in quest of the remaining doubloons, as soon as she could get clear of the sloop-of-war, though he was not altogether without a hope that the latter, when she found it impossible to overhaul her chase, might also return in order to ascertain what discoveries could be made in and about the schooner. The explosion of the powder on the islet, must have put the man-of-war's men in possession of the secret of the real quality of the flour that had composed her cargo, and it doubtless had awakened all their distrust on the subject of the *Swash's* real

business in the Gulf. Under all the circumstances, therefore, it did appear quite as probable that one of the parties should reappear at the scene of their recent interview, as the other.

Bearing all these things in mind, Mulford had lost no time in completing his own arrangements. He felt that he had some atonement to make to the country, for the part he had seemingly taken in the late events; and it occurred to him, could he put the schooner in a state to be moved, then place her in the hands of the authorities, his own peace would be made, and his character cleared. Rose no sooner understood his plans and motives, than she entered into them with all the ardour and self-devotion of her sex; for the single hour of confidential and frank communication which had just passed, doubled the interest she felt in Mulford and in all that belonged to him. Jack Tier was useful on board a vessel, though his want of stature and force rendered him less so than was common with sea-faring men. His proper sphere certainly had been the cabins, where his usefulness was beyond all cavil; but he was now very serviceable to Mulford on the deck of the schooner. The first two days Mrs. Budd had been left on the islet, to look to the concerns of the kitchen, while Mulford, accompanied by Rose, Biddy, and Jack Tier, had gone off to the schooner, and set her pumps in motion again. It was little that Rose could do, or indeed attempt to do, at this toil; but the pumps being small and easily worked, Biddy and Jack were of great service. By the end of the second day, the pumps sucked; the cargo that remained in the schooner, as well as the form of her bottom, contributing greatly to lessen the quantity of the water that was to be got out of her.

Then it was that the doubloons fell into Mulford's hands, along with every thing else that remained below decks. It was perhaps fortunate that the vessel was thoroughly purified by her immersion, and the articles that were brought on deck to be dried, were found in a condition to give no great offence to those who removed them. By leaving the hatches off, and the cabin doors open, the warm winds of the trades effectually dried the interior of the schooner, in the course of a single night; and when Mulford repaired on board of her, on the morning of the third day, he found her in a condition to be fitted for his purposes. On this occasion Mrs. Budd had expressed a wish to go off to look at her future accommodations, and Jack was left on the islet to cook the dinner, which will explain the actual state of things, as described in the opening of this chapter.

As those who toil usually have a relish for their food, the appearance of the blue-peter was far from being unwelcome to those on board of the schooner. They got into the boat, and were sculled ashore by Mulford, who, seaman-like, used only one hand in performing this service. In a very few minutes they were all seated at the little table, which was brought out into the tent-verandah for the enjoyment of the breeze.

"So far, well," said Mulford, after his appetite was mainly appeased, Rose picking crumbs, and affecting to eat merely to have the air of keeping him company; one of the minor proofs of the little attentions that spring from the affections. "So far, well. The sails are bent, and though they might be newer and better, they can be made to answer. It was fortunate to find any thing like a second suit on

board a Mexican craft of that size, at all. As it is, we have foresail, mainsail, and jib; and with that canvas, I think we might beat the schooner down to Key West, in the course of a day and a night. If I dared to venture outside of the reef, it might be done sooner even, for they tell me there is a four-knot current, sometimes, in that track; but I do not like to venture outside, so short-handed. The current inside must serve our turn, and we shall get smooth water by keeping under the lee of the rocks. I only hope we shall not get into an eddy, as we go further from the end of the reef, and into the bight of the coast."

"Is there danger of that?" demanded Rose, whose quick intellect had taught her many of these things, since her acquaintance with vessels.

"There may be, looking at the formation of the reef and islands; though I know nothing of the fact by actual observation. This is my first visit in this quarter."

"Eddies are serious matters," put in Mrs. Budd; "and my poor husband could not abide them. Tides are good things, but eddies are very disagreeable."

"Well, aunty, I should think eddies might sometimes be as welcome as tides. It must depend very much on the way one wishes to go."

"Rose, you surprise me! All that you have read, and all that you have heard, must have shewn you the difference. Do they not say 'a man is floating with the tide,' when things are prosperous with him—and don't ships drop down with the tide, and beat the wind with the tide? And don't vessels sometimes 'tide it up to town,' as it is called; and is n't it thought an advantage to have the tide with you?"

"All very true, aunty, but I do not see how that makes eddies any the worse."

"Because eddies are the opposites of tides, child. When the tide goes one way, the eddy goes another—is n't it so, Harry Mulford? You never heard of one's floating in an eddy."

"That's what we mean by an eddy, Mrs. Budd," answered the handsome mate, delighted to hear Rose's aunt call him by an appellation so kind and familiar,—a thing she had never done previously to the intercourse which had been the consequence of their present situation. "Though I agree with Rose in thinking an eddy may be a good, or a bad thing, and very much like a tide, as one wishes to steer."

"You amaze me, both of you! Tides are always spoken of favourably, but eddies never. If a ship gets ashore, the tide can float her off; *that* I've heard a thousand times. Then, what do the newspapers say of President —, and Governor —, and Congressman —? * Why, that they all 'float in the tide of public opinion,' and that must mean something particularly good, as they are always in office. No, no, Harry; I'll acknowledge that you do know something about ships; a good deal, considering how young you are; but you have something to learn about eddies. Never trust one as long as you live."

* We suppress the names used by Mrs. Budd, out of delicacy to the individuals mentioned, who are still living.

Mulford was silent ; and Rose took the occasion to change the discourse.

"I hope we shall soon be able to quit this place," she said ; "for I confess to some dread of Captain Spike's return."

"Captain Stephen Spike has greatly disappointed me," observed the aunt, gravely. "I do not know that I was ever before deceived in judging a person. I could have sworn he was an honest, frank, well-meaning sailor—a character, of all others, that I love ; but it has turned out otherwise."

"He's a willian !" muttered Jack Tier.

Mulford smiled ; at which speech we must leave to conjecture ; but he answered Rose, as he ever did, promptly and with pleasure.

"The schooner is ready, and this must be our last meal ashore," he said. "Our outfit will be no great matter ; but if it will carry us down to Key West, I shall ask no more of it. As for the return of the Swash, I look upon it as certain. She could easily get clear of the sloop-of-war, with the start she had ; and Spike is a man that never yet abandoned a doubloon, when he knew where one was to be found."

"Stephen Spike is like all his fellow-creatures," put in Jack Tier, pointedly. "He has his faults, and he has his virtues."

"Virtue is a term I should never think of applying to such a man," returned Mulford, a little surprised at the fellow's earnestness. "The word is a big one, and belongs to quite another class of persons." Jack muttered a few syllables that were unintelligible, when again the conversation changed.

Rose now inquired of Mulford as to their prospects of getting to Key West. He told her that the distance was about sixty miles ; their route lying along the north or inner side of the Florida Reef. The whole distance was to be made against the trade wind, which was then blowing about an eight-knot breeze, though, bating eddies, they might expect to be favoured with the current, which was less strong inside, than outside of the reef. As for handling the schooner, Mulford saw no great difficulty in that. She was not large, and was both lightly sparred and lightly rigged. All her top-hamper had been taken down by Spike, and nothing remained but the plainest and most readily-managed gear. A fore-and-aft vessel, sailing close by the wind, is not difficult to steer ; will almost steer herself, indeed, in smooth water. Jack Tier could take his trick at the helm, in any weather, even in running before the wind, the time when it is most difficult to guide a craft ; and Rose might be made to understand the use of the tiller, and taught to govern the motions of a vessel so small and so simply rigged, when on a wind and in smooth water. On the score of managing the schooner, therefore, Mulford thought there would be little cause for apprehension. Should the weather continue settled, he had little doubt of safely landing the whole party at Key West, in the course of the next four-and-twenty hours. Short sail he should be obliged to carry, as well on account of the greater facility of managing it, as on account of the circumstance that the schooner was now in light ballast trim, and would not bear much canvas. He thought that the sooner they left the islets the better, as it could not be long ere the brig would be seen hovering around the spot. All these matters were discussed as the party still sat at table ;

and when they left it, which was a few minutes later, it was to remove the effects they intended to carry away to the boat. This was soon done, both Jack Tier and Biddy proving very serviceable, while Rose tripped backward and forward, with a step elastic as a gazelle's, carrying light burdens. In half an hour the boat was ready. "Here lies the bag of doubloons, still," said Mulford, smiling. "Is it to be left, or shall we give it up to the admiralty court at Key West, and put in a claim for salvage?"

"Better leave it for Spike," said Jack, unexpectedly. "Should he come back, and find the doubloons, he may be satisfied, and not look for the schooner. On the other hand, when the vessel is missing, he will think that the money is in her. Better leave it for old Stephen."

"I do not agree with you, Tier," said Rose, though she looked as amicably at the steward's assistant, as she thus opposed his opinion, as if anxious to persuade rather than to coerce. "I do not quite agree with you. This money belongs to the Spanish merchant; and, as we take away with us his vessel, to give it up to the authorities at Key West, I do not think we have a right to put his gold on the shore and abandon it."

This disposed of the question. Mulford took the bag and carried it to the boat, without waiting to ascertain if Jack had any objection; while the whole party followed. In a few minutes, every body and every thing in the boat, was transferred to the deck of the schooner. As for the tent, the old sails of which it was made, the furniture it contained, and such articles of provisions as were not wanted, they were left on the islet without regret. The schooner had several casks of fresh water, which were found in her hold, and she had also a cask or two of salted meats, besides several articles of food more delicate, that had been provided by Señor Montefalderon for his own use, and which had not been damaged by the water. A keg of Boston crackers were among these eatables, quite half of which were still in a state to be eaten. They were Biddy's delight; and it was seldom that she could be seen when not nibbling at one of them. The bread of the crew was hopelessly damaged. But Jack had made an ample provision of bread when sent ashore, and there was still a hundred barrels of the flour in the schooner's hold. One of these had been hoisted on deck by Mulford and opened. The injured flour was easily removed, leaving a considerable quantity fit for the uses of the kitchen. As for the keg of gunpowder, it was incontinently committed to the deep.

Thus provided for, Mulford decided that the time had arrived when he ought to quit his anchorage. He had been employed most of that morning in getting the schooner's anchor, a work of great toil to him, though everybody had assisted. He had succeeded, and the vessel now rode by a kedge that he could easily weigh by means of a deck tackle. It remained now, therefore, to lift this kedge and to stand out of the bay of the islets. No sooner was the boat secured astern, and its freight disposed of, than the mate began to make sail. In order to hoist the mainsail well up he was obliged to carry the halyards to the windlass. Thus aided, he succeeded without much difficulty. He and Jack Tier and Biddy got the jib hoisted by hand; and as for the foresail, that would almost set itself. Of course it was not touched until the kedge was aweigh. Mulford found little difficulty in lifting the last, and he soon

had the satisfaction of finding his craft clear of the ground. As Jack Tier was every way competent to taking charge of the forecabin, Mulford now sprang aft, and took his own station at the helm; Rose acting as his pretty assistant on the quarter-deck.

There is little mystery in getting a fore-and-aft vessel under way. Her sails fill almost as a matter of course, and motion follows as a necessary law. Thus did it prove with the Mexican schooner, which turned out to be a fast sailing and an easily worked craft. She was, indeed, an American bottom, as it is termed, having been originally built for the Chesapeake; and, though not absolutely what is understood by a Baltimore clipper, so nearly of that mould and nature as to possess some of the more essential qualities. As usually happens, however, when a foreigner gets hold of an American schooner, the Mexicans had shortened her masts and lessened her canvas. This circumstance was rather an advantage to Mulford, who would probably have had more to attend to than he wished, under the original rig of the craft.

Everybody, even to the fastidious Mrs. Budd, was delighted with the easy and swift movement of the schooner. Mulford, now he had got her under canvas, handled her without any difficulty, letting her stand toward the channel through which he intended to pass, with her sheets just taken in, though compelled to keep a little off, in order to enter between the islets. No difficulty occurred, however, and in less than ten minutes the vessel was clear of the channels and in open water. The sheets were now flattened in, and the schooner brought close by the wind. A trial of the vessel on this mode of sailing was no sooner made than Mulford was induced to regret he had taken so many precautions against any increasing power of the wind. To meet emergencies, and under the notion he should have his craft more under command, the young man had reefed his mainsail, and taken the bonnets off of the foresail and jib. As the schooner stood up better than he had anticipated, the mate felt as all seamen are so apt to feel when they see that their vessels might be made to perform more than is actually got out of them. As the breeze was fresh, however, he determined not to let out the reef; and the labour of lacing on the bonnets again was too great to be thought of just at that moment.

We all find relief on getting in motion when pressed by circumstances. Mulford had been in great apprehension of the re-appearance of the Swash all that day; for it was about the time when Spike would be apt to return, in the event of his escaping from the sloop-of-war, and he dreaded Rose's again falling into the hands of a man so desperate. Nor is it imputing more than a very natural care to the young man, to say that he had some misgivings concerning himself. Spike, by this time, must be convinced that his business in the Gulf was known; and one who had openly thrown off his service, as his mate had done, would unquestionably be regarded as a traitor to *his* interests, whatever might be the relation in which he would stand to the laws of the country. It was probable such an alleged offender would not be allowed to appear before the tribunals of the land, to justify himself and to accuse the truly guilty, if it were in the power of the last to prevent it. Great, therefore, was the satisfaction of our handsome young mate when he found himself again fairly in motion, with a craft under him that glided ahead in a way to prove that she

might give even the Swash some trouble to catch her in the event of a trial of speed.

Everybody entered into the feelings of Mulford, as the schooner passed gallantly out from between the islets, and entered the open water. Fathom by fathom did her wake rapidly increase, until it could no longer be traced back as far as the sandy beaches that had just been left. In a quarter of an hour more the vessel had drawn so far from the land that some of the smaller and lowest of the islets were getting to be indistinct. At that instant everybody had come aft, the females taking their seats on the trunks which, in this vessel as in the Swash herself, gave space and height to the cabin.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Budd, who found the freshness of the sea air invigorating, as well as their speed exciting, "This is what I call maritime, Rosy dear. This is what is meant by the Maritime States, about which we read so much, and which are commonly thought to be so important. We are now in a Maritime State, and I feel perfectly happy after all our dangers and adventures!"

"Yes, aunty, and I am delighted that you *are* happy," answered Rose, with frank affection. "We are now rid of that infamous Spike, and may hope never to see his face more."

"Stephen Spike has his good p'int as well as another," said Jack Tier, abruptly.

"I know that he is an old shipmate of yours, Tier, and that you cannot forget how he once stood connected with you, and am sorry I have said so much against him," answered Rose, expressing her concern even more by her looks and tones, than by her words.

Jack was mollified by this, and he let his feeling be seen, though he said no more than to mutter, "He's a willian!" words that had frequently issued from his lips within the last day or two.

"Stephen Spike is a capital seaman, and that is something in any man," observed the relict of Capt. Budd. "He learned his trade from one who was every way qualified to teach him, and it's no wonder he should be expert. Do you expect, Mr. Mulford, to beat the wind the whole distance to Key West?"

It was not possible for any one to look more grave than the mate did habitually while the widow was floundering through her sea-terms. Rose had taught him that respect for her aunt was to be one of the conditions of her own regard, though Rose had never opened her lips to him on the subject.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the mate, respectfully, "we are in the trades, and shall have to turn to windward every inch of the way to Key West."

"Of what lock is this place the key, Rosy?" asked the aunt, innocently enough. "I know that forts and towns are sometimes called keys, but they always have locks of some sort or other. Now, Gibraltar is the key of the Mediterranean, as your uncle has told me fifty times; and I have been there, and can understand why it should be,—but I do not know of what lock this West is the key."

"It is not that sort of key which is meant, aunty, at all—but quite a different thing. The key meant is an island."

"And why should any one be so silly as to call an island a key?"

"The place where vessels unload is sometimes called a key," answered Mulford;—"the French calling it a *quai*, and the Dutch *kaye*.

I suppose our English word is derived from these. Now, a low, sandy island, looking somewhat like keys, or wharves, seamen have given them this name. Key West is merely a low island."

"Then there is no lock to it, or anything to be unfastened?" said the widow, in her most simple manner.

"It may turn out to be the key to the Gulf of Mexico, one of these days, ma'am. Uncle Sam is surveying the reef, and intends to do something here, I believe. When Uncle Sam is really in earnest he is capable of performing great things."

Mrs. Budd was satisfied with this explanation, though she told Biddy that evening, that "locks and keys go together, and that the person who christened the island to which they were going, must have been very weak in his upper story." But these reflections on the intellects of her fellow-creatures were by no means uncommon with the worthy relict; and we cannot say that her remarks made any particular impression on her Irish maid.

In the mean time, the Mexican schooner behaved quite to Mulford's satisfaction. He thought her a little tender in the squalls, of which they had several that afternoon, but he remarked to Rose, who expressed her uneasiness at the manner in which the vessel lay over in one of them, that "she comes down quite easy to her bearings, but it is hard forcing her beyond them. The vessel needs more cargo to ballast her, though, on the whole, I find her as stiff as one could expect. I am now glad that I reefed, and reduced the head sails, though I was sorry at having done so, when we first came out. At this rate of sailing, we ought to be up with Key West by morning."

But that rate of sailing did not continue. Toward evening, the breeze lessened almost to a calm again, the late tornado appearing to have quite deranged the ordinary stability of the trades. When the sun set, and it went down into the broad waters of the Gulf a flood of flame, there was barely a two-knot breeze, and Mulford had no longer any anxiety on the subject of keeping his vessel on her legs. His solicitude, now, was confined to the probability of falling in with the Swash. As yet, nothing was visible, either in the shape of land, or in that of a sail. Between the islets of the Dry Tortugas and the next nearest visible keys, there is a space of open water, of some forty miles in width. The reef extends across it, of course; but nowhere does the rock protrude itself above the surface of the sea. The depth of water on this reef varies essentially. In some places, a ship of size might pass on to it, if not across it; while, in others, a man could wade for miles. There is one deep and safe channel; safe to those who are acquainted with it, through the centre of this open space, and which is sometimes used by vessels that wish to pass from one side to the other; but it is ever better for those whose business does not call them in that direction, to give the rocks a good berth, more especially in the night.

Mulford had gleaned many of the leading facts connected with the channels, and the navigation of those waters, from Spike, and the older seamen of the brig, during the time they had been lying at the Tortugas. Such questions and answers are common enough on board ships, and, as they are usually put and given with intelligence, one of our mate's general knowledge of his profession, was likely to carry away much useful information. By conversations of this nature, and

by consulting the charts, which Spike did not affect to conceal after the name of his port became known, the young man, in fact, had so far made himself master of the subject, as to have tolerably accurate notions of the courses, distances, and general peculiarities of the reef. When the sun went down, he supposed himself to be about half way across the space of open water, and some five-and-twenty miles dead to windward of his port of departure. This was doing very well for the circumstances, and Mulford believed himself and his companions clear of Spike, when, as night drew its veil over the tranquil sea, nothing was in sight.

A very judicious arrangement was made for the watches on board the Mexican schooner, on this important night. Mrs. Budd had a great fancy to keep a watch, for once in her life, and, after the party had supped, and the subject came up in the natural course of things, a dialogue like this occurred :

"Harry must be fatigued," said Rose, kindly, "and must want sleep. The wind is so light, and the weather appears to be so settled, that I think it would be better for him to 'turn in,' as he calls it,"—here Rose laughed so prettily, that the handsome mate wished she would repeat the words—"better that he should 'turn in' now, and we can call him, should there be need of his advice or assistance. I dare say Jack Tier and I can take very good care of the schooner until daylight."

Mrs. Budd thought it would be no more than proper for one of her experience and years to rebuke this levity, as well as to enlighten the ignorance her niece had betrayed.

"You should be cautious, my child, how you propose anything to be done on a ship's board," observed the aunt. "It requires great experience and a suitable knowledge of rigging to give maritime advice. Now, as might have been expected, considering your years, and the short time you have been at sea, you have made several serious mistakes in what you have proposed. In the first place, there should always be a mate on the deck, as I have heard your dear departed uncle say, again and again; and how can there be a mate on the deck, if Mr. Mulford 'turns in,' as you propose, seeing that he's the only mate we have. Then you should never laugh at any maritime expression, for each and all are, as a body might say, solemnized by storms and dangers. That Harry is fatigued, I think is very probable; and he must set our watches, as they call it, when he can make his arrangements for the night, and take his rest as is usual. Here is my watch to begin with; and I'll engage he does not find it two minutes out of the way, though yours, Rosy, dear, like most girl's time-pieces, is, I'll venture to say, dreadfully wrong. Where is your chronometer, Mr. Mulford; let us see how this excellent watch of mine, which was once my poor departed Mr. Budd's, will agree with that piece of yours, which I have heard you say is excellent."

Here was a flight in science and nautical language that poor Mulford could not have anticipated, even in the captain's relict. That Mrs. Budd should mistake "setting the watch" for "setting our watches" was not so very violent a blunder that one ought to be much astonished at it in *her*; but that she should expect to find a chronometer that was intended to keep the time of Greenwich agreeing with a watch that was set for the time of New York, betrayed a degree of

ignorance that the handsome mate was afraid Rose would resent on him, when the mistake was made to appear. As the widow held out her own watch for the comparison, however, he could not refuse to produce his own. By Mrs. Budd's watch it was past seven o'clock, while by his own, or the Greenwich-set chronometer, it was a little past twelve.

"How very wrong your watch is, Mr. Mulford," cried the good lady, "notwithstanding all you have said in its favour. It's quite five hours too fast, I do declare; and now, Rosy, dear, you see the importance of setting watches on a ship's board, as is done every evening, my departed husband has often told me."

"Harry's must be what he calls a dog-watch, aunty," said Rose, laughing, though she scarce knew at what.

"The watch goes too," added the widow, raising the chronometer to her ear, "though it is so very wrong. Well, set it, Mr. Mulford; then we will set Rose's, which I'll engage is half an hour out of the way, though it can never be as wrong as yours."

Mulford was a good deal embarrassed, but he gained courage by looking at Rose, who appeared to him quite as much mystified as her aunt. For once he hoped Rose was ignorant; for nothing would be so likely to diminish the feeling produced by the exposure of the aunt's mistake as to include the niece in the same category.

"My watch is a chronometer, you will recollect, Mrs. Budd," said the young man.

"I know it; and they ought to keep the very best time—that I've always heard. My poor Mr. Budd had two, and they were as large as compasses, and sold for hundreds after his lamented decease."

"They were ship's chronometers, but mine was made for the pocket. It is true, chronometers are intended to keep the most accurate time, and usually they do; this of mine in particular, would not lose ten seconds in a twelvemonth, did I not carry it on my person."

"No, no, it does not seem to lose any, Harry; it only gains," cried Rose, laughing.

Mulford was now satisfied, notwithstanding all that had passed on a previous occasion, that the laughing, bright-eyed, and quick-witted girl at his elbow, knew no more of the uses of a chronometer than her unusually dull and ignorant aunt; and he felt himself relieved from all embarrassment at once. Though he dared not even seem to distrust Mrs. Budd's intellect or knowledge before Rose, he did not scruple to laugh at Rose herself, to Rose. With *her* there was no jealousy on the score of capacity, her quickness being almost as obvious to all who approached her, as her beauty.

"Rose Budd, you do not understand the uses of a chronometer, I see," said the mate, firmly, "notwithstanding all I have told you concerning them."

"It is to keep time, Harry Mulford, is it not?"

"True, to keep time—but to keep the time of a particular meridian; you know what meridian means I hope?"

Rose looked intently at her lover, and she looked singularly lovely, for she blushed slightly, though her smile was as open and amicable as ingenuousness and affection could make it.

"A meridian means a point over our heads—the spot where the sun is at noon," said Rose doubtingly.

"Quite right; but it also means longitude, in one sense. If you draw a line from one pole to the other, all the places it crosses are on some meridian. As the sun first appears in the east, it follows that he rises sooner in places that are east than in places that are further west. Thus it is, that at Greenwich, in England, where there is an observatory made for nautical purposes, the sun rises about five hours sooner than it does here. All this difference is subject to rules, and we know exactly how to measure it."

"How can that be, Harry? You told me this but the other day, yet have I forgotten it."

"Quite easily. As the earth turns round in just twenty-four hours, and its circumference is divided into three hundred and sixty equal parts, called degrees, we have only to divide 360 by 24, to know how many of these degrees are included in the difference produced by one hour of time. There are just fifteen of them, as you will find by multiplying 24 by 15. It follows that the sun rises just one hour later, each fifteen degrees of longitude, as you go west, or one hour earlier each fifteen degrees of longitude, as you go east. Having ascertained the difference by the hour, it is easy enough to calculate for the minutes and seconds."

"Yes, yes," said Rose eagerly, "I see all that—go on."

"Now a chronometer is nothing but a watch made with great care, so as not to lose or gain more than a few seconds in a twelvemonth. Its whole merit is in keeping time accurately."

"Still I do not see how that can be anything more than a very good watch."

"You *will* see in a minute, Rose. For purposes that you will presently understand, books are calculated for certain meridians, or longitudes, as at Greenwich and Paris, and those who use the books calculated for Greenwich get their chronometers set at Greenwich, and those who use the Paris, get their chronometers set to Paris time. When I was last in England, I took this watch to Greenwich, and had it set at the Observatory to the true solar time. Ever since it has been running by that time, and what you see here is the true Greenwich time, after allowing for a second or two that it may have lost or gained."

"All that is plain enough," said the much interested Rose, but of what use is it all?"

"To help mariners to find their longitude at sea, and thus know where they are. As the sun passes so far north, and so far south of the equator each year, it is easy enough to find the latitude, by observing his position at noon-day; but for a long time seamen had great difficulty in ascertaining their longitudes. That, too, is done by observing the different heavenly bodies, and with greater accuracy than by any other process; but this thought of measuring the time is very simple, and so easily put in practice, that we all run by it now."

"Still I cannot understand it," said Rose, looking so intently, so eagerly, and so intelligently into the handsome mate's eyes, that he found it was pleasant to teach her other things besides how to love.

"I will explain it. Having the Greenwich time in the watch, we observe the sun, in order to ascertain the true time, wherever we may happen to be. It is a simple thing to ascertain the true time of day by an observation of the sun, which marks the hours in his track; and

when we get our observation, we have some one to note the time at a particular instant on the chronometer. By noting the hour, minutes, and seconds, at Greenwich, at the very instant we observe here, when we have calculated from that observation the time here, we have only to add, or subtract the time here from that of Greenwich, to know precisely how far east or west we are from Greenwich, which gives us our longitude."

"I begin to comprehend it again," exclaimed Rose, delighted at the acquisition in knowledge she had just made. "How beautiful it is, yet how simple—but why do I forget it?"

"Perfectly simple, and perfectly sure, too, when the chronometer is accurate, and the observations are nicely made. It is seldom we are more than eight or ten miles out of the way, and for them we keep a look-out. It is only to ascertain the time where you are, by means that are easily used, then look at your watch to learn the time of day at Greenwich, or any other meridian you may have selected, and to calculate your distance, east or west, from that meridian, by the difference in the two times."

Rose could have listened all night, for her quick mind readily comprehended the principle which lies at the bottom of this useful process, though still ignorant of some of the details. This time she was determined to secure her acquisition, though it is quite probable that, woman-like, they were once more lost, almost as easily as made. Mulford, however, was obliged to leave her to look at the vessel, before he stretched himself on the deck in an old sail; it having been previously determined that he should sleep first, while the wind was light, and that Jack Tier, assisted by the females, should keep the first watch. Rose would not detain the mate, therefore, but let him go his way in order to see that all was right before he took his rest.

Mrs. Budd had listened to Mulford's second explanation of the common mode of ascertaining the longitude with all the attention of which she was capable, but it far exceeded the powers of her mind to comprehend it. There are persons who accustom themselves to think so superficially, that it becomes a painful process to attempt to dive into any of the *arcana* of nature, and who ever turn from such investigations wearied and disgusted. Many of these persons, perhaps most of them, need only a little patience and perseverance to comprehend all the more familiar phenomena, but they cannot command even that much of the two qualities named to obtain the knowledge they would fain wish to possess. Mrs. Budd did not belong to a division as high in the intellectual scale as even this vapid class. Her intellect was unequal to embracing anything of an abstracted character, and only received the most obvious impressions, and those quite half the time it received wrong. The mate's reasoning, therefore, was not only inexplicable to her, but it sounded absurd and impossible.

"Rosy, dear," said the worthy relict, as soon as she saw Mulford stretch his fine frame on his bed of canvas, speaking at the same time in a low, confidential tone to her niece, "what was it that Harry was telling you a little while ago. It sounded to me like rank nonsense; and men *will* talk nonsense to young girls, as I have so often warned you, child. You must never listen to their *nonsense*, Rosy; but remember your catechism and confirmation vow, and be a good girl."

To how many of the feeble-minded and erring do those offices of

the church prove a stay and support, when their own ordinary powers of resistance would fail them. Rose, however, viewed the matter just as it was, and answered accordingly.

"But this was nothing of that nature, aunty," she said, "and only an account of the mode of finding out where a ship is, when out of sight of land, in the middle of the ocean. We had the same subject up the other day."

"And how did Harry tell you this time that it was done, my dear?"

"By finding the difference in the time of day between two places—just as he did before."

"But there *is* no difference in the time of day, child, when the clocks go well."

"Yes there is, aunty dear, as the sun rises in one place before it does in another."

"Rose, you've been listening to nonsense, now! Remember what I have so often told you about young men, and their way of talking. I admit Harry Mulford is a respectable youth, and has respectable connections, and since you like one another, you may have him with all my heart, as soon as he gets a full-jiggered ship, for I am resolved no niece of my poor dear husband's shall ever marry a mate, or a captain even, unless he has a full-jiggered ship under his feet. But do not talk nonsense with him. Nonsense is nonsense, though a sensible man talks it. As for all this stuff about the time of day, you can see it is nonsense, as the sun rises but once in twenty-four hours, and of course there cannot be two times as you call it."

"But, aunty dear, it is not always noon at London when it is noon at New York."

"Fiddle-faddle, child; noon is noon, and there are no more two noons than two suns, or two times. Distrust what young men tell you, Rosy, if you would be safe, though they should tell you you are handsome."

Poor Rose sighed, and gave up the explanation in despair. Then a smile played around her pretty mouth. It was not at her aunt that she smiled; this she never permitted herself to do, weak as was that person, and weak as she saw her to be; she smiled at the recollection how often Mulford had hinted at her good looks—for Rose was a female, and had her own weaknesses as well as another. But the necessity of acting soon drove these thoughts from her mind, and Rose sought Jack Tier, to confer with him on the subject of their new duties.

As for Harry Mulford, his head was no sooner laid on its bunch of sail, than he fell into a profound sleep. There he lay, slumbering as the seaman slumbers, with no sense of surrounding things. The immense fatigues of that and of the two preceding days,—for he had toiled at the pumps even long after night had come, until the vessel was clear,—weighed him down, and nature was now claiming her influence and taking a respite from exertion. Had he been left to himself it is probable the mate would not have arisen until the sun had reappeared some hours.

It is now necessary to explain more minutely the precise condition as well as the situation of the schooner. On quitting his port, Mulford had made a stretch of some two leagues in length toward the

northward and eastward, when he tacked and stood to the southward. There was enough of southing in the wind to make his last course nearly due south. As he neared the reef, he found that he fell in some miles to the eastward of the islets,—proof that he was doing very well, and that there was no current to do him any material harm, if, indeed, there were not actually a current in his favour. He next tacked to the northward again, and stood in that direction until near night, when he once more went about. The wind was now so light that he saw little prospect of getting in with the reef again until the return of day; but as he had left orders with Jack Tier to be called at twelve o'clock, at all events, this gave him no uneasiness. At the time when the mate lay down to take his rest, therefore, the schooner was quite five-and-twenty miles to windward of the Dry Tortugas, and some twenty miles to the northward of the Florida Reef, with the wind quite light at east-south-east. Such, then, was the position or situation of the schooner.

As respects her condition, it is easily described. She had but the three sails bent,—mainsail, foresail, and jib. Her topmasts had been struck, and all the hamper that belonged to them was below. The mainsail was single reefed, and the foresail and jib were without their bonnets, as has already been mentioned. This was somewhat short canvas, but Mulford knew that it would render his craft more manageable in the event of a blow. Usually, at that season and in that region, the east trades prevailed with great steadiness, sometimes diverging a little south of east, as at present, and generally blowing fresh. But, for a short time previously to, and ever since the tornado, the wind had been unsettled, the old currents appearing to regain their ascendancy by fits, and then losing it in squalls, contrary currents, and even by short calms.

The conference between Jack Tier and Rose was frank and confidential.

"We must depend mainly on you," said the latter, turning to look toward the spot where Mulford lay, buried in the deepest sleep that had ever gained power over him. "Harry is *so* fatigued! It would be shameful to awaken him a moment sooner than is necessary."

"Ay, ay; so it is always with young women when they lets a young man gain their ears," answered Jack, without the least circumlocution; "so it is, and so it always will be I'm afeard. Nevertheless, men is willians."

Rose was not affronted at this plain allusion to the power that Mulford had obtained over her feelings. It would seem that Jack had got to be so intimate in the cabins that his sex was, in a measure, forgotten; and it is certain that his recent services were not. Without a question, but for his interference, the pretty Rose Budd would at that moment have been the prisoner of Spike, and most probably the victim of his design to compel her to marry him.

"All men are not Stephen Spikes," said Rose, earnestly, "and least of all is Harry Mulford to be reckoned as one of his sort. But we must manage to take care of the schooner the whole night, and let Harry get his rest. He wished to be called at twelve, but we can easily let the hour go by, and not awaken him."

"The commanding officer ought not to be sarved so, Miss Rose. What he says is to be done."

"I know it, Jack, as to ordinary matters; but Harry left these orders that we might have our share of rest, and for no other reason at all. And what is to prevent our having it? We are four, and can divide ourselves into two watches; one watch can sleep while the other keeps a look-out."

"Ay, ay, and pretty watches they *would* be! There's Madam Budd, now; why, she's quite a navigator, and knows all about weerin' and haulin', and I dares to say could put the schooner about, to keep her off the reef on a pinch; though which way the craft would come round could best be told a'ter it has been done. It's as much as *I'd* undertake myself, Miss Rose, to take care of the schooner, should it come on to blow; and as for you, Madam Budd, and that squalling Irish woman, you'd be no better than so many housewives ashore."

"We have strength, and we have courage, and we can pull, as you have seen. I know very well which way to put the helm, now; and Biddy is as strong as you are yourself, and could help me all I wished. Then we could always call you at need, and have your assistance. Nay, Harry himself can be called, if there should be a real necessity for it, and I *do* wish he may not be disturbed until there *is* that necessity."

It was with a good deal of reluctance that Jack allowed himself to be persuaded into this scheme. He insisted for a long time that an officer should be called at the hour mentioned by himself, and declared he had never known such an order neglected, "marchant-man, privateer, or man-of-war." Rose prevailed over his scruples, however, and there was a meeting of the three females to make the final arrangements. Mrs. Budd, a kind-hearted woman at the worst, gave her assent most cheerfully, though Rose was a little startled with the nature of the reasoning with which it was accompanied.

"You are quite right, Rosy dear," said the aunt; "and the thing is very easily done. I've long wanted to keep one watch at sea; just one watch; to complete my maritime education. Your poor uncle used to say, 'Give my wife but one night-watch, and you'd have as good a seaman in her, as heart could wish.' I'm sure I've had night-watches enough with him, and his ailings; but it seems that *they* were not the sort of watches he meant. Indeed, I did n't know till this evening there were so many watches in the world, at all. But, this is just what I want, and just what I'm resolved to have. Tier shall command one watch, and I'll command the other. Jack's shall be the 'dog-watch,' as they call it, and mine shall be the 'middle-watch,' and last till morning. You shall be in Jack's watch, Rose, and Biddy shall be in mine. You know a good deal that Jack don't know, and Biddy can do a good deal I'm rather too stout to do. I don't like pulling ropes, but as for *ordering*, I'll turn my back on no captain's widow out of York."

Rose had her own misgivings on the subject of her aunt's issuing orders on such a subject to any one; but she made the best of necessity, and completed the arrangements without further discussion. Her great anxiety was to secure a good night's rest for Harry, already feeling a woman's care in the comfort and ease of the man she loved. And Rose did love Harry Mulford warmly and sincerely. If the very decided preference with which she regarded him before they sailed, had not absolutely amounted to passion, it had come so very

near it as to render that access of feeling certain, under the influence of the association and events which succeeded. We have not thought it necessary to relate a tithe of the interviews and intercourse that had taken place between the handsome *máte* and the pretty Rose Budd, during the month they had now been shipmates, having left the reader to imagine the natural course of things, under such circumstances. Nevertheless, the plighted troth had not been actually given until Harry joined her on the islet, at a moment when she fancied herself abandoned to a fate almost as serious as death. Rose had seen Mulford quit the brig, had watched the mode and manner of his escape, and in almost breathless amazement, and felt how dear to her he had become, by the glow of delight which warmed her heart, when assured that he could not, would not, forsake her, even though he remained at the risk of life. She was now, true to the instinct of her sex, mostly occupied in making such a return for an attachment so devoted as became her tenderness and the habits of her mind.

As Mrs. Budd chose what she was pleased to term the 'middle-watch,' giving to Jack Tier and Rose her 'dog-watch,' the two last were first on duty. It is scarcely necessary to say that the captain's widow got the names of the watches all wrong, as she got the names of every thing else about a vessel; but the plan was to divide the night equally between these *quasi* mariners, giving the first half to those who were first on the look-out, and the remainder to their successors. It soon became so calm that Jack left the helm, and came and sat by Rose on the trunk, where they conversed confidentially for a long time. Although the reader will, hereafter, be enabled to form some plausible conjectures on the subject of this dialogue, we shall give him no part of it here. All that need now be said, is to add, that Jack did most of the talking, that his past life was the principal theme, and that the terrible Stephen Spike, he from whom they were now so desirous of escaping, was largely mixed up with the adventures recounted. Jack found in his companion a deeply interested listener, although this was by no means the first time they had gone over together the same story, and discussed the same events. The conversation lasted until Tier, who watched the glass, seeing that its sands had run out for the last time, announced the hour of midnight. This was the moment when Mulford should have been called, but when Mrs. Budd and Biddy Noon were actually awakened in his stead.

"Now, dear aunty," said Rose, as she parted from the new watch to go and catch a little sleep herself, "remember you are not to awaken Harry first, but to call Tier and myself. It would have done your heart good to have seen how sweetly he has been sleeping all this time. I do not think he has stirred once since his head was laid on that bunch of sails; and there he is, at this moment, sleeping like an infant!"

"Yes," returned the relict, "it is always so with your true maritime people. I have been sleeping a great deal more soundly, the whole of the dog-watch, than I ever slept at home, in my own excellent bed. But it's your watch below, Rosy, and contrary to rule for you to stay on the deck after you've been relieved. I've heard this a thousand times."

Rose was not sorry to lie down ; and her head was scarcely on its pillow in the cabin, before she was fast asleep. As for Jack, he found a place among Mulford's sails, and was quickly in the same state.

To own the truth, Mrs. Budd was not quite as much at ease in her new station, for the first half hour, as she had fancied to herself might prove to be the case. It was a flat calm, it is true ; but the widow felt oppressed with responsibility and the novelty of her situation. Time and again had she said, and even imagined, she should be delighted to fill the very station she then occupied, or to be in charge of a deck, in a "middle-watch." In this instance, however, as in so many others, reality did not equal anticipation. She wished to be doing everything, but did not know how to do anything. As for Biddy, she was even worse off than her mistress. A month's experience, or, for that matter, a twelvemonth's, could not unravel to her the mysteries of even a schooner's rigging. Mrs. Budd had placed her "at the wheel," as she called it, though the vessel had no wheel, being steered by a tiller on deck, in the 'long-shore fashion. In stationing Biddy, the widow told her that she was to play "tricks at the wheel," leaving it to the astounded Irish woman's imagination to discover what those tricks were. Failing in ascertaining what might be the nature of her "tricks at the wheel," Biddy was content to do nothing, and nothing, under the circumstances, was perhaps the very best thing she could have done.

Little was required to be done for the first four hours of Mrs. Budd's watch. All that time, Rose slept in her berth, and Mulford and Jack Tier on their sail ; while Biddy had played the wheel a "trick," indeed, by lying down on deck, and sleeping, too, as soundly as if she were in the County Down itself. But there was to be an end of this tranquillity. Suddenly the wind began to blow. At first, the breeze came in fitful puffs, which were neither very strong nor very lasting. This induced Mrs. Budd to awaken Biddy. Luckily, a schooner without a topsail could not very well be taken aback, especially as the head-sheets worked on travellers ; and Mrs. Budd and her assistant contrived to manage the tiller very well for the first hour that these varying puffs of wind lasted. It is true, the tiller was lashed, and it is also true the schooner ran in all directions, having actually headed to all the cardinal points of the compass, under her present management. At length, Mrs. Budd became alarmed. A puff of wind came so strong, as to cause the vessel to lie over so far as to bring the water into the lee scuppers. She called Jack Tier herself, therefore, and sent Biddy down to awaken Rose. In a minute both these auxiliaries appeared on deck. The wind just then lulled ; and Rose, supposing her aunt was frightened at trifles, insisted on it that Harry should be permitted to sleep on. He had turned over once in the course of the night, but not once had he raised his head from his pillow.

As soon as reinforced, Mrs. Budd began to bustle about, and to give commands, such as they were, in order to prove that she was unterrified. Jack Tier gaped at her elbow, and by way of something to do, he laid his hand on the painter of the Swash's boat, which boat was towing astern, and remarked that "some know-nothing had belayed it with three half-hitches." This was enough for the relict. She had often heard the saying that "*three half-hitches lost the king's*

long-boat," and she busied herself at once in repairing so imminent an evil. It was far easier for the good woman to talk than to act; she became what is called "all fingers and thumbs," and in loosening the third half-hitch, she cast off the two others. At that instant a puff of wind struck the schooner again, and the end of the painter got away from the widow, who had a last glimpse at the boat, as the vessel darted a-head, leaving its little tender to vanish in the gloom of the night.

Jack was excessively provoked at this accident, for he had foreseen the possibility of having recourse to that boat, yet, in order to escape from Spike. By abandoning the schooner, and pulling on to the reef, it might have been possible to get out of their pursuer's hands, when all other means should fail them. As he was at the tiller, he put his helm up, and run off, until far enough to leeward to be to the westward of the boat, when he might tack, fetch and recover it. Nevertheless, it now blew much harder than he liked, for the schooner seemed to be unusually tender. Had he the force to do it, he would have brailled the foresail. He desired Rose to call Mulford, but she hesitated about complying.

"Call him—call the mate, I say," cried out Jack, in a voice that proved how much he was in earnest. "These puffs come heavy, I can tell you, and they come often, too. Call him—call him at once, Miss Rose, for it is time to tack if we wish to recover the boat. Tell him, too, to brail the foresail, while we are in stays—that's right; another call will start him up."

The other call was given, aided by a gentle shake from Rose's hand. Harry was on his feet in a moment. A passing instant was necessary to clear his faculties, and to recover the tenor of his thoughts. During that instant the mate heard Jack Tier's shrill cry of "hard a-lee—get in that foresail—bear a-hand—in with it, I say."

The wind came rushing and roaring, and the flaps of the canvas were violent and heavy.

"In with the foresail, I say," shouted Jack Tier. "She flies round like a top, and will be off the wind on the other tack, presently. Bear a-hand!—bear a-hand! It looks black as night, to windward."

Mulford then regained all his powers. He sprang to the fore-sheet, calling on the others for aid. The violent surges produced by the wind, prevented his grasping the sheet as soon as he could wish, and the vessel whirled round on her heel, like a steed that is frightened. At that critical and dangerous instant, when the schooner was nearly without motion through the water, a squall struck the flattened sails, and bowed her down as the willow bends to the gale. Mrs. Budd and Biddy screamed as usual, and Jack shouted until his voice seemed cracked, to "let go the head-sheets." Mulford did make one leap forward, to execute this necessary office, when the inclining plane of the deck told him it was too late. The wind fairly howled for a minute, and over went the schooner, the remains of her cargo shifting as she capsized, in a way to bring her very nearly bottom upward.

THE FAT LITTLE MAN IN GRAY.

A WATERING PLACE MYSTERY.

BY GREENSLEEVES.

"Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"What *can* he be?"

"I cannot conjecture."

"It's very odd!"

"Most equivocal!"

"Visiting every day."

"*Twice*,—always admitted! Well, really I feel uneasy at residing near a person whose reputation may—I scarcely like to suggest—"

"You are too delicate, Letty! I'm quite satisfied she is a very undesirable neighbour: it will be better to give warning. How very unfortunate that we took the apartments for three months!"

"Your own act, Bella; I am always exceedingly circumspect, particularly in strange places. You cannot determine what disagreeables may arise to render a lodging untenable with comfort."

"Nay, Letty; 'twas *you* fell in love with the view, and the proximity to the baths, and the cleanliness of the house, and the neatness of the sleeping-rooms."

"I hinted that the chimneys might smoke, and the water be bad, and the cook untidy, and the chambers damp."

"But, you said nothing of the neighbours."

"I did not, certainly."

"There's an end of the argument."

"Argument, Bella! I trust we shall never come to such extremity. But, indeed, I am very sorry—very annoyed."

"And so am I—unspeakably. But, what can we do? we have two of our three months to run. I do not like to make inquiries of Mrs. Belton; beside it would seem to question the respectability of her neighbourhood."

"You are quite right, Bella dear!" responded the elder lady, taking her spectacles out of a shagreen case mounted with silver. "I wish we had brought Peter; but that's too late now. We must institute a vigilant observation; endeavour to ascertain the truth for ourselves as soon as possible; and—"

"Should it prove what we suspect, we will leave that very hour," concluded the younger and more impetuous speaker. "On no consideration would I remain separated only by a party-wall from an individual whose character is doubtful."

"Whose conduct is glaringly indiscreet," continued the senior lady, looking thoughtfully into the mirror over the mantel, and adjusting an auburn front, curled stiffly in cork-screw curls.

It was the month of August; a bright sun blazed in the blue sky, and poured its radiance through the half-closed *persiennes*, lighting up with additional bloom the beautiful flowers filling the *jardinières* in the windows of the apartment wherein the ladies were preparing to breakfast. The cloth was laid; the silver coffee-pot steaming pleasantly, and diffusing delicious aroma; the milk boiling in the snowy

porcelain: shrimps fresh caught, eggs new laid, butter new churned, bread new baked, attracted the eye; and Janet, "own maid" to "the Miss Walmsleys," a fresh-coloured, well-featured North-country girl, in a neat cap, white apron, and black gown, entered the room with a cold fowl and a plate of fresh water-cresses.

"As green as if they grewed in Cumberland, my ladies," said she liberally, as she laid them upon the table.

"THE MISS WALMSLEYS," so was their card engraven, were sisters, spinsters of fifty, daughters of a deceased dignitary,—English *country* ladies. They were very good, very simple-minded, very pure in their notions—perhaps a little primitive: they were also a little proud, and valued themselves, not ungracefully, on their mother's gentle blood, and their father's standing in the Church. Always exclusive, but never more so than at B——, they *there* knew nothing and nobody,—that is, were total strangers to the gay world of that gay watering-place, and wholly ignorant of its gay doings and "scandalous chronicles." A week after they had engaged their apartments at Mrs. Belton's, something occurred to excite first their curiosity, then their surprise, finally their suspicion: the daily visits of a person in male attire to a lady residing "next door." The reader is possessed of "the Miss Walmsleys'" apprehensions on this delicate subject; but it had been agreed between the sisters that their doubts and misgivings as to the fair fame of their neighbour should be neither communicated to their landlady, nor confided to their attendant, until their own personal observation had fully confirmed them. It was, therefore, with some excitement that they listened to the following from their own maid.

"I don't like to frighten you, my ladies; but I know you're monstrous particular, and I'm afraid it's an oddish kind of lady that lives at the bay-window, my ladies," said the girl, placing the cold fowl before Miss Walmsley.

"Oddish! how—why?" demanded Miss Bella, looking up into the face of the speaker, and pouring the coffee askew.

"Another napkin, my lady, please. Why, she's rather a boldish look, ma'am,"—the sisters exchanged glances,—"and I see her every morning drest in white, a-watering her flowers."

"You may remove those baskets, Janet," cried Miss Walmsley, pointing nervously to the innocent *jardinières*; "when the sun is on them the perfume is really oppressive. I believe *you* water them, do you not?"

"No, my lady, Miss Bella likes to do it."

"Oh, Bella dear!" sighed the older sister, casting a look of regret and anguish through her spectacles.

"You may water them in future, Janet; or, stay, let the French servant do it," said Miss Bella, fully comprehending the tender fear of her sister that in some degree or other their fair fame might be assimilated with that of their frailer neighbour, were they seen by ribald eyes dispensing pearly showers from a watering-pot upon the flowers in the window.

"She dresses in white, does she?"

"Always, my ladies; beautiful white Indy muslin, as fine as them cobwebs that flutter from the bushes in July; and she has a lovely white hand, as she seems vain of shewing."

The ladies again glanced at each other,—one over her coffee-pot, the other from behind her handkerchief.

"There's a great pot of moss-roses in the middle window as she's always straightening and setting to rights; and, I declare to you, my ladies, any duchess might envy her rings, and be proud of her fingers."

"Indeed! you seem to have taken much notice of this person," remarked Miss Walmsley. "Give me a fresh plate, and hand me the butter-knife."

"Yes, my lady. Well, I know it's not manners to stare; but I can't help it when I set my eyes on her,—she looks so uncommon particular, and makes such a show of herself."

"Shut the *persiennes* instantly, Janet, the sun is quite overpowering!" exclaimed Miss Bella, who began to dread imputation from even an open window.

"I will, my lady. Lor' bless me! my ladies, there's that queer little man going up to the house again!" cried the girl as she drew to the bright green sun-shutter.

"What queer little man?" asked both ladies at once, and half rising, as they interchanged most significant looks of alarm.

"A little fat man in gray as visits the bay window regular, without ever missing a day except Sunday."

"The Miss Walmsleys" stole to the *croisée*, and took one peep through the bars of the *persienne*. Janet was right; Janet had watched and suspected as well as her mistresses: there was THE FAT LITTLE MAN IN GRAY—the night-mare—the incubus—the demon—the sprite—the goblin—the Friar Puck—the mystery—the unknown,—that had scared the maiden decorum of "the Miss Walmsleys," and branded, in their opinion, the good name of the widow who lived beside them. He was a short, broad-shouldered little man, somewhat disposed to corpulence, but excessively stiff-backed. He carried his head erect, had a big nose, and a pair of globular grey eyes, with a solemn expression of countenance; wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, and a gray coat of peculiar make, buttoned with jet buttons from neck to knee. Janet, daring of gaze, affirmed that his legs were cased in gray, and his feet in boots of the same colour, with varnished tips. His gait was slow, his air phlegmatic; neither conforming much to the idea usually entertained of the gait and air of an ardent impatient lover hastening to a rendezvous with the mistress of his heart.

The fat little man in gray advanced; the big nose drew near; the grey eyes grew larger, and more fishy; the expression more solemn and leaden. "The Miss Walmsleys" could almost count the jet buttons on his gray surcoat, and hear the creaking of the gray bottoms with varnished tips.

"Who was he? what a very odd little man! and his hands were ungloved, and red, and coarse, and *dirty*—good heavens!" and they turned their glances towards the bay-window, (they still in ambush behind the *persienne*,) where the widow was wont to tend her moss-roses: there she was! in her beautiful India muslin—an exquisite Dacca fabric—you might have drawn the whole dress through a wedding-ring; there she was, watering her flowers, and suffering a really beautiful hand to wander at will amidst the leaves and blossoms. What a contrast those long, taper, rose-tipped fingers, to the short, thick, unwashed, red-skinned digitals of the fat little man in gray! "She was a truly fine woman—a handsome woman, despite her creole complexion! What dazzling eyes! what luxuriant tresses! what an incomparably lovely mouth! and the bend of her head—the sweep, and gracefulness,

and majesty of her figure! *Who was she?*" She wore a light chain of Indian workmanship, and an Indian sapphire glittered as guard to the small golden circlet, that claimed for her precedence over the single-blessed. There she was, one of the fairest objects in creation—a beautiful woman arrayed in white, and recreating herself amidst flowers and fragrance.

"A snake in the grass," thought Miss Bella, as the fat little man in gray reached the house, ascended the step, rang the bell, and, turning round, riveted his globular gray eyes on the *persienne* behind which the two Miss Walmsleys were hidden. The look fell on them like the basilisk's: he had seen them,—he knew they were there,—he penetrated their dark surmises: he was a bad man,—a reprobate,—a profligate,—a Lothario,—a Lovelace,—though a fat little man in gray; and he might wreak some fearful revenge. "The Miss Walmsleys" shrunk from the window; but, as they did, they saw that the beautiful widow hastily glided away from her roses, and left the room.

"Heard him ring? well, well! the wickedness of human nature is a thing inconceivable, truly!" ejaculated Miss Walmsley, as, flushed and trembling, she re-seated herself at the table.

"He is rich, of course," remarked her sister, (Janet dismissed the room;) "very rich, no doubt: one of those dreadful little money-grubbers that London city abounds in. No woman on earth could really conceive an attachment to such a fright."

"Not in the nature of things," asserted her sister. "A Jew, perhaps—yet Jews do not commonly bear a bad moral character. I'm puzzled completely. Did you observe the beauty of her dress?—a morning dress more simply elegant I never saw."

"And the lace round the throat and wrists! a present from him, no doubt, the horrid little wretch!"

"And that chain; mine, that our poor dear uncle, Malcolm Monro, sent me from Agra, is shabby in comparison."

"Bought with *his* money."

"A pledge, perhaps, taken from some reduced gentlewoman, and given as the wages of vice," cried Miss Letty, waxing earnest.

"Shocking to glance at, dear Letty," exclaimed her sister. "I shudder when I think of those big leaden eyes raised to our window. Heaven knows what wickedness that man's heart is capable of."

"And you indiscreet enough, Bella, to water the plants at the window!" cried Miss Walmsley. "If we were only safe back in Cumberland!"

"Or even in Harley Street. Yet there cannot be absolute danger of our fixing this creature's attention; since, from his regular visits next door, it is clear the unfortunate woman's influence still continues."

"How long it may, there is no foreseeing, Bella; the hearts of men—but men have no hearts—the fickle minds of men are more unstable than the winds; and, when I look at you, dear Bella, I tremble lest the unlicensed eye of this monster should be drawn to a fresh face and a fairer."

Miss Bella blushed "rosy red," her eyes sparkled, an air of triumph and joyousness for the moment brightened her square and well-seasoned visage at the tribute that sisterly vanity and affection dictated; crow's-feet were forgotten, freckles accounted as nothing, false hair an agreeable illusion. But the fat little man in gray, the low plebeian, the possible Jew money-lender, the profligate little wretch, whose

visits twice a day to the unhappy frailty in India muslin shocked their sense of propriety, and would cut short their residence at Mrs. Belton's, this horror came across her imagination, and nothing could exorcise it.

"Janet shall bolt the *persiennes* in the morning; Mrs. Belton may have the flowers. We will never go out without Janet. I wish we had brought Peter!—and Jessie, dear little Jessie, would bark and raise an alarm if any one dared to molest us."

"I am not easy, Bella, I am not indeed," said her sister, tapping nervously on the table. "Suppose we order Janet to pack up, and send for Mrs. Belton: the two months' rent is no consideration weighed against our personal comfort and safety."

"Twenty-four guineas, Letty; upon my word, I don't know what to say about sacrificing so much."

"Fiddlestick!" cried Miss Walmsley, provoked and terrified; and she laid her soft white hand on the bell. Janet appeared.

"Present our respects to Mrs. Belton, and request her to walk up stairs; your ladies wish to speak with her."

Down went Janet, and up came Mrs. Belton.

"We are about to leave you somewhat prematurely, Mrs. Belton," commenced Miss Walmsley.

"Dear me! I'm very sorry; I hope there is nothing to complain of, ladies," said Mrs. Belton: "the beds are soft enough, I trust; if not, I can put on another mattress."

"The beds are excellent, we thank you," continued Miss Walmsley.

"Perhaps the sun is too hot in this room, ladies: if your little maid would keep the *persiennes* closed, it would make the room as fresh and cool as a daisy."

"We thank you, Mrs. Belton; Janet is careful to study our comfort. The flowers are rather full of perfume; if you please to accept them, they are at your service."

"I'm much obliged to you, madam; but, really, I'm so concerned to think of your going. The French servant, I hope she's given no dissatisfaction?"

"A very civil, well-behaved young woman," replied Miss Walmsley, taking out her purse; "you will be good enough to give her a sovereign for me and my sister. And now, what settlement can we come to, Mrs. Belton? we have been a month in your house."

"And took the apartments for three. Of course, if you will go, ladies, I cannot say 'nay'; but the rule here, as elsewhere, is, to pay for the time agreed on."

"But you will let your apartments, Mrs. Belton," remonstrated Miss Bella; "this is the height of the season, and more desirable lodgings could not be found."

"Very true, miss," replied the landlady; "but 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' excuse me. I'm a lone woman, and can't afford to run any risks. If there'd been any complaint—insects, or such nuisance as London lodgings suffer from—why, the case would be different."

"We will not dispute the matter, Mrs. Belton," interposed Miss Walmsley with dignity, drawing the slides of her crimson silk crochet purse; "you will be good enough to make out a receipt in full, and step up in half an hour. Your money for the two months unexpired shall be then paid to you."

"I'm under a thousand obligations to you, ladies," curtsied the landlady, "and exceeding sorry to lose you. It's a pity, I'm sure, and you so comfortable as you seemed to be. But business, perhaps letters take you to England; no trouble or family affliction, I hope?"

"We are much obliged by your concern," returned Miss Walmsley drily; "when the receipt is ready, your money is ready also."

"Your servant, ladies."

Down went Mrs. Belton, rather red in the face and rather less mellifluous in her temper; up came some one, slowly and heavily: a knock was heard at the door.

"Walk in!" said Miss Bella.

The door was opened, and the ladies flew into each other's arms, Miss Walmsley ringing the bell spasmodically, Miss Bella screaming hysterically and crying.

"Go, go! get out, get out, do! are you not ashamed? Help! fire! thieves!"

"What's the matter, ladies?" said THE FAT LITTLE MAN IN GRAY, doffing the low-crowned, broad-brimmed beaver, and standing burly and upright before them, his leaden-grey orbs riveted on the face of Miss Bella, his jet buttons glistening every one of them like an adder's eye, and his grey *bottlines* creaking harshly as he made three slow steps towards them.

"Keep off! you wretch! you monster! you sinful, wicked, shocking!"

The fat little man in gray looked first at one then at another; rubbed his chin, laid down his hat, unbuttoned his coat, and drew forth a slip of paper.

"A letter!—a proposal!—a carte-blanche! the vile designing profligate!" thought Miss Walmsley, and she snatched the youthful Bella to her bosom, and pulled the bell fast and furious.

Up from the parlour rushed Mrs. Belton, down from the attic tumbled Janet, in from the *cuisine* sped Nathalie.

"Whatever is it? the chimney on fire or the dog gone mad?" cried the landlady aghast.

"Be off! be off!" screamed Janet, as she saw the fat little man in gray; and she ran up to her mistresses, seized the hearth-brush, and stood on the defensive.

"*Mon Dieu! qu'est-ce qu'il y a donc?*" drolly inquired the handsome Fleming; "*Mesdames sont saisies, je crois.*"

"Mrs. Belton, how is this?" finished Miss Walmsley, gathering courage and resuming her dignity; "by what authority has this person—this individual?"

"That man—that monster—that shocking, terrible creature, gained admittance to our presence?" demanded the gentle Bella.

"Man—monster—terrible creature!" slowly enunciated the fat little man in gray; and he drew himself up very stiffly, and looked more leaden and solemn and "reckless and profligate than ever," thought "the two Miss Walmsleys."

"Who—what—which do the ladies mean?" cried Mrs. Belton, staring round in surprise.

"There is but one of the male sex in the apartment, Mrs. Belton; at least, I presume so," replied Miss Walmsley, with awful emphasis. "I allude to that person in gray, whose character must be known to you, and who has dared, I fear with your connivance, to obtrude him-

self into this apartment, for what purpose you can possibly explain."

"Person in gray—character—dared to obtrude himself—purpose," discordantly muttered the fat little man in gray. "I have a name as well as another, and can tell down as many gold guineas on this table as you may please to reckon, ladies." He put on his hat, slapped it over his eyes, drew a long whistling breath, and regarded Miss Bella "like an ogre," felt she, and she clung more tightly to her sister.

"I command you to leave the room, sir," exclaimed Miss Walmsley, drawing herself up; "your presence is an insult, an outrage."

"May be so, ma'am, but it's the first time I ever heard it," replied the fat little man in gray. "I'm a countryman of your own, and sorry to find fault with English gentlewomen—single ones, too, I'm told."

"Desist, sir!" cried Miss Bella, roused by this implication; "your conduct is known to us; it shocks morality—it scandalises the neighbourhood—it compels us to abandon the roof beneath which we had domiciled ourselves for the season."

"Lord-a-mercy, ladies! there must be some mistake here," exclaimed the landlady; "whatever can poor, dear, innocent Mr. Baggs have done to anger you?"

"A friend of yours, it would seem, Mrs. Belton," cried Miss Walmsley with severity.

"Why, not a friend, exactly, ma'am, but a sort of neighbour, seeing he and I have lived in B—these twenty years."

"Lived in B—these twenty years?"

"*And served noospapers regular!*" added the fat little man in gray, thinking of No. 1 only; "Times, Chronicle, Morning Po', and Herald, five francs a month, bringing and fetching punctual."

The ladies breathed more freely; a weight fell from their minds—a scale from their eyes: they began to suspect "a mistake" indeed.

"You serve next door?" demanded Miss Walmsley, authoritatively.

"Right and left, ma'am: never no complaints. Hope for your custom. Brought my card:—*SIMON BAGGS, Rue de Havre, numero cent-quarante-deux: Times, Chronicle, Morning Po', Herald, Examiner, and Dispatch; Paris Papers and Galignani,* brought and fetched,—five francs a month, regular."

"You serve next door,—there, at the bay-window," repeated Miss Walmsley, with searching expression, and still dreading an imposition.

"At General Stratton's,—to be sure, ma'am; served him ever since he's been here—Times and Chronicle—punctual."

"General Stratton, man," cried Miss Walmsley, with increased asperity. "This is a deception; there is no general at the house I mean," and she pointed direct to the bay-window, "a lady—a person—a female"—

"In India muslin, with a gold chain and sapphire ring," added Miss Bella.

"Very fine eyes, black hair, creole complexion, and the whitest teeth in the world," continued Miss Walmsley.

"A-watering her moss-roses in the mornings, and looking rayther bold-like," wound up Janet, impatient of silence.

"Hold your tongue, young woman!" growled the fat little man in gray, turning his leaden eyes on the girl; "you don't know what you're saying, or who you're backbiting."

"Why, that's Mrs. Colonel Sinclair, General Stratton's daughter, a widow, the best of daughters, and sweetest of ladies!" cried Mrs. Belton; "she wears India muslin dresses in the morning, and loves flowers to distraction."

"Mrs. Colonel Sinclair—General Stratton's daughter!" repeated the two "Miss Walmsleys,"—"is it possible? and where is the General?—we have never seen him."

"Bed-ridden, poor gentleman!" answered the landlady: "laid up with paralysis; never likely, I fear, to recover the use of his limbs!"

"And his daughter, Mrs."—

"Colonel Sinclair. God bless you, Miss! she nurses him, reads to him, talks to him, sings to him, plays to him; and, when he's too peevish and fretful to bear her voice, sits by his bed-side in silence, working or drawing,—or weeping, if he's asleep, and can't see her."

"And she never goes out?"

"Never."

"And nobody visits them?"

"Only the doctor. The general can't bear company, and won't see any one: he's lost a large fortune, they say; and the death of his wife, an Indian princess, I hear, broke his heart, and spoiled his temper."

The sisters exchanged looks of surprise and pleasure, though pain was mingled with their emotions. Here were shewn the folly, the ill-nature, the uncharitableness of evil conclusions.

To make atonement was all "the Miss Walmsleys" now coveted.

"Mr. Simon Baggs, you may bring the Morning Post regularly."

"And the Herald," added Miss Bella.

"Thank you, ladies," said the fat little man in gray, again doffing the low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat. "Every morning, when I leave the Times and Chronicle at the General's."

"Mrs. Belton, our plans are altered; my sister and I will remain for the two months."

"I'm glad of it, ladies: I don't like to part with lodgers hastily; and I'm quite sure you'll find nothing pleasanter, better, cleaner, or more respectable in B—— than my apartments."

The landlady withdrew well-pleased, and "the Miss Walmsleys," after consulting together, left their cards for General Stratton and Mrs. Colonel Sinclair, on the strength of a glimmering notion induced by the name, that their uncle, Malcolm Monro, had many years back mentioned a Major or General Stratton in his letters from Agra.

Mrs. Colonel Sinclair returned the visit; explanations ensued; the glimmering notion brightened into a broad flame. Malcolm Monro, dead and gone, had been an old friend of the general; and the transparent brow of the beautiful Anglo-Indian crimsoned with joy as she was received into the cordial embrace of her beloved godfather's nieces.

"O Bella, dear! what injustice! what wickedness we were guilty of!" cried Miss Walmsley, after an interview, the prelude to many, with General Stratton, a thin, bilious, wasted, irritable old man; yet, in his moments of ease, the polished, high-bred, chivalrous gentleman.

"Never again, Letty, will I think evil of a woman because she is young, lovely, and alone."

"Or of an honest man because he calls twice a day"——

"For the Times and Chronicle!" cried Miss Bella, in the solemn tones of THE FAT LITTLE MAN IN GRAY.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.*

BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.

THAT "the greatest crimes are the greatest blunders," has passed into a proverb; but men are reluctant to follow out the consequences of the aphorism, and to see that the magnitude of an atrocity is some evidence that it has been unpremeditated. Davila, whose Italian brain, haunted by visions of imaginary plots and unreal conspiracies, seems to have been the first to devise a deep-laid scheme to account for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, has contrived to lead the multitude to believe that this clumsy contrivance to conceal a cowardly assassination had been systematically arranged years before its perpetration by a vindictive Spaniard, an intemperate queen, and a passionate boy, little better than an idiot; and he has raised, as well he may, not a little astonishment in the believers of his story, at the fidelity with which such a secret was kept by three such personages, remarkable for anything rather than their prudence. The latest historian of the Huguenots, the accomplished author of "*Emilia Wyndham*," feels some reluctance to abandon Davila's theory; and though the narrative completely refutes the whole story of premeditation, there are hints in the interspersed reflections that, after all, there may have been some clever contrivance beforehand.

We propose to discuss the question as a mere historical problem, with which political or religious feelings have as little to do as they have with a game of chess, and to take as brief notice as possible of those partisan writers,

Who talk at great length about queens and kings,
And James the First and James the Latter,
And bloody Queen Mary, and lots of things
Which have nothing at all to say to the matter.

If we look attentively at the special character which the Reformation assumed in France, it is impossible to avoid perceiving that it was from the first a predestined failure; its apostle was not Luther but Calvin; it was founded not on feeling, but on calculation. Its principles are set forth in the "*Christian Institutes of Calvin*"—a work oftener quoted than read,—which developed the impossible scheme of uniting absolute despotism over opinion with perfect freedom of inquiry. Its first and last lesson to its readers may be stated in a sentence—"Think for yourself, but if you do not arrive at the precise conclusions stated in this summary of doctrines, you ought to be burned at the stake, and my disciples are bound to drag you there whenever they have the power." This strange conclusion was a logical deduction from his theory of election and reprobation: he supposed that God had granted to the elect, in common, the power of rightly understanding the Divine Will, and, as there can only be one right interpretation, he held it to be proof of wanton perversity, or foredoomed reprobation, to reach conclusions different from his own. This imaginary union of the elect he called "the true church;" and asserted as strenuously as the most bigoted inquisitor, that every heretical

* History of the Huguenots; or, The Protestant Reformation in France. London: Bentley.

deviation from that church should be punished by the civil power. *JURE GLADII COERCENDOS ESSE HÆRETICOS* are his own words ; and he never was able to discover any inconsistency between the free formation of opinion, and the persecution of false opinion.

No Romanist ever exaggerated the rights of constituted authority to such an extent as Calvin ; he declares it to be as indispensable to humanity as any of the elements by which life is sustained. "*Politix*," he says, "*usus non minor inter homines quam panis, aquæ, solis, et aëris*;" and in the twentieth chapter he invokes authority to punish all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, to check blasphemy, and exterminate idolatry. But, as his theory would crumble to dust, if *necessity* involved *irresponsibility*, he declared that men ought to be punished for deeds which they could not help committing. "I deny," he said, "that guilt should be the less imputed because it is unavoidable." (II. 5.) He thus elevated a contradiction in terms into a fundamental article of faith: he held that crimes were at once inevitable, and imputable to the will. When pressed to reconcile so gross an incongruity, he simply answered, "Such is the Divine decree;" and opposition to that decree was, in his view, an act of high treason against the Omnipotent. "When we are asked," says he, "why the Lord thus appointed it, we must answer, *IT WAS HIS WILL*."

There was in his view a kingdom of the elect and a kingdom of the reprobate, to which men were assigned from the moment of their birth, and which were separated for ever from each other by an impassable abyss. Apply this principle to politics, and it at once evolves a theocratic aristocracy ; the elect are by right of birth the noble, the wealthy, and the powerful ; the reprobate are the operative, the peasant, the poor,—all whom it is convenient to oppress when a plausible pretext can be devised for oppression.

This political deduction has not been confined to theory. It is recorded that some fanatics in Massachusetts, having cast a covetous eye on the hunting-grounds belonging to an Indian tribe, convened an assembly to devise a plausible pretext for their occupation, and came to the three following resolutions, which are in perfect accordance with the principles laid down in Calvin's "Christian Institutes."

Resolved,—That the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.

Resolved,—That the Lord hath given the inheritance of the earth unto his saints.

Resolved,—That *WE* are the saints.

The expulsion of the unfortunate Indians from their lands, and the parcelling of them out into estates for the lucky saints, immediately followed.

Luther's principle was, "that no one has power over the elect of God," from which necessarily follows a system of constitutional guarantees, such as best suits a peaceful and industrial community. Calvin's dogma was very different ; it was, "the elect has of right power over the reprobate," and it thus involves the ideas of rule and oppression, which naturally evolve a system of military aristocracy.

The nobles of France panted to recover the feudal power, of which they had been dispossessed by the house of Valois ; but they were at a loss for a principle on which to base their insurrection, and this Calvinism supplied ; it furnished incentives to resist the crown and oppress the people, for it nurtured that spiritual pride which makes men rebels to those above them, and tyrants to those below them.

Thus, at starting, and from principle, the Huguenot party in France was hostile to the monarchy and odious to the people. It was essentially an aristocratic movement, and it was opposed by the Guises chiefly because the House of Lorraine was regarded as alien and foreign by the native nobility of France. The House of Lorraine held to the theocracy of royalty, which alone secured them a political position in the kingdom; the French nobles embraced the theocracy of aristocracy, by which they hoped to become masters of king and people. With such sentiments it was impossible to delay an outbreak, and the frustrated conspiracy of Amboise was the first explosion. We refer to the "History of the Hugonots," just published, for the details of this frustrated attempt—how the plot was betrayed by the Protestant Avenelles and the Protestant Legnières—how the gallant Le Renandier, hoping against hope, made the most vigorous efforts to rally the conspirators—and how the sanguinary Guises punished the attempt with such savage and vindictive cruelty as to render a terrible revolt of revenge inevitable. Condé, the real head of this first effort, was certainly no leader of religious party; he was a gay, dissolute soldier, whose bravery charmed the camp and whose licentiousness amused the city; if he ever bestowed a thought on the new creed, it was simply that he considered its defence as a pastime of chivalry.

But theocratic aristocracy was too grave and too serious an idea to be long represented by the elegant but depraved chivalry of Condé; it embodied itself in one of the greatest men of his age—great because he adequately represented the dominant idea of his age—the admiral Coligni.

Coligni had all the severe austerity of Calvin, without that power of steadfast hate which in the pastor of Geneva too often verged on malignity. His very smile had a tinge of melancholy; his manners, without being rude, were coldly repulsive; his glories were won from lost battles. But rigid virtue constituted the chief element of his genius; he obtained from defeat greater renown than others acquired from victory; he was in fact the hero of evil fortune, the guide through the desert, doomed never to reach the promised land. The unprovoked massacre of Vassy, inflicted on an unoffending congregation by the Duke of Guise in the sheer wantonness of insolent power, brought Coligni from his retirement to become the head of the Huguenots. The history already quoted contains a thrilling narrative of the fearful night in which the sobs and tears of his beloved wife, Charlotte de Laval, induced him to unfurl his banner to avenge the murder of the slaughtered saints, and preserve the rest of the faithful flock from extermination.

It is not proved that Coligni sanctioned the infamous assassination of Francis, Duke of Guise, by the fanatic Poltrot; all that we know of the admiral raises a presumption of his innocence; but nothing is more certain than that Poltrot's design was generally known among the Huguenots; that he boasted publicly of the blow which he intended to strike, and that no effort was made to dissuade him from his intention. In fact, assassination was practised by all parties at this melancholy period—it was a pastime at court and a sport of royalty. Francis II., instigated by the Guises, resolved to stab Condé at an audience, but wanted courage to strike the blow; Charles IX. carried a light to guide the gentlemen whom he had placed in ambush to murder La Mole. One set of writers ascribes this detestable prevalence of cow-

ardly crime to the maxims of the Jesuits, and their opponents as strongly charge it on the doctrines of Calvin; the truth is, that assassination and treachery were the vices of the age rather than of sect or party; and that religious tenets were only pretexts to disguise the worst of human passions. The wars were begun with temerity, and the treaties of peace were concluded with precipitation. After the battles of Jarnac and Moncontour, the Hugonots were worn out; and the only plausible reason for the assertion that treachery was designed in the peace accorded them by the court, is that the terms were more favourable than a party uniformly unsuccessful in the field had any right or reason to expect.

Now we have conclusive evidence that this treaty was not fraudulent; it was concluded by Catherine, chiefly from her anxiety to effect a marriage between her third son Alençon (afterwards Anjou) and the English Queen Elizabeth, then deemed the great patroness of all the Protestants of Europe. It may be a question whether Elizabeth was sincere in this or any other of her matrimonial negotiations; it is true that she gave a cordial welcome to the French ambassadors, entertained them characteristically with a bull-bait and a bear-fight on a Sunday, and entered into discussions respecting the physical attributes of her proposed husband not very consistent with modern ideas of delicacy. But Elizabeth had a keen taste for personal beauty; the history of "The Queen and her dancing Chancellor," already given to our readers, proves that she was inclined to gratify her eyes by the contemplation of manly charms; but Alençon was far from being fashioned on the model of an Apollo or an Antinous; when at a later period he disgusted the Flemings by cowardly duplicity, his monstrous nose gave occasion for an epigram in which truth gave relish and pungency to wit—

Good people of Flanders, pray do not suppose,
That it's odd in this Frenchman to double his nose;
Dame Nature her favours but rarely misplaces,
She has given two noses to match his two faces.

But though the sincerity of Elizabeth in the matrimonial treaty may be doubted, that of Catherine is unquestionable. She was haunted by a mysterious dread, arising from a prediction of some astrologer, that all her children should be kings, which seemed likely to be fulfilled by their occupying in succession the throne of France. Her eldest born, Francis II., had sunk into an early grave; her second son, Charles IX., was childless and sickly; Henry, her third and favourite, was likely soon to succeed his brother, and she hastened to procure a throne in England for the youngest, in order to avert the fate which menaced her darling. The diplomatic correspondence of the period shews that Catherine was almost madly bent on securing the English alliance, and she could not, therefore, have premeditated a massacre which would have rendered such an union impossible.

The treaty with the Huguenots was to be cemented by the marriage of the King of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV.) with Margaret of Valois, Princess of France. Those who assert that the massacre was premeditated, believe that this marriage was a mere pretext to bring the Huguenots to Paris, and thus place them at the mercy of their inveterate enemies. That the marriage was no idle pretext, is proved by its having been celebrated, much against the wish of the princess, and with no very great ardour on the part of her royal spouse. It was an

object on which Charles IX. had set his heart, less from reasons of state than from his intense hatred of the Duke of Guise, on whom Margaret had bestowed her youthful affections. Margaret, in her very amusing memoirs, declares that she induced the Duke of Guise to avert painful suspicions from himself and her, by accelerating his marriage with the Princess of Porcian ; but scandal asserted that the duke was continued as a lover after he had been lost as a husband. The princess further assures us that the match was forced upon her by her mother and brothers ; adding, that she stood in such awe of her mother, as to tremble whenever she met her eye. Charles's anxiety for the marriage was even greater than his mother's. L'Etoile informs us, "When the Queen of Navarre was at Paris, she was one day talking to the King about the papal dispensation for her son's marriage with the princess, expressing her fear that it would be delayed or evaded on account of his religion :—'No, no, dear aunt,' said he, 'I honour you above the Pope, and I love my sister more than I fear him ; I am not a Huguenot, but, on the other hand, I am not a fool ; and if the Pope displays too much obstinacy, I will myself take Maggy by the hand and lead her to be married in the conventicle.'"

The death of Jane d'Albret, Queen of Navarre—whether naturally or by poison seems doubtful—delayed the marriage for a time ; but so impatient was Charles, that he required it to be celebrated before the period of mourning had expired. All historians agree that he evinced a great and sudden partiality for the Protestant leaders when they were introduced to him at Paris ; nor is this wonderful ; with the exception of the Guises, whom he detested, they were the very flower of the French nobility, and afforded a marked contrast to the miserable mediocrities whom Catherine had raised to the rank of statesmen. L'Etoile tells us "the King used frequently to have private conversations with Teligny as well as with other Huguenots. Discoursing with him on one occasion respecting the enterprize in Flanders, he said, 'Shall I tell you my mind freely, Teligny ? I distrust all those people : the ambition of Tavannes is very suspicious ; Vieilleville cares for nothing but drinking ; Cossé is a mere miser ; Montmorency concerns himself only with hunting and chicanery ; the Count de Retz is a Spaniard in his heart ; the other lords of my court are mere beasts ; my secretaries of state are faithless, so that in truth I do not know which way to turn.'"

A remarkable circumstance, to which little attention has been paid, affords decisive evidence of the sincerity of the friendship which Charles IX. at this time manifested for the Protestant leaders, and further shews that the cry of "No Calvinism !" was just as popular and as mischievous in Paris as that of "No Popery !" was in London during Lord George Gordon's riots. Two brothers named Gastine were hanged at Paris, in 1569, for having allowed their house to be used as a conventicle. Their house, which was situated in the Rue St. Denys, and bore the name of the "Five White Crosses," was razed to the ground by a royal edict, and on its ruins a pyramid was erected in the form of a cross, with an inscription on a brass plate denouncing the crime and explaining the punishment. Soon after their arrival in Paris, the Huguenot leaders petitioned the King to have this offensive memorial removed. Charles consented, but the parliament exhibited some reluctance, upon which the King addressed to that body the following despotic letter :—

"Gentlemen,—I have listened to your remonstrances, which, like my predecessors, I have usually found acceptable, and to which I also desire to give heed when you exhibit that obedience which is justly my due: but seeing how you have behaved ever since my accession to the crown, and that you do not cease, now that I am a man, to neglect my mandates, I have resolved to pay you the unusual honour of writing to you with my own hand, to command you henceforth to obey my orders, else I shall cause you to know that there never was a king more resolved to enforce obedience than I am."

The obnoxious cross was thrown down, but some of the bigoted Parisians carried it off at night to the Cemetery of the Innocents, where it was seen several years after by René Benedict. But the mob were so displeased at this concession, that they pillaged three Protestant houses on the bridge of Notre Dame, and would have proceeded to further excesses, but for the interference of the police. Several of the revolt-ers lost their lives before the tumult was finally quelled.

Charles thoroughly detested the Spanish court, and not a little of the favour which Coligni enjoyed arose from his sharing the same sentiment. The admiral persuaded the king to employ the soldiers, whom the cessation of civil war had set free on both sides, in the conquest of Flanders, which might at the period have been easily achieved. Marshal Tavannes, in his memoirs, details at great length the discussions which took place on the subject, and the arguments that he himself used to persuade the king from such a design. Whilst the question was under discussion, Count Louis of Nassau, who had come to solicit French aid for the revolted Flemings, departed secretly from Paris and opened a campaign against the Spaniards in May, 1572. Aided by some French troops brought him by Jenlis, he seized the city of Mons, and then sent for La Noue, who with another body of French Huguenots had taken Valenciennes, to aid him in the siege of the citadel. The retreat of La Noue rendered his conquest fruitless, and Valenciennes was soon recovered by the Spaniards. Now we have indisputable evidence that Charles was not only cognizant of this enterprize, but that he approved of it highly, for he spoke of the matter to the Duke de Bouillon before the Prince of Nassau could have reached the Netherlands, and congratulated that nobleman, then a young lieutenant, on the chances of promotion about to be opened to him by the approaching war. Thus we see, that, so far was Charles from meditating a massacre of the Huguenots in May, 1572, that he was about to take a step which would have placed him at the head of the Protestant League. L'Etoile adds, "The King speaking one day to the admiral about the enterprize in Flanders, and knowing that he looked with suspicion on the queen-mother, said to him these very words: 'Father, there is one thing in which we must be cautious; the queen, my mother, who wishes to thrust her nose into everything, must know nothing of this enterprize: she is the greatest mar-plot in the world.'"

The influence which the admiral acquired over the mind of Charles greatly enraged Catherine, and was still more odious to her favourite son Anjou, who suspected that the Huguenots wished to set him aside and procure the succession to the throne for his youngest brother Alençon. There is no doubt that such a project had been contemplated; it was spoken of by the king, it was whispered in the court, and it was angrily discussed throughout Paris; but there is no proof

that the project ever advanced beyond mere speculation. Henry of Anjou, however, was thoroughly frightened, and his mother participated in his alarms. The Abbé le Laboureur adds a remarkable anecdote derived from the account given by Henry himself. "The Duke of Anjou went suddenly into a chamber, where he saw the king his brother walking familiarly with the admiral; he beheld the monarch change countenance at his arrival, his eyes kindled with fury, his hand grasped his dagger, and his gestures were so menacing that the duke withdrew. He conveyed the intelligence to the queen, who said that there was no time for further trifling; but, in order to be assured, she watched for the admiral's departure, and coming in with an unembarrassed air, half serious half gay, she asked the king what he had learned from Coligni's conversation. 'I have learned,' replied Charles, with horrid blasphemies, 'that I have not two greater enemies than you and my brother;' then striding away, he left her overwhelmed with rage and astonishment at so harsh a reception. She immediately assembled those who were likely to suffer from such a change in the government, and it was in this council that they resolved to get rid of the admiral."

Maurevel, a dependent on the Duke of Anjou, was chosen to be the assassin of Coligni. His master furnished him with a gun, and placed him in the window of an apartment belonging to the Duke of Guise, before which the admiral had to pass. A gay cavalcade passed through the street; Coligni, less grave than usual, jested on the prospect of the laurels to be gathered from the conquest of the Spaniards in Flanders, when suddenly a report was heard, a flash was seen, and Coligni fell to the earth, severely, but not mortally wounded. A rush was made to the house from which the shot had come; but the doors were stoutly barricaded, and long before an entrance was forced, Maurevel, who had a horse prepared at the back, was far from all danger of pursuit, but in his hurry he left his gun behind. Suspicion was first directed against the Duke of Guise, as was natural, since he was the hereditary enemy of the admiral, and the owner of the apartments from which the shot was fired. The Princess Margaret tells us, "So great was my brother Charles's rage against M. de Guise, that he swore he would have him brought to justice; and if M. de Guise, had not kept himself concealed the whole day, he would surely have been arrested." Guise, on the following morning, demanded a strict investigation, and declared that he would exculpate himself at all hazards. Maurevel's gun had in the meantime been found and recognized—the Protestants had thus discovered the real criminal, and they were loud in their demands for justice. Alençon, to whom the prospect of a throne was thus opened, took care to stimulate their desire for vengeance.

Catherine and Henry were in the greatest state of excitement and alarm; they summoned to their aid the Duke de Nevers, the Marshals De Tavannes and Retz, and the Chancellor de Biragues; and at this council it was agreed that the only chance of safety was to destroy all who might feel an interest in revenging the admiral's death. The proscription list, as first proposed, included not only the Huguenots and Henry of Navarre, but also several Catholic noblemen, particularly the Marshals Cossé, Montmorency, and Anville, and the Duke de Biron. Henry of Anjou, who has himself recorded the particulars of this atrocious conspiracy, ascribes the merit of a less sanguinary decree

to the remonstrances of the Marshal de Retz. When a madman, like Lord George Gordon, was able to collect a mob in London which for three days had absolute possession of the metropolis, pillaging, burning, and destroying in the name of the Protestant religion, it is not wonderful that Henry of Anjou calculated with some degree of certainty on the infuriate bigotry of the mob of Paris. Notice was sent to the more notorious leaders, to have their partizans ready at a given signal, and then only was the matter communicated to the unhappy King.

Henry recounts at great length the means employed by his mother and himself to wring an assent to the massacre from Charles: they took advantage of some imprudent threats uttered by the leaders of the Huguenots, to persuade him that his only chance of safety lay in the destruction of that party; they told him that the Catholics, if he hesitated, would choose another monarch. "At length," says Henry, "we prevailed upon him, and recognized at the instant a sudden change, a marvellous and strange metamorphosis in the King, who at once came over to our side, and imposing silence on us, swore by God's death, that, since we found it necessary to kill the admiral, he was willing it should be done, and likewise that we should destroy all the Huguenots in France, *so that none might survive to reproach him*. He then flung himself furiously out of the cabinet, where we consulted during the rest of the day and a great part of the night, on the means of accomplishing such an enterprize."

On the horrors of that night of blood we have neither the space nor the wish to dwell; it is described in all its picturesque terror by the able writer to whose volumes we have more than once referred. Our object has been to shew that this fearful crime arose entirely from personal motives, and that it is an unjust calumny to make it a subject of reproach to the Catholic religion. We remember that an equally unfair attempt was made to throw the blame of Lord George Gordon's riots on that very respectable body the Wesleyan Methodists, and we are not quite sure that there are not some men still who believe that the pious and gentle John Wesley secretly instigated the frantic nobleman. The only evidence adduced for this calumnious charge was, that a letter signed J. W., of a very atrocious character, appeared in the papers some days before the riots. We have taken some pains to investigate the matter, and we have ascertained beyond doubt that Wesley never wrote the letter, and never entertained any such sentiments as those expressed by the writer. We merely mention the matter as an illustration of the unfortunate readiness with which imputations are hazarded by sectarian animosity, and to deprecate the use of such disgraceful weapons in theological warfare. The facts quoted to implicate the great body of Roman Catholics in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in fact, prove the very reverse. There is no doubt that the intelligence was received with extravagant joy both at Rome and Madrid; the papal and Spanish courts had been too thoroughly frightened by the symptoms of friendship between Charles and the admiral, and the consequent probability of the French king declaring himself the protector of the Protestants and the Flemings, not to run a little wild when they found the danger was over. It can hardly be said that the Pope and the King made fools of themselves on the occasion, for nature had spared them that trouble; but it is only just to say, that, with these exceptions, the atrocious massacre was reprobated in every country in Europe, and not less loudly by Catholics than by Protestants.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY ABOUT A DARNING-NEEDLE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

TRANSLATED BY C. BECKWITH.

GRANDMOTHER is so old, she has so many wrinkles, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes—they shine like two stars, nay, they are much brighter, they are so mild, so blissful to look into; and then she knows the most amusing and prettiest stories, as you shall hear; and she has a gown with large flowers on it,—it is of such thick silk that it actually rattles. Grandmother knows so much, for she has lived long before father and mother, that is quite sure!

Grandmother has a psalm-book with thick silver clasps, and in that book she often reads:—in the middle of it lies a rose, it is quite flat and dry, it is not so pretty as the roses she has in the glass vase, and yet she smiles the kindest to it, nay, even tears come in her eyes!

Why does grandmother look thus on the withered flower in the old book?

Do you know why? Every time that grandmother's tears fall on the flower the colours become fresher, the rose then swells, and the whole room is filled with fragrance; the walls sink as if they were but mists, and round about it is the green, the delightful grove where the sun shines between the leaves,—and grandmother—yes, she is quite young, she is a beautiful girl with flaxen hair, with round red cheeks, pretty and charming, no rose is fresher—yet the eyes, the mild, blissful eyes,—yes, they are still grandmother's.

By her side sits a young man, young and strong, he presents the rose to her and she smiles—yet grandmother does not smile so!—yes, the smile comes,—he is gone, many thoughts and many forms go past! That handsome man is gone, the rose lies in the psalm-book, and grandmother—yes, she again sits like an old woman, and looks on the withered rose that lies in the book.

Now grandmother is dead!

She sat in the arm-chair and told a sweet story, but not that which you are now to hear,—she said that it was at an end, that she was now tired, and she laid her head back to sleep; she drew her breath, she slept, but it became more and more still, and her face was so full of peace and happiness, it was as if the sun's rays passed over it; she smiled, and then they said that she was dead.

She was laid in the black coffin, she was laid in white linen; she was so pretty, and yet her eyes were closed; but all the wrinkles were gone, she lay with a smile around her mouth; her hair was so silvery white, so venerable, one was not at all afraid to look on the dead, for it was the sweet, benign grandmother.

And the psalm-book was laid in the coffin under her head, she herself had requested it, and the rose lay in the old book—and then they buried grandmother.

On the grave, close under the churchyard wall, they planted a rose-tree, and it stood full of roses, and they nodded in the wind and said to one another: "how delightful it is to flower in the warm sunshine! to bathe in dew and moonshine! and then when one is prettiest of all,

there comes an affectionate hand to pluck us for the most bewitching of girls. How we shall blush! what fragrance we shall exhale!"

And the nightingale heard what the roses said, and it sang about the rose which the young girl laid in her psalm-book, which was kept there till the fresh cheeks were wrinkled, till the young girl became an old woman.

It is delightful to live in remembrance!

There is earth over the coffin, there is earth within it, the psalm-book's leaves are dust, the rose with all its recollections falls to dust, but above it bloom new roses, above it sings the nightingale, and the organ plays; we think of that dear old grandmother, with the mild, eternally young eyes. Eyes can never die,—ours shall once see her young and beautiful, as when she the first time kissed the fresh red rose which is now dust in the grave.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY ABOUT A DARNING-NEEDLE.

There was once a darning-needle, and she was so fine that she imagined she was a sewing-needle. "Now, only look what you are taking hold of!" said the darning-needle to the fingers that held it. "Do not lose me! if I fall on the floor you may not find me again, I am so fine!"

"Oh! you are not so very fine!" said the fingers, and so they pinched her tight round the waist.

"Do you see? I come with a *suite*!" said the darning-needle, and then she drew a long thread after her, but which, however, had no knot.

The fingers steered the needle straight towards the cook's slipper where the upper leather was cracked, and should be sewn together.

"This is mean work!" said the darning-needle. "I shall never get through it, I shall break! I shall break!"—and then she broke.

"Did I not say so!" said the darning-needle. "I am too fine!"

"She is now good for nothing," thought the fingers, but yet they were obliged to hold fast; the cook dropped some sealing-wax on her, and then stuck her in her kerchief in front.

"See, now I am a breast-pin!" said she; "I knew well that I should come to honour; when one *is* something one always becomes something more!" and then she laughed to herself, for one can always see on a darning-needle when it laughs,—there she now sat, as proudly as if she rode in a carriage, and looked on all sides.

"May I have the honour to ask you if you are of gold?" said she to the pin, her neighbour. "You have a handsome exterior, and your own head, but it is rather little; you must look to it, and see that it grows, for we cannot all have a wax end!" and then the darning-needle raised her head so proudly that she came quite out of the neckerchief and into the sink, just as the cook had washed up.

"Now we are going on our travels!" said the darning-needle; "if I only be not lost!" but that she was.

"I am too fine for this world!" said she, as she sat in the gutter. "I have a good conscience, and that is always some pleasure!" and so she held herself erect, and didn't lose her good humour.

All sorts of things sailed over her,—sticks, straws, and pieces of newspapers. "See, how they sail!" said she. "They don't know what is under them! See now, there goes a *stick*; he thinks of nothing in the world except sticks, and a *stick* he *is*. There floats a straw; see how it

swings! see how it turns! Don't think so much of yourself, you may knock your head against the pavement! There goes a slip of a newspaper!—that which it contains is forgotten, and yet it *squares itself* so! I sit still and patiently! I know what I am, and what I shall be!"

One day there was something that shone so brightly close by, and so the darning-needle thought it was a diamond, but it was only a piece of a broken bottle! As it shone the darning-needle spoke to it, and made herself known as a breast-pin! "You are certainly a diamond?"—"Yes, I am something of the kind!" and so the one thought that the other was really something precious, and then they spoke about the arrogance of the world.

"Yes, I have lived in a maid's box," said the darning-needle, "and that maid was a cook-maid; she had five fingers on each hand, but I never knew anything so conceited, and yet they were only permitted to hold me, take me out of the box, and lay me in the box again."

"Was there any polish about them?" asked the piece of glass.

"Polish!" said the darning-needle, "no, there was arrogance! they were five, brothers and sisters, all born fingers—they kept close together and straight up to each other, though of different lengths. It was boasting, and nothing but boasting with them, and so I left them and went into *the sink*!"

"And now we sit here and glisten!" said the piece of glass. At the same moment there came more water into the gutter, it streamed over on both sides, and washed the piece of glass away with it.

"See now, that was promotion!" said the darning-needle. "I must sit here, but that is my pride, and it is respectable!" and so it sat upright, and had many thoughts.

"I could almost fancy that I was born of a sunbeam, I am so fine! it also appears to me that the sun always seeks me under the water. Alas! I am so fine that my mother cannot find me. Had I but my old eye, which broke, I think I could cry!—though to cry is not fine!"

One day some street boys raked about in the gutter, where they found old nails, farthings, and such things. It was piggish, but it was their pleasure.

"Oh!" exclaimed one of them, for the darning-needle had stuck in his finger; "there's a fellow!" said he, as he drew her forth.

"I am no fellow!—I am a maiden!" said the darning-needle; but no one heard it. The sealing-wax had gone off her and she had become black; but black makes one thinner, and so she thought that she was still finer than before.

"There comes an egg-shell sailing along," said the boys, and then they stuck the darning-needle fast in the shell.

"White walls, and black myself!" said she, "that suits well together; now they can see me if I only be not sea-sick, for then I shall go to pieces;" but she was not sea-sick.

"It is a good remedy against sea-sickness to have a steel stomach, and then always to remember that one is a little more than a man! Now mine has passed off; yes, the finer one is, the more can one *bear*."

"Crash!" said the egg-shell, as a loaded waggon passed over it. "Oh! how it pinches! I cannot bear this," said the darning-needle; "now, I know I shall be sea-sick—I am breaking—I am breaking!" but she did not break, although a loaded waggon passed over her—she lay lengthwise—and there she may remain till—

I tell you another of grandmother's stories.

A RAMBLE AMONGST THE HILLS AND VALLEYS OF FRANCONIAN SWITZERLAND.

BY H. J. WHITLING.

BAVARIA is assuredly one of the most delightful—indeed, but for certain recollections of the Salzkammergut swimming in our mind, and the fear of Sir Humphrey Davy before our eyes, we had nearly said, *the* most delightful—of all the delightful divisions, in the most delightful country (next to England) in the world—Germany.

It may briefly be described as two great *undulating* plains, in great part surrounded by mountains, gradually sloping from the north and south towards the valley of the Danube. The most fertile districts are in the circle of the Rezat and Upper Danube, which forms the hop-garden of Bavarian beer; while the circle of the Lower Danube and the neighbourhood of Ansbach, may be termed a vast granary, supplying the country with grain in much larger quantities than is required for the consumption of its inhabitants.

Are you a poet, or a painter? Then, in Bavaria, particularly southward, you may revel in romantic scenery under the high walls of the Alps from Constance to Salzburg, which, though not belonging to the principal Alpine chain, yet shew you their peaks to the height of about ten thousand feet. We do not mean that you are absolutely bound to *climb* these! For our part we have never been able to understand, far less to sympathise, with the luxury of that swoounding sickness which assails the stranger at some ten or twelve thousand feet up, as the guides pull and haul the Sawney along, sinking up to his knees in snow at every step,—nor with the difficulty of breathing which alarms the aforesaid Sawney with dread of his lungs being at their last gasp in the rarefied air,—nor with the pleasure of bleeding at the nose, ears, and eyes, from causes which the poor puzzled “monarch of all he surveys” is only too delighted to find himself alive again to hear explained,—neither with that extreme lassitude of body and soul, which is said to terminate the achievement in such pitiable prostration,—nor, indeed, with any other of these simple pastimes of the Cockneys abroad, who seem to forget that where the eagles can cry, they (the Cockneys) cannot even sneeze! No—commend us, who are less ambitious, to some green and grassy, or heathery mountain,—cloud-capped, if you will,—but without everlasting snow upon his chin!

Here, however, albeit interspersed with many many such spots of mild and gentle beauty, the aspect of nature is frequently anything but a placid smile: on the contrary, sometimes she appears to have gone off in convulsions,—ay! as if she had died in her parturition of monstrosities. In these interesting circumstances beware how you use your tablets; and be careful how you attempt to *sketch* her. Ever, and in all, if you do not wish to be led astray, let your mind’s eye be in the middle of your forehead, at a point between, yet *above* the other two, to command and control their wanderings; teaching them what to choose, and what to reject; for, after all, this is the true organ of taste—the *δευτερον ομμα*, by which alone poetry can ever be extracted either for *paint-brush* or *pen*,—and, without it, not-

withstanding nature here and everywhere is full of poetry, *you* will have no more chance of bringing it out than of extracting from a basket of cucumbers the sunbeams which ripened them.

Are you only a sketcher? Bavaria offers to your portfolio many "pencilings by the way," more beautiful, truthful, and, above all, more *delicate*, than ever Willis dared either to draw or to dream of. Are you an antiquary?—Augsburg, Ratisbon, Ulm, Baireuth, and last, though not least, Nuremberg, present you with relics manifold, and of the highest interest. Are you fond of the fine arts?—*Go to Munich*. Are you a botanist?—to the Tyrol. Are you a geologist?—to Muggendorf, Rabenstein, and the Fichtelgebirge on the Bohemian frontier. Or, if you are a mere lover of, and lounge after the picturesque, various lines of wooded hills, crowned with many a gray ruin, fringe the base of the before-named mountainous district. These are again intersected by verdant valleys, with dividing streams, and down-like swells, rich in pastoral beauty, penetrating deep into the interior of the chain, embellished by rock, lake, and lake scenery, of a character both pleasing and sublime, and terminating in glaciers and snow. Nor must the other mountainous districts be forgotten,—the vine-clad banks of the Maine—Franconian Switzerland, which it is our principal object to bring before you; and Velden, through whose sweet valley the Pegnitz dances and sparkles along, green as an emerald. It is rarely visited by travellers; the guide-books say not one word about it; but, nevertheless, we will walk through it together by and by.

Enough, however, of this bird's-eye view of the country; and now—to drop down awhile from our balloon.

We are writing this in the ancient town of Nuremberg; once the most famous and wealthy of all the free imperial cities,—the residence of the German emperors,—the seat of diets which ruled the destinies of kingdoms,—the centre of German commerce,—the cradle of German poetry,—the nursery of German art,—and the home of German freedom: but, notwithstanding all its venerable associations, manifold attractions, and high historical interest, we must confess just now to a very strong desire to be out of it,—and you shall presently know the reason.

It is the month of May—daybreak, and such a morning! We are of those who love the morning; nature is then all fresh and glorious,—beautiful, like a seraph newly awakened from sleep. It has been said she is lovely either with or without her diamonds; true, but not *so* lovely in her after-dinner attire. She is then too flushed, full-faced, and blowsy, for our fancy,—blowsy as a Welsh milk-maid; pleasing, perhaps, to "animals," but enchanting to nobody: the bees then hum not, the sheep bleat not, and the birds no longer sing,—the very cows look surfeited and sleepy, and universal drowsiness shuts up for awhile, though it does not seal, her beautiful eyelids. We are amongst those who love nature best in the morning—especially in a *May* morning! and so, for the love of heaven and earth, let us now get out of Nuremberg.

Half-past four o'clock, and the retour lohnkutsche is already at the door: did you ever in your life before see such a turn-out? Look at the driver, horses, and harness mended with rope, all unique; one is ready to swear to the impossibility of either of them ever having been young or new. Then the coach! from the deposit under

which you discover it, the most reasonable conjecture to be hazarded regarding its origin is that it is antediluvian:—the wheels may have been Egyptian—from the colour of the mud upon them, probably recovered about the time of Moses from the Red Sea, and never cleansed since. But it is of no consequence—all will answer our purpose very well just now—so in with you and close the windows, for the mornings are yet chill, and at such an hour as this there is nothing like a shut-up concern. Gently down the Egydien slope! but in this country such a caution is scarcely necessary, as these fellows only go too gently every where—such a set of animals never stumped about in jack-boots, or attached luggage to carriages with rope and straw in the manner best adapted to letting it all fall off again. You cannot, for love or money, get them out of their old jog-trot: coax, entreat, swear, or offer money, you are met by the same unflinching, unpitying “Nein;” and the only thing you can do is to throw yourself back as we do now, and philosophically resign yourself to five miles and a half an hour; that being about the maximum speed.

The people of the town are already up and stirring; late hours at either end of the day are the exception here. Folks are aware of the value of the maxim

“Early to bed, and early to rise,”

and they experience the natural consequences, for “healthy” they are, and “wise,” or at all events clever—and only not so “wealthy” as they might be, for want of that lively, energetic, prompt, and persevering spirit of industry which always marks a money-getting people. But they are, nevertheless, a contented race of beings, and so that they possess what they are pleased to consider *enough*, we must admit that theirs is not the worst end of the staff. We congratulate you on being off the stones—and now for Herzbrück.

The blue smoke is curling over the houses at Wöhrd, and the black smoke is wreathing away from the tall chimney of Klett’s foundry, the busy clank of whose hammers reaches us here. How beautifully the mists of the morning are rolling themselves up from the little river below! and now you may see the green flat of the valley lying between us and Mögeldorf nearly covered with crows, lapwings, jackdaws, and starlings. It is easy to understand why they should congregate at this season, for the marshes yonder abound with the food common to all—but why should grouse, partridges, field-fares, pigeons, wild ducks, sparrows, yellow-hammers, wrens, ravens, crows, hawks, magpies, and other birds of divers kind and habit be found in such close and apparently peaceful companionship as we *once* saw them in the still parts of those woods during the inclement winter of 1844-5? Whether their object was warmth, shelter, or mutual defence, to seek relief from a feeling of individual helplessness, or merely to brood on the miserable prospect before them, none perhaps, save He, whose name is Wonderful, can tell. We call this the Berg Strasse, from the view it affords of the Schmaussenbuch, Moritzburg, and other prettily wooded hills which here form the background of the landscape: the mists, however, prevent us from seeing all this just now; but there is Erlenstegen shewing you its knoll-climbing cottages, covered here and there with blossoming pear-trees, though we soon lose all these, as well as the pleasant dingle sloping down on either side to the river, in the long

line of dark woods we are now approaching. Here for a time the road becomes uninteresting enough, and the monotonous grinding and grating of our rumbling conveyance is bringing on a drowsiness which our havannah and even your brilliant conversation fail to relieve.—*Lauf?* no, by the powers, Herzbrück. Herzbrück!! and broad morning!! as we suspected, we have to beg your pardon for taking a snooze—ah, you have been sleeping too—but in point of prospect you have nothing particular to regret—who-o-o-h, and the nap you have had will enable you the better to enjoy the beautiful scenery through which we shall presently pass.—The appearance of nature seems changed for the better here; but we can scarcely believe that vegetation has progressed so much since we saw the last mile-stone—not earlier *here* than *there* can be the spring, yet does the earth seem greener, and more blue the sky. It may be that we are juvenilized by the rural influences of morning, but we believe the real secret is, we feel *happier* because we are *hungrier*—ay, hungrier than we remember to have been for the last six months!

Now then let us alight, and discharge our *kutscher*—three florins, or five shillings, for two persons! distance about sixteen English miles! We need not go into the town, for there is nothing to see; but, instead, we can follow this little green lane; it will lead us between gardens and orchards till we reach the white auberge, which stands perched upon the somewhat abruptly rising hill to the left, Michaelsberg, where we shall probably find something to eat. It is warm work toiling up this steep ascent, and though in our condition it is not beyond our strength, such an effort *after dinner* would certainly be the death of us; we may therefore rejoice in our empty stomachs and consequent appetite for what awaits us above. Sit down a little on one of these benches—Herzbrück is at our feet. You cannot see the churches for the hop-poles, but the town is much larger than you would imagine; it has good schools and is the chief town of a district which bears its name: it formerly belonged to Nuremberg, (then the capital of Franconia,) which, besides minor ones, included also the towns of Altdorf, Lanf, Velden, and others. Plantations, wavy and shadowy hills, quaint houses, cottages, mills, bleach-grounds, the winding road, and serpent-like stream meandering through yon bright green meadows, wood-cutters and sawyers engaged in their clean labours, are the objects you see from these heights. Here is a German nymph coming up with a large creuse of water for the auberge above, for it all has to be brought from the town, and must be paid for at one kreuzer per glass. See how she walks, one cannot say the German girls *trip*—on the contrary, they plant flat, firm, and heavily on the earth, feet as large as shovels, which they seem almost unable to bring away again. Yet, if you were to see some of these peasant girls waltzing at a village festival, the change would surprize you—all go *con furore*—not without grace, however; though with a velocity which, as they say, “makes the floor sparkle again.” Pretty faces are scarce hereabouts, and, therefore, this maiden is probably the “belle” of some neighbouring “dorf.” Look at her gaily worked quilted petticoat and laced boddice: waist she has none, or, if she has, it seems to begin and end close under her broad shoulders: her dark hair is beautifully dressed, gathered under a silken net and secured at the sides by two silver arrows: the ring on the third finger of the left hand tells you she is

verlobt, and the little nosegay suspended from her neck shews that her lover has not forgotten her to-day. Is that somebody whistling behind yon closely-clipped hedge of yew? No, it is a starling belonging to the keeper of the auberge; it might, however, easily be mistaken for a ploughboy's whistle, except that the melody is the four first bars of the andante movement of Haydn's "Surprise," with which it is scarcely to suppose young "clodpole" would be acquainted, notwithstanding the fact of singing being taught in every village school throughout this land of music!—There it goes again. You perceive it is given quite *en capriccio*, with a slight variation in "time," and a most unseemly flourish in the middle. Can anything in life be imagined more painful than for a bird to be caged amongst green hills, and taught to forget itself in notes such as these! Yonder is the dismantled fortress of Rottenberg, (but there is no standing the glare of these whited walls, and this rustic arbour offers us both shadow and a seat); and where formerly a garrison was maintained, but the expense was found to be so far beyond its utility, and His Majesty gave orders for its abandonment to the foxes and jackdaws, which, together with a colony of owls, form now its sole occupants. It rises from its rugged eminence in so hard and hot an outline, and presents an aspect so stern and frowning, that it positively makes one's eyes ache to look at it; and it is quite a relief to turn them towards the luxuriantly clothed summits which surround us at this point. There right before you is the Hohenstein, albeit, distinct and clear, yet looking as filmy and unsubstantial as the magical gray vapours which float in the aërial perspectives of Copley Fielding. But talking of *unsubstantial*, has it never occurred to you that we have eaten nothing since we left Nuremberg? Mine host is bringing the telescope to improve our view of the prospect. What is that confused glimmer of dim objects that we see yonder? can it be possible? those broad brown stones are growing into a vision of buttered rolls, those sheep into clean white fresh boiled eggs, that naked row of fallen pines into a battery of sausages—'tis of no use, nought else can we see till these enchantments disappear from our imaginative eyes.

A few weeks ago these hills were dark and bare, where now all is green-looking and glorious; families of flowers are again frequenting the dewy places; old walls and hedge-banks are splendid with moss and lichen, and all, like the distant blue mountains, are opening their hearts to the blessed sunshine. The soft spring showers speak in the numerous hill streams; the newly budding foliage has awakened from its long wintry sleep, and nothing now appears inanimate. Happy the soft-throated birds who sing amidst the thickening shadows of the wood, and happy the nibbling sheep and grazing cattle, albeit tended by yonder peasant boy, instead of roaming as they list through the neighbouring corn-fields. Beautiful the varied music of their bells—beautiful the heather-crowned hill, mantled here and there with broom and cranberry upon its brighter patches of soft greensward—beautiful, too, the young woods on the many-tinted slopes of these uplands, dotted with single trees of oak, beech, and sycamore, whose beauty is heightened by the warm red soil beneath them, and the dark line of fir on the hills below them. The undulations are streaked and dappled, with shadows for ever changing yet all seeming still;—and look, as we live, young grouse almost

under our feet, too—and there go the old ones, bobbing their heads along the furrows of that little patch of barley. It is a pleasant region of sunniness and joy—and, although an Englishman cannot but prefer the blooming hedge-rows and blessed home scenery of his own native land, there is always a spirit of freedom breathing in the heart when viewing a great extent of unenclosed country. This is such, well cultivated, and truly pastoral—and the great charm of a pastoral country is its calm.

Those men who guide the oxen in yonder silent-going plough-teams are all you see of human life—yet is there nothing dreary here. Nature is universally hailing the advent of this happy season; a soothing serenity breathes over all, and the overflowing heart takes into itself the abiding impression of joyfulness and peace.

We must now descend through this thick wood into the vale leading to Artelshofen, and a scene of gentle beauty lies before you, having something perhaps in common with others you may have seen. Something alike and yet how different—look across this narrow valley through the depth of gray, a *blue* gray, yet blended and intermingled with so many colours, that it is impossible to say where the blue gray prevails. Do you see nothing peculiar in those huge masses of ivy garnished rock, in picturesque form of turret, arch, and pinnacle, which have burst from the sides, or are tossed about in the hollows of its grassy margin? Nothing in the fantastic shoots of those old gray trees, which occasionally twine themselves in serpent-like folds around? To the right there the varied shades of gray grow fainter, entirely losing themselves as they approach the golden light of the illuminated foliage on the broken ridge above which separates yonder dells. Look at that cluster of beautiful trees whose rich brown tops rise up in light through the dim shadow—the rock is just the colour to set off the tints of spring in all their bright variety; the dimpling stream which gently winds its way beneath, and where we have often thrown our fly, receives the heaven-sent tribute of the hills, and carries through the valley fertility and life; and moss-covered stones and fragments of rock lie scattered about, and the wild pink, anemone, and other luxuriant weeds, are rising, and springing, and bending around us, to salute the first-caught glimpses of the morning sun.

You may lavish your love on these rocks and rills, these green meadows and glens, hanging woods, houses of men and of God; for conspicuous mostly in every little village which nestles in these valleys, far or near, is the white or gray church tower; and in the fullness of a joyous, thankful heart, your lips involuntarily breathe a blessing upon them all!

The soft beauty of this landscape ought to have the power which indeed belongs to all beauty, of overcoming every rougher feeling, so that none can either exist in, or enter the mind of him who contemplates it. The sunshine has now insinuated its gleams through the tendril-like boughs and stronger branches of drooping foliage, shedding its illuminating and life-giving influence over all which, just before, lay in dreamy darkness. Does not the effect remind you of the beautiful stanzas of one, we had almost said “only a little lower than the angels,” whose strains can never die, till these rocks and rills themselves shall vanish, and the pure and lonely beatings of the human heart be heard no more for ever.

“ Sweet Una, wearied of the yrksome wail,
 From her unhastie beast did then alight,
 And on the grass her daintie limbs did laie
 In secret shadow, far from all men’s sight :
 From her faire head her fillet she undight,
 And laid her stole aside. *Her angel face*
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
Making a sunshine in a shady place,—
 Never did mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.”

After an interval of nearly a year, we are once more sitting on the primitive little bridge of fir-poles, which stretches over the river at Artelshofen—just twenty-three of our paces, and those not short ones, across. And there is the little wayside inn, and the sly, portly, good-tempered, Yorkshire-looking *wirth* standing at the door. If, however, you expect to find wayside inns in this country, like our own in England, you will be grievously disappointed. There you see them lying a little off the road, all smiling and cleanly ; each with its trellised gables, and low windows as bright as a diamond : its eaves are filled with twittering swallows, its porch blooms with honey-suckle, clematis, and privet ; its neat and well kept garden full of fruit and flowers ; and at the end of the main grand walk, a bower of holly, laurel, and jessamine, too, with its dark green leaves, and pale star-like flowers. Enter the house—there’s the snug little bar opposite you—the parlour is on the left as you go in—the pretty barmaid, the landlord’s own daughter, follows you, and having placed you a chair and drawn up the blinds, she begins to dust the table, unnecessarily, for it was already as clear as the mirror in which she steals a glance at your shadow while you survey her substance ; and having inquired your sovereign will and pleasure with all the respectful tenderness imaginable, she retires, discovering the least little bit of a very neat looking foot and white stockinged ankle as she goes out, and you find yourself alone.

Here you will not find quite so agreeable a picture. In this country cleanliness is, unfortunately, not next to godliness, but a long way behind it, and of all the before-mentioned category you will find but little ; the principal satisfaction you are likely to evince just now is with the coffee, trout, and omelets, which they can, and do, cook in perfection here, and indeed everywhere else throughout this land of pipes, beards, and compliments. But what a splash ! that must have proceeded from some trout, agonized at what we have said—another and another—the river is all alive ; so now for breakfast, and then an hour’s fishing, ere we proceed on our way.

Confound it ! the *wirth* cannot back his coffee with fish, for his preserve is empty ; and as to finding any thing cold (except the paving tiles) in the larder of a German village inn, you might just as well go into the fields to look for snow-balls in the dog-days ! This will never, never do—so we will e’en to the parsonage for our rod, and doubt not but you may safely rely on us to mend the cheer.

“ The stars *in* their courses fought against Sisera,” but all the unlucky planets seem just now to be stepping *out of their way* to perplex us. The *pfarrer* and his wife are both visiting a sick parishioner—bless them for their deeds of charity and kindness!—but we could have wished, hungry sinners as we are, that they had chosen some other time, for in their absence there is no such thing as getting at the rod. Pleasant prospect this for a starveling ! almost enough to

discompose an angel! But thanks to a fine natural temper, and a religious if not philosophic education, we can contrive to keep ourselves as cool as a cucumber—and see, as if to reward our patience and gentleness, yonder comes the worthy pfarrer accompanied by his pleasant-faced wife; her dark straw-hat nearly as large as the fore-wheel of our lohnskutsch, and fastened with blue ribbon, which contrasts well with her light brown hair, and fair complexion. “Guten Morgen, Herr Pfarrer” — “Guten Morgen, Frau Pfarrerin”—a few words serve to explain our afflicting situation, nor are they long in affording us relief.

The rod is obtained, the bait is on—we have fortified our patience with a *neck*, and just as much cognac from our flask as would fill “ein Hasen Loeffel,”* and we firmly believe nothing in the world that could happen at this moment could make us lose our temper, except perhaps the sudden breaking of our top—or tail fly being hooked up in a tree—calamities, which, at such a juncture, have, we are persuaded, caused frequent suicides. By gemini! there was another splash by the centre of the bridge—there must be a monster amongst those clear green weeds; but let us once strike him, and he will rue the hour in which he was ever spawned on a bed of gravel, for plunge, flounder, and wallop as he may, he is a dead trout!

Now then for the irresistibles, some of Albert's best insects. Look at them—enough to tempt any trout, let his habits be ever so abstemious, to certain destruction—two, (for we detest the notion of whipping the river with a dozen,) a grey drake for a leader, and a red hackle for a dropper, the last exactly five inches. Our arrangements are complete, and so good humoured and happy do we feel that we repeat again, we know of nothing in the world at this moment which could ruffle the Christian-like tranquillity of our gentle disposition.

A few circles in the air—whish, whish—you see the very swallows pursue us,—there, there, there, and the cast is made—each fatal impostor falling—ay, melting upon the water like the gentle dropping of a spring shower. Splash,—we thought so, we have him at the first throw, at the tail fly, too—and, as we expected, a whopper! Splash,—but it's all of no use, he must come. So; how puzzled he is at the receding stones—how much easier he finds it to swim against the stream than he used formerly to think—look at him! He is at least a three-pounder, and must have led a tolerably honest life of it to arrive at such a respectable distinction; so, now for his reward, he shall soon swim into that clear and liquid paradise prepared for all such fishes. Where's that wirth? Wirth! Just call him will you?

“*Ja, ja, da bin ich schon.*”

So, then, come and take this trout—get him ready for breakfast as quickly as possible, sparing neither eggs nor schmalz! Don't touch my line, yet—I must land him by that heap of fossils. There's his snout—and there's his dorsal fin—isn't he a big 'un? And there's his—no-o-o-o—by heaven! if he has not dived again, like one of the damned in Adam Krafft's “Last Judgment!” carrying away, as trophies, our hook! our dropper! at least three yards of line! and, what is still worse, all our present hopes of a superb breakfast!

If ever cruelty formed a part of our disposition, it is at this

* Those long appendages, which adorn the head of a hare, and which in any other country would be called “ears,” are here denominated spoons!

moment, when we see that wirth. Yonder he stands in his short sleeves by the inn-door, surrounded by a knot of idle gossips, to whom he is relating our mishap ; laughing till he can scarcely stand, and making them all laugh too, at something about "eggs," "schmalz," and "breakfast." What confounded fools were we ever to be so misled as to think that fellow pleasant-faced or good-looking. See how he is digging the tears out of his eyes with his dirty knuckles—his enormous paunch all the while shaking like a huge blancmange : he is altogether the most disgusting animal in the whole valley !

A moment before we discharged our lohnskutscher to-day, we hazarded a foolish remark, which, sensible of its sinful weakness, we now recall : happiness does not consist in hungriness—at least, we no longer feel *happy because we are hungry*—far from it, and, indeed, when we think of our reputation throughout this valley as an angler, we are well nigh miserable. We must, in any case, retrieve this ; so, yielding to the instigations of pride and vanity rather than appetite, let us without delay put on another dressed stretcher—and, in the meantime, since Albert's flies are of the most beautiful description, (he has no idea, mind you, how we are praising him), and both hooks and lines have well supported us in many a heavy struggle, we will give him one more solemn warning, *id est*, as he hopes to be shaved, to spare neither silk, wax, nor *attention at the joints*. Should this (be so good as to hand us our fly-book) pass unheeded, he need no longer expect from us either patronage (we had a lot of flies and stretchers from him last summer) or mercy. Such another failure, and his life may be regarded as forfeited—it will become an offence against all the united brethren of the cloth—and we shall rely on the acting committee of the Anglers' Club to avenge our cause by luring him to some convenient spot—a certain trout stream not far from Carshalton will do—and ourselves, on receiving notice of their concurrence, will, if necessary, run the expense of a journey to England, for the express purpose of assisting to drown him !

The knot is fastened (for we now mistrust loops) tighter than the knot matrimonial of Protestant Germany—and again we find ourselves prepared for what *this time* we humbly *hope* will be slaughter. There, did you see that ? a large grayling came at us—up from the silvery depths like a shadow—again, and now by a gentle inflexion of our wrist, delicate but not weak, we *think* we have him. Not a word—consider what hangs upon this eventful moment ! Now—approach gently with the landing-net—take care of the line—thank heaven, he is ours ! Another and another—and yet *two*—in all five fish, weight six pounds and a quarter Bavarian, (something more than the English :) pretty well this for a breakfast ! Now wash our hands—and to our morning's meal.

It is ready. *Imprimis venerare Deos*. We would begin with some of those small, but snow-white eggs, were it not that we see the wirth approaching with a better foundation. So ! "Wohl zu speisen, meine Herren ?" Confess, now,—as confess you must,—that you never saw anything cooked better than these grayling,—not even on the day when you dined with Her Majesty's ministers at Blackwall ! Is it not so ? And the coffee,—dark, clear, and aromatic,—is it not superb ? The wirthin comes with a plate of water-cresses, young, green, and freshly pulled from the sparkling little rivulet that purls

and dances through their back meadow. They owe the use of this pleasant esculent to us ; for, till we came hither, two years ago, they never ate them, and verily seemed to think we were about to poison ourselves when we brought them in upon a similar occasion, the first time we explored this valley. "Wohl zu speisen." What does she say? Ah! you don't yet understand that sensible compliment. In Heidelberg, and most part of the Rhine country, they content themselves with wishing you "a good appetite;" not considering that this blessing might be yours, with nothing to answer it: but throughout these parts they improve upon this by wishing you "plenty to eat;" and when the meal is concluded they bestow on you another kindly expression, equivalent to "a good digestion," "health," &c.—Shakespeare redivivus. Don't let the exterior of that loaf frighten you. It is true it looks for all the world like a huge black peppermint-drop, and we own its aspect *is* somewhat forbidding; but thus it has often been with men, whom, nevertheless, we have afterwards found to be very good companions; and so, if we mistake not, will be the case with that loaf. But this is coarse, peasant's bread. Hush! you must not call it by that name,—"*Es wird schwarzes brod genannt*,"—the former appellative makes them angry. It is not coarse,—tolerably new, pure, and very good; notwithstanding they leaven it with sour paste instead of yeast. Try it; but, if you don't like it, make no wry faces, but take one of the white rolls (*weck*) instead. It is all very well to talk about hunger taming a lion; take the converse of this, and you will find us a very lamb. We feel ourselves fast reaching that happy point, whence, being at peace with our own stomach, the transition (look at this beautiful cream) is easily made to universal fellowship and goodwill. Already we begin to think the wirth is not such a bad-looking fellow, after all; and, by the time we have finished breakfast, shall, no doubt, excite charity enough to enable us to forgive him.

Just look for a moment on the group with whom he is talking. That fine-looking young peasant, with the light-coloured, pointed beard,—which any Regent Street exquisite might well be proud to cherish,—is his son-in-law. He is an agriculturist, or, as they here term it, "economist." Do you see his boots?—thick-soled and heavy, of the Hessian cut; the knees of his inconceivables are bound with various-coloured leather, the embroidered pattern on the hip being concealed by the large apron in which all these fellows go to plough; the long ends of a rusty black cravat hang loosely over his waistcoat, but cannot hide all the broad white medallion buttons with which it is so profusely decorated. That fresh-coloured woman at his side is his wife—the wirth's daughter; they were married about three months ago. She is just come in from field work; and all the guests are striving who shall first offer her his glass. Her head-dress, a sort of coif (of black and white silk, ornamented with gold and silver), under which is gathered her dark hair, is not unbecoming, although the latter is too much off her face. Her open-laced boddice would set off her form, but for the thickly-quilted and horribly shapeless petticoat that hangs below it. These, together with the coif, formed part of her wedding-portion; the latter frequently costs a great sum of money for this country, and is often handed down to several generations. Green, blue, red, and yellow clocks, gaily adorn her stockings. Her shoes are of some velvety material, with thick

fringes on the instep, broad silver buckles, and further embellished with fancy-work and buttons. But—what feet do they adorn!—those of the ourang-outang, perhaps, excepted, the whole range of creation affords no comparison by which to enlighten your ideas upon the subject. That broad-cheeked, sunburnt fellow, next to the wirth, is the “Gemeine Diener,” or servant of the commune. He generally wears a badge on his right arm, though to-day he does not display it. Together with his official duties, he also combines the interesting calling of a pig-dealer, and is now trying to buy some of the landlord’s swine. Look at the faces and hands of those two beauties! “Arcades ambo!” both as dirty as the animals they are talking about. That violent blow on the table, which set all the glasses dancing again, shews the first inclination to come to terms. The old man opposite, in the three-cornered hat, which in the streets of Oxford would mark nothing under a doctor in divinity, is a butcher from Herzbrück! You need not wonder that he takes such an interest in the success of the negotiation, because the dinner is his son. Be quiet, old fellow!—be quiet; all will be right presently. You will yet get your pork. That heavy “thud-thud!” with the landlord’s closed fist upon the hard brown paw of the other, tells you they are now beginning to “strike a bargain;” but it will not be settled till both hands meet fairly and open, when each detains for a moment its delicate neighbour. There it goes!—bang! Now both are agreed; and thus, after many blows and much blarney, the declaration is made between the parties, by a report almost equal to a thirty-six pounder, that the bargain for the pigs is struck.

The dark-looking man, woman, and child, sitting apart from the rest, and of whom you can only catch an occasional glimpse, on account of the smoke in that part of the room, are strolling players, who, with assistants appointed to meet them at certain stations, contrive to astonish these simple-minded children of the valley by feats of legerdemain and various other representations. We have often met them here. The female looks pale and wan, and, though still young, her face bears many a furrow. She left her home early, and in disgrace, for love of the man who now ill-treats and abuses her. They are not *married*; and in this country of “consents,” “tickets,” “testimonials,” and “caution money,” probably never *can* be.* Her’s is now a hard and cruel fate, and might afford an impressive lesson, had we time to dwell upon it. The boy just entering is the man’s nephew, whom he has long initiated into his own vagabond life, though he has not yet seen thirteen summers. Look at his intelligent face, lighted up, too, by the most brilliant eyes you ever beheld. Quick, active, good-humoured, and apparently amiable, he deeply interested us, and we spoke on his behalf to the worthy farmer; but in vain. Nothing could be done without the consent of his only living *male* relative, and that was withheld. God help thee, poor boy! for we, too, have children; and our heart always saddens when we look on thy bright face, and think of thy probable destiny.

* Though the vexatious requirements in some parts of this country are such as the poorer classes sometimes find it impossible to comply with, three or four illegitimate children remove many difficulties. The moral result of all this may be easily guessed.

A GO-A-HEAD DAY WITH BARNUM.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

[IN the following paper the writer begs to disclaim all intention of taking up the idea lately used in a contemporary periodical, the notes for his journal having been made many months before the appearance of the latter series. One or two of his worthy friend Barnum's opinions were put into the mouth of Mr. Rossett, in "The Scatter-good Family," distorted to suit the circumstances of the story; but most of the following remarks are nearly word for word as the author heard them.]

WE saw more on Thursday, the 5th of September, 1844, than ever we did in our lives in one day; and this is how we came to do it.

For the first time for several years we found seven consecutive days that did not require our actual presence in London—an entire week, from the beginning to the end of which we could escape from the pen that we had been chained to, like a galley-slave to his oar, in the continuously painful process, or rather intention, of being always "funny!" And so we got off at once, not telling anybody where we were going to, that no letters might be sent after us; and we determined upon having a week's scamper upon the railways, and see some of the large towns. For although we had twice walked from Geneva to Milan, we had never been above six hours' journey from London, in our own country. But this, we believe, is by no means a peculiar idiosyncrasy of English character. Well, we visited Bath, and Bristol, and Clifton, Cheltenham, and Gloucester,—a day at each; and, after seeing pins made at Phipson's, and buttons at Bullivant's, and papier-maché ornaments at Jeumens' and Betteridge's, and electrotype articles at Ellrington's, we came back to our hotel at Birmingham, and began to think gloomily about returning.

We were certainly very agreeably disappointed in the appearance of Birmingham. Before people see a person or a place, they always form an idea to themselves of what he or it is like, and they are always decidedly wrong in their notions. We had pictured Birmingham as a town of narrow streets, bounded by dingy buildings, with blackened and many-paned casements, and surrounded by forests of tall chimneys that never had a holiday, but were taught to smoke as soon as they could be trusted alone, and never left off after it. And, instead of this, in the first short stroll we took before breakfast, we found a large clean town, with a pure country air blowing about its handsome streets. No smoke, no forests of chimneys, no blacks to fly in at the window and pollute everything that was clean in the apartments; and the people, instead of the squalid, miserable race, that strong-penned humanity-mongers love to work up into an effect and an appeal to the sympathies, were a healthy, happy-looking set enough—fat and rosy if you will—even to the children who were going to their labour at the different factories. In good truth we felt rather out of conceit with ourselves, in the absence of that dirt and misery which we had determined was right and proper to be seen at Birmingham.

We were at breakfast in the coffee-room of Dee's comfortable hotel, writing off a quantity of "slips" to London, when the head waiter, who had been regarding us for some time with much attention, inquired:—

"Ask pardon, sir, literary gentleman, sir?"

The question was put with such civility, that, at the risk of rendering him anxious about the spoons and forks, we said that we were something of the sort.

"Thought so, sir," he replied; "because I saw you only wrote on one side of the paper. Quite a treat, sir, here, to have a literary gentleman to wait on; don't mind nothing that I can do for a gentleman as can write a book. I've seen Sir Edward Bulwer write, sir."

"Indeed!"

"Ah! that I have, sir. Nice gentleman. He used to come and write at the hotel I lived at at Richmond. And smoke—how he did smoke! A long pipe, sir; and then he went from the hearth to the table and put down what he'd thought of, and then came back again."

The conversation was here disturbed by an unwonted tumult and hum of voices in the street whereon some of the windows looked. There was also a similar riot in the yard: and in both places we found some three or four hundred people assembled, apparently in eager expectation of seeing something wonderful. The mystery was soon solved. Two grooms opened the door of a coach-house with important gravity, the boys set up a great shout, and the Lilliputian carriage of General Tom Thumb drove out into the street amidst the turbulent cheers of the spectators. We directly found that the small General was sojourning in our hotel; and the waiter called our attention to a tall, active person, who was arranging the *cortège*, and cuffing the more intrusive boys into order, saying he was also a literary gentleman. Mr. Barnum—Tom Thumb's governor. We had met him once before at M. Banginett, the artist, and found him so very original and amusing, that we determined to renew the acquaintance. On his return we found that he intended to go to Stratford the next day, and Kenilworth if practicable, and we immediately offered to join him. But he said we must "go-a-head," and we certainly did.

At five o'clock the next morning—a period of the day we had only seen before when coming home with blinking eyes and jaded limbs from an evening party—Barnum was at our bed-room door, and at six we were at "The Hen and Chickens" in New Street, waiting for a coach. It soon came up—a pair-horse one—with a regular old-fashioned English coachman on the box, a stout jolly man who was a most perfect type of that once numerous class which is fast departing from the earth in company with the legitimate drama, sedan chairs, and North American Indians. After leaving Birmingham the road is, at parts, exceedingly picturesque, with occasional glimpses of fine old abbey-looking churches and ancient villages.

"We've none of them old fixings in 'Merrekey,' said Barnum, "they've no time to get old there."

We inquired how that was.

"Why, you see, a man never builds a house to last above a year or two, because he's gone-a-head in that time, and wants a bigger one. And go-a-head is our motto. Shut the fire-door, sit on the safety valve,

and whop the sun. We've no bonds on airth that can keep us back."

We attempted a feeble joke about those of Pennsylvania, but it did not make a hit. So we said, "Are you all alike?"

"I reckon we are," said Barnum. "As Yankee Doodle says, the chief end of all men is to get money. So we don't 'swop even' in any case, but strive to have the pull always. If you fail you're called a 'Do;' if you succeed you become a capitalist. There's just the same difference between a hung rebel and a crowned conqueror."

"But what does the world say to this—I mean America?"

"Well, that is the world, I reckon. Who cares what it says? The world's only a bugbear to frighten timid people. If you care for what people say, get lots of money, and then you can make them talk as you like. They call me a humbug now. Very good. I can afford it. They won't some day."

We had so frequently heard Barnum called a humbug, that we did not even venture the courtesy of saying, "Oh no! you must be mistaken."

"I'd sooner be a humbug than anything," continued Barnum, "if it's what my experience leads me to believe it is. Humbug is, now-a-days the knack of knowing what people will pay money to see or support. Anybody who's up to this is safe to be called a humbug by everybody who isn't."

As we approached the little village of Henley-in-Arden, it came on to rain very smartly, and we got wet through. We were all, however, in such good humour with ourselves and everybody else, that we laughed it away; and Barnum's principal laugh was against the coachman, who had been declaring all along that there was not the least chance of rain. Barnum asked him "if it always came down so in Warwickshire;" to which he replied, "Yes, he'd never known it come down from anywhere but the skie." Our friend was somewhat "riled" at being thus sold; but he had his revenge; for a minute or two afterwards, when the coachman inquired, "if he was afraid of catching a cold?" Barnum answered, "not at all, for the horses went too slow to catch anything."

In the village just spoken of we saw the name of "Shakspere, hair-dresser," over a little shop, and this gave rise to some more of our friend's speculation.

"Now, if that barber was just to write a play," said Barnum, "it wouldn't be thought anything of, however good it was, till he'd been dead no end of years. You talk a good deal about your Shakspere being the pride of England, but I can see nobody knew or cared a cent about him while he was alive, or else you'd have known more of him now. If he'd been a living author, and I'd had my exhibition, I'd have backed the general to have shut him up in a week."

We alighted at the "Red Horse," at Stratford-upon-Avon, after our soaking journey. It was so cold and dismal we had a fire lighted; and during the time we were waiting for our breakfast, we read Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book," a copy of which is kept in the parlour of the inn. All that portion pertaining to it and Stratford generally has been so thumbled, and mended, and pencilled, and spliced, that we have some idea of starting a subscription to present the "Red Horse" with a new copy. For, being kept for public perusal, visitors cannot

have a more kindly or pleasant guide to introduce them to the Shakspeare house and church, than its good author.

As we were paddling up to the house in which our immortal poet was born, Barnum observed:—

“The general’s father, Stratton, isn’t a man of much reading. He always travels with us, and when we came through here before from Leamington, whilst he was at breakfast I said to him, ‘Come, make haste, or we shan’t have time to see the Shakspeare room.’ ‘Oh!’ says he, ‘Shakspeare, who’s he? I didn’t know the general was to exhibit here.’ And thus I found he thought Shakspeare was somebody who let public rooms.”

The tenement in Henley Street is a humble-looking place enough, with a public-house on the right hand, and a small abode with a shed on the left. It is inlaid with rough beams, black with age; and there is a rickety tumble-down board over the door, very like an inn-sign, which might be taken down with advantage. The room into which you pass from the street was a butcher’s shop; the fittings-up still remain, but the business is not carried on. It has also a small shed before the window, and the floor is paved with irregularly-shaped stones.

We must confess—and it is, we know, only short of high treason to say so—that our enthusiasm was not in any way excited by entering the room, after ascending the flight of stairs from the dark back-parlour, in which “le vieux Guillaume,” as Janin says, is reported to have uttered his first cry. There is not the slightest ground for the haziest supposition that he was born here; and hence we have not been so much cut up and utterly prostrated with indignation at the report that the Shakspeare house was going to be sold and taken to America—we believe Barnum to be the purchaser—as some of our acquaintance. He might just as reasonably have been born at his father’s copyhold in Greenhill Street, or more probably at Ingon, on the Warwick road. Interesting, perhaps, the room is, from the recollection of the pilgrims who have visited it; and valuable to the owner, from the shillings daily collected there—too valuable, we should expect, to be readily allowed to go into other hands.

A decent elderly woman did the honours of the house; she had been there some time, and took great pleasure in pointing out the different names of note in the visitors’ book. The worn appearance of the page on which Mr. Dickens put his autograph attested the curiosity to see it. It was followed by that of Mr. Forster. The old housekeeper recollected Mr. Washington Irving coming there twice, with Mr. Willis, Mr. Everett, Mr. Forest, and other Americans—indeed, their numbers predominated over those of other foreigners.

“I see you’ve got pictures here, ma’am,” said Barnum, pointing to a portrait.

“Yes, sir,” said the old lady, in stately tones, “that is the only one: a likeness of Shakspeare.”

“Very good,” replied Barnum; “it wants a companion. I’ll send you a portrait of the general from Birmingham, and you can hang it up too, you know, the other side.”

And then having signed his name as “P. T. Barnum, U. S., Guardian of General Tom Thumb,” in the book, where it may still be seen under the above date, he took his departure, leaving with the

old lady a quantity of the little cards the general used to distribute at his levees, and begging her to tell the Shaksperian visitors that he was to be seen every day at Dee's Hotel, Birmingham.

From the house to the church is a walk of ten minutes; passing a very fine old specimen of ancient architecture in the street leading to the church, on the right hand, about one-third of the way down. The chancel is very picturesque; and had lately been restored. There are various monuments about, which elsewhere would be interesting, but all are here overlooked for the chief one. It is on the left hand near the communion-table, eight or ten feet from the ground; and in front are some tombstones pointing out the last resting-places of several members of the poet's family, including his daughter and her husband, Mrs. and Dr. John Hall. There are two books in an adjoining chapel—one of which the clergyman owns—in which the visitors sign their names. We asked if Mr. Dickens' was here also; but the man sighed at the question—it was evidently a sore subject. "No, sir," he at length replied, "it is not. I never knew it was Mr. Dickens until he had gone, for some visitors were here at the time. I ran after him, but it was of no use." He was evidently much hurt that the house in Henley Street had an attraction superior to the chancel.

One of the latest names in the book was that of a lady of the Lucy family, of Charlecote, whose ancestor provoked the lampoon from Shakspeare connected with the deer-stealing.

This brought up the anecdote.

"There again, now," said Barnum, as he prepared to wafer one of the general's visiting-cards on the monument, saying it was for an advertisement; "there, again, if he had been alive now, I reckon the critics would have pitched into him considerable. Fancy if your Sheridan Knowles or Douglas Jerrold was caught rabbit-stealing, what a row there'd be, and how they'd get it."

Returning to the inn, we went on to Warwick in a fly, our friend beguiling the journey all the way by anecdotes of his career as an "exhibitioner" in America. He is, it seems, the proprietor of a large establishment in New York, called the American Museum—from what we could make out—something between Madame Tussaud's and the Polytechnic Institution: and to stock this place with wonders, next to spreading the renown of the general, were all his efforts directed.

"A man has quite a right to take in the public if he can," observed Barnum. "He's fighting single-handed against all creation, and it's the greatest credit to him if he whops 'em, for they are long odds."

We asked him what species of attraction he most relied on at his museum.

"Oh, anything," he replied, "from Niagara to bell-ringers. I got the Falls up, first rate, I can assure you. All Croton water;* and I placarded the model as sending down no end of hogsheads a day. But the Croton company were very steep; for they came down upon me, and says, 'How's this, Mr. Barnum; you contracted with us for the average supply to the Museum, and here you are getting rid of tons every day.'—'All right,' says I, 'let's bring it to a trial,' and to a trial

* The Croton aqueduct supplies New York with water.

it came. 'Well,' says the company, quite prepared to shut me up, 'we find on such-and-such a day, several months back, you began to send down these no end of hogsheads a day.'—'So I did,' says I, 'but only once; for then I pumped them back again to the tank, and used 'em all over again.' You should have seen how the company looked, just as if it had had nothing for dinner but an appetite for the last six months. It shut them up, though."

"But you said something about bell-ringers."

"Oh, yes—I should think so. They were the Lankayshire lads you had in London; but I called them the Swiss Youths. I engaged them here, and I said, 'Now let your mustachios grow, and you'll be downright foreigners by the time you get to the Museum.'—'But,' says they, speaking in their country fashion, which was uncoming grating, to be sure, 'how'll they take us to be Swiss?'—'Well,' says I, 'if you always speak as you're doing now, the devil himself won't understand you.' And sure enough, when they got there, nobody did; but they drew a heap of money to the Museum."

We found the borough of Warwick very lively as we entered, for it was the day of the races, and all the natives had turned out in their holiday costumes. After a luncheon at the Warwick Arms, where the table was kept laid out all day for droppers in, and there was a large piece of cold boiled beef, which almost made us believe the race of descendants from the renowned Dun Cow was not yet extinct, we walked up to the lodge of the castle. On knocking at the gate, it was opened by an important old retainer in livery, who asked us if we wanted to see the castle. "Well, now," said Barnum, "what the devil do you think we came and knocked here for, if we didn't." The old man looked very indignant: and recollected the affront, as we shall see.

We then sauntered through a shaded alley, apparently cut through the solid rock, covered with climbing plants of every species, until we came to the castle. Our only notions of Warwick Castle had, up to this period, been connected with Mr. W. H. Payne, who so comically enacted the Earl Guy, in a pantomime, three or four years ago, at Covent Garden; and when we peeped in at one of the wickets, we almost expected to see the awful guard, with the unnaturally large head, come out and bang us with the terrible club filled with spikes; or Miss Farebrother's beaming face appear at one of the casements. But nothing extraordinary occurred. There was no guard, no dun cow, no Guy, no Miss Farebrother. We passed under the gateway perfectly unmolested, and were received by the butler at the entrance of the inhabited portion of the castle, and by him conducted over the apartments, most of which command the most enchanting views of the park and silvery Avon.

But our limits warn us to desist. In our next we shall speak of Warwick Races, and how Barnum engaged a giant; his great "Washington's Nurse" bubble; Kenilworth and Coventry; and, as a rider to the paper, the whole history of the "What is it?" deception, "from authentic documents," as they say in advertisements, "never before made known."

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH NORMANDY.

BY ODARD.

Not far from the cathedral is the Gothic church of St. Ouen. The western front remains imperfect ; and as you approach from that side, this imperfection is the first thing that meets your eye, producing an impression which it is not easy to remove. The original intention was to flank the front by magnificent towers, terminating in a combination of open arches and tracery, corresponding with the outline and fashion of the central tower. It was, however, not carried into effect, and remains "a broken promise to God."

Blessed be those ever open churches ! Their portals yield to an infant's touch. The porches sloping inward have a beseeching aspect ; they draw you towards them, as it were, and invite you to come in. You need not wait till the sabbath to enter the house of prayer ; you may kneel at the altar to-day, and as you pass by you may ask a blessing on your labour in a retired and consecrated spot.

We might take this lesson from the Roman Catholic Church, that devotion is not a mere Sunday exercise ; that the week-day as well as the Sabbath prayer is better said within the sacred walls ; that the aspect of the church should be familiar as the face of home.

As I entered, I looked into the *bénitier*. It was, indeed, a basin of holy water, for in its clear calm bosom lay a house of God. The basin is so situated, that the beautiful church is imaged in its depth. I don't mention this as a discovery,—I should like to hear of any body making a discovery who comes on the track of a tourist piloted by Murray's eternal Handbook,—but I mention it, because of the suggestions as to its origin which it wakened in my mind. Was it a mere fancy of the architect so to place this basin that his work might here be viewed in miniature loveliness, or did he intend a farther meaning ? Might it not have been designed in that age of symbolism as a type of the believer's heart ? There it is, pure and tranquil, in the midst of the defiled and tumultuous world, bearing none but holy images in its peaceful breast. Anon its tranquillity is disturbed by some rough worldly hand, that comes like a sudden passion on the soul, and the holy images are supplanted by disorderly and troublous shapes, but inflexible as the physical laws by virtue of which the ruffled waters subside, and mirror again the sacred beauty they had for a moment lost, so steadfast are the divine appointments to which the believer trusts. Faith is his law of gravitation, and he knows that by its power the invading passions will be expelled and the holy image return. So deeply was I impressed by the sanctity of that basin, with its mirrored church, that, had I been the most pious Catholic in Rouen, instead of a poor misbelieving Protestant, I vow I should have crossed my forehead with an unmoistened finger, and left the *bénitier* undisturbed.

Taken as a whole, the church of St. Ouen is the triumph of the Gothic architecture. Mr. Melton, in his "Letters on the Fine Arts," speaks of it as the best example of the style in France. What strikes you most is the unbroken harmony, "the breathing music," of the whole edifice, and the extreme lightness and airiness of the

interior. This last effect is produced by the absence of capitals to the piers, which run uninterruptedly from the pavement to the roof like mighty sinews, as also from the great size and number of the windows, which seem to have absorbed all the solid wall. This leaves the immense expanse of roof to be supported by the pillars and buttresses alone, supports apparently so inadequate as immediately to suggest the idea of invisible assistance; and looking round, we cannot help fancying that the gurgoyles—those nondescript-creatures projecting everywhere from the walls, and meant to symbolize the bad spirits whom the Church keeps without, yet compels to her service—have received an order to come to the aid of the buttresses, and minister to the support of the roof.

And here, while we contemplate this great achievement of the principles of Gothic architecture, let me say a word on that much-agitated question—whence came its characteristic feature, the pointed arch? Came it from the north or from the south? Was it, as many discoveries have been, the result of chance? or is the Pugin theory anything but a conceit, which would refer the central elevation of the arch to a corresponding exaltation of the human mind as it developed under the influence of Christianity. The many solutions that have been attempted of this matter may, in substance, be reduced to these four. The first is Warburton's theory. In the mind of the Bishop of Gloucester as in that of Bacon, there was linked to the most solid judgment, a rare imagination. It furnished for the pointed arch a parentage picturesque in the extreme. It went back to the old grove worship of the Teutons, and found in the meeting branches of the forest aisles an antetype of the form which, when their wanderings were over, was adopted by their descendants in the fabric of the Christian church. It cannot be denied that there is something very attractive in this hypothesis; and, so far as it refers the peculiar character of the Teuton architecture to the influences of the northern landscape, it is a just one. But, as accounting for the pointed arch of the Gothic style, all the historic evidence we have forbids us to receive it. There is no instance of that arch in Europe, except among the Saracens of Sicily and Spain, until several centuries after the last immigration of the Teutons had been established in its new territory, which is conclusive against their being the importers. The error of the episcopal theory consists in a confusion of the Gothic style, whose characteristic is the pointed arch, with the Norman style of which the round arch is the salient feature. I shall shew hereafter that the latter style is the natural expression of minds familiar with the majestic lineaments of arctic nature, and sublimed by the grand *entourage* of their accustomed places of worship. A second hypothesis is that of Dr. Milner, who derives the pointed arch from the intersection of two round ones: this is, at first sight, a plausible solution; but I must observe, that a pointed opening formed by the intersection of the two semicircular arches is not a pointed arch, though it might have been thus suggested to the Saracens, whose love of variety prompted them to seize upon any new and graceful shape. To suppose that Christian architects would have rejected the round arch for it, is to assume the superior propriety of a pointed arch as the principal form of a Christian church. On this assumption, however, the Pugin hypothesis is entirely supported, setting at nought the history of the art, the voice of authority, and the dictates of natural taste and feeling.

Mr. Pugin maintains that the elevated lines of the Gothic arch indicate a higher stage of Christian feeling. The round arch was indeed a step towards heaven, from the horizontal death-expressing lines of the Grecian and Roman orders; but until that arch was raised to a point, by virtue of the influence of a loftier Christianity, the form was still unfound which fitly spanned the spaces of the Christian church.

If this were so, the history of the arch would shew us a gradual rise from the Norman arch, until we arrived at the extreme pointed one; but the reverse was the order of progress, inasmuch as the immediate successor of the Norman arch, viz. the arch of the thirteenth century, or early English, is found to be the most elevated, and it thence declines until we come to the Tudor arch of the sixteenth century, a shape which partakes of the horizontal rather more than the curvilinear form. Again, Burke, Addison, and other writers on this subject, refer the pleasure the mind derives from architecture to vastness and strength impressions which it is the peculiar province of the round arch to convey, and which certainly are more in accordance with religious sentiments than the ideas of grace and refinement which the pointed arch excites. Finally, I appeal to any one who is not the slave of a theory, and ask him whether his religious feelings are not more raised by the circular forms that bend above him in the churches of St. Etienne or St. Trinité, than here, under the pointed arches of St. Ouen, which stimulate the imagination, but fail to come home to the soul. If, therefore, the pointed arch appears to be a form less fit for a Christian church than a form which we find preceding it, the theory which rests on some fancied development of the human mind fails of its foundation, and, even without the direct argument derived from the known progress of the style, must be abandoned.

By the children of the south, then, was the pointed arch invented, as by the children of the north the round one was adopted; agreeable to the old saying, that reason came from the north, imagination from the south. This is the opinion held by men whom the verdant bye-paths and flowery fields of theory never allured from the high-road of clear authentic fact. Such men as Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Knight. Their researches have fully established for the pointed arch a Saracenic origin. I have already dwelt so long upon this subject, that I will only refer to the writings of these gentlemen for evidence which is conclusive on the point. They trace the birth and growth of the pointed arch in the Saracenic buildings in Egypt, at Kairoan, in Sicily, in Spain, in Persia; in short, wherever they went, the Saracens carried with them this favourite form. It was in universal use among them at a time when it was not in existence elsewhere. The Crusaders were struck with this new form when they visited the East. They brought back the idea to Europe, and the eastern workmen who accompanied them, or found their way westward at that time, were the means of securing its general adoption, till, at last, it gave the character to a new style. The increase of foliation in the capitals and enrichments, and the disuse of animal forms at this period, was a consequence of the Saracenic turn given to the art, the representation of such forms being, by their religion, strictly forbidden to the Saracens.

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I was now ready to quit Rouen. I was really rather anxious to escape the sight of the havoc which is rapidly consuming that most interesting monument of the Middle Ages. I had attained the great object of my pilgrimage. I had visited the spot where slept the hero of my boyhood's fancy. I had stood beside the tomb of Rollo. Henceforward, I was in possession of memories that are indestructible, however young Normandy may destroy. Before departing, however, one thing remained to see. At the top of the Rue Poussin stands the ancient convent of Sainte Marie. This establishment has been converted into a museum of antiquities. I went thither from St. Ouen, and summoned up the echoes in the convent-yard by addressing myself to a most solemn-voiced bell. I summoned up the porter too. It was long past the hour of inspection, but an Englishman is somehow exempt from the operation of these little local arrangements. His appearance is a *sesame* before which doors fly open. In that imaginary purse which a pleasant fiction has long assigned to John Bull, he is thought continually to carry a master key. I was admitted. I have no doubt the showman thought me insane from the indifference with which I treated those choice curiosities, that he was accustomed to see devoured every day by insatiate tourists. He watched me as I wandered by Roman tombs and mosaics, old medals of the Gaul, swords and javelins of the Celt, armour of inconceivable antiquity, endless reliefs and bronzes, unnumbered relics of the Middle Ages and the *Renaissance*; but when he saw me pass by without exclamation the dismantled door of Corneille's house, he gave me up, and leaning with folded arms against the wall, looked out into the convent yard.

These were not the things I had come to see. I might have beheld infinitely greater curiosities any day at home, by driving down to Museum Street, without encountering stormy seas, French cookery and wines, and, worse than all, being numbered among the tourists. I had come to see something worth them all, and I found it at last. At the far end of the room I stopped before a cabinet where were suspended several ancient deeds of parchment, and I perceived the showman turn a sidelong glance of wonder, as I reverently doffed my hat before one of these parchments, which bore a date of the eleventh century, and the signature of William the Conqueror! a simple cross! Traced by a warrior, who, like all the warriors of his time, was more familiar with the cross which formed the handle of his sword than that which lay upon the altar, who viewed it in a double light, as the instrument on which he rested the assertion of his earthly rights and the symbol of that whereon his hopes of heaven reposed,—traced by such a hand, one arm of the cross is elongated until the whole naturally assumes the form of a sword. How eloquent of the man and the age in which he lived! Among the many miracles hidden from us by the mist of familiarity, is the power that resides in the simplest *lines* and *sounds*. Novalis calls them "the *dynamics* of the spiritual world." The word "Forward" sets an army in motion, the word "Freedom" rouses a nation. A few simple notes of music can call up whole scenes of happiness, and summon into life the forms of long buried love. In like manner three letters bring the Deity before us, and proclaim the Creator of the universe. A few syllables of a proclamation may form the lever

of a revolution.* The outlined figure on a banner will cause the heart of a people to throb with loyalty, and thousands will follow it to death. Here two simple lines recall to me the chief agent in the most conspicuous episode of modern history. A sword-shaped cross, true type of him in whom the military and religious spirit were so blended. One day appearing as the apostle of war and havoc ; the next, exhausting an exchequer in the cause of peace, and lavishing thousands in the erection of monasteries and churches. They are eloquent, too, of ages before the schoolmaster was abroad, when men, though unlettered, were mighty. Here was a man, who, though he was unable to write his name, was born to a vast territory, could add a glorious kingdom, and govern it wisely too ; and I confess the reflection made me anything but proud of my own respectable signature.

Mr. Maitland, indeed, (in his book on the "Dark Ages,") assures us that in the Middle Ages it was customary for distinguished personages to make the sign † of the cross, instead of adopting the modern periphrasis of the name at full length, to authenticate documents, both because it was looked upon as a more solemn ratification of the instrument, and also as more dignified in the person signing ; the duty of writing the name, he tells us, was generally performed by a notary, who wrote it at full length on either side of the cross. In support of this assertion, he brings forward several instances of individuals thus signing instruments, who might have adopted the alternative if they pleased. As to the custom being general, it is very possible he may be right.

But it is growing dark. Giving one last reverential look at the parchment over which that mighty had passed, I departed.

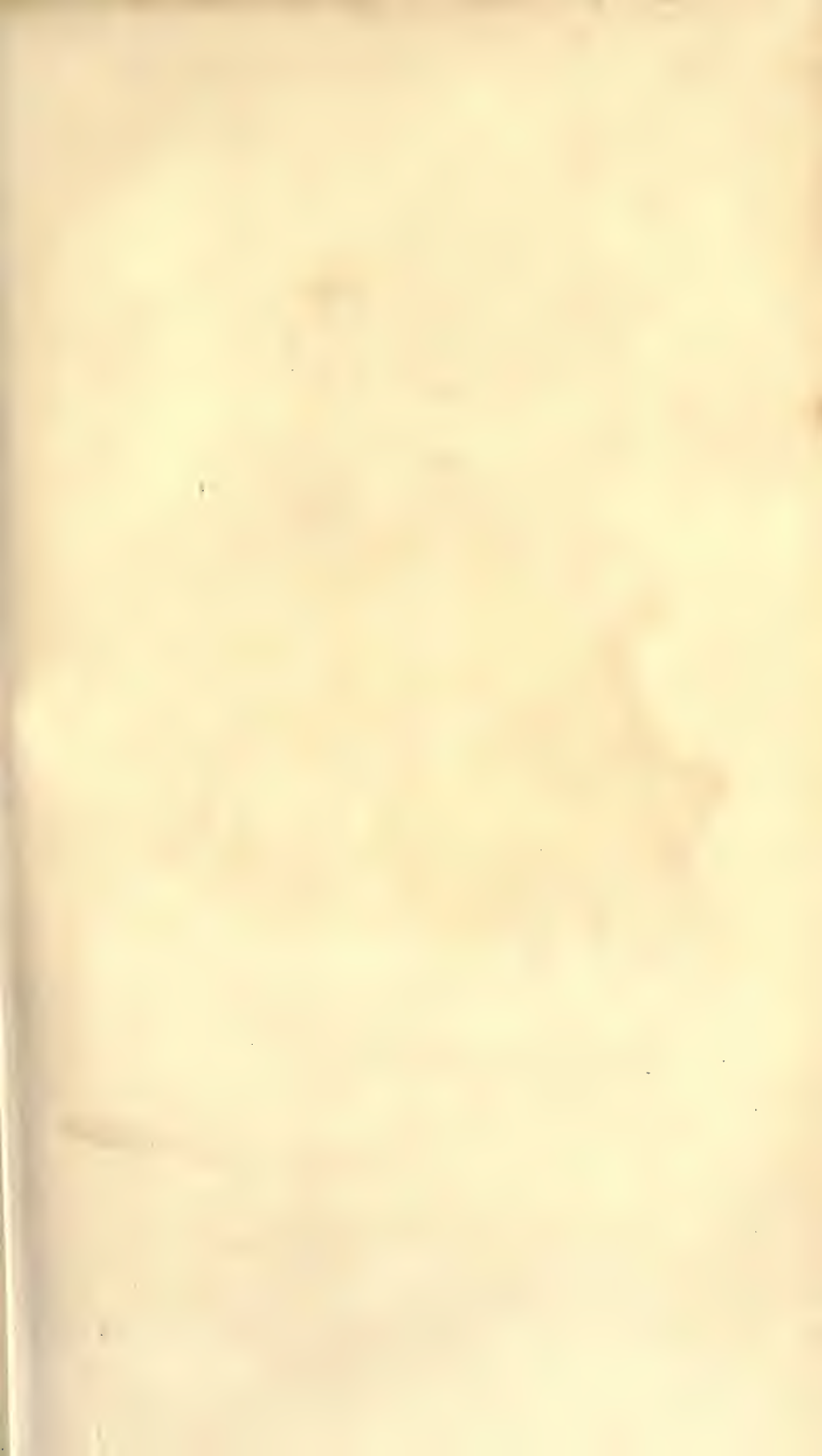
When I reached the *Place de la Pucelle*, where Joan of Arc was sacrificed, it was nearly quite dark ; and I was not sorry, for, to say truth, I almost felt ashamed of being seen near the fatal place ! I could not help calling up to execration the memory of the bigot Bedford, through whom it comes that there is *one* spot in Normandy where an Englishman cannot lift up his head. But still he was not alone in his infamy : when I remember that the Bishop of Beauvais actually assisted to light the pile where the noble girl was laid, that the Bishop of Winchester ordered her ashes to be scattered into the Seine, that the King whom she had placed on his throne did not make one effort to rescue her from her dastardly English executioners—when I remember all this, it really seems as if there *was* a witch in the business ; but she must have had so much to do in making away with the human hearts of all these people, and transforming them into demons, that it is utterly impossible she could have interfered with poor Joan of Arc.

The chapel where the innocent girl went through the mockery of trial was near this place, but has some time ago ceased to exist.

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* Witness the *Ordonnances* in 1830.

† Hence the term "signature," instead of "subscription."





J. Fenimore Cooper

MEMOIR OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER,

THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "THE SPY," ETC.

BY W. R. GRISWOLD, ESQ.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

WILLIAM COOPER, the emigrant ancestor of James Fenimore Cooper, arrived in America in 1679, and settled at Burlington, in New Jersey. He immediately took an active part in public affairs, for his name appears in the list of members of the colonial legislature for 1681. In 1687, or subsequent to the establishment of Penn at Philadelphia, he obtained a grant of land opposite the new city, extending several miles along the margin of the Delaware and the tributary stream, which has since borne the name of Cooper's Creek. The branch of the family to which the novelist belongs removed more than a century since into Pennsylvania, in which State his father was born. He married early, and while a young man established himself at a hamlet in Burlington county, New Jersey, which continues to be known by his name, and afterwards in the city of Burlington. Having become possessed of extensive tracts of land on the border of Otsego Lake, in central New York, he began the settlement of his estate there in the autumn of 1785, and in the following spring erected the first house in Cooperstown. From this time until 1790, Judge Cooper resided alternately at Cooperstown and Burlington, keeping up an establishment at both places.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER was born at Burlington on the 15th of September, 1789, and in the succeeding year was carried to the new home of his family, of which he is now proprietor. Judge Cooper being a member of the Congress, which then held its sessions in Philadelphia, his family remained much of the time at Burlington, where our author, when but six years of age, commenced, under a private tutor of some eminence, his classical education. In 1800, he became an inmate of the family of Rev. Thomas Ellison, rector of St. Peter's, in Albany, who had fitted for the university three of his elder brothers, and on the death of that accomplished teacher was sent to New Haven, where he completed his preparatory studies. He entered Yale College at the beginning of the second term for 1802. Here he maintained a respectable position, and in the ancient languages particularly had no superior in his class.

In 1805, he quitted the college, and, obtaining a midshipman's warrant, entered the American navy. His frank, generous and daring nature made him a favorite, and admirably fitted him for the service, in which he would unquestionably have obtained the highest honours, had he not finally made choice of the ease and quiet of the life of a private gentleman. After six years afloat, six years not unprofitably passed, since they gave him that knowledge of maritime affairs which enabled him subsequently, almost without an effort, to place himself at the head of all writers who in any period have attempted the description of the sea, he resigned his office, and on the first day of January, 1811, was married to Miss De Lancey, a sister of the present Bishop of the diocese of Western New York, and a descendant of one of the oldest and most influential families in America. Before removing to

Cooperstown, he resided a short time in Westchester, near New York, and here he commenced his career as an author. His first book was "Precaution." This work was undertaken under circumstances purely accidental, and published under great disadvantages. Its success was moderate. It is a ludicrous evidence of the value of critical opinion in America, that "Precaution" was thought to discover so much knowledge of English society as to raise a question whether its alleged author could have written it. More reputation for this sort of knowledge accrued to Mr. Cooper from "Precaution," than from his subsequent real work on England. It was published in London, and passed for an English novel. The "Spy" followed. No one will dispute the success of this "Tale of the Neutral Ground." It was almost immediately published also in all parts of Europe. The novelty of an American book of this character probably contributed to give it circulation. It is worthy of remark that all the leading periodicals of the United States looked coldly upon it, though the country did not. It was decidedly the best historical romance then written by an American; not without faults, indeed, but with a fair plot, clearly and strongly drawn characters, and exhibiting great boldness and originality of conception. Its success was perhaps decisive of Mr. Cooper's career, and it gave an extraordinary impulse to literature in the United States, more than anything that had before occurred; it roused the people from their feelings of intellectual dependence. In 1823, appeared "The Pioneers." This book, it seems to me, has always had a reputation partly factitious. It is the poorest of the "Leather Stocking" tales, nor was its success either marked or spontaneous. Still it was very well received, though it was thought to be a proof that the author was written out. With this book commenced the absurdity of saying Mr. Cooper introduced family traits and family history into his novels. "The Pilot" succeeded. The success of "The Pilot" was at first a little doubtful in America; but England gave it a reputation which it still maintains. It is due to Boston to say that its popularity was first manifested there. I say due to Boston, not from considerations of merit in the book, but because, for some reason, praise for Mr. Cooper from New England has been so rare. America has no original literature, it is said. Where can the model of "The Pilot" be found? I know of nothing which could have suggested it but the following fact, which was related to me in a conversation with Mr. Cooper. "The Pirate" had been published a short time before. Talking with the late Charles Wilkes, of New York, a man of taste and judgment, our author heard the universal knowledge of Scott extolled, and the sea portions of "The Pirate" cited as a proof. He laughed at the idea, as most seamen would, and the discussion ended by his promising to write a sea story which could be read by landsmen, while seamen should feel its truth. "The Pilot" was the fruit of that conversation. It is one of the most remarkable novels of the time, and everywhere obtained instant and high applause. "Lionel Lincoln" followed. This was a second attempt to embody history in an American work of fiction. It failed, and perhaps justly; yet it contained one of the nicest delineations of character in Mr. Cooper's works. I know of no instance in which the distinction between a maniac and an idiot is so admirably drawn. The setting was bad, however, and the picture was not examined. In 1826, came "The Last of the Mohicans." This book

succeeded from the first, and all over Christendom. It has strong and weak parts, but it was purely original, and originality always occupies the ground. In this respect it is like "The Pilot." After the publication of "The Last of the Mohicans," Mr. Cooper went to Europe, where his reputation was already well established as one of the greatest writers of romantic fiction which our age, more prolific in men of genius than any other, had produced. The first of his works after he left the United States was "The Prairie." Its success was decided and immediate. By the French and English critics it was deemed the best of his stories of Indian life. It has one leading fault, however, that of introducing any character superior to the family of the squatter. Of this fault Mr. Cooper was himself aware, before he finished the work; but as he wrote and printed simultaneously, it was not easy to correct it. In this book, notwithstanding, Natty Bumppo is quite up to his mark, and is surpassed only in "The Pathfinder." The reputation of "The Prairie," like that of "The Pioneers," is in a large degree owing to the opinions of the reviews; it is always a fault in a book that appeals to human sympathies, that it fails with the multitude. In what relates to taste, the multitude is of no great authority; but in all that is connected with feeling, they are the highest; and for this simple reason, that as man becomes sophisticated, he deviates from nature, the only true source of all our sympathies. Our feelings are doubtless improved by refinement, and *vice versâ*; but their roots are struck in the human heart, and what fails to touch the heart, in these particulars, fails, while that which does touch it, succeeds; the perfection of this sort of writing is that which pleases equally the head and the heart. "The Red Rover" followed "The Prairie." Its success surpassed that of any of its predecessors. It was written and printed in Paris, and all in a few months. Its merits and its reception prove the accuracy of those gentlemen who allege that Mr. Cooper never wrote a successful book after he left the United States. It is certainly a stronger work than "The Pilot," though not without considerable faults. "The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish" or "The Borderers," was the next novel. "The Water Witch" succeeded.

Of all Americans who ever visited Europe, Mr. Cooper contributed most to his country's reputation. His high character made him everywhere welcome; there was no circle, however aristocratic and distinguished, in which if he appeared in it, he was not the observed of all observers; and he had the somewhat singular merit of never forgetting that he was an American. Halleck, in his admirable poem of Red Jacket, says well of him—

Cooper, whose name is with his country's woven,
First in her fields, her pioneer of mind;
A wanderer now in other lands, has proven
His love for the young land he left behind.

After having been in Europe about two years, he published his "Notions of the Americans," in which he "endeavoured to repel some of the hostile opinions of the other hemisphere, and to turn the tables upon those who at that time most derided and calumniated us." It contained some unimportant errors, from having been written at a distance from necessary documentary materials, but was altogether as just as it was eloquent in vindication of the institutions, manners, and history of the United States. It shows how warm was his patriotism,—how fondly, while receiving from strangers an homage withheld from

him at home, he remembered the scenes of his first trials and triumphs, and how ready he was to sacrifice personal popularity and profit in defence of his country. He was not only the first to defend and to praise America, but the first to whom appeals were made for information in regard to her, by statesmen who felt an interest in her destiny.

Following the Revolution of the Three Days, in Paris, a fierce controversy took place between the Absolutists, the Republicans, and the Constitutionals. Among the subjects introduced in the Chambers was the comparative cheapness of the system of government of the United States; the Absolutists asserting that the American people paid more direct and indirect taxes than the French. Lafayette appealed to Mr. Cooper, who entered the arena, and (though from his peculiar position, at a heavy pecuniary loss, and the danger of incurring yet greater misfortunes,) by a masterly *exposé* silenced at once the popular falsehood. So, in all places, circumstances, and times, he was the "American in Europe," as jealous of his country's reputation as his own.

Immediately afterwards he published "The Bravo," the success of which was very great; probably equal to that of "The Red Rover." It is one of the best, if not the very best, of the works Mr. Cooper had then written. Although he selected a foreign scene on this occasion, no one of his works is more American in its essential character. It was designed not only to extend the democratical principle abroad, but to confirm his countrymen in the opinion that nations "cannot be governed by an irresponsible minority, without involving a train of nearly intolerable abuses." It gave aristocracy some hits, which aristocracy gave back again. The best notice which appeared of it was in the famous Paris gazette, entitled "Figaro," before "Figaro" was bought out by the French Government. The change from the biting wit which characterized this periodical to the grave sentiment of such an article was really touching, and added an indescribable grace to the remarks. "The Heidenmaur" followed. It is impossible for one to understand this book who has not some acquaintance with the scenes and habits described. "The Headsman of Berne" did much better. It is inferior to "The Bravo," though not so clashing to aristocracy. It met with success. It was the last of Mr. Cooper's novels written in Europe.

The first work which Mr. Cooper published after his return to the United States was a Letter to his Countrymen. They had yielded him but a hesitating applause until his praise came back from Europe; and when the tone of foreign criticism was changed, by acts and opinions of his which should have banded the whole American press for his defence, he was assailed here in articles, which either echoed the tone, or were actual translations of attacks upon him by foreigners. The custom, peculiar to the United States, of "quoting the opinions of foreign nations by way of helping to make up its own estimate of the degree of merit which belongs to its public men," is treated in this letter with caustic and just severity, and shown to be "destructive of those sentiments of self-respect, and of that manliness and independence of thought that are necessary to render a people great, or a nation respectable." The controlling influence of foreign ideas over the literature, fashions, and even politics of America, are illustrated by the manner in which he was himself treated, and by what he considers the English doctrines which have been broached in the speeches of many of their statesmen. It is

a frank and honest book, which was necessary as a vindication of Mr. Cooper, but was called for by the existence of the abuse against which it was chiefly directed; though it seems to have had but little effect upon it. Of the political opinions it contains I have no more to say than that I do not believe in their correctness. It was followed by "The Monikins," a political satire, which was a failure.

The next publications of Mr. Cooper were his "Gleanings in Europe." "Sketches of Switzerland," first and second series, each in two volumes, appeared in 1836; and none of his works betray more striking and vivid descriptions of nature, or more agreeable views of character and manners. It was followed by similar works on France, Italy, and England. All of these were well received, notwithstanding an independence of tone (which is rarely popular,) and some absurdities, as, for example, the imputations upon the American Federalists in "The Sketches of Switzerland." The book on England excited most attention, and was reviewed by some writers in England with much asperity. Altogether, the ten volumes which compose this series may be set down as the most intelligent and philosophical books of travel, which have been written by Americans.

"The American Democrat; or, Hints on the Social and Civil Relations of the United States of America," was published in 1835. The design is stated to be "to make a commencement toward a more just discrimination between truth and prejudice." It is essentially a good book on the virtues and vices of American character.

For a considerable time Mr. Cooper had entertained an intention of writing "The History of the Navy of the United States;" and, his early experience, his studies, his associations, and, above all, the peculiar felicity of his style when treating of nautical affairs, warranted the expectation that his work would be a solid and brilliant contribution to our historical literature. It appeared in two octavo volumes in 1839, and reached a second edition in 1840, and a third in 1846. The American public had no reason to be disappointed; great diligence had been used in the collection of materials; every subject connected with the origin and growth of the national marine had been carefully investigated, and the result was presented in the most authentic and attractive form. Yet a warm controversy soon arose respecting Mr. Cooper's account of the battle of Lake Erie, and, in pamphlets, reviews, and newspapers, attempts were made to show that he had done injustice to the American commander in that action. The multitude rarely undertake particular investigations; and the attacks upon Mr. Cooper, conducted with a virulence for which it would be difficult to find any cause in the history, assuming the form of vindications of a brave and popular deceased officer, produced an impression so deep and so general, that he was compelled to defend the obnoxious passages, which he did triumphantly in a small volume, entitled "The Battle of Lake Erie; or, Answers to Messrs. Burgess, Duer, and Mackenzie," published in 1843, and in the notes to the last edition of his "Naval History."

Besides the "Naval History," and the essays to which it gave rise, Mr. Cooper has published, in two volumes, "The Lives of American Naval Officers;" a work of the highest merit in its department, every life being written with conciseness, yet fulness, and with great care in regard to facts; and in the "Democratic Review" has published a

reply to the attacks upon the American marine by James and other British historians.

The first novel published by Mr. Cooper, after his return to the United States, was "Homeward Bound." The two generic characters of the book, however truly they may represent individuals, have no resemblance to classes. There may be Captain Trucks, and there certainly are Steadfast Dodges, but the officers of the American merchant service are in no manner or degree inferior to Europeans of the same pursuits and grade; and, with all the abuses of the freedom of the press there, the American newspapers are not worse than those of Great Britain in the qualities of which Mr. Cooper arraigns them.

The opinions expressed of New York society in "Home as Found" are identical with those in "Notions of the Americans," a work almost as much abused for its praise of America as was "Home as Found" for its censure, and most men of refinement and large observation seem disposed to admit their correctness. This was, no doubt, the cause of the feeling it excited, for a nation never gets in a passion at misrepresentation. It is a miserable country that cannot look down a falsehood, even from a native.

The next novel was "The Pathfinder." It is a common opinion that this work deserves success more than any Mr. Cooper has written. I have heard Mr. Cooper say, that in his own judgment the claim lay between "The Pathfinder" and "The Deerslayer," but for myself I confess a preference for the sea novels. Leather Stocking appears to more advantage in "The Pathfinder" than in any other book, and in "Deerslayer" next. In "The Pathfinder" we have him presented in the character of a lover, and brought in contact with such characters as he associates with in no other stages of his varied history, though they are hardly less favourites with the author. The scene of the novel being the great fresh water seas of the interior, sailors, Indians, and hunters, are so grouped together, that every kind of novel writing in which he has been most successful is combined in one complete fiction, one striking exhibition of his best powers. Had it been written by some unknown author, probably the country would have hailed him as much superior to Mr. Cooper. "Mercedes of Castile," a romance of the days of Columbus, came next. It may be set down as a failure, the necessity of following facts that had become familiar, and which had so lately possessed the novelty of fiction, was too much for any writer. "The Deerslayer" was written after "Mercedes" and "The Pathfinder," and was very successful. Hetty Hunter is perhaps the best female character Mr. Cooper has drawn, though her sister is generally preferred. "The two Admirals" followed "The Deerslayer." This book, in some respects, stands at the head of the nautical tales. Its fault is dealing with too important events to be thrown so deep into fiction; but this is a fault that may be pardoned in a romance. Mr. Cooper has written nothing of description, whether of sea or land, that surpasses either of the battle scenes of this work; especially that part of the first where the French ship is captured. "The Two Admirals" appeared at an unfortunate time but it was nevertheless successful. "Jack-o'-Lantern, or Le Feu Follet," was published in 1842. The interest depends chiefly upon the manœuvres by which a French privateer escapes capture by an English frigate. Some of its scenes are among Mr. Cooper's best, but altogether it is inferior to several of his nautical novels. "Wyandotte, or the Hutted Knoll," in its general

features, resembles "The Pathfinder" and "The Deerslayer." The female characters are admirable, and but for the opinion, believed by some, from its frequent repetition that Mr. Cooper is incapable of depicting a woman, Maud Meredith would be regarded as among the very first class of such portraitures. Next came "The Autobiography of a Pocket Handkerchief," in one volume. It is a story of fashionable life in New York, in some respects peculiar among Mr. Cooper's works, and was decidedly successful. "Ned Myers," in one volume, which followed in the same year, is a genuine biography, though it was commonly regarded as a fiction. In the beginning of 1844, Mr. Cooper published "Afloat and Ashore," and a few months afterwards, "Miles Wallingford," a sequel to that tale. They have the remarkable minuteness, yet boldness of description, and dramatic skill of narration, which render the impressions he produces so deep and lasting. They were as widely read as any of his recent productions.

The extraordinary state of things which for several years has disgraced a part of the state of New York, where, with unblushing effrontery, the tenants of several large proprietors have refused to pay rents, and claimed, without a shadow of right, to be absolute possessors of the soil, gave just occasion of alarm to the intelligent friends of the institutions of the United States; and this alarm increased, when it was observed that the ruffianism of the "anti-renters," as they are styled, was looked upon by many persons of respectable social positions with undisguised approval. Mr. Cooper addressed himself to the exposure and correction of the evil, in a series of novels, purporting to be edited from the manuscripts of a family named Littlepage; and in the preface to the first of these, entitled "Satanstoe, a Tale of the Colony," published in 1845, announces his intention of treating it with the utmost freedom, and declares his opinion, that the existence of true liberty in the United States, the perpetuity of its institutions, and the safety of public morals, are "all dependent on putting down wholly, absolutely, and unqualifiedly, the false and dishonest theories and statements that have been advanced in connection with this subject."

"Satanstoe" presents a vivid picture of the early condition of colonial New York. The time is from 1737 to the close of the memorable campaign in which the British were defeated at Ticonderoga. "Chainbearer," the second of the series, tracing the family history through the revolution, also appeared in 1845; and the last, "Ravensnest," or, "The Red Skins," a story of the present day, in 1846.

These books, in which the most important practical truths are stated, illustrated, and enforced, in a manner equally familiar and powerful, were received by the educated and right-minded in the United States with a degree of favour that showed the soundness of the common mind beyond the crime-infected districts, and their influence will add to the evidences of the value of the novel as a means of upholding principles in art, literature, morals, and politics. The publication of the last new work of Mr. Cooper, "Captain Spike; or, The Islets of the Gulf," is now in course of publication in this Miscellany.

At nearly sixty years of age he writes with all the freshness of feeling, spirit, and dramatic and descriptive power, that lent such a charm to the earliest works with which he delighted and instructed the world. In person and in mind he seems to be in the vigour of middle life, and with his ardent temperament, keen interest in all that marks the age, and a certain combative spirit, which will not permit him passively to

see errors and abuses, it is nearly impossible that he shall cease to write for yet many years. He has been the chosen companion of the prince and the peasant on the borders of the Volga, the Danube, and the Guadalquivir, by the Indus and the Ganges, the Paraguay and the Amazon; where the name even of Washington was never spoken, and the United States is known only as the home of Cooper. Mr. Cooper has the faculty of giving to his pictures an astonishing reality. They are not mere transcripts of nature,—though as such they would possess extraordinary merit, but actual creations, embodying the very spirit of intelligent and genial experience and observation. His Indians, notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary, are no more inferior in fidelity, than they are in poetical interest, to those of his most successful imitators or rivals. His hunters and trappers have the same vividness and freshness; and in the whole realm of fiction there is nothing more actual, harmonious, and sustained; they evince not only the first order of inventive power, but a profoundly philosophical study of the influences of situation upon human character. He treads the deck with the conscious pride of home and dominion, the aspects of the sea and sky, the terrors of the tornado, the excitement of the chase, the tumult of battle, fire, and wreck, are presented by him with a freedom and breadth of outline, a glow and strength of colouring and contrast, and a distinctness and truth of general and particular conception, that place him far in advance of all the other artists who have attempted, with pen or pencil, to paint the ocean. The same vigorous originality is stamped upon his nautical characters. Long Tom Coffin, Tom Tiller, Trysail, Bob Yarn, the boisterous Nightingale, the mutinous Nighthead, the fierce but honest Boltrope, and others who crowd upon our memories, as familiar as if we had ourselves been afloat with them, attest the triumph of this self-reliance; and when, as if to rebuke the charge of envy, that he owed his successes to the novelty of his scenes and persons, he entered upon fields which for centuries had been illustrated by the first geniuses of Europe, his abounding power and inspiration were vindicated by that series of novels ending with "The Bravo," which have the same supremacy in their class that is held by "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover" among stories of the sea. It has been urged that his leading characters are essentially alike, having no difference but that which results from situation. But this opinion will not bear investigation. It evidently arose from the habit of clothing his heroes alike with an intense individuality, which under all circumstances sustains the sympathy they at first awaken, without the aid of those accessories to which artists of less power are compelled to resort. Very few authors have added more than one original and striking character to the world of imagination, none have added more than Cooper; and his are all as distinct and actual as the personages that stalk before us on the stage of history. Mr. Cooper is now engaged upon a Robinson Crusoe story, but with features entirely original, which he entitles "Mark's Reef; or, the Crater, a tale of the Pacific Ocean." This work will be published by Mr. Bentley next month.

THE BARNABAS GOLDSWORTHYS.

BY GREENSLEEVES.

A WATERING-PLACE! what magic is in the sound; how marvelously it acts on the nervous system; what impulse it lends to the circulation! What beaming eyes, and blooming cheeks, and radiant smiles, and happy gestures, are born of that single phrase—a watering-place! If opium create trancing illusions, equalled, as certain of the initiated of Saint Thomas's declare, by the celestial dreams of ether,—if the mesmeric sleep be, *de facto*, a subliming of the faculties, spiritual and corporeal, that bestows on the sleeper a glance keener than that of the prophet, and an insight into all mysteries, mundane and supra-mundane; there is, verily, a virtue in that simple and summer phrase, “a watering-place,” which yields not one jot to its occult, puzzling, plaguing, praised, and pooh! pooh-ed! rivals. Take a fine morning in June, only whisper the spell, and though clouds gather on the dun brow of the husband, sunbeams disport on the fair face of the wife; the huge lubberly “hope of the family” rubs his hands gleefully, and thinks of forbidden pleasures; and the graces, who sit sulkily brooding over their bread-and-butter, in the small breakfast-room, spring hastily from the table, enfold each other in a rapturous embrace, and set busily to work coaxing papa and wheedling mamma, and airing “The Times” very carefully, lest the former should “catch cold,” and the latter be kept at home to nurse him. Sweet belles! how harmoniously they peal of Ramsgate, Brighton, or Boulogne.

What a change—what a transformation—what an Ovidian metamorphosis! the green eyes of Miss Georgiana are blue as the skies of spring; the thin lips of her sister look round and ripe and rosy as the melting, cherry-breathing kisses by Jupiter!—and the sallow cheek of the eldest, the “miss” of the happy family, a young thing of forty, glows with a hue that the rose might envy, or “Pears’s Transparent Bloom” vainly seek to simulate. What hath done it?—what hath given animation—fire—nay, grace itself, to that big unlicked cub of eighteen, whose long legs and arms were but a minute before sprawling—these over the back of the chair, catching at stray flies on the carpet, those over the head of the Grecian couch, dangling a pair of trodden-down slippers on the point of a toe never meant to be “the light fantastic?” A watering-place! a watering-place, with its visions of gay delight; its balls and promenades; its concerts and card-parties; its pic-nics and presentations; its riding, driving, boating, bathing, betting, playing, dancing, flirting—Lud! Lud! but a ring and a parson often come in at the end of the act. What hath soured the pleasant face of “the governor,” as his son and heir reverently styles him—of “pa,” as the graces in sweet juvenile innocence delight to call him,—of “Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy,” otherwise “ducky-dear,” as his lady and better half is pleased to name him, according to her particular state of nerves? A watering-place, “with its heat, toil, bustle, racket, riot, hurry-scurry, strange phizzes, long bills, and deuce-knows-what else of discomfort and disquiet.” And Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy heaves “a sigh that might upset a schooner,” frowns awfully, blows his nose, pulls out his watch, re-fobs it, rubs his chin, and dips dismally into the bankrupt list.

But man was doomed to fall beneath the sovereign influence of the sex ever since father Adam hearkened to mother Eve; and which of his sons, prithee, may claim exemption from the common lot? Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy "gives in;" Mrs. Barnabas Goldsworthy "has her own way,"—she presents the apple—*id est*, a watering place;—he eats it—*i. e.* sets off in company with "Mrs. B. G.," the graces, and the lubberly son; a portmanteau, a black leather trunk, a small valise, three carpet-bags, four deal cases, five handboxes, six bags, seven bundles, eight parasols ("hack" and "show"), and a chaise umbrella.

Poor Mr. Barnabas! a week thence, and he returns thin, pale, harassed, worn out,—swearing at the sea, and the sands, and the bathing-machines, and the hotels, and the *garçons-de-table*, and the—no, stop! *not* at the dinners—of them he relished all but the cost.

And where are "Mrs. B. G." and the green eyes, thin lips, sallow cheeks, and unlicked cub? Harkye! at Boulogne—Boulogne so happily touched off by Albert Smith,—left comfortably in "private apartments" by the kind, careful, good "ducky-dear," who "could not stay away from business, but would insist on Mrs. B. G. and the girls and young Barnabas getting a breath of fresh air." The three young ladies, dressed alike in pink muslins, polkas, and *pailles-de-riz*, with paradise plumes,—go everywhere, see everything and everybody,—bathe, dance, play, sing, ride, walk, flirt, and angle in concert under the smiling eye of "mamma;" and the unlicked cub, falling into the hands of "a capital fellow," "up to a trick or two," and "a captain," of course, is introduced to a few other "capital fellows," who take a brotherly interest in the silly son of the rich father, launch him into society, show him life, and all that, initiate him into *ecarté*, teach him the points of a horse, buy for him a prime dog, with courage to fly at anything, not excepting his owner,—in short, so accomplish the youth, that he cuts the graces, grows shy of mamma, cultivates a moustache and an ogle, sports a guard-chain and an eye-glass, and kisses the tips of his Paris kids at a fair frailty peering through the flowers in her balcony.

And "mamma"—poor dear Mrs. Barnabas Goldsworthy—feels ruffled, and pleased, and proud, and angry all at the same time. The cub is growing into the man—the unlicked is acquiring form, and polish, and grace, and spirit, and world-knowledge! O! what a triumph! what a surprise for Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy! So she, good, fat, fluttered, indefatigable old lady, gads about with her daughters, bows, and nods, and curtseys, and plays whist, fanning herself, sipping her champagne, and praising "her girls."

"So good, so modest, so artless, so affectionate, so unacquainted with the ways of the world, yet so thoroughly well-bred, quiet, simple, lady-like, and sweet-tempered, that really, though she is their mamma, she may conscientiously say the home will be happy which either of them is destined to bless."

A hint at Knight Ryder-street and the wealth of papa, and the old lady stops, looks into her hand, trumps the trick and wins the game; while a short, middle-aged man, with a hooked nose and a confident look, a faded blue frock, and a carefully combed moustache, darts a hawk eye at the diamond rings on "mamma;" and then scrutinizing the daughters, much as a horse-dealer scans "the lot" he thinks of selecting from, commences forthwith a few delicate attentions to *the oldest*, who

receives them with a sweet confusion that lends encouragement to his hopes. His friend, "an old gentleman—a venerable man—a white-haired, amiable, spiritual-minded creature—a Plato, in fact, yet still the very humblest servant of the fair," attaches himself paternally, blandly, and cordially to Miss Jemima, and the venerable man's nephew, a fine, tall young fellow, a major in a cavalry regiment, who wears spurs on every occasion, and lisps and languishes most killingly, has the honour to polk with Miss Georgiana, and join her in quizzing the company.

The days fly by; money makes unto itself wings and flies with them; supplies from Knight Ryder-street have been asked, granted, and dispersed, and the days fly by—Oh! how joyously! Time scatters roses from his wings; his scythe is twisted into Cupid's bow; his hour-glass charged with diamond dust; his forelock curled and scented with macassar—morn, noon, and golden eve: the pier, the sands, the bathing-machines, and Mlle. Intellet, the reading-room, the ball, the concert, drives, pic-nics, et cetera, succeed one another rapidly and regularly; Captain Brazen, the venerable Heneage Jeneage Slyboot Graybeard, Esq., and the Hon. John George Augustus Frederic Fiddle, Esq., late major in the Flores expedition, are the established cavaliers of the graces, breakfasting, lunching, dining, supping, riding, driving, yachting, and visiting "the lions," all *en famille* with "the charming Goldsworthys;" and "the charming Goldsworthys," of course, cannot think of hinting to such dashing, high-bred, sensitive fellows, and such a pleasant, venerable, good, kind, religious, white-haired, old gentleman, that their share of the expenses invariably remains to be defrayed out of the Knight Ryder-street funds.

"They have excellent appetites," faintly observed Mrs. Barnabas Goldsworthy, one day after an enormous discussion of good things at a luncheon.

"Men always have, you know, ma," said Miss Barnabas Goldsworthy.

"Military men, too—and the sea air—it cannot be wondered at," added Miss Georgiana.

"And they *do* so enjoy everything with us! that dear Heneage Jeneage protested to me so prettily that he never eats anything when he is not here," declared Miss Jemima.

"It looks like it, really," concluded Mrs. B. G.; "but run, girls, I see them coming; where's your guitar, Mimmy?—out with your crotchet, Georgy—Miss B. G. make believe to be drawing!"

While the sisters are netting hearts, and committing terrible onslaught on the peace of mind of Capt. Brazen, the Hon. John George Augustus Frederic Fiddle, and Heneage Jeneage Slyboot Graybeard, Esq., young Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy is deep in adoration of a certain countess to whom he has had the distinguished honour of being presented by "that capital fellow, Captain Flash." The countess is impressed with a sense of his merits; his fine person attracts her eye; his wit, taste, feeling, and evident ingenuousness captivate her heart; she permits him to visit her, to hold her cashmere, to stand behind her chair to present her *flacon*, to carry her dog, pick up her *mouchoir*, and purchase for her flowers, rings, clocks, watches, lace, gloves, fans, chains, and other mere trifles which *she* may fancy, and *he* convert into tokens of his flame: but she demurs to his family; the prejudices of rank and high station cling to her; *she is noble*. What can a Mrs.

Barnabas Goldsworthy and the three Misses Barnabas Goldsworthys, wife and daughters of Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy, notary, of Knight Ryder-street, Doctors' Commons, have in common with a countess! Young Mr. Barnabas blushes, stammers, feels flattered, charmed, enraptured, humiliated, revived, and encouraged, and walks forth straight into the Rue de l'Ecu, with a sense of misery at being associated with the Barnabas Goldsworthys, and of extreme self-gratulation that his transcendant excellences exalt him to equality with an angel and a countess.

Poor young Mr. Barnabas! his allowance is spent: mamma's purse drained—her patience affected; bills grow long and heavy; tradesmen impertinently retentive of memory; Captain Flash indignant at the stinginess of "the governor;" and the countess unaccountably short-sighted, cool, and capricious, since a certain arrival at the Hotel des Bains. What can Mr. B. G. junr. do? Mamma swoons when she learns his involvements; the graces purple into furies; and "the governor," laid up with gout and vexation, writes a short, sharp, angry mandate to his better half, recalling the whole family, and inclosing a ten-pound note to frank them home.

Confusion! ruin! death! a ten-pound note, and goodness only knows how many twenties owing! and young Mr. Barnabas on the high road to marry a countess—the sweetest brunette in the whole world—a little older than he to be sure, but so charming, so aristocratic: and Miss Goldsworthy, and poor dear Georgiana, and little innocent Mimmy, all likely to go off at last, and make the most eligible of matches with men after their own hearts.

"It was not to be borne! a certain mysterious, sentimental attachment to the Gallic soil prevented Captain Brazen and Co. escorting their enslavers to England;" they shook their heads, looked sad and sorrowful, but "Egad! they had made a vow—foolish, d—d foolish, but still a vow—never to leave the shores of *la belle France*: those English fogs—that confounded coal-smoke!" and they coughed, sighed, and seemed unutterably *desolés*.

Mrs. Goldsworthy wrote that hour to Knight Rider-street, and began her letter "Ducky-dear," detailed the brilliant prospects of young Mr. B. G., and the blissful ones of "the three Miss B. G.s," and begged time, counsel, ducky's presence, if not prevented, and a letter of credit on "M. Adam et Cie." The answer came in the shape of a bald-pated old gentleman, fat, hot, and very wrathful, who, to the blank surprise of Mrs. Barnabas Goldsworthy, young Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy, and "the three Miss Barnabas Goldsworthys" walked up the ladder of the Folkestone packet, carrying a carpet-bag in one hand and chaise umbrella in the other, loomed at them very furiously through a big pair of spectacles, as he strode to the *douane*, and issued forth a "bull of Bashan," poohing! and pishing! and pshawing! and absolutely turning his back on the military salutes of Captain Brazen and Major Fiddle, and the civilian courtesies of the venerable Heneage Jeneage Slyboot Graybeard, Esq.

Arrived at the lodgings, a stormy scene ensued, a domestic drama of stirring interest. Mrs. Barnabas Goldsworthy raved, wept, and wrung her hands; the three Miss Barnabas Goldsworthys dissolved in showers, and Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy, jun. once more, and very suddenly, fell, from his altitude as *adorateur* of a countess, to the level of the big, unlicked cub, clumsy, bashful, and silent. The military men and the

fine white-haired old gentleman were unceremoniously sent to the right-about; the countess was favoured with a few hearty epithets, more remarkable for truth than compliment, and while "ducky-dear," now truly "Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy," was taxing the huge packet of bills presented by sundry jewellers, perfumers, hair-dressers, tailors, and bootmakers, honoured with the patronage of young Mr. G. B.,—mamma, the graces, and the Valentine-Orson were *contre-cœur* and *nolens-volens* packing the portmanteau, black leather trunk, small valise, three carpet-bags, four deal cases, five band-boxes, six bags, seven bundles, and eight parasols, the chaise-umbrella having accompanied its master to England. "The Queen of the French" brought them, "the Princess Maud" took back the Goldsworthys, and as they steamed out of the harbour, young Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the countess resting very trustfully on the arm of the new arrival at the *Hôtel des B——*, a handsome, harum-scarum stripling of fashion, whose mode of rendering the *petits soins* was so infinitely superior to his own, that the unlicked cub, leaning over the side of the packet, resigned himself to a desolating sense of misery and sea-sickness. The captain, the major, and the fine white-haired old gentleman stood at the end of the pier, with cigars stuck in their mouths, their hands stuck in their pockets; the three Miss Barnabas Goldsworthys, seated disconsolately on deck, saw them, furtively waved the ends of their scarfs, and communed together. "The captain will break his heart, or call out pa," murmured Miss B. G.

"The major will do that," sighed Miss Georgiana, "he is terribly martial! Only think if he comes to Knight Rider-street with a pair of horrid pistols. I'd rather run away with him at once, that I would. Mimmy's too much affected to speak—why don't you nod, dear, or shake your glove, or something; there's the old gentleman signalling."

"The old gentleman" was blowing his nose.

"Fairly off, by Jove!" said Captain Brazen, expectorating, and flinging the end of his cigar into the waves, as a parting tribute to his charmer.

"And upon my thoul, I'm not thorry," said Major Fiddle, bye-byeing to the vessel; "devilith fatiguing to do the thentimental to three fat shouldered galth, and an old woman ath ugly ath thin!"

"Cybele and the graces, whose nectar and ambrosia are porter and rumpsteaks," added the white-haired old gentleman ogling at "long-range" the receding divinities. "A d—d awful trio, those wenches, by Jupiter! pock-marked and splay-footed. But, come along! it's devilish sharp, and I've no mind to get cold in my head with this cursed east-wind!"

And the gentlemen each laid his hand on his heart, fluttered a bandana, and bowed with the air of knights-errant to the "Princess Maud" as she cut, like a bird, through the channel. "The three Miss Barnabas Goldsworthys" caught, or fancied they caught, the farewells.

"Dear, dear creatures!" sighed they in unison, "how despairing they look! was there ever such sensibility and noble devotion! What a pity Mr. Slyboot Greybeard is not younger—he looks oldish even at distance," remarked "Miss Barnabas G."

"Better that, than a red nose, like Captain Brazen," hastily retorted Miss Mimmy.

"That's as you think," retorted her sister sharply; "a certain fullness of colour, a kind of coppery bronze, is manly and military. Thank goodness, too, the captain does not lisp."

"Lisp! I know what you aim at," said Miss Georgiana, with daggers in her eyes, "but I will not be moved by your envy and malice; of course, the major is the captain's commanding officer, and of course that cannot be pleasant to you, how could it? Lisp, indeed! but I can make allowances;—lisp, indeed! If ever there was a voice attuned to win the fond, confiding ear of woman, it is that voice which has so often thrilled in mine like the soft vibrations of the lute."

The fair speaker sneezed, and used her handkerchief.

"Lor' bless me;" cried Miss Barnabas with her nose in the air; "you're getting poetical, I declare. Well I do pity your wretched infatuation!"

"And I your miserable envy."

"Hold your tongues, do!" cried Mrs. Barnabas Goldsworthy, sharply interfering. "What's your loss compared to your brother's? a captain and a major, and Heneage Jeneage, Esquire, are very genteel and unexceptionable, but a lady of title is aristocracy."

"Lady of title! Captain Brazen and Mr. Fiddle did not think much of her," sneered Miss Barnabas Goldsworthy, who being "Miss," dared to "answer."

"Captain Brazen's a tailor," growled Mr. Barnabas, jun., "and Mr. Fiddle a snob. If you knew the fun they made of you, you would not have made such fools of yourselves."

"Fun! fools!" shrieked the graces in chorus.

The exclamation excited papa.

"What's all this?" roughly demanded he, pausing before the group, his face like the grim breach of a culverin with wrath and the east wind.

"Only the girls grieving, as they naturally may," replied Mrs. Barnabas Goldsworthy, with a deep sigh of commiseration.

"Hussies!" exclaimed their sire, turning his back.

"Their fortunes spoiled—Captain Brazen—"

"Captain Brass! a scamp, a broken-down Jew blackleg."

"Don't believe it," murmured Miss B. G.

"The honourable Major—"

"The honourable d—l! a billiard-marker, son of a bill-sticker."

"That's a story," thought Miss Georgiana.

"Heneage Jeneage Slyboot Graybeard, Esquire—the dear old man," persisted mamma.

"Heneage Jeneage Jail-bird, madam! an old scoundrel whose wife takes in washing at Brixton, and sends him her savings."

"Spite and malice!" heaved Miss Mimmy.

"The countess—a real lady—and no mistaking her. O ducky-dear, think of poor Barny!"

"Ducky-dear" plunged his hands into his pockets, strode incontinently up to the man at the wheel, regarded him fiercely, strode back, planted himself before young Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy, looked grimly into the meek face of the youth, and briefly vented such rank blasphemy against the angel purity and disinterestedness of the noble lady of his love, that the young gentleman fell into a cold perspiration; the young ladies shrieked aloud; Mrs. Barnabas Goldsworthy applied herself very hurriedly to her salts; and the "Princess Maud" lurching indignantly, threw papa on his beam ends, sent the graces hastily to leeward, and suddenly lodged Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy jun. in the lap of a very surly old woman, who, saluting a brandy flask at the moment, received him with anything but maternal tenderness.

In short, the Goldsworthys arrived at Folkstone ; misfortunes awaited them ; sick, yellow, with dishevelled ringlets, rumpled dresses, and tumbled *crinoline*, "ma" sulky, "pa" brutal, and "Barnaby" bearish, the graces submitted to the keen glances of the officers of her majesty's customs, were, on secret information received, politely handed with "ma," into a private room, and commended to the soothing attentions of certain female attendants, who forthwith obligingly relieved them of divers packets of blonde, lace, gloves, ribbons, &c., with which their delicate persons were burthened, and the portmanteau, black leather trunk, small valise, three carpet-bags, four deal cases, five hand-boxes, six bags, seven bundles, and eight parasols, having been each and every carefully examined contributed a handsome proportion of silks, shawls, and other items to the "ninety-ninth periodical sale" at Commercial Rooms, Mincing Lane. Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy was furious ; he foamed at the mouth ; danced, swore, clenched his fist, and smashed his spectacles ; his good name, as well as his pocket, was touched ; and with a grim and savage taciturnity he escorted the ladies to London ; called a coach, bundled them in, and got back to Knight Rider-street, where he straightway administered an oath to himself, that, while his name was Barnabas Goldsworthy, his family should never revisit a *watering-place*.

Alas ! for the oaths of some men ! Mrs. Barnabas Goldsworthy, the graces, and the cub, were next summer at *Wiesbaden*.

THE ROSEBUD'S LAMENTATION.

BY JAMES WILLIAMS GRYLLS.

'MID the choicest flowers
In England's bowers,
My ancestors, many a year,
Were the chosen queens
Of their fairy scenes,
And hallow'd the atmosphere !

In the morn of my life,
By the spoiler's knife,
From my parent-branches torn ;
I could not withstand
The murderer's hand,
For my only defence was a thorn !

Because I shone
The *fairest* one,
They tore me from my nest !
And doom'd my smile
To a funeral pile,
On lovely woman's breast.

Like a Georgian slave,
I freely gave
(As suits a martyr's duty,)
My perfumed breath,
Till the hour of death,
To deck the scenes of beauty !

Again—awhile
I wore a smile,
By beings bright surrounded ;

And ceased to grieve
My home to leave,
As that soft bosom bounded !
How brief a time,
Beneath that clime,
My sweet enjoyment lasted !
In one short hour
I'd lost my power,
And all my charms were wasted !

When dead and gone !
'Twas sought by one,
To whom my leaves were given ;
And a *scapegrace* still,
Against my will,
Needs keep me out of Heaven !

He loves me not ;
Save for the spot
Where I drew my latest breath.
Yet a lock and key
Are doom'd to be
My gaolers—*after death* !

Perchance he deems
My fragrance seems
The type of joys departing,—
But I still can smile
At him the while,
When I think how *his* heart is smart-
ing !

THE SERVICES OF THE PENINSULAR ARMY.

BY ONE WHO SERVED WITH IT.

At length, after thirty years of "hope deferred," the survivors of the Peninsular army are about to be honoured with some mark of their great services by our present most gracious sovereign. I suppose that we, who passed five or six happy and eventful years of our youth with that almost forgotten body, may venture to congratulate our country, that, after years of careful calculation, she has at last taken heart of grace to do this deed of justice.

The conquerors of the Chinese and the Sikhs were paid by her "at sight" their debt of honour; she could not any longer, therefore, refuse to expend a few pounds of silver, or the baser metals, upon the button-holes of the few of her sons, who can now "shoulder a crutch, and show how fields were won" from the soldiers of Napoleon at Vimiera, Talavera, and Toulouse.

The gallant and veteran Gough was desperately wounded and a prisoner at Talavera; the chivalric Hardinge lost an arm at Corunna; and Harry Smith, too, whose pluck, decision, and light-division skill at Alival, can never be sufficiently celebrated, all were the pupils of that glorious army. With it they first learned to fight for their country; and of it, I am sure, that they are a thousand times more proud, than of their late imperishable deeds. Its soldiers, indeed, knew that the rank, and riches, and honours which they had won for their duke, were also the glorious memorials of their own doings; but while they gladly acknowledged their debt of gratitude to him, they could not but be disappointed, that he should be unwilling to yield similar testimonies of obligation and honour to them.

But let that pass: the sun has his spots. The press and our young queen are at last about to pay off this part of the *national debt*; though, I fear, without the long arrear due upon it, against which time has certainly enabled them to plead the "statute of limitations."

But the conduct of this great people towards *that* army leads to strange reflections. They are the only military body of modern Europe unrewarded save by their stipulated wages, and *still undecorated*. Their six long years of hardship and victory were forgotten; yet what results have they not given to history. They found two ancient thrones overthrown, and fifteen millions of people groaning under the fiercest military tyranny; they restored to the latter their property and their freedom, and on the former resealed their banished kings. Did or could mere *fighting*, as at Waterloo, do such deeds? No! The nations were not yet roused to the rally. Grand and decisive as was the triumph of that glorious conflict, it would have been little conclusive in 1809. The second battalions and young troops of the British army, with its very motley allies, beat there the old guard of France; and the three days' campaign of Waterloo sufficed to upset the Empire of a hundred days.

In the Peninsula, the fighting was not the one thing needful. It required the hardy seasoning, the knowledge and experience of years in bivouac, siege, and outpost. In fight the Peninsular soldier

has ever been victorious ; but his hardest trials and greatest triumphs, too, were unannounced in the gazettes, which conferred titles on his leaders : his victories, which only the perfect soldier knows how to gain, were the more difficult contests, year after year, with every varied hardship, which uncertain food or weather could inflict, whether on the arid plains of Leon and Castile, the pestilential valleys of Estremadura, or the snows of the Pyrenees. Thus was he educated to his wonderful steadiness and endurance, which rendered him equal to every form and quality of danger. The anxious eyes of Europe, in her subjection, were hopefully turned upon him ; he went on from success to success, and became to her, at last, like a central diamond—the unyielding base, on whom she reared the mighty alliance, which alone could, and did succeed in beating down the conqueror of the continent.

Was the country or the government insensible of his services ?

He first dispelled the delusion, so general abroad before his day, that the English were only formidable afloat. The days of Marlborough and Blenheim were forgotten ; for our military neighbours are not learned in such “ancient” history. It took no little drubbing to beat out of the French army this, to them, comfortable conviction. When I was their prisoner at Talavera, in the autumn of 1809, I had many an animated discussion with their officers, whose good nature and kind bearing were only exceeded by their vanity. They could not deny the thrashing, which we had just bestowed upon Messrs. Sebastiani and Victor ; still less could they admit that the conquerors of Friedland and Austerlitz had met their match. They had not yet had their understandings enlightened in this matter by any intercourse with Soult and his corps, whom we had just driven “*manibus pedibusque*” from Oporto into Galicia. How then was the event at Talavera to be explained ? It was the position !—the unattackable position ! “*Votre coquin Wellesley a toujours une bonne position !*” and so they comforted themselves. This consoling sentence was in everybody’s mouth from the colonel to the cornet, and they remained as persuaded as ever of their invincibility. We may pardon their having some little self-conceit, for Austrians, Prussians, and Russians had, up to that period, conspired to supply them largely with that pleasant commodity.

Even Napoleon himself was long in learning the lesson of the right “taste of our quality.” During our occupation of Paris in 1815, the following anecdote was related to me by poor Colonel H. C—, then A.D.C. to Lord Hill.

After the battle of Vittoria and the overthrow there of King Joseph’s throne and army, General Foy was dispatched to Paris to announce these disasters to the emperor, and to require instant assistance. Now Foy was selected for this duty because he had not partaken of the misfortunes of that field, and by great good luck (to which I shall allude presently) had narrowly escaped with his whole corps as well as all the plunder, which he had been diligently collecting together in his retreat through the whole north of Spain. Foy arrived at the Tuilleries at a time when the emperor was engaged in a council of his marshals ; he knew the very tremendous extent of the bad news of which he was the bearer, as well as the not very courteous manner in which his master was apt to receive such mes-

sengers, and he was, therefore, very desirous of a private audience. He did not relish the idea of having such very distinguished witnesses to the "scene" which he had some reason to anticipate. However, he could not be gratified; the A.D.C. in waiting had been peremptorily ordered to announce instantly all reports from the armies, and Foy was admitted into the imperial presence.

On entering the council-chamber, he found Napoleon warmly engaged in conversation with Massena, I believe, and some other marshals, and for some minutes he remained unnoticed; at length, as if accidentally, the emperor's eye fell upon him, and he exclaimed, "Ah! General Foy! Well, we know all *les bêtises* which you have been committing in Spain and we will talk of them presently. You have come now very *apropos*, to give us your opinion on a matter in dispute with these gentlemen. I assert that the estimate in which we have hitherto held the English army is a very mistaken one; for I maintain that their cavalry is the most contemptible, and their infantry the most formidable in Europe."

How well the latter merited the imperial compliment, and how sturdily our gallant "*sabreurs*" avenged this insult to them at Waterloo, need not here be told. His majesty found there to his cost that he had no very pleasant choice between them.

I have no doubt of the exact authenticity of this anecdote. General Foy was one of the most sincere and honest, as he afterwards became one of the most remarkable, of the liberal party in France. My gallant friend, who related it to me, lived, during our occupation of the French capital, in strict intimacy with that society, to whom he had made himself particularly acceptable by his conduct in the matter of the escape of Lavalette, in whose cabriolet, drawn by his magnificent English horse, and dressed in an English uniform, that personage passed the *barrières* of Paris.

Well might this infantry, so approved and so renowned, have been called "the great undecorated;" but so fettered was the continental press by Bonaparte, and so falsified by it was the relation of events, that within the grand empire its exploits were imperfectly known. When the little army which, in the winter of 1813, restored the Stadholder to Holland, took possession in the following spring of Brussels and Antwerp, the absence from its ranks of all visible marks of warlike glory was no trifling disadvantage. There the English, so much heard of, but unseen and unknown to a whole generation, were first to be presented to the continental people; and I know not whether our small cocked-hats and long waists, the cottage bonnets of our women, or the undecorated button-holes of the British grenadiers, most moved their ridicule and wonder.

This feeling may be understood of a country, who had been accustomed to see the military salute rendered, and arms carried even to private soldiers, who showed on their breasts the envied cross of the legion of honour.

When Lord Castlereagh appeared at the Congress of Vienna, attired simply in the plain Windsor uniform, and without a star, in a place where the scale and measure of merit were in accordance with their degree and number, he was the object of much comment. Prince Metternich is reported, in reply to some invidious remark upon him, to have said, pointing to the profuse display of orders and crosses around him, "*S'il n'est pas décoré, il est au moins*

très distingué." The English soldier rarely found so liberal or courtly an apologist.

Public opinion, in this country, is generally as just, as it is generous to its servants; I have never been able to explain its indifference in this particular. Was it caused by what is called our constitutional jealousy of all things military, although by our fleets and our armies we are what we are? or did our aristocratical propensities, despising all but hereditary honours, which wealth supports, scorn such cheap and clever rewards for humble merit as legions of honour? or did the brilliant, witty, and fashionable men of clubs intimidate our unfashionable rulers? Who has not heard of Mr. Brummell's sneer at the first Waterloo medal, which dared to shew itself in his presence: "Is that, sir, your half-pay,—or do you want change for half-a-crown?"

Is it intended, too, that the coming badge of honour, like the banished medal, should only be tolerated on a uniform, or in the ranks? Old age and death have nearly withdrawn the latter from them; and the former would not long be seen; for there are not three hundred Peninsular men now on full pay, who have uniforms on which they could display them.

It is said to be the intention to adopt a sort of scale of distinction graduated to the number of battles: it seems to me, that the number of campaigns would afford a much better test of the services of the wearers. If battles confer the sole claim, the light division, who were ever in conflict with the enemy, should have their persons embossed with stars; whilst in other divisions equal, but less glorious labours would be overlooked.

Who would neglect the great services of Sir Thomas Graham's corps, the left of the duke's army, in the great advance from the centre of Portugal to the Bidassoa in 1813? A witty friend of mine used to call it "the turning machine." It was its ceaseless labour to march, march through the burning months of a Spanish summer: it was generally eighteen hours a-day on foot, or on the alert, ever pressing upon, and *turning* the right flank of the French army, till it hemmed it into the valley of Vittoria. There it paused but one day to witness, in the utter destruction of the enemy, the consummation of its labours. The following day saw it again at its work. It was dispatched to climb the lofty mountains of the Aralar, and fall upon the plunder-laden columns of General Foy. Many times, during these operations, whenever the enemy showed a sign of resistance, the order to load was given; but they as often retired: so that it became the joke of the hour to wager, whenever the word "to load" was uttered, that the next command would be to unload. In fact, with the exception of its light troops, the division did not fire a shot!

And yet, who that knows anything of such matters, will say, that such a march of successful and killing exertion, should be less rewarded or considered than the battle, which it forced upon the enemy, under circumstances which insured their defeat.

I cannot now resist the temptation to relate an anecdote of a circumstance which occurred to me at Vittoria.

On the early morning of that memorable day, (the 21st of June,) Howard's division of Graham's corps reached the heights overlooking the plain of Vittoria, and its light division, under Halket, de-

bouched upon it by the road leading to the bridge over the Zadorra. The French had possession of it, and made a desperate resistance, but were driven from it, after some time, with great slaughter. Halket was then at liberty to dash forward towards the beaten columns, who were flying from the city by the great *chaussée*, which led to the frontiers of the "grand empire."

The division of guards, in the meanwhile, remained formed in reserve upon the heights, but on a point of the road from which the conflict below could be but partially seen. I proposed to a friend to diverge a little from this road, for the facility of gaining a more extended view, and we proceeded a few hundred yards to a tree, which we agreed to mount in turn. We kept watch for each other upon the division, lest, it being ordered into action, we might chance to be left behind.

Never can I forget the grand and beautiful scene which rewarded this arrangement. The lovely valley of the Zadorra, about five miles wide, was below us, with the small city of Vittoria, its cathedral and handsome houses in the centre: the valley was intersected by its pretty winding river, and over its varied surface were interspersed small hills and picturesque villages: our front was closed in by the snow-clad Aralar. On the lower slopes of these noble mountains we could see with our glasses the light troops of the two armies engaged: their fire of musketry was sparkling from rock to rock, and the struggle was as obstinate as the ground at issue was important, for over it lay for the combatants the road to France.

But our chief interest was excited by the fiery conflict going on between large masses of troops, round every hill and grove and village in the great picture below us: one village church and yard were especially thronged with troops, which were occasionally veiled entirely in smoke. There for some time the battle appeared to rage, and take an anxious stand; and the pause was to us of intense and almost breathless interest. At length the smoke became less dense; it gradually dispersed: we saw the line of fire slowly but steadily advancing on the far side, and retreating on that nearest to the city: success was there marching in the right direction. We then turned our attention to the struggle immediately below us; where the bridges in possession of the red-coats, and the turmoil and confusion in the immediate neighbourhood of Vittoria, told us again a tale of victory, which filled our hearts with gratitude and exultation.

But, in the meanwhile, where was our division? In the surpassing interest which had so engaged us, it had been forgotten. What was my horror, in turning from the grand panorama, which I have been attempting to pourtray, to discover that it had quitted the position in which we had left it, it would be difficult to describe; but, still less could I do justice to the indignant bound and exclamation, with which my gallant companion, since one of the most distinguished of "Waterloo men," jumped from the tree, when I communicated to him that our battalion was no longer in sight. Perhaps never before or since did two officers of *heavy* infantry run with a *lighter* movement, quickly, however, to find with joy, that our alarm was needless; for, the division, having been annoyed by the French artillery, had only been moved into close column, and placed under the cover of some straggling houses by the way-side,

which had concealed it from us. We laughed heartily at our fright, and were comforted. It requires the powers of a more graphic pen than mine to convey to any but the mind of a practised campaigner the more than fox-chase excitement, and almost super-human toil, of such a pursuit as that of 1813; it carries on the wearied, foot-sore soldier, bearing in accoutrements and ammunition a porter's load, with an unquenchable spirit. He is roused, week after week, before daylight by general beat of drum; he stands to his arms, and from sunrise often to sunset on he goes, to behold, when famished and exhausted he reaches the ground of his night's bivouac, that the biscuits and the commissaries have not arrived; that the bullocks destined to be slaughtered for his supper have not come up, or that the wood and the water required for his cooking have to be fetched from a distance.

These little accidents of glorious war were especially frequent in this great advance: the rapidity and continuous movement of so large a body of troops, and the necessary changes of direction, varied by the manœuvres of the French, exceeded the powers of the commissariat "locomotives" to keep up the supplies; so we often, in consequence, supped with "Duke Humphrey."

A case now occurs to me, which gives a pretty striking picture of one of these *inglorious* passages of ungazetted service, so frequent in the life of the Peninsular soldier.

On the day after the battle of Vittoria, we turned our backs on that field, its spoils, our wounded foes and comrades, and resumed our march, not in pursuit of King Joseph, and his vanquished host, but to look after a French division in retreat from the Asturias, under General Foy. The captured stores of French commissaries and sutlers had luckily recruited and refreshed some of us for the start. We took our course towards the lofty sierra which separates Vittoria from Biscay; all were full of spirits at the grand triumphs of the previous day, and of new hope that we were about now to catch Foy and his rich gleanings from the north of Spain. It was a torrid, blazing day—blazing on till clouds arose; and then it closed in storm and rain: such rain too and thunder and lightning! the roads, as we quitted the low grounds, became torrents; and our brave fellows, who a few hours before were looking up, in all glee, and full of joke and laughter, towards the snow-covered summits before them, were now seen bent down, and dragging onwards through the storm in quiet but dogged resolution. The evening came on, (there is no twilight there,) and, till past midnight, we stumbled on in silence and in darkness: at length the column halted. There we stood in a long and patient expectation that, in such a night, something might be doing to find cover for the men within the village, whose lights we saw before us: it was occupied by the staff,—no room, I suppose, could be found. The word at length came down from rank to rank to pile arms; and then the men, drenched and supperless, were ordered to make their bivouac on the ploughed land on which they stood: this was soon done; each man threw his great coat over his head, and regardless of the flood above and below him, betook himself to sleep.

I had with me on that night some few invalid soldiers, whom it was expedient, if possible, to shelter; after a search in the village I forced open a large barn for them; a few minutes gave fire, and

light, and comfort to the ailing, and left space enough for some hundreds more. This I speedily made known, and soon had the pleasure to see half the battalion, of which I had the charge, in the enjoyment of clean straw, warmth, and shelter; with a zest, which the man of Grosvenor Square or Carlton Terrace might envy, although the pleasure of our poor fellows might have been more perfect had they been blessed with a due allowance of beef-steaks and Trueman's entire. Their lot, however, was Elysium to that of our drowning comrades left in that ploughed field, with the sole solace of their utter fatigue and uncomplaining exhaustion. "*Ex uno disce.*" Should not such nights have commanded for them a medal long ago? Alas! how few are now left to receive one!

And was *that* night followed by repose or comfort?—The morning came, the sun broke out (and he is a noble fellow that Spanish sun)—but no breakfast: our pursuit was necessarily interrupted; for still to move on our starving soldiers would have left bullocks, and biscuits hopelessly behind. These came at last; but before the necessary operations of killing, and carving, and cooking, and eating, were completed, mid-day had passed. Then came the toil up that steep, deep, mountain road, with the delays and halts caused by artillery struggling a-head of us, and which made the wet and rugged way more weary, to which the most glorious scenery could not make us insensible.

It is scarcely possible to convey an idea of the more than Salvatore Rosa grandeur of that wild pass, the Puerta de St. Adrian; but the wonders of nature, so welcome to other travellers, are no friends to the soldier; his animal nature rejoices only in creature comforts. We did not reach the crest of the Port till night, and then the scene which presented itself was most remarkable. The road which we had observed, while the light lasted, winding in zig-zag twistings above us, seemed at once to be lost in the face of an impassable precipice, under which objects disappeared, but towards which we still toiled on. At last the mystery was solved; we reached the mouth of a wide cavern, into which, as into a vast tunnel, the road dived, and ran for more than a quarter of a mile. Its low, but vast, extent was now illumined, for our guidance, by large torches of pine wood and by immense fires, whose reflexion upon the artillery, arms, and red coats of our poor fellows, as they marched through this gloomy cavern, was of magic effect. Our bivouac was beyond its northern entrance, where, high up amongst the heavy mountain mists, we managed this night to make our fires, and, clustering round them, to eat our ration of tough beef, and "sleep it into morn." Then, alas! we learned the fatal results of the necessary delays of the previous day, and that our prize had escaped us. The light troops, sent on in advance, had only been in time to fall upon Foy's rear-guard, as it crossed the foot of the pass,—his booty and his corps having together preceded their arrival in safety.

I find in my journal of this date the following remark:

"No form of words can do justice to the noble conduct and efforts of the troops during the last month, and Lord Wellington has pronounced that it has never been exceeded; and yet, including the entire want of all comforts, the incessant fatigue of a march of six hundred miles, and in presence of the enemy, almost without a halt, with uncertain and bad meals, we have had, I think, nothing

to encounter, but what every soldier ought to expect. Bad weather, ever the greatest grievance in common warfare, has alone been able to annoy us; in all other respects, thanks to a kind Providence, we have been able to get on right merrily; a good deal fagged, certainly, and often very hungry, but all the better prepared to eat our quivering beef, not ten minutes killed, and to sleep unsheltered and unlitteed in spite of wind or weather."

On the day after our failure to entrap Foy, we entered into Villafraña, a pretty Biscayan town, and memorable to me, and to all of us, as an oasis in our pilgrimage. We, who had been so long living in the fields, or in villages roofless perhaps, or left smoking ruins by the ruthless foe, and deserted by their inhabitants, found ourselves unexpectedly in the midst of comfort and the picturesque. The old houses were so quaint, and the people were so hospitable, so glad to see us, and withal so good-looking. Here Spanish beauty—unmixed by Moorish blood—was seen in its perfection. The men and women were a superb race,—the latter were the special objects of our admiration in their handsome costume, put on to honour the arrival of their "*carísimos aliados*"—their dear allies. It consists of a short red petticoat, black stockings with figured clocks, and tight embroidered bodice; their hair, which is magnificent, is formed into two braided tresses, confined into the girdle behind, and decorated with variously-coloured ribbons: the effect is charming, and they had "forms to match." It would be difficult to imagine objects more cheering for way-worn soldiers, and refreshing to look upon; and I own that the change of scene was very delightful. We listened to their ever ready guitars, danced the fandango with them, or endeavoured to do so; and he who failed was merrier than the rest. We ate and drank too, as far as our plundered hosts could allow, and we "took our rest." We said, like the sailor after the storm,

"Where 's the tempest now, who feels it?"

or, like Napoleon's grenadiers, we sung the soldiers' lyric,

"Depechez m'aimer parceque je marche demain,—"

and for the present hour we were happy.

But the "*march to-morrow*" came, and on again we went in our vocation to seek the enemy. At last our brave fellows were brought up by the closed gates of the walls of Tolosa. At that moment what old Peninsular felt fatigue? Dispositions were made for immediate attack; light infantry were sent round the town to annoy the retreat of the foe, (for of course we felt that success was sure,) and a column of attack was formed. All were ordered to load. The artillery then came to the front, and a gun was run up to the gate, and discharged, with its muzzle to the lock. The old gates flew open, and, *presto!* the town was taken, but, as usual, our enemy had decamped. The pleasing result of our little siege was, that we got both their dinners and their beds.

The only sufferer by this our success was a poor barber's girl within the town, who, with all the curiosity of her first parents, had placed herself in a balcony near the gate, to witness the joyous entry of "*los rubros*." Alas! her welcome of them was ill requited: the

one shot, which had blown the old defence of Tolosa from its hinges, had also carried away the leg of this poor maiden. She lived, however, I was glad to learn, to have the glory of being the "severely wounded" of the siege of Tolosa. If she still live, she should receive the intended Peninsular decoration; or if, like the other "forgotten brave," she has been by death balked of her reward, I have done my best (and, of course, success will bless so gallant a deed) to consign to immortality the remembrance of "*la pobre barberina de Tolosa*."

I remember that, early in the war, an officer of the guards, who, poor fellow! fell at Waterloo, published his Journal, and it was said by some of his critical FRIENDS, that all it contained of interest was in these words, "and the brigade of guards continued their march." It would be difficult, however, to convey a better history of the operations of Sir Thos. Graham's corps in the advance to which I have been referring; for, from the banks of the Mondego to the beach of St. Sebastian, it was but one ceaseless march; nor could any other sentence, so simple, express so truly military labours more comprehensive and honourable to the general who planned them, or more nobly performed by his troops. The duke dashed forward so rapidly, advanced us upon the enemy's flank so incessantly, that the French had not time or opportunity left to them to concentrate their forces for a great battle: he pressed so vigorously upon their centre and right, that the retreat of King Joseph was nearly cut off at Vittoria; his cannon, ammunition, treasure, carriages, mistress, and all his "*impedimenta*" were seized or strewed upon that glorious field,—as glorious, I maintain, for those whose incessantly "continued march" prepared that conquest, as for those whose valour fought for and gained it.

Vittoria was the Peninsular Waterloo. As regarded Spain, its success was as complete,—as regarded the conquered, their army was as disorganised,—and, as regarded the victors, it was as glorious. It was the crowning triumph of the greatest military sagacity, and long prepared combinations; it was preceded and followed by a march of privations, endurance, patience, and perfect discipline, which has been perhaps equalled, but could never be exceeded. England and allied Europe after it became intoxicated with victory; the mighty events of 1814 and 1815 made the mind giddy and the heart drunk with success, and Waterloo closed the war with such a *feu de joie*, that it left us deaf to every previous name of victory.

And here, perhaps, may be found the true solution of the momentary cessation of that neglect, with which England had treated her fleets and armies up to that period. The absolute sovereigns of the continent were in a blaze of gratitude towards their armies, for their restored security; and showers of honours fell upon them; stars and crosses were sent by them to the Duke of Wellington for distribution to his troops, which were conferred only upon the higher ranks of officers; a spark of this enthusiasm, happily, however, fell upon the Prince Regent, and the Waterloo medal was the result. This *hot* fit soon past away, or exhausted itself in well-earned smiles upon the gallant chiefs,—for the private soldier and inferior officer it died out, or was left for conservation in those temples of British memory and gratitude, the royal hospitals of Chelsea and Greenwich.

THE HOLSTER PISTOL.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"By the powers! but that is a mighty unsatisfactory story," said a large holster pistol, elaborately embossed with silver, that hung immediately under the picture which had just obliged us with its tale of melancholy and unrequited love; the tone in which it expressed this opinion left no doubt of its being a manufacture of the Emerald Isle, that "jim of the say," where pistols are as necessary as potatoes.

"I say they were both in the wrong," continued the pistol; "he for not knowing how to put the *comether* over the young lady, and she for postponing her feelings until too late. Oh! the thing was spoilt entirely, and all through his not being an Irishman born.

"Oh! it was my master who could have spared him enough impudence, which in polite society is called perseverance, to have carried on the siege to the surrender, and never missed it any more than the trumpeter did his head when the cannon-ball gave him blow for blow. It's little you Englishers know about love-making; for Ireland is Cupid's birth-place and likewise place of business, and hasn't he got his hands full there, without bothering himself about any other country; leaving you to make love through your relations and estates, when the only estate an Irishman or woman ever wants to come to, is to man's estate.

"With your laves I'll just give you a trifling 'report,' as I may say, of my regretted master's love-passages and success in that line, which I am sure will make my assertion self-evident.

"Could you but have seen him when he started on his own account, full of youth, ardour, and manly beauty, faith he was a whopper! and just the broth of a boy to make a football of the world without hurting his own toe. He was loaded with blessings by his family and friends, they being the only things left by the rascally law out of a very fine estate.

"He departed, a great credit to every one, for a devil a rap did he pay for his outfit, but then he had a big name which he put to the bills, which must have been a great consolation and pride to the holders as an autograph.

"He wasn't long before he introduced me into stirring scenes where honour, glory, and death were to be won. He seemed to be as naturally made for fighting as I and my twin-brother, and his voice sounded pretty nearly as loudly in the fray; devil a ha'porth did he shiver on the brink; he plunged into the very heart of the broil, like a poodle into a fish-pond, and in like manner formed pretty large circles round his sphere of action. He was the pride of the regiment, and faith his body made the largest shadow in it; notwithstanding which advantage he was known to hate quarrelling or words about trifles, preferring to go out with any man, when, if he did not shoot him, he was afterwards most happy to come to a quiet and rational explanation, the doing which beforehand he looked upon as shirking the shot, and a positive white feather. His opinion upon this subject soon became known, and saved him a vast deal of unnecessary trouble; and many a rival who felt a great desire to kick him in his absence, altered his determination when he was present.

"I fear, between ourselves, that he was a sad rover, but I do not intend to expose his little excusable frailties even after this lapse of years; for six feet one, rising twenty-three, is, I think, allowed a little absolution. I, therefore, shall pass over all his amourettes and peccadilloes, and at once go to the epoch when the conqueror was conquered, and the noose was tied that put me out of commission for some years.

"I all at once discovered that he was terribly off his food, and that the wassail and whim of the mess had no longer any charms for him. He ventured out in the 'witching hours' always upon the same route, taking care to have me and my twin-brother as his companions. The same sweet voice always greeted him at his journey's end; and I began to suspect that something more serious than mere gallantry was the cause of his journeyings—and I was right.

"Through the long glades which they nightly traversed 'in converse low and sweet,' I had occasional peeps of an old castellated mansion, stretching out its broad wings proudly and stiffly in the light of the moon. Good quarters at any right, thought I, lucky Terence; happy be your wooing and not long a doing, for a small crop off this estate would wonderfully cover the baldness of our native acres.

"These whispering meetings 'short and sweet,' had gone on for some weeks, apparently most satisfactorily to the parties interested; when one eventful night I was rather astonished at finding my master inside the aforesaid mansion, as perfectly at his ease as if he had a right and title to be there by some lawful and luck-sending codicil. 'When the cat's away the mice will play,' and so I found it was in this case; for the old people had gone visiting for the evening, and my master, very properly, took good care of the daughter in their absence. Swift and beautiful were the hours, until my master's prudence bade him depart. The last adieu, of which there had been a great many, was spoken; and the long strides of my master bore him rapidly from the mansion, for he was anxious to get clear of the boundaries that none might suspect where he had been. But there was a snake in his path. It was the cousin of the lady, who had been informed by his spies of their clandestine meetings. He had, for the first time, been on the watch to discover who his intruding rival was, and had unluckily pitched upon the night when my master entered the house. He saw the young girl, and that part of the bargain—the estate—for which he had the most love, slipping through his fingers; he had been watching with a burning heart for hours, in expectation of his rival's egress, determined to confront him and demand satisfaction, both as a suitor and one connected with the family, for the wrong done to the lady's character by his clandestine correspondence with her. But when he saw the towering figure of his rival hurrying through the trees, his coward heart, hitherto upheld by hate, sank low, and he hesitated. Few moments were given to him to resolve, for the rapid strides of my master were bearing him fast away. He clutched a pistol, and crawled like a snake through the underwood; one moment more and Terence stood in an open space in the broad moonlight.

"The fiends of hate and jealousy triumphed, and he pulled the trigger with a murderer's hand. The aim was true, and my master fell like a tall tree to the earth.

"Morning dawned, and his apparently lifeless form was discovered by one of the retainers of the house. Assistance was procured, and he

was borne into the mansion. Guess the despair of the young girl when she discovered in the wounded stranger the object of her love ; but the presence of her parents compelled her to hide the deep agony that convulsed her bosom. He was carried to a chamber with all the charity and kindness of the good old days, where he, after his wound was dressed, showed symptoms of returning life, much to the joy of his kind succourers.

"It was found that the ball had passed through the back of the neck, but fortunately without injuring any vital part, and thus the loss of blood alone caused the excessive prostration, almost approaching to death, which, for some days, kept him in a perfectly unconscious state to all around him.

"One evening, fast approaching twilight, he awoke to something like life. He looked around the deeply-shadowed room and struggled to break through what appeared to him to be a troubled dream. His movement soon brought to his side a lady, who had been standing by the deeply-embayed window, gazing on the setting sun. What was his surprise when he discovered, by the sweet tones of her voice, that it was his lady-love, and at the same time felt the overpowering weakness which forbade his rising to clasp her to his heart. A few hurried words informed him of his situation and the necessity for caution, when they were interrupted by the entrance of the lady-mother, who was equally rejoiced that he had recovered his consciousness, but forbade any talking. She offered to relieve her daughter, who strenuously protested against feeling any fatigue, but consented to be relieved when the servants had finished their evening meal.

"The cousin's surprise was great when he discovered that his bold throw had not won the game, but had only given his rival a better chance ; since his murderous act had placed him before the eyes of his mistress in a situation calculated to arouse up all the tenderest feelings of her heart.

"No suspicion of his guilt could for a moment arise in the minds of the family, so that he entered apparently with the same frankness as the rest into the congratulations and good feeling caused by the hope of my master's speedy recovery. He always, however, paid his visits to the sick chamber at such times as he knew his fair cousin would give her attendance in her turn with the other branches of the family, which was still necessary from the weak state in which the invalid remained, although pronounced out of immediate danger.

"This apparent friendliness towards my master was only to watch, without suspicion, the actions of the lovers. This he constantly did, to their mutual annoyance ; for the only time that they could disburthen their minds to each other was that chosen by the wily and calculating cousin for his visits of condolence and attention. She too well knew his intentions towards her to give him any clue to her feelings, which she thought were hidden within her own breast ; but the cunning torturer knew full well the annoyance and pain he was giving to both by his unwished-for presence, which knowledge gave his jealous watchings tenfold enjoyment.

"One evening, however, from some unforeseen accident, he was delayed beyond the usual hour of his visit. Upon his entrance his troubled eye glanced round the family circle, and missed the fair cousin. His greeting to his relatives was short, and he hurried from the room. As he approached the sick chamber, his tread became as stealthy as that of an Indian. He stopped at the door, which he opened softly.

A low whispering caught his ear. A moment—and his dark face gleamed with a fiendish look, and his form writhed with suppressed rage. Those few words of confiding love from the lips of his desired bride, blasted his hopes for ever.

“He waited until he heard her open the casement, when he entered with the same soft tread, as if in fear of disturbing the invalid, as also to account for his not being previously heard. My master closed his eyes, pretending sleep; for he always felt an instinctive shrinking at the approach of his snake-like visitor, whose soft hissing voice could only be compared to the threat of that reptile.

“He walked up to his cousin, and placing his hand carelessly upon her arm, fixed his eyes intently upon her face, as he inquired after the state of the patient. The answering blush and eloquent throbbings that met his cold touch, drove every feeling of pity or remorse from his heart.

That night the moon fell with a clear and tranquil light upon the broad sweeps of greensward that surrounded the old hall, and the long black shadows thrown by the gigantic trees that darkened its noble front, told that the night hours must soon give way to coming morning.

“The fair heiress of that beautiful domain sat at her casement, with her eyes and her thoughts fixed upon the chamber of my master. Her deep reverie was disturbed by seeing something like a shadow pass across the faintly illumined window of the sick chamber. Her heart beat tumultuously, and her eyes strained, as if to pierce the deep shadows that intervened between her and the object. Again she saw it distinctly: it was the figure of a man, anxious for concealment, watching the persons within.

“In an instant the thought rushed across her mind that it must be the assassin, who had before failed in his attempt; and her heart chilled as she remembered that the last watcher left her lover at break of day, which was fast approaching. Quick as thought she threw a cloak around her, and flew along the corridors, descending towards the chamber, which was even with the terrace that swept round the hall. Midway, as she expected, she met the attendant retiring to rest. Without a word she seized him by the arm, and drew him towards the chamber. There was one there before them, who with noiseless steps approached the sleeper, whilst the opened casement betrayed the means of his ingress. They concealed themselves behind the heavy drapery of the bed, where they heard the deep-drawn breathing of my master, as if in profound sleep.

“The servant was struck with the palsy of fear, as he beheld the masked figure approach the sleeper with a bright and glittering blade upraised, as if to plunge it into his bosom. Not so my young mistress. Her eye gleamed upon me and my companion pistol lying on a table within the reach of her hand. Firmly she grasped me, as she saw the assassin prepare, by drawing the bed-clothes from my master’s breast, to complete his purpose. But, ere his hand was raised for the fatal blow, she fired full at his body, and he fell with a groan to the floor.

“My master, in the excitement of the alarm, found strength to raise himself from his recumbent posture, and to behold the figure of his intended murderer writhing on the floor, and the pale and almost sinking girl, with me firmly clutched in her grasp, gazing with fixed eyes on the dying wretch at her feet. The servant’s cries soon filled the chamber with the father and alarmed domestics, who quickly seized

upon the assassin. They tore the mask from his face, and disclosed the convulsed features of the dying cousin. Their exclamations of horror were answered by a look of fiendish malice, and he was a corpse ere they could place him in a chair.

"After the tragic scene which I have just recounted, the eyes of the parents could no longer be blinded to the critical situation of their only child. She appeared therefore no more in the chamber of the invalid.

"Explanations ensued, of a deep and interesting nature, between the venerable father and my master, who bound himself to comply with the prudent wishes and counsel of his loved one's parents, which was to seek still farther his fortune on the road of honour, and if, after a year or two's probation, his and their daughter's feelings remained unchanged, his want of fortune, if no other obstacle stood in the way, should be no bar to his happiness.

"Few but precious were the days that they wandered together, through the grand avenues of her ancestral domain. For hours have I watched them sitting beneath the outspread arms of some giant oak, gazing with silent happiness upon the sunny sky and blue hills, pondering upon the future that promised them only the fulfilment of their wishes.

"They parted.

* * * * *

"In a foreign land—in a shattered hovel sat my master. He laid me by his side upon a rude table that was drawn opposite the fire. His face was pale, and a bandage crossed his brow. It had been a day of victory, and his arm had been with the foremost, and heaven knows I had not been idle, for I was black to the muzzle from my frequent discharges, and blood stained my silver mountings.

"The battle had been an obstinate one, but I do not mean to enter into any lengthened description of it, or the political reasons for it. All battles are pretty nearly the same thing. A great deal of noise, ditto smoke, hard knocks, some running away, and some remaining on the ground as conquerors and killed, this makes a battle and a victory,

"The political cause is generally a great talk about right to do wrong."

"The features of my master had grown dark under the influence of the sun, and the firmness of his well knit frame told of the lapse of time, as well as the enrichment of his dress marked the success of his career. An open letter lay before him. It was from his lady-love. I did not trouble myself to peep at its contents, for I knew every word by heart, as I had heard it so often; but he seemed never tired of it.

"On the morrow he was to throw himself and his detachment into a small fortified chateau, to be held as a place of refuge and defence for the many wounded, as also a magazine for storing provisions. By daylight next morning he was in occupation of his dangerous post, which was a half castellated building of great extent, surrounded by a deep moat, and quite capable of being defended, if well victualled, for a great length of time.

"A few days after the departure of the main body, he was surrounded, as if by a preconcerted manœuvre, by an effective force of the enemy. This gave him very little uneasiness, and only redoubled the honour of his position, and stimulated his vigilance.

"Weeks passed away, during which the enemy were continually

harassing him at all points ; but failing to make any impression of consequence, as they had no metal of any dangerous calibre. Still he never relaxed in his own personal attendance in the observance of his arduous duty ; but encouraged, by his continual presence, the too few that were spared for the defence of so important a point.

“ One evening, as the twilight was deepening around him, he leant against a small tower that rose from the battlement, with his eyes intently fixed upon the watch-fires of the enemy which were glimmering in the valley beneath, when he fancied that some object was slowly moving up the glassy slope which bordered the opposite side of the moat. He was vainly endeavouring to more clearly distinguish its form, when a sharp whistling sound betrayed the flight of an arrow from some hand close in his vicinity. The flutter of a white substance marked its course, which was in the direction of the body that had challenged his attention.

“ He instantly rushed down the tower, just in time to see the back of one of the farriers, attached to his own corps, disappear through the small door leading into the quadrangle. He followed him stealthily, and convinced himself of his identity ; but resolved to watch him jealously, as a better security for the discovery of his design, rather than seize upon him on the instant.

At daybreak, just as he had retired for a few minutes to recruit his overtaxed strength, an explosion, shaking the very foundations, startled him from his couch. The crashing sound which followed, betokened the fall of some massive portion of the building. Rushing into the court-yard he found all confusion : the principal tower had been blown up, and had in its fall choked up a great portion of the moat, over which the enemy were pouring in overwhelming numbers. Seeing at a glance the hopelessness of his position, he surrendered immediately to the commanding officer, to save the effusion of blood that must necessarily ensue from any rash attempt at defence.

“ As he stood pale, but firm, surrounded by his brave followers, to surrender up his sword to an enemy, evidently only conquerors through the means of a traitor, his venerable serjeant, who had been busily engaged getting the men into some order, approached him, and whispering in his ear, informed that he had seen the farrier run from the tower a few seconds before the explosion had taken place. This was enough for my master, coupled with his own suspicions, and he was resolved to do his duty.

“ The commanding officer of the assailants advanced to receive the swords of the officers. My master looked for a moment at his triumphant smile, when, instead of delivering his sword into his hand, he snapped it with his foot, and threw it on the ground, saying, ‘ Treachery having given you the present advantage, I do not think you worthy of receiving the sword of an honourable man. Your accomplice I guess at, and as you may soon put it out of my power to reward him as he deserves, I take this only opportunity left me of doing so.’

“ As he finished speaking, he drew me from his belt, and fixed his stern glance upon the guilty wretch, who became paralyzed at the suddenness of the discovery, and unable to move, stood with ashy face and parted lips, as if to beg for mercy ; but no sound issued from his lips, fear completely denied him utterance.

“ One agonizing moment passed ; and then my master pulled my trigger, and I lodged a ball in the recreant’s brain, who, springing forward, fell dead at the feet of the comrades he had betrayed. A

glow passed through my frame as the thin white smoke curled upwards from my mouth. I felt that I had done a deed of justice.

"The awful silence, which followed this act, was suddenly broken by the loud booming of heavy artillery. The blood rushed back to my master's heart. The enemy's outposts were driven in, only to bring the news of the quick approach of our troops to the rescue. They soon surrounded the foot of the hill upon which the chateau stood, and the treacherous foe was caught as in a trap.

"Home! home! home! the joyous word passed from mouth to mouth. The march was no longer toilsome. The heart had lost its weight and the foot regained its lightness. Faces were again brightened up by happiness and hope. The scowl of the battle-field had vanished like a storm-cloud from the brow, and the breathings of vengeance melted into the calm sweet songs of home.

"Terence, my brave master, soon folded his trembling dove in his stalwart embrace; and I hung with my brother implements of war in idleness and obscurity.

"Years rolled on in placid happiness, when a young Terence came to claim me. He received with me the account of my many great acts, and his family's obligations to me. I never saw my old master again.

"The young Terence did honour to his blood, and used me with glory to himself and country; but alas! though I acted with precision, and did all I could to save a life so precious to me and to others, a bloody field found us stretched side by side in the pale moon-light.

"A brigand hand tore me from my young hero and friend, and I confess took me into very bad company: the consequences of which I will some evening relate to you. For the present you must remain satisfied with my *respectable* reminiscences."

ONE SMILE.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

ONE smile of thine, one parting smile,
To light me on my lonely way,
Ere all that should this heart beguile,
Like summer blossoms fade away!
We ne'er, perchance, may meet again,
Nor wear the hopes of by-gone years,
But live in solitude and pain,
Companioned by returning tears.

One smile of thine, if not too much
To ask, ere we for aye do part,
Though that instinctive smile may touch
The keenest fibres of my heart!
Yet I the pang will gladly bear
If purchased by a smile of thine;
For earth holds not a face so fair
As that which beameth now on mine.

One smile of thine—'tis only one,
And will not leave thee one the less,
(When I from these dull scenes am gone,
To win a blessing, or to bless.
'Tis done! I thank thee, love; farewell!
The last connecting link is riven;
Now, whereso'er my spirit dwell,
That memory shall be its heaven.

RHODA FRAIL.

A TRUE TALE OF ORDINARY LIFE.

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

IN this very pleasant world of ours everybody is aware of the practice of what is called putting the truth into masquerade, which, in uncourteous phrase, is neither more nor less than downright lying; but few indeed have a notion of how much genuine truth is to be found in pretended fiction, how much of the marvellous is contained in the familiar, and how much the wildest romance abounds in the ordinary and the real.

One is often put upon such reflections as these by certain facts, events, and circumstances presented to our notice in the common course of things, in which way they are passed over with but little attention paid to them, and, being soon succeeded by others, are thrown among the lumber of useless things. Events at the moment they occur appear more like trifles, than when time has been given for their full consequences to develope themselves, and as trifles but little importance is attached to them. But somehow, by a singular faculty in us, which delights in rummaging among the dusty lumber of the past, these trifles suddenly turn up, and, having again caught our attention, begin at once to reproach us for our attempts to consign them to oblivion, and for the little respect paid them. All at once we become aware of the slight we have put upon our old acquaintances, and are struck to observe that they now wear an aspect quite different from that which they formerly had, and we see that they have been most curiously renovated by the long repose they have had, are alive again, and glowing with fresh interest.

Just such is the case with an event which occurred in my boyhood, which enjoyed its "nine days' wonder," and was then thrown into the common heap of things, to be swept away into the dust-hole of oblivion. I remember it excited very little surprise or interest at the time, which I suppose is to be attributed to its being an occurrence of real life, instead of a creation of fiction. There is nothing of a very marvellous or striking nature about it; but, as I look back and examine the localities and the persons of the actors in it, and reflect on the circumstance as I *now* do, I am struck with some astonishment that it should not have made a greater impression *then*.

It is no matter for the date or the place, but there appeared in the streets of a small village in the county of Norfolk, about the beginning of winter, many years ago, an old blind fiddler and a ragged girl, of perhaps twelve or fifteen years of age; but where they came from nobody knew, nor were inquirers any the wiser after all the surmises they made and all the questions they asked. The old man had been everywhere; that was a fact clearly ascertained, and in the end it stood in the place of a reply, and appeared to satisfy everybody,—it seemed to say, indeed, that no other could be given; for he who came from everywhere could properly be said to come from nowhere in particular. Now when the village gossips found they could not get at what they *wanted*, they determined to make the

most of what they *had*, and directly set to work to get up a mystery and to spin the tissue of their web out of such materials as circumstances afforded ; and it must be admitted that they were very soon assisted in their ingenious labours.

An insight into the peculiar character of the old man a little puzzled them ; but the young girl puzzled them rather more ; for she afforded such slight hold to their prehensile propensities, that they never could get her into their friendly clutches, and, as they said, " they did not know what to make of her."

It was evident that the old man had seen better days, had received a good education, and possessed the manners and address of a gentleman. It is true he was surrounded by people not much alive to the full merits of such qualifications ; but it was curious to observe how soon people began to manifest the impression they had received by a display of respect,—a privilege, it is to be hoped, universally assigned to education and refinement. The old man, on his first coming, had replied to such as asked, that his name was Joy, as well as that the girl, whom he called Maria, was his niece. With village bluntness, and with the familiarity inspired by the meanness of his occupation, the old man was at once known as Fiddler Joy, or Blind Joy ; whilst the girl, who had none of the buoyancy of youth about her, and rarely or ever smiled, but looked with an expression of face which interested everybody, and whose deportment was at once gentle, modest, and melancholy, was called by some of the rustic wits of the place " Sorrow ;" so that the old man and his niece were coupled in the compound soubriquet of " Joy and Sorrow."

In a short time, however, respect for the old man's superior character a good deal got the better of what was growing into a rude habit ; and immediately after this a circumstance occurred which produced a strong impression in his favour, but at the same time served to magnify the mystery and the wonder not a little. One day there came to the post-office, written in rather a coarse hand, a letter directed to " Mr. John Joy," &c., which letter, it was clear by the light to *which it was exposed*, and that was the light of the largest candle they could employ for the purpose, contained something within, and this something was in process of time ascertained to be nothing more nor less than a bank-note for twenty pounds. It would be amusing to trace the process by which this surprising fact was arrived at, but it must be left unattempted ; for there is one of so singular a kind as to swallow up the interest due to all the rest. The old man, as we have said, was blind, and could not read the letter himself ; why did not his niece read it, and not suffer a knowledge of its contents to make its way among the busybodies and curious gossips of the village ? It is an astounding fact in this veritable history of facts, it was then and there discovered that this interesting and intelligent young creature could neither read nor write ! —a fact at which the whole population held their breath, and lifted up their hands and their eyes, and of which neither the old man nor the girl appeared in the least degree either disposed to account for or to regret. To whatever so extraordinary a circumstance was to be attributed, so it was ; and the consequences which followed were the necessity of finding some one to read and to reply to the letter, as well as the exposure of its contents.

The old man and the young girl were located in a mean lodging in the outskirts of the little town ; but near this spot stood a good substantial farm-house and offices, a barn, stables, and a garden, all surrounded by a strong wall, and having an aspect of formerly comfort and prosperity. The master of this house and farm attached to it was a widower of about sixty years of age, whose housekeeper was his sister, a starched and somewhat soured spinster of a similar age, perhaps a year younger than her brother. They lived in tolerable harmony with each other, and,—bating a slight difference of opinion, now and then expressed, not in the gentlest phraseology, between the sister and the labourers on the farm, as to the absolute necessity of eating so much bread and cheese, and bacon, and drinking so much small beer, even in the harvest time—pretty quietly with everybody else. This farmer, whose name was Greenfield, was of a charitable and rather an intelligent turn of mind, and had very soon on the arrival of the strangers, noticed the old man and the child, talked of the weather and the crops to the one, and spoke kindly to the other ; after a time they talked more freely on the news of the day, on politics, and on the affairs and concerns of men generally, when the farmer was struck with the stock of information, the various acquirements, the opinions, good sense and superior language of the blind fiddler ; and he often wished to ask him into the house, and to offer him a crust of bread, and a horn of beer, but he knew by experience that his sister had no very strong sympathies with wanderers and *wagabones*, as she called them. He had several times brought fruit in his pocket, which he had given to the girl, and had offered snuff and tobacco to the old man, and it is certain also, that once or twice the farmer had put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, as if feeling for something ; but out of respect, or for some other reason, he never offered anything as a charity to the blind man. Upon the strength of such acquaintance, Farmer Greenfield was asked to read the letter, and to return an acknowledgment of its receipt to the quarter from which it was remitted. This in due course was done, but not without subjecting the farmer to a good deal of importunity as to who the sender of this large sum was, and in what relation he or she might stand to the blind fiddler ; and although the farmer refused altogether to say a syllable on what he regarded not as his own, but the secret of another, conjecture in a very short time had got up as many marvellous tales as would have been sufficient to account for the receipt of a sum large enough to pay the national debt.

Many of the rustics suddenly became amazingly civil to the old man and his child ; he was asked into their cottages, and offered drink and food, of which he sometimes partook, and sometimes refused, but never offered to return the treat ; which appeared soon to affect the number and the warmth of these kind advances in intimacy and friendship. Some began to regard the old fellow as miserly and stingy ; and others, as they said, did not know what to make of him. Some small addition to the common stock of wonder, was excited, by finding the man after such an access of fortune, still keeping his old lodgings, and still wearing the same old grey frock-coat, the leggings, and the old hat he first appeared in. Nor was the young girl any better clad : a worn, tattered, and faded old green frock, clean, but exhibiting no marks of housewifery, still covered her tall, slender, and still childish form ; a dark silk handkerchief

carelessly put on, kept together, in a wild and disordered mass, her abundant brown hair; whilst about her shoulders, covering her bosom, passed round her slight waist, and tied behind in a careless knot, was worn a kind of scarf of rusty black silk, which looked like the hat-bands, such as are worn at funerals, converted to an every-day purpose; her feet were commonly bare, almost always in the house, and often in the street, except in very cold and bad weather. No item of her dress appeared to be put on, or attended to with the slightest degree of care: her's was a form upon which anything in any way put on, would look well, otherwise you would have said there was something slovenly in her appearance, as well as impoverished. There was one little matter of dress which was an exception to the rest; this was a very narrow black velvet band, which encircled her long, pale, and delicate throat; it was fastened in front with a narrow silver buckle, the long ends hanging down concealed by the scarf. We have remarked that this young creature might be twelve or fifteen years of age; the fact is, this was a point exceedingly difficult to determine; her height, the steadiness of her carriage, and sedateness of manner and look, had all the characteristics of a young woman, whilst her voice, features, and the form of her limbs were those of a child. Her large grey eye, with its long dark fringe habitually cast down, had a strongly marked character of thought as well as melancholy in it, but when she looked up, there was an expression of such perfect innocence, and, as it were, *dependence upon you*, that it was impossible to conceive such a look in any way associated with worldly experience. The mouth was of the same character; it might have belonged to an angel for anything of the world that hung about it,—it was passionless and pure as that of an infant or a cherub.

This child and the old man were inseparable companions at home and abroad. It was observed in the house that the domestic work was principally performed by him, and some went so far as to say, that the girl, in addition to her want of the commonest education, was incapable of the most familiar household operations. It was surprising that he who knew so much, should have taught her nothing; how she had been "brought up," was a wonder to everybody.

The old fiddler's professional operations were exceedingly scanty; he would sometimes attend at a private house upon a mirthful occasion, or play at a harvest home, or rarely indeed attend at a fair, or play in an alehouse to a promiscuous assembly of romping girls and their sweethearts. Upon such occasions he did not refuse money if it was offered him, but at the same time he seemed careless about it. His musical talents were by no means on a par with his other qualifications, and it was remarked that he appeared to take no pleasure whatever in the sound of his instrument, which was never heard except upon professional occasions, and which no entreaty could prevail upon him to produce in his humble home; there it was hung up in an old green bag, and was never touched but by compulsion. There was a singular apathy and indifference in the old man, of which even the girl seemed to partake in some slight degree; nothing appeared to rouse or interest them: it was not like the coldness of insensibility, but rather like that which succeeds long continued excitement. The old man was what is commonly called an easy man,

and the child was very like him. Altogether, a singular character was impressed upon both; a gossiping companion was not unpleasant to the old man, but he never sought company. Money was never refused, but it was never sought; a performance on his instrument was never volunteered, but it was never refused; as for the child, she appeared sensible to kindness, but she never courted kindness, or received it with any great show of warmth. This couple of strange creatures, as they were called by the villagers, continued to lead the same kind of life for some four or five years. The remittances came regularly; the same sum contained in a letter with the same hand-writing in the superscription, to the receipt of which the farmer replied as usual, and the people asked the same questions, with just the same kind of result, until at last curiosity was worn out. But the next year it was roused again; no letters came to the Post-office, another passed, and none came; these supplies had ceased! This the farmer admitted, although he always showed a reluctance to be drawn on to say a word on the subject.

It was now evident that the health of the old fiddler had suddenly broken and he had become almost at once a decrepid old man; he was too feeble to use his instrument, and in a very short time it was missing from the wall on which it hung. He did not appear to be suffering under the attack of any disease nor to endure pain, but he became more and more silent; afterwards he spoke only a few words in a whisper, and at last all communication between him and the child was carried on by signs only, or they understood each other without. At the little lodging he had inhabited since his arrival, there was a very small paved entrance rather than a court or yard, for it was too small for either. This was in front of the cottage, inclosed by a low wall, entered by a hatch or wicket gate, and surrounded by some ragged shrubs tacked to the wall and a few sickly flowers; there the old man sat all day long in fine weather with the child by his side, but if the weather was unfavourable neither were seen. It was really singular and calculated to keep up the mystery, but certain people observed, and spoke of it with surprise, that the child had never changed in appearance from the time she arrived to the present hour, which was now a period of nearly seven years. No doubt this was not precisely true, but it is really a fact that she had undergone so little change, that people who saw her frequently might well say what they did. She was now a woman in years, but so little alteration had taken place that she looked only the same child on a somewhat larger scale. However, it was now her fate, poor thing! to undergo a change observable to all; for as the health and strength of the old man declined, the girl, although she never uttered a complaint, or wearied or faltered in the painful duties she had to perform, became suddenly enfeebled and emaciated, and in so great a degree that it was feared she would precede the old man in his last movement to the grave. But no; all at once a kind of supernatural strength seemed to support her, a hectic flush was frequently seen upon her face, always before remarkable for its paleness, and an unnatural light appeared to give vivacity to her eye, habitually quiet and downcast; she might be said almost to *busle* through the last scenes of the old man's mortal career. He died; she followed him to the grave, supported by the friendly woman of the house, with whom she had lived so long, and attended

by many sympathizing people and anxious spectators. After the funeral she returned to the house, to the little bed in which she had passed so many nights, perhaps in loneliness of heart but not without *one* earthly tie, but in the morning the humble couch was vacant and its tenant gone,—none knew whither!

It is very natural to suppose that this sudden disappearance of the young girl occasioned some wonder and a little enquiry, but as all this led to no information on the subject, the circumstance, as has been said, was a matter of “nine days wonder,” and was then thrown among the things to be put aside and forgotten.

About half way between the end of Oxford Street and St. Giles's Church, on the right hand side, there was in that day a shop of moderate size, well stocked with cheese, hams, bacon, butter-firkins, eggs, lard, and such like commodities; it is now divided in two, one half is occupied by a match-maker, the other, with the house, by that old and respectable musical instrument maker, Panormo. The proprietor of this locality, at the time we speak of, was a short, stocky, round-faced, rosy, and good-tempered looking man of about sixty. He wore a lightish blue frock coat, of rather a butcherly cut, with arm-sleeves for the protection of the most exposed part of it; a very long waistcoat striped with yellow covered a goodly corporation, and over this, with a loop supporting it from the neck, was suspended a brown-holland apron, which descended to the knees of a pair of dark corduroy small-clothes, while the legs coming out of them were encased in a pair of slate-coloured lamb's-wool stockings; the whole terminating in a foot decorated with well-blackened shoes and bright silver buckles. On his head he *always* wore a hat broad-brimmed, short in the crown, with a broad riband which exhibited symptoms of its having long held in unctuous embrace the head within. From underneath it a few matted locks of dark hair descended on each side so as to touch the shoulders; and about the neck, *somewhere*, smothered by the fleshy chin, was worn a narrow white cravat; the pointed ends twisted, as paper is sometimes served for pipe-lights, appeared projecting upon the horizontal chest in front. Marks and stains illustrative of the character of the shop were not wanting, but on the whole the little man not only looked respectable but somewhat neat in his person. His partner, had she been forced into one of the large scales in the shop, and the husband into the other, supposing the beam to have preserved, under such a burthen, the rectitude and integrity of such instruments, would have been found assuming the functions of the *level*, and betraying by an exact horizontality the just equality in ponderation of this well-matched couple, and affording an emblem of their happy unanimity. John and Mary Fakins, for that was their name, agreed to a shade in disposition, and to an ounce in weight. The clothes of the one would have exactly fitted the other; so that if by any chance John had made a mistake and put on his wife's habiliments, or she had put on his, either might have been taken for the other; they might have gone through their daily occupation and no customer of the shop have discovered it, and it is even possible, so completely had habit and occupation identified them, that they might have remained unconscious of the metamorphose till bed time.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE LAMARTINE

BY C. COCKS.*

WITH A PORTRAIT.

WHILST Paris, France, and the leaders and armies of factions, were preparing to tear the republic to pieces, the shadow of a mighty spirit was hovering over the soul of a young girl, and about to disconcert both men and events by placing the arm and the life of a woman across the path of the destiny of the revolution.

In a lonely by-street of the city of Caen, then the centre of the Girondist insurrection, may still be seen an old, grey, weather-beaten house, at the end of a court-yard. There, in the beginning of 1793, lived a grand-niece of our great tragic poet, Pierre Corneille. Poets and heroes are of the same race. There is no other difference between them than that of conception and achievement: the latter realize the conceptions of the former; but the thought is the same. Women are naturally as enthusiastic as the former, and as courageous as the latter. Poetry, heroism, and love, are of the same family.

This house belonged to a poor, aged, infirm, and childless widow, named Madame de Bretteville. She had had with her, for a few years, a young relation, whom she had brought up for the support of her old age, and to enliven her solitude. This damsel was then in her twenty-fourth year. Her stature, though tall, did not exceed that of the generality of the fine graceful women of Normandy. Her complexion partook of the ardour of the south, and the rosy hue of the women of the north. Her hair, which seemed dark, when tied round her head, or opening in two waves upon her brow, had a golden tinge at the extremity of the tresses. Her eyes, large, and extending to the temples, were blue when she was lost in reflection, but changed to black when she became animated; they were shaded by long eyelashes, darker than her hair, and adding depth to the soul which beamed in her eye. Her nose united with her forehead by an imperceptible curve; and her Grecian mouth and lips had a wavering, indefinable expression between tenderness and severity. Her prominent chin, divided by a deep dimple, gave to the lower part of her visage a character of manly resolution, which contrasted with the perfectly feminine grace of the rest of her countenance. Her cheeks, glowing with youth, possessed the firm fulness of health. The least emotion would cause her to blush or turn pale. Her broad, though somewhat thin chest, was a bust for a sculptor. Her skin was white. Her arms were strong and muscular, her hands long, and her fingers tapering. Her costume, conformable to her limited means and the solitude in which she lived, was of sober simplicity. She trusted to nature, and disdained every artifice and caprice of fashion in her dress. Persons who knew her in her youth, describe her as being uniformly dressed in a dark-coloured robe, cut like a riding-habit, and wearing a gray felt hat, turned up at the edge, and orna-

* This graphic account will appear in M. de Lamartine's next volume of the History of the Girondists, which is not yet published.—ED.

mented with black ribbons, as was then the mode among women of her condition. The sound of her voice, that living echo which sums up all the deep feelings of the soul in a vibration of the air, left a deep and tender impression on the ears of those whom she addressed. They would speak of the sound of that voice ten years after they had heard it, as a strange music indelibly impressed on their memory.

This young damsel was named Charlotte Corday-d'Armont. Although of noble extraction, she was born in a cottage in the village of Ligneries, not far from Argentan. Her father, François de Corday-d'Armont, was one of those provincial *gentilshommes* whom their poverty almost confounded with the peasantry. Occupied with agricultural pursuits, he beguiled his leisure with political and literary studies, then much diffused among that uneasy class of the population. His soul inhaled the approaching revolution: he had written a few works against despotism and hereditary right. Those writings were full of the forthcoming spirit: he had a horror of superstition, was imbued with the ardour of the rising philosophy, and with the presentiment of a necessary revolution. He remained, however, buried and unknown, in the bosom of his family, then yearly increasing. Five children, two boys and three girls, of whom Charlotte was the second, made him feel more keenly every day the misery of poverty. His wife died of this affliction, leaving a father for her young daughters, but, in reality, leaving her daughters orphans as regards those domestic associations of which children are deprived by the death of their mother.

Charlotte and her sisters lived a few years longer at Ligneries, almost abandoned to the care of nature. At length necessity forced M. de Corday to separate from his daughters. Under the auspices of noble birth and poverty, they entered a monastery at Caen, of which Madame de Belsunce was the abbess.

Charlotte was then in her thirteenth year. For some time the young girl was captivated with monastic life, so full of quiet exercises, intimacy, friendship, and affection. Her fervent soul and impassioned imagination led her to indulge in those sublime reveries in which God seems to reveal himself: a state of the soul which the affectionate assiduity of a nun and the impressiveness of childhood so easily change into faith and the exercises of devotion. For a few years Charlotte was an example of piety. She meditated closing her dawning life in its first stage, and burying herself in that sepulchre, where, instead of death, she found repose, friendship, and happiness.

But, as her soul expanded, she soon arrived at the term of her childish faith. Besides her first received dogmas she beheld others, new, luminous, and sublime. Accordingly, she abandoned neither God nor virtue, the first passion of her soul; but she gave them other names and other forms. Philosophy, which was then inundating France with light, cast its vivid rays through the grates of the monasteries.

Charlotte formed at the convent those tender predilections of childhood which seem to be the kindred ties of the heart. These friends were two young ladies of noble family and humble fortune like herself,—Mesdemoiselles de Faudoas and De Forbin. The abbess, Madame de Belsunce, and her assistant, Madame Doucet de Pontécoulant, had taken particular notice of Charlotte. They used to admit

her into the somewhat worldly society which custom authorized abbesses to keep with their relations from without, even within the walls of their convents. It was thus that Charlotte became acquainted with two young men, nephews of those ladies,—M. de Belsunce, the colonel of a cavalry regiment at Caen, and M. Doucet de Pontécoulant, an officer in the king's guards: the former of whom was soon to be massacred in a riot at Caen; and the latter afterwards to abet the Revolution, enter the Legislative Assembly and the Convention, and suffer exile and persecution for the cause of the Girondists.

At the time of the suppression of the monasteries Charlotte was nineteen years of age. The distress of her family had increased. Her two brothers, engaged in the king's service, had emigrated. One of her sisters was dead; the other superintended their father's poor household at Argentan. The old aunt, Madame de Bretteville, received Charlotte into her house at Caen. She kept but one servant. Charlotte assisted that woman in domestic affairs, received the old friends of the house, and, in the evening, would accompany her aunt to those societies of nobility in the city which popular fury had not yet entirely dispersed. Having fulfilled such domestic duties, she was in undisturbed possession of her time and thoughts. She passed her days in recreations about the courtyard and the garden, and in reading and meditation. She enjoyed entire freedom in her opinions and the choice of her studies. Her aunt's religious and political opinions were habits rather than convictions. She preserved them as the costume of her age and times, but did not impose them upon others. She allowed her niece to adopt the authors, opinions, and journals that she preferred. Charlotte's age inclined her to read novels, which furnish ready-made dreams for the imagination of pensive souls; but her mind led her to the study of philosophical works, which transform the vague instincts of humanity into sublime theories of government, and to books of history, which change theories into actions, and ideas into men.

But, although her imagination indulged in such dreams, her soul never lost its modesty, nor her youth its chastity. Consumed with the strong necessity of loving, and inspiring and sometimes feeling the dawn of love, her reserve, dependency, and misery, ever caused her to conceal her sentiments. She did violence to her nature in order to sever the first bonds of love from her heart. Her love, thus suppressed by will and destiny, changed not its nature but its object. It became transformed into a vague and sublime devotion to an ideal of public happiness. Her heart was too vast to contain only her own felicity: she wished it to contain that of a whole people. She became more wrapped up in these ideas, incessantly inquiring of herself what service she could do for humanity. The thirst of sacrifice had become her ruling passion; and that sacrifice, even though it should be a bloody one, she was determined to accomplish. Her soul had reached that desperate state which is the suicide of happiness; she contended not for glory and ambition, like Madame Roland, but for the sake of liberty and humanity, like Judith or Epicharis. She only wanted an occasion; she watched, and thought she had found one.

It was the time when the Girondists were contending, with glorious courage and prodigious eloquence, against their enemies in the



CHARLOTTE CORDAY

Engraved by J. B. H. & Co. Paris

Convention. The Jacobins, so it was believed, wanted to snatch the republic out of the hands of the Girondist party, only to plunge France into a bloody anarchy. In place of those great men, who seemed to be defending at the breach the last ramparts of society, and the sacred home of every citizen, Marat, sprung from the loathsome dregs of the populace, triumphing over the laws by sedition, carried in the arms of rioters to the tribune, now assumed the dictatorship of anarchy, robbery, and assassination, and menaced independence, property, liberty, life itself in the departments. These convulsions, excesses, and terrors, had deeply moved the provinces of Normandy.

Charlotte Corday's wounded heart felt all these calamities inflicted on her native land. She saw the ruin of France, and the victims; she thought, too, she perceived the tyrant. She vowed to herself that she would avenge the former, punish the latter, and save her country. For some days she brooded over her vague resolution in her soul, without knowing what act France demanded of her, or what source of crime it was most urgent to remove. She studied men, circumstances, and the state of affairs, in order that her blood might not be shed in vain!

The Girondists whom the city of Caen had taken under its protection were lodged all together, by the town, in what had been the Intendant's palace. There meetings of the people used to be held, at which the citizens, and even women, were present, in order to contemplate and hear those first victims of anarchy—those last avengers of liberty. On leaving those assemblies the people would cry *to arms!* and incite their sons, brothers, and husbands, to enlist in the battalions. Charlotte Corday, surmounting the prejudices of her rank, and the timidity of her sex and age, had the courage to attend those meetings several times, with a few of her female friends. She desired to behold those whom she was about to save. The situation, the language, and the countenances of those first apostles of liberty, almost all young men, became engraven in her soul, and imparted something more personal and impassioned to her devotion to their cause.

Charlotte witnessed from a balcony the enlisting of the volunteers and the departure of their battalions. The enthusiasm of those young citizens, abandoning their homes in order to protect the violated asylum of the national representation, and to brave bullets or the guillotine, chimed with her own.

After the departure of the volunteers, Charlotte was occupied with one single thought: to anticipate their arrival at Paris, spare their generous lives, and render their patriotism superfluous by delivering France from tyranny before their arrival.

A presentiment of terror was then pervading France. The scaffold was erected at Paris, and was expected to be shortly seen throughout the republic. The power of the Montagne and Marat, if it triumphed, could be defended only by the hand of the executioner. It was said that the monster had already written lists of proscription, and counted the number of heads that were to be sacrificed to his suspicions and vengeance. Two thousand five hundred victims were marked out at Lyons, three thousand at Marseilles, twenty-eight thousand at Paris, and three hundred thousand in Brittany and Calvados. The name of Marat caused a shudder like the name of death. To

prevent the shedding of so much blood, Charlotte was resolved to give her own. Under specious pretexts she presented herself to the Hôtel del'Intendance, where the citizens who had business with the deputies were able to approach them. She saw Buzot, Pethion, and Louvet, and had two conversations with Barbaroux. She pretended to be a petitioner, and asked the young Marsaillais for a letter of introduction to one of his colleagues of the Convention, who could present her to the Minister of the Interior. She said she had a petition to present to the government in favour of Mademoiselle de Forbin, the friend of her childhood. Barbaroux gave her a letter for Duperret, one of the seventy-three deputies of the Gironde forgotten in the first proscription. This letter, which later caused Duperret to ascend the scaffold, contained not one word that could be imputed to a crime to him who received it. Provided with this letter, and a passport, which she had taken a few days before for Argentan, Charlotte thanked Barbaroux, and bade him farewell. The sound of her voice filled Barbaroux with a presentiment then incomprehensible to him. "If we had known her design," said he afterwards, "and if we had been capable of committing a crime by such a hand, Marat is not the man we should have pointed out to her vengeance."

The last struggle now took place within her, between thought and the deed; but only the gravity of her countenance and a few tears, ill-concealed from the eyes of her household, revealed the involuntary agony of her suicide. When questioned by her aunt: "I weep," said she, "for the miseries of my country, for those of my parents, and for yours; as long as Marat lives, nobody will be sure of one day's existence." Madame de Bretteville remembered, later, that, on entering Charlotte's room to wake her, she had found, on her bed, an old Bible open at the book of Judith, and that she had seen these words underlined with a pencil. "Judith left the city, adorned with marvellous beauty, with which the Lord had gifted her, to deliver Israel." On the same day, Charlotte, on walking out to prepare for her departure, found in the street some of the citizens of Caen playing at cards before their door. "You play," said she, in an accent of bitter irony, "and our country is dying!" Her language and manner showed her impatience and eagerness to depart. She accordingly departed on the 7th of July for Argentan. There, she bade her father and her sister a last farewell, telling them she was about to seek an asylum and a livelihood in England, and that she wanted to receive her father's benediction before that long separation. Her father approved of her departure; so having embraced him and her sister, Charlotte returned the same day to Caen. There, she deceived the tenderness of her aunt by the same stratagem, telling her she was going soon to England where some of her friends had found her an asylum. She had secretly taken her place to depart, on the morrow, by the Paris diligence. She made little presents of gowns and embroidery, to be worn after her departure, to some of the companions of her childhood. She shared her favourite books among her most intimate friends, reserving only one volume of Plutarch, as if unwilling to separate, in that critical moment of her life, from the society of those great men with whom she had lived, and wished to die. At length, early in the morning of the 9th of July, she took under her arm a small parcel containing the most indispensable articles of dress, embraced her aunt, and told her she

was going to sketch the hay-makers in the neighbouring meadows. With a sheet of drawing-paper in her hand, she then departed, never to return. At the foot of the stairs, she met the child of a poor workman, named Robert, who lodged in the house, and was generally playing about the yard. She used sometimes to give him pictures. "Here, Robert," said she, giving him her drawing-paper, which she no longer required for an excuse, "this is for you; be a good boy, and kiss me; for you will never see me again." And she embraced the child, and shed a tear upon his cheek. That tear was the last shed on the threshold of her youth; she had nothing now to give but her blood.

The freedom and frankness of her conversation in the coach, which transported her towards Paris, inspired her travelling companions with no other sentiment than that of admiration, benevolence, and curiosity. Throughout the first day, she was constantly playing with a little girl whom chance had placed by her side in the carriage. The other travellers, being enthusiastic *Montagnards*, were loud in their imprecations against the Girondins, and in their admiration of Marat. Dazzled with the loveliness of the young lady, they endeavoured to get from her her name, the intention of her journey, and her address at Paris. She repressed their familiarity by the modesty of her manners, the evasive brevity of her replies, and, at length, by pretending to be asleep. One of them, more reserved than the others, being captivated by so much modesty and beauty, avowed to her his respectful admiration, and entreated permission to ask her hand of her relations: she turned this sudden love into a good-natured jest, and promised the young man that she would later inform him of her name and intentions. She delighted them all to the end of the journey, and they were sorry to leave her company.

She entered Paris at noon on Thursday, the 11th of July, and gave orders to be conducted to the *Hôtel de la Providence*, an inn which had been recommended to her at Caen. She went to bed at five in the evening, and slept soundly till the following morning.

She then arose, dressed herself simply but decently, and repaired to the house of Duperret. He was at the Convention. His daughters, in their father's absence, received from the young stranger Barbaroux' letter of introduction. Duperret was expected back in the evening. Charlotte returned to her hôtel, and passed the whole day alone in her room. At six o'clock she went again to call on M. Duperret. Being pressed for time, he told her he could not take her that evening to the minister, Garat, but that he would go and accompany her from her lodgings on the following morning.

That same evening, a decree of the Convention ordered seals to be placed on the furniture of such deputies as were suspected of being attached to the twenty-two proscribed Girondins. Duperret was among the number. He went, nevertheless, very early in the morning of the 12th, to accompany Charlotte to the minister. Garat did not receive them. Duperret seemed to be discouraged by this disappointment. He represented to the young girl that his being treated as suspicious, and the measure taken that night against him by the Convention, rendered his patronage rather injurious than useful to his clients. The stranger did not insist; like a person who no longer wants the pretext used to disguise an action, and who is contented with the first argument to abandon the design. Duperret

left her at the *Hôtel de la Providence*. She pretended to enter, but immediately left it again, and inquired her way, from street to street as far as the Palais-Royal.

She entered the garden, not as a stranger who wishes to satisfy curiosity, but as a traveller who has not a day to spare. She looked about under the galleries for a cutler's shop. She found one, entered, chose a *couteau-poignard* with an ebony handle, paid three francs for it, concealed it beneath her neckerchief, and returned slowly to the garden. She sat down, for a moment, on a stone bench against the arcade. There, though buried in meditation, she allowed herself to be amused by children who were playing about, some of whom frolicked at her feet and leaned on her knees. She still had a woman's smile for those innocent amusements of childhood. Her indecision oppressed her, not on account of the act for which she was already armed, but for the manner of accomplishing it. She wanted to make a solemn sacrifice that would cast terror into the souls of the adherents of the tyrant. Her first thought had been to accost Marat and slay him in the Champ-de-Mars, at the grand ceremony of the federation. That solemnity having been postponed, her next intention had constantly been to sacrifice Marat at the head of the *Montagne* in the midst of the Convention, before the face of his admirers and accomplices. Her hope was to be instantly torn in pieces herself by the people in their fury, without leaving any other vestige or memory than two dead bodies and tyranny drowned in her blood! But, since her arrival in Paris, she had heard, in the course of conversation with Duperret, that Marat no longer showed himself at the Convention. It was, therefore, necessary to find her victim elsewhere, and to deceive him in order to approach him.

She resolved to do so. This dissimulation, which wounded the natural loyalty of her soul, changing courage into cunning and immolation into assassination, was the first remorse of her conscience, and her first punishment. This cost her more pain than even the deed; she confessed it herself: conscience is just in the face of posterity.

She returned to her room, wrote Marat a note which she left herself at the door of the *Friend of the People*: "I write from Caen," said she to him; "your love for our native land makes me presume that you will be eager to learn the unfortunate events of that part of the republic. I will come to your house at one o'clock; have the goodness to receive me, and to grant me one moment's conversation. I will enable you to do good service to France."

Charlotte, relying on the effect of this note, repaired accordingly to Marat's house at the appointed hour; but she could not be introduced to him. She then handed the portress a second note, still more pressing and insidious than the former. "I wrote to you this morning, Marat," said she; "have you received my letter? I cannot believe it, since your door is refused me. I hope you will grant me an interview to-morrow. I repeat that I arrive from Caen, and have to reveal to you the most important secrets for the safety of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty. I am unfortunate: this is a sufficient title to your patriotism."

Without waiting for an answer, Charlotte left her room at seven in the evening, dressed more carefully than usual, in order the better to captivate, by a respectable appearance, the household of Marat.

Her white robe was open to the shoulders, which were covered with a silk handkerchief concealing her bosom and tied round her waist. Her hair was confined in a Norman cap, with pendant lace on either cheek. The cap was bound round her temples with a broad green silk ribbon. Her hair fell from the back of her head in broad plaits, a few curls only waving on her neck. No paleness of complexion, no wildness of look, no emotion in her voice revealed in her the messenger of death. Such was her captivating appearance, when she knocked at Marat's door.

Marat inhabited the first floor of a dilapidated house in the Rue des Cordeliers, now No. 20, Rue de l'Ecole-de-Médecine. His lodging consisted of an antichamber, a study, a small bath-room, a sleeping-room and a saloon. This lodging was almost bare. Marat's numerous works lying in heaps on the floor, newspapers, still wet with ink, scattered on the chairs and tables, correctors of the press constantly running in and out, women folding and directing pamphlets and journals, the worn-out stairs, the unswept passages, altogether bore witness to the bustle and disorder in which the busy journalist passed his life. Marat's household was that of an humble artisan. The woman who directed it, formerly called Catherine Evrard, was then named Albertine Marat, since the Friend of the People had given her his name in taking her for his wife *one fine day with the sun for witness*, in manner of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. One servant assisted this woman in domestic affairs; whilst a man, named Laurent Basse, used to do errands and the out-door work.

Marat's feverish activity had not been lessened by the slow malady which was consuming him. The inflammation of his blood seemed to kindle his soul. He never ceased writing, in his bed, and even in his bath, accusing his enemies, and exciting the Convention and the Cordeliers. Full of the presentiment of death, he seemed to fear only lest the short time he had to live would not allow him to destroy enough of the guilty. More eager to kill than to live, he hastened to dispatch before him as many victims as possible, as so many hostages given by the sword to the revolution. Terror, which issued from that house, returned under another form, the perpetual fear of assassination. His companion and friends thought they beheld as many daggers raised against him as he himself suspended over the heads of three hundred thousand citizens. Nobody was allowed to approach his person but sure friends, or informers previously recommended and examined.

Charlotte was ignorant of these obstacles, but she suspected them. She alighted from the coach on the opposite side of the street facing Marat's house. The portress refused at first to allow the young stranger to enter the yard. The latter insisted, and ascended a few stairs, though called back in vain by the portress. At the noise, Marat's mistress came and opened the door, but refused to let her enter the apartment. The distant altercation between these women, one begging to be permitted to speak to the Friend of the People, and the other obstinately stopping her at the door, reached the ears of Marat. He understood from their broken sentences that his visitor was the stranger from whom he had received two letters that day. In a loud, imperious voice he ordered the stranger to be ad-

mitted. Either through jealousy or distrust, Albertine obeyed reluctantly and with ill-humour. She introduced the maiden into the room where Marat then was, and withdrew, leaving the passage-door half open, that she might hear the least word or motion.

The room was dimly lit. Marat was in his bath. Although forced to give repose to his body, he gave none to his soul. A rough plank, with either end resting on the edge of the bath, was covered with papers, open letters, and leaves on which he had begun to write. In his right hand he held a pen, which the arrival of the stranger had suspended on the page. The paper was a letter to the Convention demanding the judgment and proscription of the remaining Bourbons tolerated in France. On the right of the bath was an enormous block of oak containing a common leaden inkstand. Marat, covered up in his bath with a dirty cloth stained with ink, had only his head and shoulders, the upper part of his breast, and his right arm out of the water. There was nothing in the appearance of that man to affect the eye of a woman or to arrest her arm. Greasy hair bound in a dirty handkerchief, a shelving forehead, impudent staring eyes, prominent cheek bones, an immensely wide sneering mouth, a hairy breast, lank limbs, and a livid skin:—such was Marat.

Charlotte avoided looking at him for fear of betraying the horror of her soul at the sight of him. Standing with cast-down eyes and her hands by her side, near the bath, she waited for Marat to question her about the state of things in Normandy. She replied in a few words, giving her answers the sense and colouring most likely to please him. He afterwards asked her to tell him the names of the deputies who had taken refuge at Caen. She dictated, and he noted them down. Then, when he had finished writing the names, “‘T is well!” said he, in the tone of a man sure of his revenge; “before a week is past they shall all go the guillotine!” At those words, as if the soul of Charlotte had waited for his last crime before it could resolve to give the blow, she drew her knife from her bosom, and plunged it with superhuman strength up to the hilt in the heart of Marat. With the same motion she drew the bloody knife from the body of the victim, and dropped it at her feet. “Help! dear friend, help!” cried Marat, and he expired under the blow.

At that cry of agony Albertine, the servant-maid, and Laurent Basse rushed into the room and caught Marat’s lifeless head in their arms. Charlotte was standing behind the window-curtain, motionless, and as if petrified by the crime she had committed. The transparency of the curtain, in the last gleam of departing day, revealed the shadow of her body. Laurent seized a chair and aimed an uncertain blow at her head which stretched her on the floor. Marat’s mistress stamped upon her and trampled her under foot in her fury. At the uproar and the shrieks of the women the lodgers ran in. The neighbours and passengers stopped in the street, ran up the stairs, and crowded into the apartment. The people in the yard, and soon the whole neighbourhood, demanded, with furious vociferations, that the assassin should be thrown to them, in order to avenge the death of the idol of the people on his still warm body. The soldiers of the neighbouring posts and the national guards also assembled, and some order was restored. The surgeons arrived and endeavoured to dress the wound. The bloody water gave the sanguinary man the

appearance of expiring in a bath of blood. When lifted on to his bed he was a corpse.

Charlotte had risen to her feet. Two soldiers were now holding her hands across till ropes were brought to tie them. The hedge of bayonets which surrounded her could hardly keep off the crowd, who were ever rushing at her to tear her in pieces. A fanatical cordelier, named Langlois, had picked up the bloody knife, and was making a funeral speech over the dead body of the victim, interrupting his lamentations to brandish the knife, as if he was stabbing the assassin to the heart. But nothing seemed to affect Charlotte, except the heart-rending cries of Marat's concubine. Her countenance seemed to express her astonishment at the sight of that woman; at not having reflected that such a man might yet be loved; and a regret at having been forced to wound two hearts in stabbing one.

To the invectives of the orator, and the groans of the people for their idol, her lips wore a smile of bitter contempt. "Poor people," said she, "you wish for my death, and yet you owe me an altar for having rid you of a monster! Cast me to those madmen," said she to the soldiers who protected her, "since they regret him, they are worthy to be my executioners."

The commissary at length arrived, drew up a *procès-verbal* of the murder, and had Charlotte conducted to Marat's saloon in order to question her. He wrote down her answers. She gave them calmly, in a loud firm voice, in no other tone than that of proud satisfaction for the act she had committed.

The report of the death of the Friend of the People spread with the rapidity of lightning, and soon reached the Convention. Some of the deputies instantly left the assembly and hastened to the spot where the crime had been committed. There they found the crowd increasing, and Charlotte replying to the questions of the commissary. They remained thunderstruck and dumb with astonishment at the sight of her youth and beauty, as well as at the calmness and resolution of her language. Charlotte seemed so to transfigure crime that, even by the side of the victim, they felt pity for the assassin.

The *procès-verbal* being ended, the deputies ordered her to be transported to the Abbaye, that being the nearest prison to Marat's house. They called the same coach that had brought her. The street was then filled with a dense crowd shouting with rage, which rendered the transfer difficult. The detachments of fusileers that had successively arrived, the scarfs of the commissaries, and the respect due to the members of the Convention, could ill restrain the people, and they had much difficulty in forcing a passage. The moment Charlotte, with her hands tied with ropes, and supported by the arms of two of the national guard who were holding her elbows, appeared on the threshold of the house to step into the coach, the people crowded round the wheels with such furious gestures and howlings, that she thought she must be torn piece-meal—and she fainted. On recovering her senses she was astonished, and felt sorry at breathing again.

Chabot, Drouet, and Legendre, followed her to the Abbaye, and made her undergo a second examination which lasted till late at night. Legendre, proud of his revolutionary importance, and jealous of being thought also worthy of martyrdom, believed, or feigned to believe, that he recognised in Charlotte Corday a young girl

who had come to his house the day before, disguised as a nun, and whom he had sent away.

"Citizen Legendre is mistaken," said Charlotte with a smile, that disconcerted the conceit of the deputy. "I never saw him, neither did I ever consider the life or death of such a man so important to the safety of the republic." She was then searched; but nothing was found on her but the key of her box, her silver thimble, a ball of cotton, two hundred francs in *assignats* and in silver, a gold watch, made by a watchmaker of Caen, and her passport.

Her neckerchief still concealed the sheath of the knife with which she had stabbed Marat.

"Do you know this knife?"

"Yes!"

"Who induced you to commit this crime?"

"I saw France," said she, "about to be torn in pieces by civil war, and being convinced that Marat was the principal cause of the perils and calamities of my country, I have sacrificed his life and my own for its salvation."

"What have you done since Thursday, the day you arrived at Paris?"

To such questions she related sincerely, word for word, all the circumstances of her abode at Paris, and of her action.

When the interrogatory was ended, Chabot, dissatisfied with the result, seemed to be devouring with his eyes the countenance, the figure, and the whole person of the young lady handcuffed before him. He thought he perceived a folded paper pinned to her bosom, and stretched forth his hand to seize it. Charlotte had forgotten that paper, which contained an address that she had written to the French nation, in order to engage the citizens to punish their tyrants. She imagined she perceived in Chabot's gesture and action an outrage to decency. Being deprived of the use of her hands by her bonds, she could not parry the insult. Honour, and the indignation she felt, caused her to spring back with such a convulsive motion of her body and shoulders, that the string of her robe burst, and her robe falling below her shoulders, left her bosom bare. She stooped in confusion, as quick as thought, and bent herself double in order to hide her nakedness from her judges.

Patriotism rendered these men neither cynical nor unfeeling. Their modesty seemed as much hurt as Charlotte Corday's at that involuntary suffering of her innocence. She entreated them to untie her hands that she might adjust her robe. One of them undid her bonds, turning his head aside. As soon as her hands were free Charlotte turned round towards the wall and arranged her dress. They took advantage of her hands being free to make her sign her answers. The ropes had left deep blue marks on her arms. When they were about to handcuff her again, she entreated her gaolers to allow her to draw down her sleeves and to put on gloves, in order to avoid an unnecessary torment before her final punishment. The poor girl's look and accent were such while she was addressing this prayer to her judges, and shewing them her discoloured hands, that Harmand could not help shedding tears, and he retired to conceal them.

She was then sent to prison, and guarded within sight by two gendarmes, even during the night: she protested, but in vain, against

that profanation of her sex. The committee of general safety hastened on her trial and execution. From her miserable flock-bed she heard the public criers shouting an account of the murder in the streets, and the imprecations of the crowd vowing a thousand deaths against the assassin. Charlotte did not take that voice of the people for the decree of posterity, and through the horror she inspired she foresaw her apotheosis. It was in this spirit that she wrote to the committee of general safety, to allow her to have her picture taken.

Montané, the president of the revolutionary tribunal, came on the morrow to interrogate the prisoner. Touched by her youth and beauty, and convinced of the sincerity of her fanaticism, which almost made the assassin innocent in the eye of human justice, he wanted to save her life. He directed the questions, and tacitly insinuated the replies so as to make her judges believe her to be rather mad than criminal. Charlotte was obstinate in thwarting this merciful intention of the president. She justified her act. They then transferred her to the Conciergerie. Madame Richard, the wife of the governor of the prison, received her with the compassion which her youth and present position naturally inspired. Owing to her indulgence, Charlotte obtained paper, ink, and quiet, of which she took advantage to write a hasty letter to Barbaroux, giving him an account of all the circumstances that had happened since her arrival in Paris, in a style in which patriotism, death, and mirth are mingled together, like sorrow and gladness in the parting glass at a farewell banquet.

Her letter to her father, written the last, was short and full of affection and emotion. "Forgive me," said she, "for having disposed of my existence without your permission. I have avenged many innocent victims, and prevented many disasters. The people, undeceived one day, will rejoice at being delivered from a tyrant. If I endeavoured to persuade you that I was going over to England, it was because I wanted to remain unknown. I found it was impossible; but I hope you will not be molested. In every case you have defenders at Caen. I have chosen Gustave Doucet de Pontécoulant for my advocate. Such an attempt cannot be defended: it is merely a form. Adieu, dear papa. I pray you to forget me, or rather to rejoice in my fate. My cause is a noble one. I embrace my sister, whom I love with my whole heart. Forget not this verse of Corneille:—

Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.

I am to be tried to-morrow at eight o'clock."

This allusion to a verse of her great-uncle, by reminding her father of that illustrious name, and the heroism of their blood, seemed to place her deed under the safeguard of the genius of her family.

On the following morning the gendarmes came at eight o'clock to conduct her to the revolutionary tribunal: the room was situated above the vaults of the Conciergerie. Before proceeding to it, she arranged her hair and her dress, in order to meet death with decency; then she said, with a smile, to the governor, who was assisting her in making these preparations, "M. Richard, I pray you to take care that my breakfast be prepared when I descend from above: my judges are doubtless in a hurry. I wish to take my last meal with Madame Richard and you."

The hour of her trial was known in Paris the night before. Curious.

osity, horror, interest, and compassion had attracted an immense crowd to the court of justice, and filled every avenue. When the prisoner drew near, a low murmur arose from that multitude, like a malediction on her name. But no sooner had she pierced the crowd, and dazzled every eye with her surpassing beauty, than the murmur of anger changed to an emotion of compassion and admiration.

When she had taken her seat on the prisoners' bench, she was asked whether she had a defender. She replied she had intrusted that duty to a friend; but, not seeing him present, she presumed he had lost his courage. The president then appointed her an official defender,—young Claveau-Lagarde, since illustrious for his defence of the queen, and already noted for his eloquence and courage in causes at a time when the advocate shared the perils of the accused. Lagarde placed himself at the bar. Charlotte looked at him closely and uneasily, as though she feared that, to save her life, her defender might endanger her honour. Marat's widow gave her deposition with tears and sobs. Charlotte, affected by the woman's grief, cut short her deposition by exclaiming, "Yes, yes, I killed him." She then related the premeditation of an act conceived three months before, the project of stabbing the tyrant in the midst of the Convention, and the stratagem she had used to approach him. She ended by saying, "I have killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the revolution."

The prosecutor having reproached her with plunging the knife downwards, that the blow might be more sure, told her she must doubtless have well practised the crime! At that supposition, which confounded all her ideas by assimilating her to professional murderers, she uttered an exclamation of shame: "Oh! the monster!" cried she, "he takes me for an assassin!"

Fouquier-Tinville then summed up, and adjudged her deserving of capital punishment. Her advocate arose. "The prisoner," said he, "avows the crime; she owns it was long premeditated, and she confesses the most overwhelming particulars. Citizens, this is her entire defence. This imperturbable calmness and complete self-denial, betraying no remorse in the presence of death, are, in one point of view, something beyond human nature, and can only be accounted for by the exaltation of the political fanaticism which armed her hand with the poignard. It is for you to judge how much such an immovable fanaticism should weigh in the scales of justice. I refer the matter to your consciences."

The jury unanimously pronounced sentence of death. She heard the decree unmoved. The president having asked her whether she had anything to say on the nature of the penalty, she disdained to answer, and, turning to her defender, "Sir," said she, in a sweet, affecting tone of voice, "you have defended me as I wished, and I thank you. I owe you a testimony of my gratitude and esteem; I offer one worthy of you. These gentlemen" (pointing to the judges) "have just declared my property confiscated. I owe something to the prison, and I bequeath you that debt to pay for me." Whilst they were questioning her, and receiving her answers, she perceived amidst the auditory a painter sketching her features. She had turned obligingly, and with a smile, towards the artist, that he might take her likeness the better. She was thinking of immortality, and had already taken her position in the future.

Behind the painter was a youth, whose fair hair, blue eyes, and pale complexion proclaimed him to be a child of the north. He was standing on tip-toe, in order to have a better view of the prisoner. At every answer, the manly vigour, and almost feminine sound of Charlotte's voice, made him shudder and change colour. Unable to master his emotion, he provoked several times, by his involuntary exclamations, the murmurs of the crowd, and attracted the prisoner's attention. The moment the president pronounced sentence of death that young man half arose, with the gesture of a man who protests in his heart, and immediately sank back, as if his strength failed him. Charlotte, indifferent about her own fate, noticed that motion. She felt that, at a moment when she was abandoned by all on earth, one soul was attached to her, and that in the midst of that hostile crowd she had one unknown friend. She thanked him with a look: it was their only communication on earth.

That young stranger was Adam Lux, a German republican, deputed to Paris by the revolutionary party of Mayence, in order to unite the movements of Germany with those of France in the common cause of human reason and the freedom of nations.

On returning to the Conciergerie, whence she was soon to depart for the scaffold, Charlotte smiled at her prison companions assembled in the passages and courts to see her pass. She said to the governor, "I had hoped we should breakfast once more together; but the judges have kept me so long that you must forgive me for having broken my word." The executioner entered. She asked him to allow her one minute more to finish a letter. This letter was neither an act of weakness nor of emotion, but the expression of wounded friendship wishing to leave an immortal reproach for what she believed to be a cowardly desertion. It was addressed to Doulcet de Pontécoulant, whom she had known at her aunt's, and whom she believed she had invoked in vain to defend her. The letter was as follows:—"Doulcet de Pontécoulant is a coward for having refused to defend me when the thing was so easy. He who has done so has performed the task with all possible dignity, and I shall feel grateful to him to the last moment." This vengeance was undeserved by him whom she accused from the brink of the grave. Young Pontécoulant, being absent from Paris, had not received her letter: his generosity and courage leave no doubt that he would have performed this service for her. Charlotte carried with her an error and an act of injustice to the scaffold.

A priest, authorized by the public prosecutor, presented himself, according to custom, to offer her the consolation of religion. "Thank those who have had the kindness to send you," said she in an affectionate tone; "but I need not your ministry. The blood I have shed, and my own, are the only sacrifices that I can offer to the Eternal."

When the trial was over, and the punishment of death had been pronounced, she sent for the painter, M. Hauer, towards whom she had frequently turned during the proceedings, thanked him for the interest he took in her fate, and offered to sit once more during the few moments she had to live. M. Hauer accepted her offer. During the sitting she conversed on indifferent subjects; she spoke also of what she had done, and gloried in having delivered France of such a monster as Marat. She entreated M. Hauer to make a small copy of her portrait, and to send it to her family.

After about an hour and a half there was a knock at a small door behind Charlotte Corday. It was opened, and the executioner entered. She turned round, and beholding the scissors and the red mantle, could not help shewing some emotion as she exclaimed, "What! so soon!" She immediately recovered herself, and addressing M. Hauer, "Sir," said she, "I know not how to thank you for all the interest you have shewn and the trouble you have taken on my account; I have but this to offer you; keep it in remembrance of me." So saying, she took the scissors from the hand of the executioner, cut off a large lock of her hair which fell from her cap, and handed it to M. Hauer. The gendarmes and even the executioner seemed affected at the scene.

The executioner then tied her hands and put on her the fatal garment. "This," said she with a smile, "is the toilet of death prepared by rather rough hands; but it leads to immortality." She picked up her long hair, looked at it once more, and gave it to Madame Richard. Just as she ascended the cart to go to the place of execution, a violent storm arose and burst forth over Paris. The lightning and rain dispersed the immense crowds that filled the bridges, streets, and squares through which the procession was to pass. Bands of desperate women pursued her with their maledictions; but, insensible to the outrage, she looked calmly down upon the people with an eye of pity.

The sky cleared up again. Her garments, drenched with rain, shewed more plainly the graceful form of her body, like that of a woman rising from her bath. Her hands tied behind her back caused her to carry her head erect; this constraint of the muscles gave her the attitude of a graceful statue. The setting sun shone like glory round her brow. The colour of her cheeks, heightened by the reflection of her red mantle, imparted a dazzling splendour to her countenance. Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins had placed themselves on the road to see her pass. All those who felt a presentiment of assassination were curious to study in her features the expression of that fanaticism which might threaten their lives on the morrow. She seemed occasionally to seek among the assembled thousands for a look of intelligence. Adam Lux was awaiting the cart at the entrance of the Rue Saint-Honoré; he proudly followed the wheels as far as the foot of the scaffold.

"He engraved in his heart," he said, "her angelic meekness. Amid the barbarous howlings of the crowd, the mild expression of her beautiful eyes revealed her tender yet intrepid soul,—those charming eyes that would have moved a rock! . . . Let the place of her execution be holy ground, and let a statue be erected to her with these words: *Greater than Brutus*. To die for her, and, like her, to be beaten by the hand of the executioner, to feel, in dying, the same edge that cut off the angelic head of Charlotte, and to be united to her in heroism, liberty, love, and death, is henceforth my only prayer. I shall never attain her sublime virtue; but is it not just that the object adored should ever be superior to the worshipper?"

Thus an enthusiastic and immaterial love, inspired by the last glance of the victim, accompanying her, step by step, as far as the scaffold, and unknown to her, was ready to follow her in order to merit, by her example, the eternal union of souls. The cart at length stopped. Charlotte turned pale on beholding the in-

strument of death, but, soon recovering her natural colour, she ascended the slippery steps of the scaffold, with as firm and light a step as her handcuffs and dripping mantle permitted. When the executioner, in order to lay bare her neck, removed the handkerchief which covered her bosom, her humiliated modesty gave her more pain than her approaching death; but resuming her serenity, and as if joyfully launching into eternity, she placed her neck herself under the hatchet. Her head flew off and rebounded. One of the executioner's assistants took the head in one hand and slapped the face with the other, vilely courting the approbation of the people! We are told that Charlotte's cheeks blushed at the outrage, as if dignity and modesty had, for a moment, survived the sentiment of life. The angry crowd did not accept the homage. A shudder of horror pervaded the multitude and demanded vengeance for that indignity.

Such was the end of Marat, and such the life and death of Charlotte Corday.

The culpable devotion of Charlotte Corday is one of those acts which we should doubt whether to admire or abhor, did not morality reprove them. For our part, if we had to find for that sublime deliverer of her country and that glorious murderess of tyranny a name that contained at once the enthusiasm of our emotion for her and the severity of our judgment on her act, we would create a word to unite the two extremes of admiration and horror in the language of men, and we would call her the Angel of Assassination.

A few days after her execution, Adam Lux published an apology of Charlotte Corday, and participated in her offence in order to share her martyrdom. Being arrested for this audacious provocation, he was cast into the Abbaye. "So then I shall die for her!" cried he, as he passed over the threshold of the prison. And he died accordingly, soon after, hailing the scaffold consecrated by the blood of Charlotte, as the altar of love and liberty.

On hearing, in his prison, the crime, condemnation, and death of Charlotte Corday, Verginaud exclaimed, "She kills us, but she teaches us how to die!"

SONNET.

THE lark dwells low but mounteth to the sky,
 O happy symbol! so mayst thou aspire,
 Pure heart, whose diffident simplicity
 Would check, with tim'rous sway, thy spirit's fire,
 Of state obscure, but glorious in desire.
 Up from the dust, swift-winged soul, arise,
 And join the unimaginable choir
 Of blooming hopes and smiling sympathies.
 Not he who buildeth highest to the sun,
 Is nearest, but who keeps the longest flight
 With native strength endued; for, doubting one,
 All have immunity in Nature's sight:
 Earth's elevations, view'd from heaven, are none;
 The plain is level with the mountain height.

E. L. E.

FACTS AND FALLACIES.

IN a late number of the "Quarterly" appeared an article, entitled "The Present State of Physical Science." So fair a title gave the promise of much intellectual enjoyment, but, to our great disappointment, it confined itself entirely to *matters of fact*, such as "the magnetization of light, and the illumination of magnetic lines of force," and neither excited our imagination with any brilliant theories, nor amused us with any of the usual absurdities. But we have since then met with a book that has amused us exceedingly, and that deals very little with facts and very largely with fallacies. The writer's object probably was to shew up to the world the many fools there are within it, and to prove what fictions the many smatterers in science will receive as facts. The book ought to be called a condensation of all the scientific knowledge that the world possesses, interspersed with speculations of a kind that the world has never yet seen, and may not even yet properly appreciate or understand. For the amusement of our readers we present them with an abridgment of it.

It is well known that the greatest discoveries in science have been made by the simplest means—that the fall of an apple first informed Newton of the existence of a law of gravitation; so the mode by which our sun and the whole system of planets were formed in space and became what they are was made known by a very simple experiment of olive oil floating in spirit and water.

But, without wasting time or words upon the experiment, we will speak of the wonderful facts it discloses.

The first fact is, that the whole space which our eyes can look upon and our sight penetrate on a bright cloudless day, was once filled with nebulous matter; or fire-mist. In the course of more millions of years than we should like to sum up in a month, this fire-mist began at last, by "the process of agglomeration by attraction, to get into motion, and nuclei were formed which became of themselves centres of aggregation for the neighbouring diffused matter." "Upon such centres a rotatory motion was established, and this motion increasing as the agglomeration proceeded, and the centrifugal force acting on the exterior of the rotating mass, that force overcame at length the agglomerating force, and this ring of fire-mist was broken up;" but the ring, not being "uniform in constitution," formed "several agglomerating masses," which are in fact our planets.

Now the singular beauty of this system is its extreme simplicity and clearness. Here was a huge ball of fire-mist, that, when put into its full movement of rotation, assumed, as all balls of yielding materials will, a flattened form, which form measured round at the extreme edge at the very least some twenty-three thousand two hundred and eighty millions of miles. But, as the centrifugal force during the flattening process did, at certain well known intervals, so act on the exterior of the rotating mass as to overcome the agglomerating force, a series of rings were thus left apart within the circle, which each possessed the motion proper to itself at the crisis of separation.

By a very dexterous management of the rotatory motion, these rings broke loose from each other, and broke up of themselves, and instantly agglomerated into those various masses which we call Jupiter, and Mars, and so on, and which have ever since been whirling round each other in exactly the same plane, and at precisely the same distances from each other, as did the rings formerly.

Thus, the inner ring having had a diameter of 80 millions of miles in round numbers, Mercury moves, in consequence, in an orbit of about 240 millions; the diameter of the ring which gave rise to our earth being 200 millions of miles, we move round the sun in an orbit of about 600 millions; but the ring which formed Le Verrier's newly discovered planet Neptune having had a diameter of 7760 millions of miles, that planet moves in an orbit of more than 23,000 millions.

But this is only a very small portion of the truth that modern researches have brought to light, for it is demonstrated that the satellites owe their origin to precisely the same cause as did the planets, viz. to the rotatory motion of their primary.

Neptune has come before us so recently, that we have scarcely yet had time to raise our glasses to observe him; and of Uranus we cannot yet say all that we shall very soon have to say; but Saturn is as well known to us as our own household gods, and he, curiously enough, verifies in his own person the theory of the rings, since some of those which he made for himself when he was flung off from the original great globe of fire-mist are still at this very moment surrounding him.

Originally he had nine, but seven, not being "uniform in constitution," broke up their ring-like form, and getting together into a ball, they now form his satellites; while two of these rings, being perfectly "uniform in constitution," remain rings still. How long they will remain so is uncertain; but it is quite certain that when they cease to be rings they will be satellites, and will, as such, revolve around him at exactly the same distance from him, and in the very same plane, as does at present the outer edge of those rings.

Our own earth also was once a very different thing to what it now is; once it was a large flat pancake-looking thing, that revolved with a certain velocity we shall hereafter speak of, and which, by continuing so to revolve, became more and more hollow above and below its axis of rotation, and stretched itself out continually in a horizontal direction, until finally abandoning the disk, it transformed itself into a perfect ring: by nicely managing the rotatory motion, the ring gradually contracted itself into the figure of an oblate spheroid, having, however, meanwhile contrived to throw off a small portion of its substance, and which is now our moon.

Where our informer of all these facts was at the time we are now speaking of, he does not say, but that he was an eye-witness to the whole process no one would doubt who reads his book, so clearly and so circumstantially does he relate all the particulars, and in their due order; so exact is, in consequence, our knowledge of these things, that we are enabled, through him, to say what the velocity even of the several original rings actually was. Thus, Neptune revolved at the rate of two miles and a quarter in the second, Uranus had a speed of four miles, Saturn of six, Jupiter of eight, Mars of fifteen, the earth of nineteen, Venus of twenty-one, and Mercury of thirty-one miles in the second.

One of these rings, however, from some cause or other not yet perfectly known to us, broke up very irregularly and disorderly, and, instead of agglomerating into one mass and forming one planet, agglomerated into five or six, which are now revolving round the sun in orbits but a very few miles (from six to thirty) distant one from the other.

Another fact which is brought home very clearly to our comprehension is the density of the planets; for, as the temperature of the fire-mist increased in intensity as it approached the outermost circle, so the more distant would, from the expansive power of heat, be of course the lightest: thus, while every cubic foot of Mercury is three times heavier than any cubic foot of the earth, the whole of Saturn is as light as cork, and Uranus is at least as light as the froth of a syllabub, while Neptune is lighter even than vanity itself.

But there is another fact to be noticed: several of the planets have their satellites which never stray from them, but keep revolving most faithfully and regularly around them. Jupiter, for instance, has four, the outermost of which revolves round him at the distance of 1,180,582 miles, and, therefore, says the writer from whom we quote, Jupiter was once 3,675,500 miles in diameter, instead of being as now only 267,500. The truth is, he kept throwing off portions of himself to form satellites until he reduced himself to his present miserable dimensions. His last essay of this kind was when he had a diameter of 309,075 miles, and as this reduced him 40,000 miles in bulk, he has never since repeated the experiment, and very probably he never will.

Our earth, it seems, followed on one occasion the larger planets' example, and to gain a satellite threw off the moon; but, probably, from not clearly understanding the right way to do this to advantage, it made so great a waste of materials, as to reduce itself from a circumference of 1,446,000 miles to one of 24,000, and, alarmed at such a result, it has made no second effort.

Saturn, also, it would seem, blundered in the process; for, being desirous of nine satellites, he, at different times, broke off nine portions of himself; but, instead of carefully selecting on each occasion fragments of the whole fifty-five elements of which we know he is composed, he, on two occasions, sent out two portions of elements so "uniform in constitution" that they could not agglomerate nor form globes, but have remained rings ever since, and there they are yet to be seen surrounding him at this moment, and making him the laughing-stock of all the planets that look upon him.

Undeterred by these several failures, our moon appears very strongly inclined to throw off something like a moon for herself, for she is continually sending forth fragments of herself, and with such extreme violence, as to break them into portions much too small for her purpose, and to throw them beyond her own range of attraction, and, therefore, within the attraction of the earth, on whose surface they have frequently been seen to fall, and sometimes in long-continued showers.

Such are some of the wonders revealed to us of late by a philosopher whose knowledge is undoubtedly of the most extraordinary description. He seems to comprehend the nature and the origin of all things that exist, animate and inanimate, from a polypus to a planet; to have ranged through all creation; looked into all details

with his own eyes, and learned all secrets from his own observation and discernment; nothing has escaped his scrutiny, nothing eluded his research; in his own judgment nothing is too vast for his powers—nothing more conclusive than his arguments—and so confident are his assertions, so minute his observations, that no one would for a moment doubt but that all he has reported he has seen. Lest the world, however, should, in its enthusiasm, overwhelm him with applause, and burden him with titles and honours too heavy to be borne, he wisely determines to remain unknown; his name is, therefore, to the many a mystery; and, as we have to do with the book, and not with the man, we shall not further disturb him, nor attempt to raise the veil which he has dropped over himself, but quietly leave him in the deep obscurity he desires.

It would seem, however, by a question which he asks, that, with all his extensive reading, he has knowledge of a very important kind yet to gain, and that there is one book especially of whose existence even he has no knowledge, for he says, “Yielding to the instinct which sends us to inquire after cause, how has it been that these orby myriads in the skies have taken the places in which we find them? *to what authorship* are we to ascribe the whole?” The answer to this is, “In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;” and it is astonishing how much the knowledge of this fact would have helped the author of the “*Vestiges of the Natural History of the Creation*,” from what wild speculations it would have saved him, and from what irrational conclusions it would have kept him.

But great geniuses, when they run wild, will necessarily run in eccentric courses, and men who are “vainly puffed up with a fleshly mind” will say and do many things that puzzle and not a little surprise other men, who are accustomed to think soberly and to weigh facts carefully.

Thus, the writer of the “*Vestiges*” says, “that he is all but certain that herbaceous and ligneous fibre, that flesh and blood, are the constituents of the organic beings in Jupiter and Sirius, and that the inhabitants of all the other globes of space bear a particular resemblance to those of our own.” This is a dashing assertion, but it is only one among many; the book abounds with such statements, and they are affirmed with all the authority of a master who is perfectly certain of the facts he teaches, and whose knowledge is so complete, that it would be to waste both time and patience to enter upon a single argument either for them or against them.

But we will follow him no longer into those high regions where he delights to wing his daring flight, and where he has us at so decided a disadvantage to us; but we will keep him to the earth, where we can better manage to go with him, and especially as he is most perfectly conversant with its history during at least the last hundred of thousands of millions of years, and concerning which he has some very curious facts to communicate.

Once upon a time, he says, the south-eastern portion of England was the mouth of a river of the Amazon and Mississippi class, which flowed from a point not nearer than the present Newfoundland, and probably 500 miles beyond it; and if at that time a being of superhuman intelligence had come to examine our globe, he would have to tell strange stories about it; for he would have seen the horrid sauria with their crocodile jaws pursuing their prey on the

wing, on the land, and in the water ; he would have seen huge turtles in the mud, huge megalosaurs on the plain, frogs as big as boars croaking in the marshes, and such clouds of insects that it was rarely the sun's rays could penetrate through them into the earth : but not a tiger would he have seen nor an elephant ; not a dog nor a hare, neither man nor woman ; but he would have seen life so abundant in some species, that, if he had been a good accountant, he would have found above ten millions of shell-fish in a cubic inch of that substance which we now call chalk. And this fact leads him on to talk most eloquently upon the dignity of science, as a product of man's industry and reason ; and yet in the very same breath he tells us, that man is a very *parvenu* sort of being, and, as compared with many humbler animals, is a creature as it were of yesterday. Indeed, throughout his whole book he makes us look very small indeed in the creation, and gives us all an origin which is very humiliating and very insulting, and especially so to some in high places, who, with coronets and crowns on their brows, do not like to be placed lower in the creation than the worms.

But his idea of the source whence we derive our life is novel, and we think peculiarly ingenious. "For organic creation," at least so he says, "is entirely a natural event ; and life, as a distinct principle," he asserts "is both unsupported by evidence, and is altogether useless in the explanation of facts ;" and, having so far cleared his ground, he then proceeds to shew how we, and all things besides, get life, as we call it. His proof or his reasoning is this :—

Crystallization is dependent upon electric agency, and there are crystallizations, such as the *arbor dianæ*, which precisely resemble shrubs ; also in the marks caused by positive electricity we see the ramifications of a tree : *ergo*, electric energies have everything to do with the forms of plants. But the basis of all plants is, cells having granules within them ; and these little cells become in time of themselves plants, even full-formed living beings. Now the ovum of animals, that ovum which is destined to become a new creature, is only a cell with a contained granule ; and, therefore, it is obvious, he argues, that the fundamental form of organic being is a cell, having new cells forming within itself ; thus, in the sponges, an animal form, a gemmule detached from the parent, becomes, without further process, the new creature ; and between the young of the infusory animalcules and the ovum of the mammal tribes there is therefore a perfect resemblance, which if we cannot see, it is set down that we ought to see.

And now for the life principle. "Life is never imparted to the insensate elements," says the writer, but *originates from them.*" And he announces it as an incontrovertible and established fact, that *animated* creation originates from *inorganic elements* ; and in proof of his assertion he points to the experiments of Prevost and Dumas, who both, he says, produced globules in albumen by electricity, and also to the *acarus crossii*, which were produced by both Cross and Weekes, the one from silicate of potass, and the other from nitrate of copper, when operated upon by a powerful voltaic battery. But he has more proofs in store than even these most convincing ones ; for he argues, that, because a confined pig is subject to an hydatid, from which, as he says, the wild hog is free, that therefore this hydatid had no existence in the creation until men built styes and fattened their pigs in

them. Certain larvæ also live in wine and beer, which he asserts (for he knows all things) live nowhere else ; and, therefore, until men brewed beer there were no such larvæ existing.

But all this is only preparatory to the great hypothesis of all ; it is but the flourish of trumpets to announce the near approach of the principal performer in the drama ; the writer's darling theory, that which he hoped would give immortality to his book, that which he conceived would overthrow all men's preconceived opinions, all established creeds, all systems of philosophy, and dazzle and perplex the world from its brilliancy and novelty, is now to be produced, and we usher it therefore into notice by its proper and pompous title, "The Progressive Development of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdom."

Should this pet theory not answer to the author's expectations, should ridicule be heaped upon him instead of praise, should it subject him to be called a silly schemer, instead of a profound philosopher, that concerns him chiefly, and us but little, and is therefore a subject that we shall say but little upon ; but he decidedly thought that his theory of development was the great discovery of the age, that it supplied more sound knowledge, and therefore more real happiness to the world, than any other subject has done during the last hundred years ; and, so thinking, he did quite right to publish what he considered of such great importance we should know.

And so plain has he made the matter, so clear is it to his own mind, that he at once asserts that "embryonic development is now a science." We would advise no one we cared for, to study it, for it is a science eminently unscientific, and the arguments in support of it puerile in the extreme ; but of this, however, the reader can judge as well as the writer, since the hypothetical science is based entirely on the fact, supposing it to be one, that "there is an inherent impulse in the forms of life to advance by generation through grades of organization to the highest dicotyledons and vertebrata." This is fact the first, or assertion the first, whichever the reader pleases. This being granted, a second is brought forward, which is, "the first phenomenon in organic creation is a chemico-electric operation by which germinal vesicles are produced." Allow this, and you cannot then object to allow "that there is an advance of these through a succession of higher grades and a variety of modifications."

Undoubtedly it takes a long time to make these successions, that is, to turn a polypus into a whale, or a butterfly into an eagle, but it is astonishing what time will do. Time, this writer says, you must give him, or his theory won't work at all : for instance, he is aground directly, he cannot make the least way, unless you will allow that the coralline limestone over which the Niagara falls was formed an utterly incalculable number of years since—more than nineteen millions of millions. So that he asks long credit and quite as much credibility as one really can grant him. But, as he is well aware, that, if we grant him this, we shall refuse him nothing, he takes advantage of the admissions he has wrung from us, and plainly tells us, "that the higher animals are, in their organization, only improvements upon the lower, and nothing more than advanced forms of the same beings ;" and that we men, highly as we may think of ourselves, are only an improvement upon the tadpole in the first instance, and upon the ape the second. We are not of ourselves very choleric, and are willing to give and take great latitude of speech and opinion, but it is not plea-

sant to be told this, even although we are at the same time told that the present race of tadpoles will in time become men and women.

So sure, however, is this very eminent philosopher of this fact, and so earnest is he to humble the pride which he plainly sees to prevail very fearfully amongst us, that he again and again reverts to this subject, and tells us distinctly, that, puffed up with conceit as we are, our organization is simply this: at first we were simply inorganic matter, then a cell with a granule, then a worm, then a fish, afterwards a reptile, then a bird, then a low mammalia, and from that we changed into a perfect ape, and then into a true human creature; and all this he proves to demonstration, to proceed naturally and inevitably "from the gradual development of the brain."

And through all these transformations, which successive generations have produced, before they produced us as we now are, it is very evident upon which of our predecessors in the ancestral line this writer's affections are more especially fixed—the frog is decidedly his favourite; his praises of it are quite affecting; and we must say, that the very respectful way in which he speaks of that ancestor of ours is highly to his credit: he asserts, and with great earnestness, that it bears a striking resemblance to the human conformation; that it is an approximation to the higher order of mammalia, for that it is the only animal besides man that has a calf to its leg.¹ We have seen this spring some hundreds of frogs, and we acknowledge that we never before looked upon them with so much interest and affection—they so like us, and we once what they now are; and if we all would, he says, always look on this ancestor of ours without prejudice, we should see in him "an animal uniting an elegant form with light and slender limbs; whose pleasing colours would adorn the smoothest lawn, and whose lively gambols would animate every scene, and even its croak we should call a low and plaintive note." His affection even is kindled for the kindred race of toads, whom he describes as a right merry race; and speaking of a party of them who were celebrating some nuptial rites, he says, that their joyousness was such that it could be compared to nothing else than a large company of men and women laughing right heartily and merrily together.

But it should be understood, that the frog that was our ancestor was not the diminutive thing that the present frog is, for he was as large as a good-sized hog, and very fine specimens of him may still be seen in the Warwickshire sandstone.

The frog, however, after all, he thinks, is not to be considered so much our more directly lineal predecessor as a something which has never yet been found, but which he calls "labyrinthodon," and which he describes as a "massive batrachian animal," as a "ghost of anticipated humanity," "which leaves its handlike footsteps on the new red sandstone, and then is seen no more;" footsteps being, so he says, the only evidence that exists that any such creature ever lived upon the earth, and yet he claims him as our more immediate ancestor.

But he has his favourites among the fish tribe, and not only claims kindred with the dolphin, but thinks that the dolphin acknowledges the claim, in some measure, himself; for it is well known, he says, how very familiar the dolphin was in former times with men, how he helped them in shipwrecks and other marine disasters; and even now, he observes, the dolphin is never so happy as when enjoying human society, and all his merry gambols about the ships are but the proof of his extreme delight in seeing men's faces.

But we now enter upon a more abstruse and sublime portion of this development theory. "Verily," says this writer, in his earnest longings to be profane, "verily, it would give us a curious conception of organic nature if we could satisfy ourselves, that, like chemistry, it had a mysterious foundation in mathematical proportions—threes under threes, each subordinate three reflecting the trinity to which it belongs—such an arrangement being obviously favourable to the development theory, as arguing a unity in animated nature;" and this theory is, "that the monkeys are the descendants of the parrots, in the same way that the pig is the relative or analogue of the duck; the bullock of the turkey; the squirrel of the monkey; and the bat of the serpent." We cannot, of course, give here the order of the successive transformations of all birds, or stop to say how the duck became the ostrich, or the crane the pheasant, or the albatross the eagle, or the cormorant the vulture, or the gull the crow, but the writer gets quite eloquent on the subject, and says that "a result of very profound interest may be expected from the perfect development of this view of the system of nature," and that from this view of it "it might have been seen, ere man existed, that a remarkable creature was coming upon the earth;" and this remarkable creature, when he did come, he thus describes, "as an animal not solely herbivorous nor solely carnivorous, not solely innocent nor solely destructive;" and the most remarkable specimens of this most remarkable creature he considers to be Shakespeare and Scott, and says that "not only were they poets, but warriors also, and statesmen, and philosophers, and men of affairs, (poor Scott!) and who, moreover, had the mild and the manly, the moral and impulsive parts of our nature, in the finest balance."

How far he will carry his readers with him in this opinion, will depend greatly upon their common sense, and their credulity, and their more or less admiration of whatever is most nonsensical or most marvellous.

But we must hasten to another subject. It is not every one that knows why the Africans are black, the Mongolians yellow, the Americans red, and the Caucasians white; but every one may now know it, for colour, it seems, does not depend upon country nor climate, but solely upon the different stages of the development of the brain; and he lays it down as a fact, "that the leading characters of the various races of mankind are simply representations of particular stages in the development of the highest type," which highest he considers to be the Caucasian; and his reasoning to prove it is this, that the most perfect negro exhibits the imperfect brain of a Caucasian child four months before it is born.

How he could ever know this, who never saw the brain of an unborn Caucasian child in his life, nor the brain of a negro, we cannot say—but let that pass. The adult American Indian's brain is like a Caucasian child's brain one month before it is born; yet how he should know this no one can tell: but the Mongolian man's brain is like a Caucasian child's brain which is just born. And this twaddle is obtruded upon us as the result of deep philosophical research into man's physical history.

According to this theory, a seven months' Caucasian child runs a great risk of growing up a black man, and an eight months' child of being red like the Indian; at all events, "the colour of our skins is a purely photographic process, and belongs to the science of actino-

chemistry," a science that would be of great value to many thousands of free blacks and mulattos in the United States, who would gladly change the hue of their skins, would any science teach them how to set about it.

We have read many definitions of man, but none more curious than this we find here: "man is an enigma only as an individual; in the mass he is a mathematical problem." This definition seems to us to fail in defining man very clearly; but we can understand at once that "thought is electricity, and the brain a voltaic battery," and that "a Cuvier and a Newton are but expansions of a clown; and that a wicked man is one whose highest moral feelings are rudimentary;" but we are lost again when we are told that "a man becomes wicked because the faculties of his parents oscillated for a time towards the extreme of sensibility, and produced a mean type of brain." But the writer himself has a clear comprehension of all he asserts, and shuts up all argument upon this portion of his subject by asserting, that, as "the inorganic has one final law which is gravitation, so the organic rests on one law which is development." The first law having been discovered by Newton, and the second by a nameless somebody, whose name, if known, must throw Newton's into the shade; it is, therefore, for Newton's sake, very charitably and altogether concealed.

It may be satisfactory to some to know that this development theory is to hurt no one: if it is fallacious, its falsity will make it innocuous; but if true, then "the principle of development will advance the human race far beyond its present position in intellect and morals; will lead to higher types of humanity—to beings less strong in the impulsive and physical parts of our nature, and more strong in the reasoning and moral." "And from this view of nature," says this most benighted philosopher, "we may obtain a faith sufficient to sustain us under all the calamities, and woes, and pains of life—a faith in which we may well rest at ease even though life is but a protracted malady, and every hope connected with life is slipping from our grasp; therefore," he says, "let us wait the end with patience, and be of good cheer."

To be of good cheer and to hold the principles of this book we consider a moral impossibility; and we grieve for the man who could employ his time and his thoughts to accomplish so evil a purpose as this book is designed to serve. There cannot be a doubt that the one sole object of this book is to persuade men that they never had their origin from God—that God never did breathe into man the breath of life—that the Bible history of their creation is utterly untrue—and that all prayer to the Creator is totally useless, because that God acts only by general laws, and pays not the least attention to individual cases.

This theory of development, therefore, puts itself into the most direct opposition to the Christian faith and to the religion which the Bible reveals; and we have no respect for the head or the heart of that man, who, under the plea of imparting useful knowledge, covertly teaches infidelity; and who, while professing the highest admiration of truth, has all his thoughts directed to the inculcation of error.

But a more superficial writer never put his pen to paper; his book is one of extraordinary pretension and most meagre performance; all his facts are culled from the writings of others—all his fallacies

are his own ; and that his whole theory is a fallacy from beginning to end, is shewn by the condemnation passed on it by men who are professionally perfectly competent to judge of its merits, and whose attainments in physical science are so unquestionably great as to give the highest value to their opinion.

Thus, Professor Owen, speaking of this development theory, says, that "*facts negative the supposition that the progression has been the result of self-developing energies adequate to a transmutation of specific characters, and, on the contrary, support the conclusion that the modifications of osteological structure which characterize the extinct reptiles were originally impressed upon them at their creation, and have been neither derived from improvement of a lower, nor lost by progressive development into a higher type.*"

Such a judgment from such a man is decisive of the question, and not merely damages, but utterly annihilates the infidel theory of development. But Professor Owen is not singular in his opinion ; high as his name stands in the list of the eminently scientific men of this day, and unquestioned as is his authority on all such matters, yet other professors of great eminence think exactly with him on this subject.

Thus, Professor Ansted says, "that to suppose an animal of lower organization can be employed as the agent in introducing a higher group, is not only *not borne out by observation, but is distinctly contradicted* by the results of geological and palæontological investigation" And in the last chapter of his interesting and really scientific book of "The Ancient World," he says, "there is, therefore, I repeat, in our investigations of animals of high organization, no support for any theory of the progressive development of species ; while the comparison of the species themselves with their representative in former times, is equally opposed to any such view ; and this being true of quadrupeds, we can only say that the reptiles offer matter for consideration *which is yet more unanswerably opposed to the theory of successive development.*"

"The notion, therefore, of a true progressive development, the geologist as well as the zoologist and botanist must except against.

"Nature, in fact, will not allow herself to be tortured into our systems, nor will she adapt herself to the Procrustean bed of any system-maker amongst us."

This is crushing enough, certainly, for any false system : but there is no measure of scorn and contempt that can be heaped upon the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" that it does not deserve ; its affectation of learning, its professions of truth, its mischievous tendency, and its false teaching, make it a book to be shunned as well as despised : and a very fair judgment may be formed of the character and attainments of any prattler or debater who is heard to quote from the pages of this miserably superficial and clap-trap publication ; for either he is an infidel at heart, or he is a mere dabbler in science, or he has not understanding enough to discriminate between the facts which true science reveals, and the fallacies of so poor a system-monger as is the author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation."

CAPTAIN SPIKE ;

OR,

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

Ay, fare you well, fair gentleman.

As You Like it.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE the tyro believes the vessel is about to capsize at every puff of wind, the practised seaman alone knows when danger truly besets him in this particular form. Thus it was with Harry Mulford, when the Mexican schooner went over, as related in the close of the preceding chapter. He felt no alarm until the danger actually came. Then, indeed, no one there was so quickly or so thoroughly apprised of what the result would be; and he directed all his exertions to meet the exigency. While there was the smallest hope of success, he did not lessen in the least his endeavours to save the vessel; making almost superhuman efforts to cast off the foresheet, so as to relieve the schooner from the pressure of one of her sails. But no sooner did he hear the barrels in the hold surging to leeward, and feel, by the inclination of the deck beneath his feet, that nothing could save the craft, than he abandoned the sheet, and sprang to the assistance of Rose. It was time he did; for, having followed him into the vessel's lee waist, she was the first to be submerged in the sea, and would have been hopelessly drowned, but for Mulford's timely succour. Women *might* swim more readily than men, and do so swim in those portions of the world where the laws of nature are not counteracted by human conventions. Rose Budd, however, had received the vicious education which civilized society inflicts on her sex; and, as a matter of course, was totally helpless in an element in which it was the design of divine Providence she should possess the common means of sustaining herself, like every other being endued with animal life. Not so with Mulford; he swam with ease and force, and had no difficulty in sustaining Rose until the schooner had settled into her new berth, or in hauling her on the vessel's bottom, immediately after.

Luckily, there was no swell, or so little as not to endanger those who were on the schooner's bilge; and Mulford had no sooner placed her in momentary safety at least, whom he prized far higher than his own life, than he bethought him of his other companions. Jack Tier had hauled himself up to windward by the rope that steadied the tiller, and he had called on Mrs. Budd to imitate his example. It was so natural for even a woman to grasp at anything like a rope at such a moment, that the widow instinctively obeyed, while Biddy seized at random the first thing of the sort that offered. Owing to these fortunate chances, Jack and Mrs. Budd succeeded in reaching the quarter of the schooner, the former actually getting up on the bottom of

the wreck, on to which he was enabled to float the widow, who was almost as buoyant as cork, as, indeed, was the case with Jack himself. All the stern and bows of the vessel were under water, in consequence of her leanness forward and aft; but though submerged, she offered a precarious footing, even in those extremities, to such as could reach them. On the other hand, the place where Rose stood, or the bilge of the vessel, was two or three feet above the surface of the sea, though slippery and inclining in shape.

It was not half a minute from the time that Mulford sprang to Rose's succour, ere he had her on the vessel's bottom. In another half-minute he had waded down on the schooner's counter, where Jack Tier was lustily calling to him for "help," and assisted the widow to her feet, and supported her until she stood at Rose's side. Leaving the last in her aunt's arms, half-distracted between dread and joy, he turned to the assistance of Biddy. The rope at which the Irish woman had caught, was a straggling end that had been made fast to the main channels of the schooner, for the support of a fender, and had been hauled partly in-board to keep it out of the water. Biddy had found no difficulty in dragging herself up to the chains, therefore: and had she been content to sustain herself by the rope, leaving as much of her body submerged as comported with breathing, her task would have been easy. But, like most persons who do not know how to swim, the good woman was fast exhausting her strength by vain efforts to walk on the surface of an element that was never made to sustain her. Unpractised persons, in such situations, cannot be taught to believe that their greatest safety is in leaving as much of their bodies as possible beneath the water, keeping the mouth and nose alone free for breath. But we have even seen instances in which men, who were in danger of drowning, seemed to believe it might be possible for them to crawl over the waves on their hands and knees. The philosophy of the contrary course is so very simple, that one would fancy a very child might be made to comprehend it; yet it is rare to find one unaccustomed to the water, and who is suddenly exposed to its dangers, that does not resort, under the pressure of present alarm, to the very reverse of the true means to save his or her life.

Mulford had no difficulty in finding Bridget, whose exclamations of "murder!" "help!" "he-l-lup!" "Jasus!" and other similar cries, led him directly to the spot, where she was fast drowning herself by her own senseless struggles. Seizing her by the arm, the active young mate soon placed her on her feet, though her cries did not cease until she was ordered by her mistress to keep silence.

Having thus rescued the whole of his companions from immediate danger, Mulford began to think of the future. He was seized with sudden surprise that the vessel did not sink, and for a minute he was unable to account for the unusual fact. On the former occasion, the schooner had gone down almost as soon as she fell over; but now she floated with so much buoyancy as to leave most of her keel and all of her bilge on one side quite clear of the water. As one of the main hatches was off, and the cabin doors and booby-hatch doors forward were open, and all were under water, it required a little reflection on the part of Mulford to understand on what circumstance all their lives now depended. The mate soon ascertained the truth, however,

and we may as well explain it to the reader in our own fashion, in order to put him on a level with the young seaman.

The puff of wind, or little squall, had struck the schooner at the most unfavourable moment for her safety. She had just lost her way in tacking, and the hull not moving ahead, as happens when a craft is thus assailed with the motion on her, all the power of the wind was expended in the direction necessary to capsize her. Another disadvantage arose from the want of motion. The rudder, which acts solely by pressing against the water as the vessel meets it, was useless, and it was not possible to luff, and throw the wind from the sails, as is usually practised by fore-and-aft rigged craft, in moments of such peril. In consequence of these united difficulties, the shifting of the cargo in the hold, the tenderness of the craft itself, and the force of the squall, the schooner had gone so far over as to carry all three of the openings to her interior suddenly under water, where they remained held by the pressure of the cargo that had rolled to leeward. Had not the water completely covered these openings or hatches, the schooner must have sunk in a minute or two, or by the time Mulford had got all his companions safe on her bilge. But they were completely submerged, and so continued to be, which circumstance alone prevented the vessel from sinking, as the following simple explanation will show.

Any person who will put an empty tumbler, bottom upwards, into a bucket of water, will find that the water will not rise within the tumbler more than an inch at most. At that point it is arrested by the resistance of the air, which, unable to escape, and compressed into a narrow compass, forms a body that the other fluid cannot penetrate. It is on this simple and familiar principle that the chemist keeps his gases in inverted glasses, placing them on shelves slightly submerged in water. Thus it was, then, that the schooner continued to float, though nearly bottom upwards, and with three inlets open, by which the water could and did penetrate. A considerable quantity of the element had rushed in at the instant of capsizing, but, meeting with resistance from the compressed and pent air, its progress had been arrested, and the wreck continued to float, sustained by the buoyancy that was imparted to it, in containing so large a body of a substance no heavier than atmospheric air. After displacing its weight of water, enough of buoyancy remained to raise the keel a few feet above the level of the sea.

As soon as Mulford had ascertained the facts of their situation, he communicated them to his companions, encouraging them to hope for eventual safety. It was true, their situation was nearly desperate, admitting that the wreck should continue to float for ever, since they were nearly without food, or anything to drink, and had no means of urging the hull through the water. They must float, too, at the mercy of the winds and waves; and should a sea get up, it might soon be impossible for Mulford himself to maintain his footing on the bottom of the wreck. All this the young man had dimly shadowed forth to him, through his professional experience; but the certainty of the vessel's not sinking immediately had so far revived his spirits, as to cause him to look on the bright side of the future, pale as that glimmering of hope was made to appear whenever reason cast one of its severe glances athwart it.

Harry had no difficulty in making Rose comprehend their precise situation. Her active and clear mind understood at once the causes of their present preservation, and most of the hazards of the future. It was not so with Jack Tier. He was composed, even resigned; but he could not see the reason why the schooner still floated.

"I know that the cabin-doors were open," he said; "and if they wasn't, of no great matter would it be, since the joints ar' n't caulked, and the water would run through them as through a sieve. I'm afeard, Mr. Mulford, we shall find the wreck going from under our feet afore long, and when we least wish it, perhaps."

"I tell you the wreck will float so long as the air remains in its hold," returned the mate, cheerfully. "Do you not see how buoyant it is?—the certain proof that there is plenty of air within. So long as that remains, the hull *must* float."

"I've always understood," said Jack, sticking to his opinion, "that wessels floats by vartue of water, and not by vartue of air; and, that when the water gets on the wrong side on 'em, there's little hope left of keepin' 'em up."

"What has become of the boat?" suddenly cried the mate. "I have been so much occupied as to have forgotten the boat. In that boat we might all of us still reach Key West. I see nothing of the boat!"

A profound silence succeeded this sudden and unexpected question. All knew that the boat was gone, and all knew that it had been lost by the widow's pertinacity and clumsiness; but no one felt disposed to betray her at that grave moment. Mulford left the bilge, and waded as far aft as it was at all prudent for him to proceed, in the vain hope that the boat might be there, fastened by its painter to the schooner's taffrail, as he had left it, but concealed from view by the darkness of the night. Not finding what he was after, he returned to his companions, still uttering exclamations of surprise at the unaccountable loss of the boat. Rose now told him that the boat had got adrift some ten or fifteen minutes before the accident befell them, and that they were actually endeavouring to recover it when the squall, which capsized the schooner, struck them.

"And why did you not call me, Rose?" asked Harry, with a little of gentle reproach in his manner. "It must have soon been my watch on deck; and it would have been better that I should lose half an hour of my watch below, than we should lose the boat."

Rose was now obliged to confess that the time for calling him had long been past, and that the faint streak of light, which was just appearing in the east, was the near approach of day. This explanation was made gently, but frankly; and Mulford experienced a glow of pleasure at his heart, even in that moment of jeopardy, when he understood Rose's motive for not having him disturbed. As the boat was gone, with little or no prospect of its being recovered again, no more was said about it; and the widow, who had stood on thorns the while, had the relief of believing that her awkwardness was forgotten.

It was such a relief from an imminent danger to have escaped from drowning when the schooner capsized, that those on her bottom did not, for some little time, realize all the terrors of their actual situa-

tion. The inconvenience of being wet was a trifle not to be thought of; and, in fact, the light summer dresses worn by all, linen or cotton as they were entirely, were soon effectually dried in the wind. The keel made a tolerably convenient seat, and the whole party placed themselves on it, to await the return of day, in order to obtain a view of all that their situation offered in the way of a prospect. While thus awaiting, a broken and short dialogue occurred.

"Had you stood to the northward the whole night?" asked Mulford, gloomily, of Jack Tier; for gloomily he began to feel, as all the facts of their case began to press more closely on his mind. "If so, we must be well off the reef, and out of the track of wreckers and turtlers. How had you the wind, and how did you head before the accident happened?"

"The wind was light the whole time, and for some hours it was nearly calm," answered Jack, in the same vein. "I kept the schooner's head to the nor'ard, until I thought we were getting too far off our course, and then I put her about. I do not think we could have been any great distance from the reef, when the boat got away from us, and I suppose we are in its neighbourhood now; for I was tacking to fall in with the boat when the craft went over."

"To fall in with the boat! Did you keep off to leeward of it, then, that you expected to fetch it by tacking?"

"Ay, a good bit: and I think the boat is now away here to windward of us, drifting athwart our bows."

This was important news to Mulford. Could he only get that boat, the chances of being saved would be increased a hundredfold, nay, would almost amount to a certainty; whereas so long as the wind held to the southward and eastward, the drift of the wreck must be toward the open water, and consequently so much the further removed from the means of succour. The general direction of the trades in that quarter of the world, is east; and should they get round into their old and proper quarter, it would not benefit them much; for the reef running south-west, they could scarcely hope to hit the Dry Tortugas again, in their drift, were life even spared them sufficiently long to float the distance. Then there might be currents, about which Mulford knew nothing with certainty; they might set them in any direction; and did they exist, as was almost sure to be the case, were much more powerful than the wind in controlling the movements of a wreck.

The mate strained his eyes in the direction pointed out by Jack Tier, in the hope of discovering the boat through the haze of the morning; and he actually did discern something that, it appeared to him, might be the much desired little craft. If he were right, there was every reason to think the boat would drift down so near them, as to enable him to recover it by swimming. This cheering intelligence was communicated to his companions, who received it with gratitude and delight. But the approach of day gradually dispelled that hope, the object which Mulford had mistaken for the boat, within two hundred yards of the wreck, turning out to be a small, low, but bare hummock of the reef, at a distance of more than two miles.

"That is a proof that we are not far from the reef at least," cried Mulford, willing to encourage those around him all he could, and

really much relieved at finding himself so near even this isolated fragment of *terra firma*. "This fact is the next encouraging thing to finding ourselves near the boat, or to falling in with a sail."

"Ay, ay," said Jack, gloomily; "boat or no boat, 'twill make no great matter of difference now. *There's* customers that'll be sartain to take all the grists you can send to their mill."

"What things are those glancing about the vessel?" cried Rose, almost in the same breath; "those dark, sharp-looking sticks—see, there are five or six of them; and they move as if fastened to something under the water that pulls them about."

"Them's the customers I mean, Miss Rose," answered Jack, in the same strain as that in which he had first spoken; "they're the same thing at sea as lawyers be ashore, and seem made to live on other folks. Them's sharks."

"And yonder is truly the boat!" added Mulford, with a sigh that almost amounted to a groan. The light had by this time so far returned, as to enable the party not only to see the fins of half-a-dozen sharks, which were already prowling about the wreck, the almost necessary consequence of their proximity to a reef in that latitude, but actually to discern the boat drifting down toward them, at a distance that promised to carry it past, within the reach of Mulford's powers of swimming, though not as near as he could have wished, even under more favourable circumstances. Had their extremity been greater, or had Rose begun to suffer from hunger or thirst, Mulford might have attempted the experiment of endeavouring to regain the boat, though the chances of death by means of the sharks would be more than equal to those of escape; but still fresh, and not yet feeling even the heat of the sun of that low latitude, he was not quite goaded into such an act of desperation. All that remained for the party, therefore, was to sit on the keel of the wreck, and gaze with longing eyes at a little object floating past, which, once at their command, might so readily be made to save them from a fate that already began to appear terrible in the perspective. Near an hour was thus consumed ere the boat was about half a mile to leeward; during which scarcely an eye was turned from it for one instant, or a word was spoken.

"It is beyond my reach now," Mulford at length exclaimed, sighing heavily, like one who became conscious of some great and irretrievable loss. "Were there no sharks, I could hardly venture to attempt swimming so far, with the boat drifting from me at the same time."

"I should never consent to let you make the trial, Harry," murmured Rose, "though it were only half as far."

Another pause succeeded.

"We have now the light of day," resumed the mate, a minute or two later, "and may see our true situation. No sail is in sight, and the wind stands steadily in its old quarter. Still, I do not think we leave the reef. There, you may see breakers off here at the southward, and it seems as if more rocks rise above the sea in that direction. I do not know that our situation would be any the better, however, were we actually on them, instead of being on this floating wreck."

"The rocks will never sink," said Jack Tier, with so much emphasis as to startle the listeners.

"I do not think this hull will sink until we are taken off it, or are beyond caring whether it sink or swim," returned Mulford.

"I do not know that, Mr. Mulford. Nothing keeps us up but the air in the hold, you say."

"Certainly not; but that air will suffice as long as it remains there."

"And what do you call these things?" rejoined the assistant steward, pointing at the water near him, in or on which no one else saw anything worthy of attention.

Mulford, however, was not satisfied with a cursory glance, but went nearer to the spot where Tier was standing. Then, indeed, he saw to what the steward alluded, and was impressed by it, though he said nothing. Hundreds of little bubbles rose to the surface of the water, much as one sees them rising in springs. These bubbles are often met with in lakes and other comparatively shallow waters, but they are rarely seen in those of the ocean. The mate understood, at a glance, that those he now beheld were produced by the air which escaped from the hold of the wreck, in small quantities at a time, it was true, but by a constant and increasing process. The great pressure of the water forced this air through crevices so minute, that, under ordinary circumstances, they would have proved impenetrable to this, as they were still to the other fluid, though they now permitted the passage of the former. It might take a long time to force the air from the interior of the vessel by such means, but the result was as certain as it might be slow. As constant dropping will wear a stone, so might the power that kept the wreck afloat be exhausted by the ceaseless rising of these minute air-bubbles.

Although Mulford was entirely sensible of the nature of this new source of danger, we cannot say he was much affected by it at the moment. It seemed to him far more probable that they must die of exhaustion long before the wreck would lose all its buoyancy by this slow process, than that even the strongest of their number could survive for such a period. The new danger, therefore, lost most of its terrors under this view of the subject, though it certainly did not add to the small sense of security that remained, to know that inevitably their fate must be sealed through its agency, should they be able to hold out for a sufficient time against hunger and thirst. It caused Mulford to muse in silence for many more minutes.

"I hope we are not altogether without food," the mate at length said. "It sometimes happens that persons at sea carry pieces of biscuit in their pockets, especially those who keep watch at night. The smallest morsel is now of the last importance."

At this suggestion, every one set about an examination. The result was, that neither Mrs. Budd nor Rose had a particle of food of any sort about their persons. Biddy produced from her pockets, however, a whole biscuit, a large bunch of excellent raisins that she had filched from the steward's stores, and two apples; the last being the remains of some fruit that Spike had procured a month earlier in New York. Mulford had half a biscuit, at which he had been accustomed to nibble in his watches; and Jack lugged out, along with a small plug of tobacco, a couple of sweet oranges. Here, then, was everything in the shape of victuals or drink, that could be found for the use of five persons, in all probability for many days. The im-

portance of securing it for equal distribution, was so obvious, that Mulford's proposal to do so, met with a common assent. The whole was put in Mrs. Budd's bag, and she was entrusted with the keeping of this precious store.

"It may be harder to abstain from food at first, when we have not suffered for its want, than it will become after a little endurance," said the mate. "We are now strong, and it will be wiser to fast as long as we conveniently can to-day, and relieve our hunger by a moderate allowance toward evening, than to waste our means by too much indulgence at a time when we are strong. Weakness will be sure to come if we remain long on the wreck."

"Have you ever suffered in this way, Harry?" demanded Rose, with interest.

"I have, and that dreadfully. But a merciful Providence came to my rescue then, and it may not fail me now. The seaman is accustomed to carry his life in his hand, and to live on the edge of eternity."

The truth of this was so apparent as to produce a thoughtful silence. Anxious glances were cast around the horizon from time to time, in quest of any sail that might come in sight; but uselessly. None appeared, and the day advanced without bringing the slightest prospect of relief. Mulford could see, by the now almost sunken hummocks, that they were slowly drifting along the reef, toward the southward and eastward, a current no doubt acting slightly from the north-west. Their proximity to the reef, however, was of no advantage, as the distance was still so great as to render any attempt to reach it, even on the part of the mate, unavailable. Nor would he have been any better off could he have gained a spot on the rocks, that was shallow enough to admit of his walking, since wading about in such a place would have been less desirable than to be floating where he was.

The want of water to drink threatened to be the great evil. Of this the party on the wreck had not a single drop! As the warmth of the day was added to the feverish feeling produced by excitement, they all experienced thirst, though no one murmured. So utterly without means of relieving this necessity did each person know them all to be, that no one spoke on the subject at all. In fact, shipwreck never produced a more complete destitution of all the ordinary agents of helping themselves, in any form or manner, than was the case here. So sudden and complete had been the disaster, that not a single article, beyond those on the persons of the sufferers, came even in view. The masts, sails, rigging, spare spars—in a word, everything belonging to the vessel was submerged and hidden from their sight, with the exception of a portion of the vessel's bottom, which might be forty feet in length, and some ten or fifteen in width, including that which was above water on both sides of the keel, though one only of these sides was available to the females, as a place to move about on. Had Mulford only a boathook, he would have felt it a relief; for not only did the sharks increase in number, but they grew more audacious, swimming so near the wreck that, more than once, Mulford apprehended that some one of the boldest of them might make an effort literally to board them. It is true, he had never known of one of these fishes attempting to quit his own

element in pursuit of his prey ; but such things were reported, and those around the wreck swam so close, and seemed so eager to get at those who were on it, that there really might be some excuse for fancying they might resort to unusual means of effecting their object. It is probable that, like all other animals, they were emboldened by their own numbers, and were acting in a sort of concert, that was governed by some of the many mysterious laws of nature, that have still escaped human observation.

Thus passed the earlier hours of that appalling day. Toward noon Mulford had insisted on the females dividing one of the oranges between them, and extracting its juice by way of assuaging their thirst. The effect was most grateful, as all admitted ; and even Mrs. Budd urged Harry and Tier to take a portion of the remaining orange ; but this both steadily refused. Mulford did consent to receive a small portion of one of the apples, more with a view of moistening his throat than to appease his hunger, though it had, in a slight degree, the latter effect also. As for Jack Tier, he declined even the morsel of apple, saying that tobacco answered his purpose, as indeed it temporarily might.

It was near sunset, when the steward's assistant called Mulford aside, and whispered to him that he had something private to communicate. The mate bade him say on, as they were out of ear-shot of their companions.

"I've been in situations like this afore," said Jack, "and one l'arns exper'ence by exper'ence. I know how cruel it is on the feelin's to have the hopes disapp'inted in these cases, and therefore shall proceed with caution. But, Mr. Mulford, there's a sail in sight, if there is a drop of water in the Gulf!"

"A sail, Jack ! I trust in heaven you are not deceived !"

"Old eyes are true eyes in such matters, sir. Be careful not to start the women. They go off like gunpowder, and, Lord help 'em ! have no more command over themselves, when you loosen 'em once, than so many flying-fish with a dozen dolphins a'ter them. Look here-away, sir, just clear of the Irish woman's bonnet, a little broad off the spot where the reef was last seen—if that an't a sail, my name is not Jack Tier."

A sail there was, sure enough ! It was so very distant, however, as to render its character still uncertain, though Mulford fancied it was a square-rigged vessel heading to the northward. By its position it must be in one of the channels of the reef, and by its course, if he were not deceived, it was standing through, from the main passage along the southern side of the rocks, to come out on the northern. All this was favourable ; and at first the young mate felt such a throbbing of the heart as we all experience when great and unexpected good intelligence is received. A moment's reflection, however, made him aware how little was to be hoped for from this vessel. In the first place, her distance was so great as to render it uncertain even which way she was steering. Then, there was the probability that she would pass at so great a distance as to render it impossible to perceive an object as low as the wreck, and the additional chance of her passing in the night. Under all the circumstances, therefore, Mulford felt convinced that there was very little probability of their receiving any succour from the strange sail ; and he fully appreciated

Jack Tier's motive in forbearing to give the usual call of "Sail, ho!" when he made his discovery. Still, he could not deny himself the pleasure of communicating to Rose the cheering fact that a vessel was actually in sight. She could not reason on the circumstances as he had done, and might at least pass several hours of comparative happiness by believing that there was some visible chance of delivery.

The females received the intelligence with very different degrees of hope. Rose was delighted. To her their rescue appeared an event so very probable now, that Harry Mulford almost regretted he had given rise to an expectation which he himself feared was to be disappointed. The feelings of Mrs. Budd were more suppressed. The wreck and her present situation were so completely at variance with all her former notions of the sea and its incidents, that she was almost dumbfounded, and feared either to speak or to think. Biddy differed from either of her mistresses, the young or the old; she appeared to have lost *all* hope, and her physical energy was fast giving way under her profound moral debility.

From the return of light that day, Mulford had thought, if it were to prove that Providence had withdrawn its protecting hand from them, Biddy, who to all appearance ought to be the longest liver among the females at least, would be the first to sink under her sufferings. Such is the influence of moral causes on the mere animal.

Rose saw the night shut in around them, amid the solemn solitude of the ocean, with a mingled sensation of awe and hope. She had prayed devoutly and often in the course of the preceding day, and her devotions had contributed to calm her spirits. Once or twice, while kneeling with her head bowed to the keel, she had raised her eyes toward Harry with a look of entreaty, as if she would implore him to humble his proud spirit, and place himself at her side, and ask that succour from God which was so much needed, and which indeed it began most seriously to appear that God alone could yield. The young mate did not comply, for his pride of profession and of manhood offered themselves as stumbling-blocks to prevent submission to his secret wishes. Though he rarely prayed, Harry Mulford was far from being an unbeliever, or one altogether regardless of his duties and obligations to his Divine Creator. On the contrary, his heart was more disposed to resort to such means of self-abasement and submission, than he put in practice, and this because he had been taught to believe that the Anglo-Saxon mariner did not call on Hercules, on every occasion of difficulty and distress that occurred, as was the fashion with the Italian and Romish seamen, but he put his own shoulder to the wheel, confident that Hercules would not forget to help him who knew how to help himself. But Harry had great difficulty in withstanding Rose's silent appeal that evening, as she knelt at the keel for the last time, and turned her gentle eyes upward at him, as if to ask him once more to take his place at her side. Withstand the appeal he did, however, though in his inward spirit he prayed fervently to God to put away this dreadful affliction from the young and innocent creature before him. When these evening devotions were ended, the whole party became thoughtful and silent.

It was necessary to sleep, and arrangements were made to do so, if possible, with a proper regard for their security. Mulford and Tier were to have the look-out, watch and watch. This was done that no

vessel might pass near them unseen, and that any change in the weather might be noted and looked to. As it was, the wind had fallen, and seemed about to vary, though it yet stood in its old quarter, or a little more easterly, perhaps. As a consequence, the drift of the wreck, insomuch as it depended on the currents of the air, was more nearly in a line with the direction of the reef, and there was little ground for apprehending that they might be driven farther from it in the night. Although that reef offered in reality no place of safety that was available to his party, Mulford felt it as a sort of relief to be certain that it was not distant, possibly influenced by a vague hope that some passing wrecker or turtler might yet pick them up.

The bottom of the schooner and the destitute condition of the party admitted of only very simple arrangements for the night. The females placed themselves against the keel in the best manner they could, and thus endeavoured to get a little of the rest they so much needed. The day had been warm, as a matter of course, and the contrast produced by the setting of the sun was at first rather agreeable than otherwise. Luckily, Rose had thrown a shawl over her shoulders, not long before the vessel capsized, and in this shawl she had been saved. It had been dried, and it now served for a light covering to herself and her aunt, and added essentially to their comfort. As for Biddy, she was too hardy to need a shawl, and she protested that she should not think of using one, had she been better provided. The patient, meek manner in which that humble but generous-hearted creature submitted to her fate, and the earnestness with which she had begged that "Miss Rosy" might have her morsel of the portion of biscuit each received for a supper, had sensibly impressed Mulford in her favour; and knowing how much more necessary food was to sustain one of her robust frame and sturdy habits, than to Rose, he had contrived to give the woman, unknown to herself, a double allowance. Nor was it surprising that Biddy did not detect this little act of fraud in her favour, for this double allowance was merely a single mouthful. The want of water had made itself much more keenly felt than the want of food; for, as yet, anxiety, excitement, and apprehension prevented the appetite from being much awakened, while the claims of thirst were increased, rather than the reverse, by these very causes. Still, no one had complained, on this or any other account, throughout the whole of the long and weary day which had passed.

Mulford took the first look-out, with the intention of catching a little sleep, if possible, during the middle hours of the night, and of returning to his duty as morning approached. For the first hour nothing occurred to divert his attention from brooding on the melancholy circumstances of their situation. It seemed as if all around him had actually lost the sense of their cares in sleep, and no sound was audible amid that ocean waste, but the light washing of the water, as the gentle waves rolled at intervals against the weather side of the wreck. It was now that Mulford found a moment for prayer; and, seated on the keel, that he called on the divine aid, in a fervent but silent petition to God, to put away this trial from the youthful and beautiful Rose, at least, though he himself perished. It was the first prayer that Mulford had made in many months, or since he had joined the Swash,—a craft in which that duty was seldom thought of.

A few minutes succeeded this petition, when Biddy spoke.

"Missus—Madam Budd—dear missus," half whispered the Irish woman, anxious not to disturb Rose, who lay farthest from her.—
"Missus, bees ye asleep at sich a time as this?"

"No, Biddy; sleep and I are strangers to each other, and are likely to be till morning. What do you wish to say?"

"Anything is better than my own t'oughts, missus dear, and I wants to talk to ye. Is it no wather at all they'll give us so long as we stay in this place?"

"There is no one to give it to us but God, poor Biddy, and he alone can say what, in his gracious mercy, it may please him to do. Ah! Biddy, I fear me that I did an unwise and thoughtless thing, to bring my poor Rose to such a place as this. Were it to be done over again, the riches of Wall Street would not tempt me to be guilty of so wrong a thing!"

The arm of Rose was thrown around her aunt's neck, and its gentle pressure announced how completely the offender was forgiven.

"I's very sorry for Miss Rose," rejoined Biddy, "and I suffers so much the more meself in thinking how hard it must be for the like of her to be wantin' in a swallow of fresh wather."

"It is no harder for me to bear it, poor Biddy," answered the gentle voice of our heroine, "than it is for yourself."

"It is meself, then? Sure am I, that if I had a quar-r-t of good, swate wather from our own pump, and *that's* far better is it than the Crothon the best day the Crothon ever seed—but, had I a qua-r-t of it, every dhrap would I give to you, Miss Rose, to app'ase your thirst, I would."

"Water would be a great relief to us all, just now, my excellent Biddy," answered Rose; "and I wish we had but a tumbler full of that you name, to divide equally among the whole five of us."

"Is it divide? Then it would be ag'in dividin' that my voice would be raised, for that same r'ason that the tumbler would never hold as much as you could dhrink yourself, Miss Rose."

"Yet the tumbler full would be a great blessing for us all just now," murmured Mrs. Budd.

"And isn't mutthon good 'atin', ladies! Och! if I had but a good swate pratie, now, from my own native Ireland, and a dhrap of milk to help wash it down! It's mighty little that a body thinks of sich thrifles when there's abundance of them; but when there's none at all, they get to be stronger in the mind than riches and honours."

"You say the truth, Biddy," rejoined the mistress; "and there is a pleasure in talking of them, if one can't enjoy them. I've been thinking all the afternoon, Rose, what a delicious food is a good roast turkey, with cranberry sauce; and I wonder now that I have not been more grateful for the very many that Providence has bestowed upon me in my time. My poor Mr. Budd was passionately fond of mutton, and I used wickedly to laugh at his fondness for it sometimes, when he always had his answer ready, and that was that there are no sheep at sea. How true that is, Rosy dear;—there are indeed no sheep at sea!"

"No, aunty," answered Rose's gentle voice from beneath the shawl, "there are no such animals on the ocean; but God is with us here as much as he would be in New York."

A long silence succeeded this simple remark of his well beloved; and the young mate hoped that there would be no more of a dialogue every syllable of which was a dagger to his feelings. But nature was stronger than reflection in Mrs. Budd and Biddy, and the latter spoke again, after a pause of nearly a quarter of an hour.

"Pray for me, missus," she said, moaningly, "that I may sleep. A bit of sleep would do a body almost as much good as a bit of bread.—I won't say as much as a dhrap of wather."

"Be quiet, Biddy, and we *will* pray for you," answered Rose, who fancied by her breathing that her aunt was about to forget her sufferings, for a brief space, in broken slumbers.

"Is it for you I'll do *that*?—and sure will I, Miss Rose. Niver would I have quitted Ireland, could I have thought there was sich a spot on this earth as a place where no wather was to be had."

This was the last of Biddy's audible complaints, for the remainder of this long and anxious watch of Mulford. He then set himself about an arrangement which shall be mentioned in its proper place. At twelve o'clock, or when he thought it was twelve, he called Jack Tier, who in turn called the mate again at four.

"It looks dark and threatening," said Mulford, as he rose to his feet and began to look about him once more, "though there does not appear to be any wind."

"It's a flat calm, Mr. Mate, and the darkness comes from yonder cloud, which seems likely to bring a little rain."

"Rain! Then God is indeed with us here. You are right, Jack; rain must fall from that cloud. We must catch some of it, if it be only a drop to cool Rose's parched tongue."

"In what?" answered Tier, gloomily. "She may wring her clothes when the shower is over, and in that way get a drop. I see no other method."

"I have bethought me of all that, and passed most of my watch in making the preparations."

Mulford then showed Tier what he had been about in the long and solitary hours of the first watch. It would seem that the young man had dug a little trench with his knife along the schooner's bottom, commencing two or three feet from the keel, and near the spot where Rose was lying, and carrying it as far as was convenient toward the run, until he reached a point where he had dug out a sort of reservoir to contain the precious fluid, should any be sent them by Providence. While doing this, there were no signs of rain; but the young man knew that a shower alone could save them from insanity, if not from death, and in speculating on the means of profiting by one, should it come, he had bethought him of this expedient. The large knife of a seaman had served him a good turn in carrying on his work, to complete which there remained now very little to do, and that was in enlarging the receptacle for the water. The hole was already big enough to contain a pint, and it might easily be sufficiently enlarged to hold double that quantity.

Jack was no sooner made acquainted with what had been done, than he out knife and commenced tearing splinter after splinter from the planks, to help enlarge the reservoir. This could only be done by cutting on the surface, for the wood was not three inches in thickness, and the smallest hole *through* the plank would have led to the

rapid escape of the air, and to the certain sinking of the wreck. It required a good deal of judgment to preserve the necessary level also, and Mulford was obliged to interfere more than once to prevent his companion from doing more harm than good. He succeeded, however, and had actually made a cavity that might contain more than a quart of water, when the first large drop fell from the heavens. This cavity was not a hole, but a long, deep trench—deep for the circumstances—so nicely cut on the proper level, as to admit of its holding a fluid in the quantity mentioned.

“Rose—dearest—rise, and be ready to drink,” said Mulford, tenderly disturbing the uneasy slumbers of his beloved. “It is about to rain; and God is with us here as he might be on the land.”

“Wather!” exclaimed Biddy, who was awake with the same call. “What a blessed thing is good swate wather! and sure am I we ought all to be thankful that there is such a precious gift in the wor-r-ld.”

“Come, then,” said Mulford, hurriedly, “it will soon rain—I hear it pattering on the sea. Come hither, all of you, and drink, as a merciful God furnishes the means.”

This summons was not likely to be neglected. All arose in haste, and the word “water” was murmured from every lip. Biddy had less self-command than the others, and she was heard saying aloud,—“Och! and didn’t I dhrame of the blessed springs and wells of Ireland the night, and haven’t I dhrunk at ’em all; but now it’s over, and I am awake, no good has’t done me, and I’m ready to die for one dhrap of wather.”

That drop soon came, however, and with it the blessed relief which such a boon bestows. Mulford had barely time to explain his arrangements, and to place the party on their knees, along his little reservoir and the gutter which led to it, when the pattering of the rain advanced along the sea with a deep rushing sound. Presently the uplifted faces and open mouths caught a few heavy straggling drops, to cool the parched tongues, when the water came tumbling down upon them in a thousand little streams. There was scarcely any wind, and merely the skirt of a large black cloud floated over the wreck, on which the rain fell barely one minute. But it fell as rain comes down within the tropics, and in sufficient quantities for all present purposes. Everybody drank, and found relief, and when all was over, Mulford ascertained by examination that his receptacle for the fluid was still full to overflowing. The abstinence had not been of sufficient length nor the quantity taken of large enough amount, to produce injury, though the thirst was generally and temporarily appeased. It is probable that the coolness of the hour, day dawning as the cloud moved past, and the circumstance that the sufferers were wetted to their skins, contributed to the change.

“Oh, blessed, blessed wather!” exclaimed Biddy, as she rose from her knees; “America, after all, isn’t as dhry a counthry as some say. I’ve niver tasted swater wather in Ireland itself.”

Rose murmured her thanksgiving in more appropriate language. A few exclamations also escaped Mrs. Budd, and Jack Tier had his sententious eulogy on the precious qualities of sweet water.

The wind rose as the day advanced, and a swell began to heave the wreck with a power that had hitherto been dormant. Mulford understood this to be a sign that there had been a blow at some distance

from them, that had thrown the sea into a state of agitation, which extended itself beyond the influence of the wind. Eagerly did the young mate examine the horizon, as the curtain of night arose, inch by inch, as it might be, on the watery panorama, in the hope that a vessel of some sort or other might be brought within the view. Nor was he wholly disappointed. The strange sail seen the previous evening was actually there; and, what was more, so near as to allow her hull to be distinctly visible. It was a ship under her square canvas, standing from between divided portions of the reef, as if getting to the northward, in order to avoid the opposing current of the Gulf Stream. Vessels bound to Mobile, New Orleans, and other ports along the coast of the Republic, in that quarter of the ocean, often did this; and when the young mate first caught glimpses of the shadowy outline of this ship, he supposed it to be some packet, or cotton-droger, standing for her port on the northern shore. But a few minutes removed the veil, and with it the error of this notion. A seaman could no longer mistake the craft. Her length, her square and massive hamper, with the symmetry of her spars, and the long straight outline of the hull, left no doubt that it was a cruiser with her hammocks unstowed. Mulford now cheerfully announced to his companions that the ship they so plainly saw, scarcely a gun-shot distant from them was the sloop-of-war which had already become a sort of an acquaintance.

"If we can succeed in making them see our signal," cried Mulford, "all will yet be well. Come, Jack, and help me to put abroad this shawl, the only ensign we can show."

The shawl of Rose was the signal spread. Tier and Mulford stood on the keel, and holding opposite corners, let the rest of the cloth blow out with the wind. For near an hour did these two extend their arms, and try all possible expedients to make their signal conspicuous. But, unfortunately, the wind blew directly toward the cruiser, and, instead of exposing a surface of any breadth to the vision of those on board her, it must, at most, have offered little more than a flitting, waving line.

As the day advanced, sail was made on the cruiser. She had stood through the passage, in which she had been becalmed most of the night, under short canvas; but now she threw out fold after fold of her studding sails, and moved away to the westward, with the stately motion of a ship before the wind. No sooner had she got far enough to the northward of the reef, than she made a deviation from her course as first seen, turning her stern entirely to the wreck, and rapidly becoming less and less distinct to the eyes of those who floated on it.

Mulford saw the hopelessness of their case as it respected relief from this vessel; still he persevered in maintaining his position on the keel, tossing and waving the shawl in all the manners that his ingenuity could devise. He well knew, however, that their chances of being seen would have been trebled could they have been ahead instead of astern of the ship. Mariners have few occasions to look behind them, while a hundred watchful eyes are usually turned ahead, more especially when running near rocks and shoals. Mrs. Budd wept like an infant when she saw the sloop-of-war gliding away, reaching a distance that rendered sight useless in detecting an object that floated as low on the water as the wreck. As for Biddy, unable

to control her feelings, the poor creature actually called to the crew of the departing vessel, as if her voice had the power to make itself heard at a distance which already exceeded two leagues. It was only by means of the earnest remonstrances of Rose that the faithful creature could be quieted.

"Why will ye not come to our relai?" she cried, at the top of her voice. "Here are we, helpless as new-born babbies, and ye sailing away from us in a *contrary* way! D'ye not bethink you of the mis-sus, who is much of a sailor, but not sich a one as to sail on a wrack; and poor Miss Rose, who is the cha-r-m and delight of all eyes. Only come and take off Miss Rose, and lave the rest of us, if ye so likes; for it's a sin and a shame to lave the likes of her to die in the midst of the ocean, as if she was no betther nor a fish. Then it will be soon that we shall ag'in fale the want of wather, and that, too, with nothing but wather to be seen on all sides of us."

"It is of no use," said Harry, mournfully, stepping down from the keel, and laying aside the shawl. "They cannot see us, and the distance is now so great as to render it certain they never will. There is only one hope left. We are evidently set to and fro by the tides; and it is possible that, by keeping in or near this passage, some other craft may appear, and we be more fortunate. The relief of the rain is a sign that we are not forgotten by Divine Providence; and with such a protector we ought not to despair."

A gloomy and scanty breaking of the fast succeeded. Each person had one large mouthful of bread, which was all that prudence would authorize Mulford to distribute. He attempted a pious fraud, however, by placing his own allowance along with that of Rose's, under the impression that her strength might not endure privation as well as his own. But the tender solicitude of Rose was not to be thus deceived. Judging of his wishes and motives by her own, she at once detected the deception, and insisted on retaining no more than her proper share. When this distribution was completed, and the meagre allowance taken, only sufficient bread remained to make one more similar scanty meal, if meal a single mouthful could be termed. As for the water, a want of which would be certain to be felt as soon as the sun obtained its noon-day power, the shawl was extended over it in a way to prevent evaporation as much as possible, and at the same time to offer some resistance to the fluid's being washed from its shallow receptacle by the motion of the wreck, which was sensibly increasing with the increase of the wind and waves.

Mulford had next an anxious duty to perform. Throughout the whole of the preceding day he had seen the air escaping from the hull, in an incessant succession of small bubbles, which were formidable through their numbers, if not through their size. The mate was aware that this unceasing loss of the buoyant property of the wreck must eventually lead to their destruction, should no assistance come; and he had marked the floating line on the bottom of the vessel with his knife, ere darkness set in, on the previous evening. No sooner did his thoughts recur to this fact, after the excitement of the first hour of daylight was over, than he stepped to the different places thus marked, and saw, with an alarm that it would be difficult to describe, that the wreck had actually sunk into the water several inches within the last few hours. This was, indeed, menacing their security in a

most serious manner, setting a limit to their existence, which rendered all precaution on the subject of food and water useless. By the calculations of the mate, the wreck could not float more than eight-and-forty hours, should it continue to lose the air at the rate at which it had been hitherto lost. Bad as all this appeared, things were fated to become much more serious. The motion of the water quite sensibly increased, lifting the wreck at times in a way greatly to increase the danger of their situation. The reader will understand this movement did not proceed from the waves of the existing wind, but from what is technically called a ground-swell, or the long, heavy undulations that are left by the tempest that is past, or by some distant gale. The waves of the present breeze were not very formidable, the reef making a lee, though they might possibly become inconvenient from breaking on the weather side of the wreck, as soon as the drift carried the latter fairly abreast of the passage already mentioned. But the dangers that proceeded from the heavy ground-swell, which now began to give a considerable motion to the wreck, will best explain itself by narrating the incidents as they occurred.

Harry had left his marks, and had taken his seat on the keel at Rose's side, impatiently waiting for any turn that Providence might next give to their situation, when a heavy roll of the wreck first attracted his attention to this new circumstance.

"If any one be thirsty," he observed quietly, "he or she had better drink now, while it may be done. Two or three more such rolls as this last will wash all the water from our gutters."

"Wather is a blessed thing," said Biddy, with a longing expression of the eyes; "and it would be better to swallow it than to let it be lost."

"Then drink, for heaven's sake, good woman; it may be the last occasion that will offer."

"Sure am I that I would not touch a dhrap, while the missus and Miss Rosy was a sufferin'."

"I have no thirst at all," answered Rose, sweetly, "and have already taken more water than was good for me, with so little food on my stomach."

"Eat another morsel of the bread, beloved," whispered Harry, in a manner so urgent, that Rose gratefully complied. "Drink, Biddy, and we will come and share with you before the water is wasted by this increasing motion."

Biddy did as desired, and each knelt in turn and took a little of the grateful fluid, leaving about a gill in the gutters for the use of those whose lips might again become parched.

"Wather is a blessed thing!" repeated Biddy, for the twentieth time; "a blessed, blessed thing is wather!"—

A little scream from Mrs. Budd, which was dutifully taken up by the maid, interrupted the speech of the latter, and every eye was turned on Mulford, as if to ask an explanation of the groaning sound that had been heard within the wreck. The young mate comprehended only too well. The rolling of the wreck had lifted a portion of the open hatchway above the undulating surface of the sea, and a large quantity of the pent air within the hold had escaped in a body. The entrance of water to supply the vacuum had produced the groan. Mulford had made new marks on the vessel's bottom with his knife,

and he stepped down to them, anxious and nearly heart-broken, to note the effect. That one surging of the wreck had permitted air enough to escape to lower it in the water several inches. As yet, however, the visible limits of their floating foundation had not been sufficiently reduced to attract the attention of the females, and the young man said nothing on the subject. He thought that Jack Tier was sensible of the existence of this new source of danger; but if he were, that experienced mariner imitated his own reserve, and made no allusion to it. Thus passed the day. Occasionally the wreck rolled heavily, when more air escaped, the hull settling lower and lower in the water, as a necessary consequence. The little bubbles continued incessantly to rise, and Mulford became satisfied that another day must decide their fate. Taking this view of their situation, he saw no use in reserving their food, but encouraged his companions to share the whole of what remained at sunset. Little persuasion was necessary, and when night once more came to envelope them in darkness, not a mouthful of food or a drop of water remained to meet the necessities of the coming morn. It had rained again for a short time in the course of the afternoon, when enough water had been caught to allay their thirst; and, what was almost of as much importance to the females now, a sufficiency of sun had succeeded to dry their clothes, thus enabling them to sleep without enduring the chilling damps that might otherwise have prevented it. The wind had sensibly fallen, and the ground-swell was altogether gone; but Mulford was certain that the relief had come too late. So much air had escaped while it lasted as scarce to leave him the hope that the wreck could float until morning. The rising of the bubbles was now incessant, the crevices by which they escaped having most probably opened a little in consequence of the pressure and the unceasing action of the currents, small as the latter were.

Just as darkness was shutting in around them for the second time, Rose remarked to Mulford that it seemed to her that they had not as large a space for their little world as when they were first placed on it. The mate, however, successfully avoided an explanation; and when the watch was again set for the night, the females lay down to seek their repose, more troubled with apprehensions for a morrow of hunger and thirst, than by any just fears that might so well have arisen from the physical certainty that the body which alone kept them from being engulfed in the sea could float but a few hours longer. This night Tier kept the look-out until Jupiter reached the zenith, when Mulford was called to hold the watch until light returned.

It may seem singular that any could sleep at all in such a situation. But we get accustomed, in an incredibly short time, to the most violent changes; and calamities that seem unsupportable, when viewed from a distance, lose half their power if met and resisted with fortitude. The last may, indeed, be too significant a word to be applied to all of the party on the wreck, on the occasion of which we are writing, though no one of them all betrayed fears that were troublesome. Of Mulford it is unnecessary to speak. His deportment had been quiet, thoughtful, and full of a manly interest in the comfort of others from the first moment of the calamity. That Rose should share the largest in his attentions, was natural enough; but he neglected no

essential duty to her companions. Rose herself had little hope of being rescued. Her naturally courageous character, however, prevented any undue exhibition of despair, and now it was that the niece became the principal support of the aunt, completely changing the relations that had formerly subsisted between them. Mrs. Budd had lost all the little buoyancy of her mind. Not a syllable did she now utter concerning ships and their manœuvres. She had been, at first, a little disposed to be querulous and despairing; but the soothing and pious conversation of Rose awakened a certain degree of resolution in her, and habit soon exercised its influence over even her inactive mind. Biddy was a strange mixture of courage, despair, humility, and consideration for others. Not once had she taken her small allowance of food without first offering it, and that, too, in perfect good faith, to her "Missus and Miss Rosy;" yet her moanings for this sort of support, and her complaints of bodily suffering, much exceeded that of all the rest of the party put together. As for Jack Tier, his conduct singularly belied his appearance. No one would have expected any great show of manly resolution from the little, rotund, lymphatic figure of Tier; but he had manifested a calmness that denoted either great natural courage, or a resolution derived from familiarity with danger. In this particular, even Mulford regarded his deportment with surprise, not unmingled with respect.

"You have had a tranquil watch, Jack," said Harry, when he was called by the person named, and had fairly aroused himself from his slumbers. "Has the wind stood as it is since sunset?"

"No change whatever, sir. It has blown a good working breeze the whole watch; and what is surprising, not as much lipper has got up as would frighten a colt on a sea beach."

"We must be near the reef, by that. I think the only currents we feel come from the tide, and they seem to be setting us back and forth, instead of carrying us in any one settled direction."

"Quite likely, sir; and this makes my opinion of what I saw an hour since all the more probable."

"What you saw! In the name of a merciful Providence, Tier, do not trifle with me. Has anything been seen near by?"

"Don't talk to me of your liquors and other dhrinks," murmured Biddy in her sleep. "It's wather that's a blessed thing; and I wish I lived the night and the day by the swate pump that's in our own yard, I do."

"The woman has been talking in her sleep, in this fashion, most of the watch," observed Jack coolly, and perhaps a little contemptuously. "But, Mr. Mulford, unless my eyes have cheated me, we are near that boat again. The passage through the reef is close aboard us here, on our larboard bow, as it might be, and the current has sucked us in it in a fashion to bring it in a sort of athwart-hawse direction to us."

"If that boat, after all, should be sent by Providence to our relief! How long is it since you saw it, Jack."

"But a bit since, sir; or, for that matter, I think I see it now. Look hereaway, sir, just where the dead-eyes of the fore-rigging would bear from us, if the craft stood upon her legs, as she ought to do. If that isn't a boat, it's a rock out of water."

Mulford gazed through the gloom of midnight, and saw, or fancied he saw, an object that might really be the boat. It could not be very

distant either ; and his mind was instantly made up as to the course he would pursue. Should it actually turn out to be that which he now so much hoped for, and its distance in the morning did not prove too great for human powers, he was resolved to swim for it at the hazard of his life. In the meantime, or until light should return, there remained nothing to do but to confide in God, soliciting his powerful succour by secret prayer.

Mulford was no sooner left alone, as it might be, by Tier's seeking a place in which to take his rest, than he again examined the state of the wreck. The young man knew that the whole wreck, under its peculiar circumstances, might sink entirely beneath the surface, and yet possess sufficient buoyancy to sustain those that were on it for a time longer, but this involved the terrible necessity of leaving the females partly submerged themselves.

Our mate heard his own heart beat as he became satisfied of the actual condition of the wreck, and of the physical certainty that existed of its sinking, at least to the point last mentioned, ere the sun came to throw his glories over the last view that the sufferers would be permitted to take of the face of day. It appeared to him that no time was to be lost. There lay the dim and shapeless object that seemed to be the boat, distant, as he thought, about a mile. It would not have been visible at all but for the perfect smoothness of the sea, and the low position occupied by the observer. At times it did disappear altogether, when it would rise again, as if undulating in the ground-swell. This last circumstance, more than any other, persuaded Harry that it was not a rock, but some floating object that he beheld. Thus encouraged, he delayed no longer. Every moment was precious, and all might be lost by indecision. He did not like the appearance of deserting his companions, but, should he fail, the motive would appear in the act. Should he fail, every one would be soon beyond the reach of censure, and in a state of being that would do full justice to all.

Harry threw off most of his clothes, reserving only his shirt and a pair of light summer trowsers. He could not quit the wreck, however, without taking a sort of leave of Rose. On no account would he awake her, for he appreciated the agony she would feel during the period of his struggles. Kneeling at her side, he made a short prayer, then pressed his lips to her warm cheek, and left her. Rose murmured his name at that instant ; but it was as the innocent and young betray their secrets in their slumbers. Neither of the party awoke.

It was a moment to prove the heart of man that in which Harry Mulford, in the darkness of midnight, alone, unsustained by any encouraging eye or approving voice, with no other aid than his own stout arm, and the unknown designs of a mysterious Providence, committed his form to the sea. There had been no sharks near the wreck all that day ; but a splash in the water might bring them back again in a crowd. They were probably prowling over the reef, near at hand. The mate used great care, therefore, to make no noise. There was the distant object, and he set it by a bright star, that wanted about an hour before it would sink beneath the horizon. That star was his beacon ; and, muttering a few words in earnest prayer, the young man threw his body forward, and left the wreck, swimming lightly, but with vigour.

A MERCHANT PRINCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.

THE fifteenth century may be taken as the date of modern civilisation in Europe. The masses of the people at its commencement were ignorant, barbarous, and depraved; the nobles were not more enlightened, and were only distinguished from their serfs by their tyranny, their cruelty, and their rapacity; the clergy were depraved in morals, and so unlearned, that even bishops were unable to authenticate synodal acts by their signature. Baron Holberg cites several examples of such subscriptions as the following to episcopal deeds:—"As I cannot read myself, N. N. hath subscribed for me;" or, "As my lord bishop cannot write himself, at his request, I, N. N., have subscribed." At such a period, those who cultivated learning, those who extended experimental science, those who enriched themselves by industrial pursuits, and those who rose to power by administrative talents, were sure to be regarded as prodigies; their success was attributed not to the means at the disposal of every man, but to some supernatural aid, which friends ascribed to angels, and foes, to devils. Industrial success is an unsoluble perplexity to an idle race: self-love is too deeply wounded by the sight of large fortunes, obtained by means which were within the reach of all, but were employed only by the wisdom and steadiness of a few. The learning of the "admirable" Crichton was attributed to the teaching of Satan, the chemical attainments of Hamel to the practice of magic, and the wealth of Jacques Cœur to his possession of the philosopher's stone.*

But the progress of such individuals infused a spirit of inquiry which led to the formation of sound opinion: authority which, in the preceding century, would have met with implicit submission, in the fifteenth found that the legitimacy of its claims must be canvassed before obedience would be conceded. The Kings of Arragon sacrificed their orthodoxy to their policy, without exciting any insurrection among their subjects. They persisted in schism for their own personal advantage, though they stood opposed to the rest of Christendom. At the death of the anti-Pope Benedict XIII., in 1426, they replaced him by Giles Munoz, whom they named Clement VIII.; the Count d'Armagnac, influenced like them by motives of ambition and relationship, embraced the same party, and established the schism in a large part of Gascony. This schism was of course regarded as an atrocious crime by the Romish Church. On the 4th of March, 1426, Pope Martin V. published a bull against all schismatics, and the Count d'Armagnac in particular, in which he exhibited the usual flowers of rhetoric common to Billingsgate and the Vatican. Armagnac was stigmatized as excommunicated, infamous, sacrilegious, and perjured; his subjects were absolved from their allegiance; his neighbours, and especially the King of France, were invited to invade and confiscate his estate; and the expected conquerors were enjoined to seize him, his children and his adherents, and sell them as

* Jacques Cœur, the French Argonaut, and his Times, by Miss Costello.

slaves. In a former age this would have insured for the Gascons the fate of the Albigenses; but so early as the fifteenth century, excommunication,—the hobgoblin which haunts the diseased imaginations of ultra-Protestants,—had lost its power; that armoury had been rendered as useless, by the progress of intelligence, as a store of arrows by the introduction of gunpowder; it was no longer an arsenal,

'Twas but the Church's old portfolio,
With all its theologic olio,
Of bulls half Irish and half Roman,
Of doctrines now believed by no man.

Martin, though a pope, was a man of sense. When he found that to issue a bull was to make a bull, he very quietly opened a negotiation with his opponents, paid a round sum of money to purchase the abdication of his rival, and, before the year had closed, addressed more rational bulls to the King of Arragon and the Count d'Armagnac, in which he called them his beloved sons, and promised them all the favour of the Church.

We sometimes wonder that those who endeavour to excite popular alarm and popular clamour against what they are pleased to term the perils of Popery, do not discover that the papacy has always succumbed before enlightenment and intelligence. The only perils of Popery are ignorance and stupidity; and, judging from the speeches and works of the alarmists, they seem to have good reason to tremble for themselves, though they are not justified in their fears for such of their countrymen as are able to spell, read, and think. In this very fifteenth century the court of Rome was forced to speak two languages. To the ignorant and the masses it addressed the same reasoning which had been found efficacious in a past age, but to colleges and learned bodies a different tone was adopted; instead of basing arguments on mere authority, appeals were made to reason, to morality, to philosophy, and, above all, to erudition. This is a useful lesson to "No Popery" orators and pamphleteers. All that is necessary for their security is study and reflection; and the best means to save the nation from the spectral terrors which they apprehend, is to diffuse intelligence by means of education. Let them go to school themselves, and subscribe to provide schools for others.

But whilst the human mind was in its transition state, whilst the fifteenth century was steadily, but slowly, passing from the ignorance of barbarism to the light of civilisation, opinions presented most perplexing contrasts, which it is not easy for writers in the present day to comprehend and delineate. By the side of a certain independence of thought, in contrast with a growing spirit of examination, and opposed to that salutary scepticism which leads men to investigate the foundations of their belief, we find a vast amount of credulity and of timid superstitions which were most potent when most unfounded. But why should we be astonished at this? In the fifteenth, as in the nineteenth century, the greatest obstacle to human improvement is the cowardice of ignorance: men have a strange passion for being each afraid of something. Alarm is one of the epidemic diseases of our age. Every petty association, every little coterie, every school of sect, speculation, and philanthropy, is trembling for the fate of the world. At one time the philosophy of the world is going to ruin it;

at another, extravagance, intemperance, or licentiousness is to do the work; at another, Popery, heresy, or infidelity is elevated to this bad eminence in mischief. It is some comfort to us, poor students of history, to know that the world has lived through a vast number of prophecies of ruin and of critical and doomed periods, so that, in spite of the alarmists, we think it likely to last for our time at the least.

The timidity of the fifteenth century arose from ignorance of the laws of physical science, as that of the nineteenth does from ignorance of the laws of moral and social sense. In the days of Jacques Cœur, all classes, learned and unlearned, doctors and divines, as well as artisans and peasants, knew nothing of the laws to which nature is subjected, and therefore they attributed all mundane events to continued interventions of Providence. All the actions of men and all the forces of nature seemed to them to proceed so immediately from God, that they recognized no distinction between the natural and supernatural order of things, and a prodigy appeared to them as probable as any phenomenon regulated by the most invariable qualities of matter. The science that could predict an eclipse was deemed sufficient to foretell any other event; such ideas as necessary sequence and causation never entered into their minds.

But, instead of studying the laws of the universe, they sought and they believed that they found in mundane events the action of occult powers and agencies different from those of Providence. Some of them, indeed, might be considered as agents subordinate to Providence, such as angels, saints, or their miraculous images and relics. We may quote the legend of St. Fiacre as an instance: a stone was found, with a remarkable indentation, in some wild place which he frequented; it was remembered that he was followed to the desert by his wife, who did not approve of his resolve to be an anchorite, and in the hymn dedicated to his memory, the indentation is explained in the true spirit of mediæval science. The passage has been thus translated:—

She raised the horrid cry of witch up,
And down upon him brought the bishop;
Whereon the saint, such woes oppress'd him,
Sat down upon a stone to rest him.

His sacred seat that stone indented,
And there its holy mark imprinted;
Whereby that hussey 'twas evinced on;
That woman's heart's more hard than whinstone.

The worship of saints, angels, and martyrs, which is so erroneously attributed to the corruptions of the Christian church, and still more absurdly to the devices of the priesthood, was nothing more than a necessary result from the belief of supernatural intervention in human affairs. Robinson Crusoe never taught his rescued savage to pray to the gun that it would not go off and shoot poor man Friday; the poor Indian acted naturally in making the musket an object of worship, so long as the powder and ball were to him that mystery which, in the fifteenth century, went by the name of occult agency. The Christians of the middle ages all acted on the same principle as the man Friday; they sought the protection of the occult agency, and sheltered themselves under a name, an image, or a relic.

But there were other occult agencies, of a very different character, evoked to account for events obviously repugnant to every notion which might be formed of Providence; as a counterpoise to angels and saints on one side, it was necessary to have legions of demons and magicians on the other. Their existence and their power were never doubted by any in the fifteenth century, and there are those who maintain both even at the present day. The Romish church did not create this popular creed, but it made very profitable use of it; the priesthood kept the laity in constant alarm for the machinations of the troops of devils which lay in ambush for them in every quarter. One legend related how a young lady, eating too luxuriously a lettuce, swallowed unconsciously a young devil, who was nestling in one of the leaves, and who played most extraordinary and mischievous pranks in her stomach, until he was expelled by an exorcism. It would have cost a man his life to say that this was an ordinary case of indigestion, to be remedied by the apothecary, not by the archbishop. Sermons against witchcraft were common,—there are those alive who have heard such preached within the seas of Britain,—and rewards were offered for bringing to condign punishment those who had entered into secret compact with the demoniacal powers.

Such a phenomenon as a tradesman attaining the enormous wealth of a Rothschild or a Hudson, in an age of little speculation and less commercial enterprise, was certain to be attributed to supernatural causes. The Levant trade was as great a mystery in France at that time, as the Chinese or East India trade was in England at the close of the seventeenth century. Spices at that time formed the greater part of the pharmacopœia, and occult qualities were attributed to different drugs, which frequently raised their price as capriciously and as rapidly, as the appreciation of cajepout oil in the time of the cholera. Jacques Cœur could hardly avoid making a fortune, for he had no competitor. As a Frenchman, he was sure to be more favoured by the Mahommedan powers than any of the Italian merchants, for the republics of Italy had frequent wars with the Turks, and the passions generated during a period of hostility were not always laid aside on the conclusion of a treaty. His skill in metallurgy was alone sufficient to account for a great part of his vast wealth, and it was this knowledge, even more than his riches, which procured him the appointment of *argentier*, that is, master of the mint and treasurer, to Charles VII., when that monarch, at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, resided at Bourges, the capital of his dwindled kingdom. “The English and the Burgundians,” says Rabbi Joseph, “fought against him, and they took his country from his hands; only the territory of Berri they took not: and it came to pass that they called him in derision *the King of Berri*, and he was their song.” The post of treasurer to Charles was in fact a sinecure at this period. Miss Costello has collected some singular anecdotes illustrative of the wretched penury to which he was reduced. It appears probable that the subsequent change in his fortunes is to be attributed as much to the financial talent of Jacques Cœur, as to the enthusiasm inspired by the Maid of Orleans.

It is singular that Rabbi Joseph, though nearly her contemporary, makes no mention of Joan of Arc. He thus laconically describes the change in the fortunes of Charles :—“And it came to pass, after that

the stars in their courses had fought against Charles VII., King of Tzarpeth, they returned and left off from him; and after all hope was lost, he bruised in his battles the heads of all his enemies, and took his kingdom from their hands."

To Jacques Cœur must probably be attributed the important ordinance of April 28th, 1448, by which the peasants of France were first brought to take an active part in the defence of their country, by the organisation of a body of national infantry. By this edict every parish of France was compelled to support one free archer for the service of the king;—this levy is attributed to Jacques Cœur, because the machinery for raising it was precisely the same as that which the *argentier* had introduced into his system of finance. This financial system was very arbitrary and onerous. Commissioners appointed by the crown assessed a rate in the several parishes, in proportion to the property of the rate-payers, but there was no test defined for ascertaining the amount of property, and hence great inequality and injustice arose. There were excepted from the tax the students of the universities of Paris, Orleans, Angers, and Poitiers; nobles living nobly, and following the profession of arms, or incapacitated by old age from doing so; and paupers. The only appeal from the decision of the commissioners (*élus*) was to the Court of Aids, a court created by the king to prevent any questions of finance being subject to the justice and regularity of the parliament.

It is impossible to determine how far Jacques Cœur must be held responsible for the immunities from taxation and military service unwisely granted by Charles VII. to the rapacious nobles and gentry of France. But we have evidence that some of the worst of these ordinances were issued during his tenure of power. Equally uncertain is his having shared in precipitating the fall of an eminent financier, whose overthrow was the herald of his own. On the 16th of October 1450, John de Xaincoings, receiver-general of finances, was arrested at Tours, and closely confined in the castle. He was accused of gross malversation in his office, and of having falsified his accounts by the erasure of entries. In the general prejudice against financiers, his judges seemed ready to outstrip his prosecutors themselves in enmity and rigour. They reported that the nature and amount of the erasures would justify a conviction both for forgery and high treason. His accusers, however, did not aim at his life; the king wanted money for the war in Guienne, then about beginning; through the chancellor he condemned Xaincoings to pay sixty thousand crowns of gold as a fine, and to be imprisoned during the king's pleasure. All his estates were confiscated and distributed among the courtiers, ever greedy of such spoil, whatever may have been their former connexion with the victim. A splendid hôtel, which the receiver-general possessed at Tours, became the property of the Count of Dunois.

Although a minister of the crown, Jacques Cœur, through his able agents, still carried on his extensive and lucrative commerce with the Levant. As he was the only person in Europe who could compete with the greatest of merchant-princes, Cosmo de Medicis, it is scarcely possible to avoid suspecting that he must have been viewed with jealous enmity by that most eminent, but not very scrupulous master of commerce. In confirmation of this suspicion, it may be said that one of the most bitter enemies of Jacques Cœur was Otto Cas-

tellani, a native of Florence; but, on the other hand, the merchant of Bourges was supported and protected by Pope Nicholas V., though, under the name of Thomas de Sarzane, he had been brought up in the house of Cosmo de Medicis, and had ever retained his confidence and his friendship. We may add, as a very singular circumstance, that Cambi, an eminent Florentine historian and merchant, the cotemporary and personal enemy of Cosmo de Medicis, makes no mention whatever of Jacques Cœur, noticing neither his fortune nor his fall.

Old Fuller very quaintly, but very justly, remarks, "it is cause and quarrel enough to bring a sheep to the shambles, that he be fat." Jacques Cœur was absolutely plethoric; no less than forty estates called him master, that of St. Fargeau alone containing more than twenty-two parishes. But, in addition to this, he was the creditor of most of the nobles of France, who had neither the hope nor the wish to pay him, but who saw, from his conduct to La Tremville, that he was not a man likely to relax the hold which mortgage had given him over their estates. His disgrace would have applied the sponge to their debts, a proceeding dear to the landed interest at all times, but especially at a time when the custom of usurious bargains afforded a very plausible pretext for evasion. But he had to blame himself for much of the odium he had to encounter; he had fallen into the very common error of supposing that he could secure for himself admission to the aristocratic body by the mere possession of fortune and a title, and to effect this he abandoned the order to which he naturally belonged. As always happens in such cases, the nobles envied the wealthy *parvenu* and at the same time despised him, while the order which he had abandoned detested him as a renegade. "You have quitted us," said Pym to Wentworth, afterwards the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, "but we will not quit you while you have a head on your shoulders."

The accusation first brought against Jacques Cœur, and which furnished the pretext for his arrest, was an utter absurdity. He was charged with having poisoned Agnes Sorel, the patriotic mistress of Charles VII., to whom he was united by the strictest bonds of friendship, and who had actually appointed him her executor. He was, however, at once thrown into a dungeon, and all his possessions were sequestered to the crown. The cognizance of the charges against him was entrusted to his enemies and his debtors, who soon shewed that Peter Pindar was right in saying—

Foxes should not be of the jury
Upon a goose's trial.

The charge of having poisoned Agnes Sorel was so completely disproved, that the lady of Montagne, who had ventured to accuse him, was condemned to make the *amende honorable*. A new set of charges was prepared, and they are too illustrative of the age to be passed over without notice.

The first charge was, "that he had exported silver and copper in great quantities." This is one of the follies which has continued down to our own age. It was long an avowed object of legislation "to keep the money from going out of the country," as if money had some mysterious and occult quality distinct from its exchangeable value: if money flows out of the country, money's worth must come into it.

A nation, like an individual, cannot have coveted articles of consumption without paying for them. If there had been no exports there could have been no imports; and the charge, if true, would only have shewn that Jacques Cœur was superior to the prejudices of the age.

The second charge was, "that he had ruined the province of Languedoc by his extortions;" the probability is, that he had done so in obedience to the orders of the king. There can be no revenue without taxation, but it is an old trick of arbitrary governments to take the revenue and sacrifice the tax-gatherers to popular vengeance.

The two next charges were, "that he had transported arms for the use of the Saracens, and restored to them a Christian slave who had taken refuge in one of his vessels." These accusations are simply ridiculous; the Mohammedans were not at war with France, and slavery was then an institution recognised by the national law of Europe.

Torture and death would have been his fate had not the Pope and the great body of the French clergy interfered; but all his property in France was confiscated; he was compelled to make the *amende honorable* under circumstances of unusual degradation, and he was detained a prisoner, in daily dread of assassination. But he was not entirely abandoned: by the aid of some of his brave sailors he was enabled to escape to Italy, where Pope Nicholas received him with every possible mark of honour and friendship. There is some difficulty in discovering where this great merchant prince closed his career. The general belief is that he died in the island of Scio; but whether he had gone thither in a mercantile or a military capacity, cannot be determined. A very small portion of his princely fortune was restored to his family after his death.

The long and cruel punishment of Giles of Brittany, the king's nephew; the iniquitous processes directed against Xaincoings and Jacques Cœur, to whom the king was so deeply indebted, and, in appearance, so strongly attached, justified, to a considerable extent, the distrust which the Dauphin Louis (afterwards Louis XI.) manifested towards his father, and the unvarying hostility he manifested towards the royal ministers and mistresses. The mutual suspicions of father and son proved fatal to the former; he was in such constant fear of poison, that he starved himself to death.

It is characteristic of the age, that Jacques Cœur seems to have been utterly forgotten by his countrymen from the time that he went into exile. Auton relates the discovery of his tomb in Scio, but speaks as if he attributed no more importance to it than to the sepulchre of any other exile. Tradition at first seemed as unjust to his reputation as history; it was even at a much later period deemed inconsistent with the character of a true Christian to trade with infidels; and the very favour which Jacques Cœur had won from the Sultan of the Turks would be deemed conclusive evidence of his having proved false to his faith. Such prejudices prevented the French from pursuing the lucrative paths of commerce which the enterprise of Jacques Cœur had opened to his countrymen; but before we pass sentence on the fifteenth century, we should inquire whether prejudices similar in kind, though not in degree, are not impediments to the progress of civilisation in our own country and in our own times?

A GO-A-HEAD DAY WITH BARNUM.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

THERE is a great deal to see in Warwick Castle, and Barnum wanted to buy everything that struck him, for his American Museum. The New Yorkites ought to patronize it, for certainly no pains or expense are spared to make it attractive. He tried to bid for a pair of horns of a gigantic elk,—dug out of some bog in Ireland,—which adorn the hall. Then he was struck with some fine paintings of Leicester and Essex,—the favourites of Elizabeth,—and a Circe, by Guido. And, lastly, he saw a picture, by Rubens, of St. Ignatius.

"I reckon he founded them Jesuits," he said. "I've seen that picture in the 'Every-day Book,' and know all the story about him."

The story was, that St. Ignatius, being, in the depth of winter, at Cyprus, on his return from a pilgrimage, wanted to get to Venice; but the captain disliking his seedy appearance, told him, that, if he was a saint, he could walk upon the water very well without a ship; whereupon Ignatius set sail upon a mill-stone, and arrived safely at Venice.

"Now I don't believe that," said Barnum. "If it was trew, you'd see all your high-pressure Exeter Hall people start off some morning with the tide for Gravesend, floating comfortably upon pavement flags. And, I calculate, that would astonish the steamers."

Upon leaving the inhabited part of the castle, we crossed the lawn, and ascended to the summit of Guy's Tower, stopping on the way to look at some guard-rooms in the interior. The view from the ramparts, as well as from the summit, was most enchanting; and the white canvass booths of the race-course, fluttering in the sun and wind, formed pleasing objects in the panorama. There were sly niches in the embrasures for arrows, and other artful perches to shoot from, all the way up. Altogether, in its days of prime, Warwick Castle must have been a tolerably tough place enough to have attacked. Barnum himself allowed that America alone could have taken it.

When we came down from the tower, another vassal, who appeared old enough to have recollected Guy himself, hobbled across the grounds with us to the greenhouse, wherein was placed the Warwick Vase. When he had assembled an audience, he got a stick, hopped upon the steps of the pedestal, and began its history in a true showman-like manner, and we then went back to the lodge.

In the left-hand tower, as you enter, are deposited the wonderful relics of the immortal Guy, and the old man who had let us in shewed us the curiosities with great dignity. Besides ourselves, several country families, who had come into Warwick for the races, were the spectators.

"This," said the old gentleman, "is Guy's porridge-pot," (it was a large cauldron, two or three feet across). "When the late heir came of age, it was filled with punch several times, and taken on to the lawn. This is his flesh-fork," (a sort of metal prong,) "and this is his walking-staff. This is the armour he wore when he fought the dun cow, and this is the armour his horse wore. This is a rib of the dun cow, and this" —

"I say, old fellow," interrupted Barnum, "I should reckon you'd

told these lies so often that you believe them to be trew. What 'll you take now for the lot?"

The old man was very indignant. He had evidently never been spoken to so before.

"They are not for sale," he said; "they are heir-looms in the family."

"Just as you like," replied Barnum. "But I 'll get up a better set than these within six months at my museum, and I 'll swear mine are the real originals, and bu'st up your show altogether in no time."

The idea of reducing the display of the relics to a mere show so hurt the feelings of the old retainer, that he did not condescend to address us any more, except when we gave him a trifle upon leaving. And this is an arrangement connected with the exhibition at Warwick Castle which might be improved with advantage. We were confided to the care of four guides, and they each expected a gratuity after they had led us over their different departments of the property.

"I don't mind the tin," said Barnum, "but it's too much, and don't look nat'ral anywhere out of St. Paul's Cathedral, and your other expensive religious peep-shows. We whop you to smash as a free and intelligent nation in that, I reckon."

From the castle a walk of ten minutes brought us to the race-course, and amongst the shows he was in his glory; in fact, he never looked at the running.

"Ask the opinion of the respectable company who are now leaving the caravan," said the showman, as his audience departed.

We followed his advice, and upon being told that it was "uncommon good to be sure," we paid threepence each, although Barnum fought hard to be classed with the "servants and working-people" at a penny. But the show people soon found him out as the governor of Tom Thumb, and the news was carried along the line of exhibitions, as if a telegraph had taken it. Whilst we were waiting there was another race, which provoked the following dialogue between the clown of the show and the proprietor:—

Clown.—"Now, sir, let's have a bet upon the race."

Master.—"I never bet, Mr. Merriman."

Clown.—"Never mind, sir. I'll bet you a bottle of blacking, and you shall have first drink of it, upon the favourite against the field."

Master.—"Done, Mr. Merriman."

Clown.—"Then I've won, sir."

Master.—"How so, Mr. Merriman?"

Clown.—"Because the field's never moved at all."

The inside of the caravan was a compact little place, with a gaudy chintz drapery drawn across the end of it, a very bright brass fire-place, several mysterious lockers, made to sit or stand upon, bits of coloured glass let into the smartly painted door, and a canary in a cage, singing through all the din outside. When it was full, the master shewed us two gigantic females, nearly seven feet high; a pacific-looking African, with some cock's feathers stuck in his head, who passed to the Warwickshire lads and lasses as an Ojibbeway, and with whom Barnum was acquainted; a trained monkey and some serpents, one of whom the keeper was represented wearing as a mighty Joinville, on the picture outside.

We waited until the exhibition was over, and, when the people had left the caravan, the showman said to Barnum,—

"I know a dwarf in Lambeth that Tom Thumb could put in his pocket; only she can't chaff like the General."

"No," said Barnum; "I reckon not. They're precious few that can. The General can chaff the sky yellow when he pleases. He's a regular screamer. But who's this dwarf—Emma Pattle?"

He appeared to know all about the dwarfs all over England; in fact, the exhibition wonders of every kind.

"That's her," said the man.

"Pooh!" returned Barnum; "Tom Thumb put *her* in his pocket! stuff! none of them can touch him. They hire children that can't walk and ain't weaned, and put them into top-boots and cocked-hats to make generals, but it's no go. Now, look here; do you know a good giant who'd go out to Amerikey for my museum?"

"Why, you've got one," said the man.

"Ah, but I want another, to get up an opposition against myself: don't you see?"

"There's Bob Hayes," said the Indian, "he's over seven feet, but he's got his own caravan, and it would n't be worth his while. I don't know where he is, too."

"Oh, he's in Leicestershire," returned Barnum, evidently acquainted with all his movements.

The Indian here mentioned another tall man of his acquaintance, in the last show of the rank. He had not spoken of him before, because the affair was evidently an antagonistic one. So Barnum at once proceeded onwards.

"The giants know me," he said. "The last I had broke his engagement and set up against me, but I put him in prison, and there he is, safely kept until I want him."

The bargain was soon concluded. The giant was to start by the *Washington*, which was to sail in a few days from Liverpool, and he was to have seven pounds a week for salary, besides a military uniform to exhibit in. We then hired another fly, and went on to Coventry, pausing at Kenilworth in our way, and going through Leek Wootton, a small village, near which Edward the Second's favourite, Gavestone, was beheaded.

The ruins at Kenilworth are not on the main road, but a short *dé-tour* is necessary to arrive at them. As our fly stopped at the modest wicket, it was literally stormed by children with eighteenpenny guide-books in their hands, which they struggled earnestly to dispose of, almost to the hindrance of our leaving the carriage. Then they offered to lend them to us for a very small consideration, and finally, when we were inside, the poor things thrust them under the door, and threw them over the wall, with their handkerchiefs tied to them, as a last forlorn hope. Barnum could not withstand their perseverance, and he purchased one of a bright-eyed doll of seven years old, who, having disposed of her stock, scampered home across the common as fast as her little legs would carry her; indeed, he bought everything everywhere, and it was all for the American Museum.

"I've sent them over the court suit that the General wore before her Majesty," he said.

We humbly suggested that we had seen it the previous day at Birmingham.

"So you did," he replied; "but the one I've sent over is so like it, that the tailor could n't tell which was which. They'll crowd to see

it: there's nothing like a bit of state or aristocracy to catch a Yankee, with all his talk."

We went on. On entering the ground, by the side of the great gatehouse, you first perceive a board, which informs you that "the old chimney-piece may be seen within for sixpence." This is well worthy of inspection, as well as the old wainscoted room in which it is placed. The greater part of the building appears to be used as a store-house for meal and apples. Upon leaving this, you are left to wander where you please, an excellent arrangement, since nothing is more annoying than tagging about at the heels of a mechanical, calculating guide. It is this voluntary strolling that renders a visit to Hampton Court so agreeable. Kenilworth is indeed a ruin; but no ruin can be more noble in its desolation,—for which it is more indebted, by the way, to the hands of Cromwell's officers, to whom the manor was given, than the ravages of time. Not a single chamber of the once magnificent pile remains; all are either levelled to the turf or choked up with rubbish, which nearly everywhere affords an easy path to the top of the walls and towers, so that, without closely studying the localities, it is difficult to follow them in connexion with the novel. The lake has long been drained and filled up; the chase is built upon and cultivated; and the garden has fallen to an untidy and uncared-for orchard.

It was a lovely day. The old ruins glowed in the sunlight, which burst through the Gothic window-holes and embrasures, to fall on the short turf below in flickering patches, as the wind gently moved the festoons of creeping plants and ivy that crossed them. The noble trees were waving in all their full and deep autumnal foliage against the clear blue sky, bowing gracefully to the light breeze that played with their branches. But within the inclosure of the ruins the air was quite still. The wild flowers did not even tremble ever so gently on their stalks, and the insects poised themselves apparently in the same position, as no breath came to disturb their floating rest. In the space once occupied by the hall, a large and youthful party had assembled there for a pic-nic,—a more beautiful spot for such a meeting it is impossible to conceive,—and their loud merry laughter echoed again through the old arches and passages. At a short distance, in a recess of the "Cæsar's Tower," as it is foolishly called, a more quiet assembly had gathered, in a very Boccaccio-like group, round a young lady, who was reading Scott's gorgeous romance of "Kenilworth." Their wrapt attention evidently shewed, that, following the author, they had again restored and peopled every part of the old castle, and that Amy Robsart, Varney, Leicester, Trevilian, and Elizabeth were once more flitting about the still noble pile around them.

"I took above a hundred pounds a day, in shillings, for the General at Birmingham and Manchester," said Barnum, suddenly turning the train of our thoughts on to a down line. "Pretty steep business, was n't it?"

We could think no more of Amy Robsart, but rising from our seat upon an old mossy window-sill, walked by his side towards the gate.

"It was all a chance, though," he continued. "I brought over a thousand pounds from New York with Tom Thumb, and I spent every farthing of it in your country making him 'go,' and all with Englishmen: so they need n't have screamed so, after all. The

'Liverpool Chronicle' folks know it, I reckon, for they were the first I saw. The General did n't draw though at first. It was n't till I got him to London, in Markwell's private house, that he did anything. And then I made no charge; but I put a plate on the table, with a sovereign or two in it; and they took the hint first rate."

The road from Kenilworth to Coventry is very continental in its appearance, being straight, with rows of trees on each side, having bolls of earth heaped round the lower part of their trunks. Regarding the route, there is an anecdote told of a dispute between two commercial travellers at an inn, as to which was the most beautiful ride in England, each offering that he knew the best. At last a wager was made, and they were both to write down the name of their favourite journey. On coming to the decision, it was found that one had chosen "from Warwick to Coventry," and the other "from Coventry to Warwick." The road, however, scarcely appeared to merit this eulogium.

As we rode on, Barnum told us of the most extraordinary "do" that had ever been practised on the public, of which he was the prime mover. He had, by some means or another, procured an old toothless negress, and, by a series of consummate schemes, succeeded in passing her off all through America as "Washington's Nurse." As the President was born in 1732, it may be conceived what age the old creature was reported to be. He wrote documents, dipped them in tobacco-water, hung them up the chimney, and rubbed the corners of them, to give them an appearance of age: he drilled the object into the part she was to play; created a *furore* wherever she appeared, and drew the dollars into his treasury faster than he could count them. At last the old woman died, and great was the fresh excitement raised in the medical world, as to the state of the vascular system in a person presumed to be so old. High prices were paid to be present at the autopsy: the first American medical men assisted at it; and one, who was to conduct the *post-mortem* examination, gave a lecture beforehand upon the probable vast extent of ossification of the arteries that would be met with. But no—there was nothing of the kind, (as well there might not be; for, after all, the poor woman was not above sixty,) and the bubble was at once burst. The whole of the New York press opened their artillery upon Barnum, but his 'cuteness led them into their own fire; and a literal fortune was the result of the trick.

At last the carriage crossed the railway by the bridge at Coventry, on which Alfred Tennyson "hung with grooms and porters," and put us down at an inn in the street, at the corner of which *Peeping Tom* is represented as looking out upon Lady Godiva. His costume is certainly not that of 1044, when the occurrence of her ladyship riding in such a *pose plastique* kind of attire through the streets of Coventry is reported to have taken place; in fact, there are very good reasons for believing that the whole affair is a fiction, and that it arose in the mad-cap times of Charles the Second, when Lady Godiva first figured in the "Show Fair" procession, as it was called, dressed (or more probably undressed) in a style that quite accorded with the licentious manners of the epoch; and so we mistrust the memorial of the circumstance, which is said to have been preserved in stained glass in one of the windows of Trinity Church until about the fifteenth century, and, according to Dugdale, represented Leofric presenting to his spouse a charter, with these words inscribed thereon:—

“ I Luriche for love of thee
Doe make Coventrie toll-free.”

St. Mary's Hall and St. Michael's Church are well worth a visit. The latter, built in the early style of architecture, is, we believe, the largest parish church in England, at least so Barnum said, seeming to know all about it; and it now looked exceedingly beautiful in the ruddy light of evening. After this we walked about the city, noticing the method the butchers have of beautifying their meat by skewering little *bouquets*, so to speak, of fat about them, a custom we had not noticed elsewhere. Here Barnum entered into an arrangement with a wandering exhibition of animals of dissimilar habits all in one cage, that we met by chance, and he settled that they were to accompany the giant.

At a quarter past nine we quitted the Coventry station, and arrived once more at Birmingham, at ten, heartily tired with our excursion, having, in one day, visited Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick Castle, the races, Kenilworth, and Coventry, by the united aid of coach, fly, phaëton, railway, and our own legs.

As we expressed our fatigue at supper, Barnum said, “Well, I don't know what you call work in England, but if you don't make thirty hours out of the twenty-four in Amerikey, I don't know where you'd be at the year's end. If a man can't beat himself in running, he'll never go ahead; and if he don't go ahead, he's done.”

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO THE CHILDREN SHE HAD DESERTED IN THEIR INFANCY.

YE are mine—mine own! man's vain
decree,

Cannot break the holy ties :
'Tis the brand of shame and of infamy
That hides me from those dear eyes.

YE are mine—mine own! thro' all the
years

Of more than human grief,
Fond memories, bathed in scalding tears,
Have whisper'd some relief.

For thou, my dearest—first-born one,
In visions of the night,
Art clasp'd unto this breast so lone,
As when ye first saw light.

A strange wild joy, which then I felt,
Comes rushing o'er my heart;
When by thy cradle-bed I knelt,
And deem'd we ne'er might part.

Ah! stranger—wilder far than this,
I, *smiling*, look on thee;
For in this dream of speechless bliss,
My spirit knoweth *purity*.

Come forth! long lost, my spring-born
child,—

Mine only son—thy brother;
And bend thy gaze of pity mild
On thy poor wretched mother.

No more—no more—the whirlpool deep
Of passion, guilt, and woe,
Ingulfs in dark oblivious sleep
The tale thou well dost know.

Dost know?—No, no—none, none can
tell,
Save actors on life's stage,
The lashing throes—the burning hell,
Stamping wild passion's page.

Daughter! the heart's abandonment,
Be never known by thee!
Kneel for the poor lost sinner—kneel,
In thy fair purity.

Son of the unknown mother! son,
Give me thy sympathy;
Kneel for the weeping Magdalen,
In her deep misery!

C. A. M. W.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH NORMANDY.

BY ODARD.

THE next morning found me making my way through the factories in the direction of Fécamp ; I reached it by the afternoon. The town stands in a valley open to the sea. On one of the overlooking hills there is a chapel to the Virgin, a great point of pilgrimage for sailors ; close by a light-house of great range has been erected. It recalled to me our expedition in the "Cormorant" the year before last. To avoid the tides we stood towards the Norman coast. It blew hard from the west. With sails well filled, and streamer looking back like our own hearts "to the dear land 'twas leaving," the gallant yacht worked her way down channel. Far off over the crest of the leeward waves, the light of Fécamp gleamed upon our larboard tacks. Two or three of our brave fellows sat on the forecastle, and watched the fitful beam through the dashing spray. To one of them it recalled the great gas lamp before the door of the Green Dragon at Portsmouth, a second, of loftier feelings, considered it uncommonly like a comet. A sentimental third thought of his home where Mary plied the needle, and sighed for his return, for it reminded him of that light in the cottage-window which had so often guided him across the moor. We stood at the helm and watched that beacon too. We saw in it a type of the lustre shed by the memory of the great over the dark and stormy waves of time. We thought not of lamps and stars, and alas ! we had no Mary to mourn our absence ; but we remembered that the light we saw was kindled near the spot where Richard the Fearless sleeps, and where his son Richard the Good rests by his side.

Fécamp, like Dieppe, has fallen from original greatness. When the ducal throne was removed to England, its decay commenced. The re-annexation of Normandy to the crown of France completed its ruin. Long before the first Norman invasion it had been a regal residence, and possessed a magnificent abbey founded for a community of nuns in 664. The palace and the abbey were destroyed by Hastings and his Northmen in 841. Longsword, however, rebuilt the palace, and under the direction of his son, Richard the Fearless, the abbey was restored. Hither, shortly after his marriage, Longsword conveyed his wife Lewtgarde. It was the most secure retirement which his province had to offer, and furnished an easy point of removal to the friendly shores of England, should the turbulent neighbours on his eastern frontier prove too strong for him.* He ever after bore the place a strong attachment, and lost no opportunity of benefiting it. In the renovated abbey he established a chapter of regular canons. These ecclesiastics, however, were regular only in name ; as they were exactly the reverse in morals, he was obliged to eject them, and fill their place with Benedictine monks. They turned out better, and under them the abbey speedily rose to splendour and renown. A present conferred upon it afterwards by

* It was to this seclusion that Casimer of Poland retreated, in after years, from the cares and sorrows of a crown. At Fécamp, Lewtgarde gave birth to Richard the Fearless.

Cardinal Boyer elevated it to the height of sanctity. He presented the monks with what purported to be a few drops of the precious blood of our Saviour. I am bound to say that I did not see this relic, but I have as little doubt of its existence and authenticity, as I have of the sacred treasures preserved at Augsburg,—a feather from the Archangel Michael's wing, and a box of Egyptian darkness. The precious blood is still said to be preserved in a tabernacle of white marble in the present abbatial church. This church is the only antiquity which survived the storm of the Revolution. It rises from the centre of the town, and is in the earliest pointed style. Mr. Knight thinks he made out traces of the Norman style in the extreme circular apse of the choir, the two side chapels on the north east, and a connecting portion of the aisle; but he is of opinion, that the only part of Duke Richard's work remaining are some substructions upon which the Roman work rests, which may be made out on a close examination at the north-east point.

Richard was still a boy when Arnold's treachery deprived him of his father. King Louis Outremer grasped at this opportunity of recovering Normandy; and on hearing of Longsword's death, invited Richard to his court, under the pretext of superintending his education. This was at first strongly opposed by the Normans. They saw in Richard not only the son of Longsword, and the grandson of Rollo, but the opening flower of all those virtues that made them both so dear to their subjects: they conceived that these virtues would best expand in their native Norman atmosphere. They mistrusted the Frank, and suspected the influence of Arnold in the arrangement, who stood high in the councils of the king. They knew the murderer of the father dreaded the retribution of the son. Won, however, by the royal promises, and the affection testified to Richard, they suffered him to depart. He had no sooner arrived at the court, than their fears were realized. Richard was put under arrest, and the faithless king entered his province, having engaged the assistance of Hugh the Great. Hugh was, however, detached from this alliance by a treaty of marriage which the Normans effected between Richard and his daughter Agnes. Meantime Richard won the heart of his jailer Osmond, who contrived his escape, and carried him to Senlis, concealed in a bundle of hay. Rouen was at this time besieged by the united forces of Louis, the Emperor, Otho I., Arnold, and Conrad King of Burgundy. Richard, rallying the Normans round him, advanced to raise the siege. Inspired by his presence again amongst them his troops were irresistible. The besiegers were speedily put to the rout, and the young duke following up his success, soon cleared his province of the invaders. By his conduct on this occasion the brave boy earned his proud title of "The Fearless."

Lothaire, who succeeded to the crown, renewed hostilities against Richard, and called every means of arms, stratagem, and lies, to his assistance; but the struggle ended by strengthening the power of the duke. Lothaire, at last, sent a suppliant prayer for peace, which Richard, forgetting the injuries he had received at his hands, generously granted. The remainder of his days was spent among his subjects in unceasing endeavours to promote their happiness and prosperity. He gave the greatest encouragement to agriculture and commerce, and promoted by every means in his power the cultivation of the arts and sciences.

Richard the Fearless died at Fécamp, on the 20th of November, 996, at the age of sixty-three. With his dying breath he requested his son that he might be buried, not within the church, but close by the outer wall, where the raindrops from the eaves might fall upon where he lay; to use his own words, "that the drops of heaven falling from the sacred roof might lave those bones which had contracted too many a stain in his thoughtless career."

By his second wife, Gunnor, he had three sons; the eldest, Richard, succeeded him; the second was ancestor of the extinct houses of Pembroke and Clare, and maternally of the elder branch of the Courtenays. The third took his title from the comté and château d'Eu, which I have described in a preceding number. He is represented through the female line by King Louis Philippe, the present Count of Eu; the male representation can still be traced, and is vested in an English family.

Immediately on his accession, Richard the Good was forced to take up arms against his brother William Count of Eu. The latter was speedily reduced to extremities, and by one of the duke's officers thrown into prison. Making his escape, he hastened to his brother, and falling on his knees demanded forgiveness. The generous Richard not only pardoned, but reinstated him in all his domains and honour. This fraternal wrong and forgiveness was but the prelude to a greater wrong, a nobler instance of forgiveness. His brother-in-law was his next assailant. Etheldred, King of England, had married Richard's sister. When preparing to carry out his scheme for the massacre of the Danes in England, Etheldred, in order to divert the attention of their friends in Normandy, invaded that territory, and filled the Cotentin with English troops. Richard hastened to oppose them, and, after a series of defeats, they were compelled to embark with precipitation and evacuate the province.

Etheldred's cruelty had rendered him so odious to the people, that he was forced to fly his kingdom, and come to throw himself on the clemency of the injured Richard. With this true descendant of Rollo he found an asylum. The cowardly and blood-stained brother was forgotten in the unfortunate king—unfortunate, the generous heart of the Norman tendered him consolation and safety,—a king, his loyal chivalrous spirit offered him honour and respect. Richard was subsequently engaged in repulsing the attacks of the Counts of Chartres and Maine, both of whom he quickly brought to sue for peace on the most abject terms. Robert, second of the Capetian line, was now on the throne. He found in Duke Richard a faithful ally, who repaid the hostilities and treachery heaped on him and his predecessors by the former Frank kings, with benefits and kindness, the revenge of noble souls. He accompanied Robert on all the expeditions he was constrained to undertake against his turbulent vassals; and the first approach towards the consolidation of the great fiefs at that time composing the French kingdom, was mainly effected by the co-operation and generalship of Duke Richard. His upright youth had won him the epithet of "The Good," by the surname of "The Intrepid" was his valorous manhood ennobled. Glorious titles these!—titles that add a rank to kings!—the letters patent, the public voice. A king may confer dignities upon the people—such poor dignities as hang on the fiat of an in-

dividual,—but how grand the rank when this order is reversed, and the people ennoble the king.

Richard died 1026, to use the words of the chroniclers, “the people weeping, the angels rejoicing,” and was laid beside his father under the church’s walls.

Nodier, in his “*Voyage Pittoresque, etc.*,” says Fécamp was to the Dukes of Normandy what the Pyramids were to the Egyptian monarchs, a city of tombs. Here rests Richard the Second by the side of Richard the First; near him his brother Robert, his wife, Judith of Brittany, and his son William. The latter was a monk. Besides William, Richard had by his wife Judith two sons, Richard and Robert. The first enjoyed the dukedom but a few months, and upon his death his brother Robert succeeded. He was called “The Magnificent,” though better, or rather worse, known among English readers of history by the title of “The Devil,”—a surname less euphonious certainly than those enjoyed by his predecessors;—all authentic historians, however, agree that the diabolical epithet must be taken with a very confined meaning, assuring us that it was only used to express in one word extreme power and untiring energy. The term “Devil” was only applied to the duke in a good sense. This, I apprehend, is no solecism. I have more than once heard the satanic zeal held up to Christian imitation in discourses from the pulpit, and the good Latimer used often to press the infernal example upon his lukewarm congregations. We all know his phrase: “No one like Bishop Devil.” Indeed the life of Duke Robert interprets the word for us, and gives it its proper meaning; for he united to a chivalrous and lofty conduct an indefatigable activity, zeal for the welfare and happiness of his subjects. He was one of the richest and most powerful princes of his time. The commencement of his reign was marked by a vigorous suppression of several of his vassals who had revolted; and having restored order to his province, he looked round for some occasion of exercising his valour, for some good to do. Baldwin the Fourth had been expelled from his territory by his own son. Robert came to his aid, and reinstated him. Constance, mother of Henry the First of France, was moving heaven and earth to place her second son on the Capetian throne. Robert declared himself Henry’s protector, and confirmed him in his rights. Canute at this time wore the English crown, though the sons of Etheldred were living. To this champion of the right the lawful heirs appealed; and Robert, though he refrained from any direct intervention, in consequence of his near relationship to the Dane, who had married his aunt and the sister of Etheldred, took effectual measures to secure the succession of his sons.

And now an unwonted tranquillity reigned over Normandy and France. Robert, respected by his neighbours, and loved by his subjects, seemed to have only to enjoy the fruits of his past exertions; but those remorseful feelings that had been overpowered in the past storm of his career, now revived in the calm. One error of his passionate youth threw its dark shadow between him and happiness. To his mind, deeply imbued with the religious views of the time, this shadow seemed to point to Palestine as the only path to expiation. For Palestine he departed. He marked his way thither by the most unbounded liberality. The ancient chronicles speak

with great admiration of his entry into Rome. As one instance of the profusion he displayed it may be mentioned, that the shoes of the animal which he rode were made of silver, and so slenderly fastened that they dropped off, his attendants having received orders not to pick them up. You may remember that Richelieu copied the example of Robert the Magnificent in this respect on his entry into Vienna in 1735. Having passed the winter in Italy, he embarked for Constantinople, and proceeded thence to Jerusalem on foot. Here he spent some time in penitential exercises, and displayed an unbounded charity, distributing immense sums among the poor. He then set out on his return, but died suddenly at Nice, the 2nd July, 1035, not without suspicion of having been poisoned by an attendant, who hoped to possess himself of his treasures.

Robert was never married, but left one son by Arlette, the beautiful Falaisean maiden, William, who inherited his dominions, and transformed his Norman coronet into an English crown.

We have thus run over as briefly as possible the lives of the first five Dukes of Normandy. In the sickening record of the world's average rulers, how refreshing is it to encounter a page like this, where so faithfully were the best interests of the society followed by its head, so truly did the life of the rulers represent the national life, that the biography of the sovereign is in truth the history of the people!

We might almost deem it a necessary part of the scheme of Providence, this succession of illustrious rulers, whose policy fostered domestic happiness and content, and at the same time discomfited foreign invasion, for it tended to keep unmixed and concentrated the spirit of that race to which England was to owe so much of her proud position among the nations.

The glory of Fécamp is now a thing of the past. The proud palace has disappeared; the strong castle has sunk to some mounds of ruin, and from its walls no more shall the leopard banner wave. Of the shrines where these men were wont to worship we must look carefully to discover the few traces that time has spared; but, as the perfume of the rose clings to the fragments of the shattered vase, so round these ruins linger the imperishable memories of the valiant and the good. The ruins belong to France. They are of earth, and we must quit them now. But those memories have a spiritual nature; they are of the mind, and we may bear them away. And so, though we bid adieu to Fécamp, to those unfading recollections we do not say farewell. Henceforth they are our own; and who knows how often in the combat of our future life, when wearied in the protracted strife with doubt and disappointment the baffled heart begins to fail, and the will to whisper capitulation?—who knows how often then such memories may revive within us, and come to the spirit's rescue armed with encouragement and consolation!

“Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of Time.

“Footprints that perhaps some other
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing may take heart again.”

The actions of the mighty dead, which we read in boyhood with glistening eyes, and store in our hearts for imitation, though never wholly forgotten, yet, obscured by the mist created by the intervening agitation of maturer life, revive with thousandfold vividness, and are invested with an interest beyond the force of books or language, as we stand beside the graves of those by whom they were achieved. By a principle of antagonism, the greatness that once belonged to them is powerfully suggested by the nothing they are now! And thus the graves of the great and good have a double instruction, they not only tell us, as the lowliest tomb might do, that we are mortal, they further remind us, how much is in a mortal's power. They tell us we have but a short time to do the Creator's work, but they also teach us how faithfully it may be done.

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Traversing the Pays de Caix, and passing through Bolbee, I came to Lillebonne, the ancient Juliobona, capital of the Pays. Here a ruined castle of the Middle Ages looks down upon a ruined theatre of the Roman times, said to be the only example of an ancient theatre in Europe. Excavations, made some years ago, have laid open the orchestra and the walls of the dressing apartments — the old green-room, where talent once a-day threw off obscurity, and putting on the crown or the stole became invested for a brief period with majesty, or the dignity of instruction. The Havre road runs over the stage, and where the actor of by-gone years strutted his little hour, the actors of the present day pass to and fro, in performance of their different parts of inflicting or suffering. Looking down upon the theatre, stands the mouldering traces of a race who drove out the Roman. The Castle of Lillebonne was a ducal palace in the early days of Neustria. The Celt gave place to the Roman; the Roman to the Frank; the Frank to the Norman; and we gaze mournfully on these marks of their successive races, now scarcely discernible, and soon altogether to disappear, mournfully as we contrast them with the unchanging face of nature around us. The same hills arise, the same river flows, the same sky looks down as when this was Celtic Gaul! Who can regard those eternal features, nor think with sadness upon the fleeting generations of mankind!

But our pony has brought us to the Seine. On the steep cliff overhead, standing out from the sombre background of the forest, the vast ruined castle of Tancarville elevates its broken walls like a wounded giant trying to rise. It recalls the proudest names of French chivalry. Tancarville, Melun, d'Harcourt, Dunois, Tour d'Auvergne, Montmorenci, have all dwelt here in their turn. The lion standard, during the brief supremacy of Henry the Fifth, braved the breeze from its battlements. The Revolution threw it into the hands of a Havre merchant; — now the Montmorenci has his own again; it was restored to that family in 1825.

The entrance gate of the castle is the only part remaining in tolerable preservation. It is of a massive Norman character, flanked by two huge towers. It was a bright autumn day. As I rode up I strained my ear for the warder's horn, and listened for the minstrel's harp on the swelling of the breeze. No groom stands by the portcullis; no men-at-arms in the yard within. Where are they all?

Swept from existence with the leaves and blossoms of their time. With mixed melancholy and surprise I wandered through the vast remains of bedrooms, banqueting rooms, and halls, where once the dance was, and the song resounded, but where all is silent now. The moat is dried up, the battlements have perished, the rank grass flourishes in the court-yard within.

“Elles (ses ruines) n'ont plus d'autres vassaux
Que les nids des joyeux oiseaux,
L'hirondelle et les passereaux,
Qui peuplent leurs nefs dépeuplées ;
Le lierre, au lieu des vieux drapeaux,
Fait, sur leurs cimes crénelées,
Flotter ces touffes déroulées,
Et tapisse de verts manteaux,
Les longs agives moulées.”

Henry the Fifth gave the title of Tancarville to Sir John Grey for his services in the French wars. His grandson was attainted in the thirty-eighth year of the succeeding reign. The title remained dormant until revived by William the Third, in the person of Ford Lord Grey of Wark, lineally descended from a brother of the first earl, whose heiress was married to Charles Bennet, second Lord Ossulston. George the Second conferred the title on him in 1714.

* * * * *

The scenery of the Seine is beautiful here, and a boat bears you pleasantly up the river towards Jumièges.

At one time the right bank of the Seine from Rouen to the sea presented a succession of monastic establishments. The abbey of Jumièges was the most remarkable of these. It had existed from the time of Clovis, and was celebrated for its beauty, its wealth, the number and holiness of its inmates. Among its abbots were some of the most illustrious names of France. The church was in a decaying state in the time of Longsword, who rebuilt and enlarged it in 940. It was again added to, and beautified, by the Abbot Robert in 1067. The Huguenots first, and afterwards the Revolutionists, visited this abbey with especial destruction, and now all remaining of this once-famous establishment is the gate of the conventual building, which has been turned into a dwelling-house, and the ruins of the Norman church. The little that remains of this last is a splendid specimen of the grand simplicity of the early Norman style. The sublime effect is wholly produced by a few simple features: immensity, breadth, elevation. See the arches under the central tower, the nave, and the western façade ! The nakedness of the capitals of the pillars is relieved by the colours of the painted foliation, usual in the first Norman churches ; but the eye is undistracted from the grand result by any obtrusive sculpture. Look up ; — the roof is gone, but the round arch is above you still, of nobler span, and more enduring texture than stone and mortar ever formed, the arch of the sky ! Here, in the roofless church of Jumièges, we have as it were a divine recognition that the principles which regulated the forms of the Norman churches were the true principles of religious architecture. The Norman shewed a true perception of the sublime in selecting the circular form to canopy his place of prayers.

The Teuton was accustomed to worship in the open air, in

the great temple of Nature. When he knelt to pray among the sublime features of arctic scenery, and raised his eyes, he saw above him the arched vault of heaven, whose spring was the horizon, and whose supporting pillars the colossal crags. The impressions such scenery produced on his mind was not effaced when he descended into lower latitudes.

The Saxon came first. We find in the circular forms and massive pillars the style called after him, a transcript as it were of his old scene of worship. When he embraced such a religion as Christianity, whose services, consisting of reading, preaching, and social prayer, demanded an enclosed and covered shrine, he felt that the edifice which concealed from him the throne where dwelt the Object of his prayers, should take as much as possible the form of that heaven they shut out. Then came the Norman; and, without altering the principle of the forms, he conferred upon the whole an elevation and refinement corresponding with the temper of his mind. We can trace this difference plainly now in the Saxon and Norman churches. The latter style displays broader and more elevated arches, finer pillars, often shafts of a slender character, and the features, though similar to the Saxon, loftier altogether.

Here in this church, from which the hand of time has removed the roof, we see the copy only has been taken, the eternal original remains.

Yours faithfully,

ODARD.

TO HOPE.

HOPE, wondrous alchymist! the power possessing
 Of Midas, at whose touch all turned to gold;
 Thou mak'st the world fair with thy caressing,
 And rousest up to life the dull and cold.

Hope, Protean Hope! for ever, ever changing,
 Thy morning wish scarce lives till evening hours;
 From toy to toy, from clime to clime, still ranging,
 From castle halls to lowly cottage bowers.

Hope, brilliant Hope! thy wings of varied dyes
 Perfume the breeze, thy hair all golden flows,
 The summer sky is paler than thine eyes,
 Thy blooming cheek outvies the summer rose.

Hope, fading Hope! the rainbow on thy wing
 Paleth, and the bright stars drop one by one;
 Thy song of rapture thou hast ceased to sing,
 Still dost thou live, but shadowy, pale, and wan.

Hope, giddy Hope! charmed with a baby's toy,
 Pleased with the veriest trifle earth can give;
 Warmly pursuing it with eager joy,
 Though with possession thou must cease to live.

Hope, angel Hope! in pitying mercy bending,
 Thou bind'st the absent with an unseen chain;
 Whisperest to yearning hearts of love unending,
 Fannest the dying soul to life again.

Man's highest blessing! with thee for a guide,
 The darkest path of suffering may be trod:
 Thou flingest the thick veil of doubt aside,
 And point'st triumphant to the throne of God.

CLAUDIA MERIVALE.

INDEX

TO THE TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME.

A.

Address to the year 1847, 62.
 A gloom was on King Charles's Brow, 220.
 Aspinall's (Rev. George) Laugh with Nature, 271; A rude uncultivated Plot, 435.

B.

Bacchanalian Vision (A), by Alfred Crowquill, 247.
 Banks's (G. Linnæus) Old Storm King, 78; Honest and Happy, 141; To Ellen, 318; One Smile, 560.
 Barker's (W. G. J.) Irene of Sestos, 29.
 Barnabas Goldsworthys (The), by Greensleeves, 541.
 Beckwith's (Charles) Translation of Andersen's Little Match-Girl, 105; Episode in the Life of Ole Bull, 272; Grandmother's Story about a Darning-Needle, 508.
 Bishop (A) "very considerably disguised:" a Passage in the Pilgrimage of Mrs. Bobby and Miss Vink, by the Author of "Experiences of a Gaol Chaplain," 436.
 Boy (The) and the Mantle, a Theft from the Percy Reliques, by Albert Smith, 113.
 Bracegirdle's (Captain) Palmer's Trial, 69; Midnight Dirge, 256.
 Brian O'Linn; or, Luck is Everything, by W. H. Maxwell, 91, 152, 257, 413.
 Broken Vow (The), by Mrs. Romer, 51.

C.

Canning's (the late Right Hon. George) Game at St. Stephen's Chapel, 176.
 Charlotte Corday, from the French of M. de Lamartine, by C. Cocks, 570.
 Christian Names, by Mrs. Matthews, 185.
 Cocks's (C.) Charlotte Corday, from the French of M. de Lamartine, 570.
 Cooper (Memoir of J. F.), by W. R. Griswold, 533.
 Cooper's (J. Fenimore) Captain Spike; or, The Islets of the Gulf, 8, 121, 227, 365, 471, 596.
 Craven's (H. T.) How will it Look? 150.

VOL. XXI.

Crowquill's To a Moth, 44; Keeping up Appearances, 85; Winter, 119; Bacchanalian Vision, 247; True Love Song, 364; Ghost of a Story about a Ghost, 458; Holster Pistol, 557.
 Curiosities of Nuremberg, and the wonderful Productions of the Schöne Brunnen, 190.

D.

Dear Girl! this modest Rose accept, by The Old Major, 118.
 Doings at Stamford Hill, by W. Law Gane, 465.
 Dying Wife (A) to her Husband, 428.

E.

English Artists in Rome, 319.
 Enviable Legatee (An), being a Leaf from a Busy Man's Journal, by the Author of "Experiences of a Gaol Chaplain," 360.

F.

Facts and Fallacies, 586.
 Fat (The) Little Man in Gray, a Watering-place Mystery, by Greensleeves, 492.
 Festivities and Superstitions of Devonshire, by Mrs. Whittle, 301.
 First of April (The), 341.
 Flâneur (The) in Paris, from the Notebook of a Traveller, by the Author of Second Love, 70, 453.

G.

Game (A) at St. Stephen's Chapel, by the late Right Hon. George Canning, 176.
 Gane's (W. Law) Doings at Stamford Hill, 465.
 Ghost (The) of a Story about a Ghost, by Alfred Crowquill, 458.
 Go-a-head Day (A) with Barnum, by Albert Smith, 522, 623.
 Grandmother's Story about a Darning-Needle, by H. C. Andersen, 508.
 Greensleeves' Fat Little Man in Gray, A Watering-place Mystery, 492; Barnabas Goldsworthys, 541.

Y Y

Griswold's (W. R.) *Memoir of W. H. Prescott*, 429; *Memoir of J. F. Cooper*, 533.

H.

Hall's (John Parsons) *Speculation; a Tale of a Bank*, 166.

Hebrew (The), *The Saracen, and the Christian*, 385.

Holster Pistol (The) by Alfred Crowquill, 557.

Honest and Happy, by G. Linnæus Banks, 141.

Hope (To), 636.

Howitt's (Mary) *Wofully Wedded*, 31.

How will it look? by H. T. Craven, 150.

I.

I am here, I am here, with my Gifts and Smiles, by Carlos, 451.

Ingoldsby (Thomas), 103.

Irene of Sestos, by W. G. J. Barker, 29.

I've returned to the Scenes of my Youth, by G. Linnæus Banks, 318.

J.

Jenny Lind's Letter-Bag, being a Correspondence of Distinguished Persons; edited by a Begging Letter-writer. With Notes and Elucidations, 321.

K.

Keeping up Appearances, by Alfred Crowquill, 85.

King Charles of Spain, 220.

L.

Laugh with Nature, by the Rev. George Aspinall, 271.

Little Match-Girl (The), a Christmas Story, by H. C. Andersen, translated by Charles Beckwith, 105.

Lucretia; or, *The Children of Night*, 204.

M.

Massacre (The) of St. Bartholomew, by Dr. W. C. Taylor, 500.

Matthews' (Mrs.) *Christian Names*, 185.

Maxwell's (W. H.) *Brian O'Linn*; or, *Luck is Everything*, 91, 152, 257, 413.

Merchant Prince (A) of the Middle Ages, by Dr. W. C. Taylor, 616.

Midnight Dirge (The), by Captain Bracegirdle, 256.

Moth (To a), by Alfred Crowquill, 44.

Mother's (A) *Address to the Children she had deserted in their Infancy*, 628.

N.

Nelson and Caraccioli, by Dr. W. C. Taylor, 142.

Norwich (late Bishop of), by one of his Daughters, 194, 311.

O

Odard's *Sentimental Journey through Normandy*, 274, 395, 528, 629.

Offspring of Light and Life, by W. B., 62.

Old (The) Orchard Plot, by the Rev. George Aspinall, 435.

Old Storm King, by G. Linnæus Banks, 78.

Ole Bull (an Episode in the Life of), by H. C. Andersen, 272.

One Smile, by G. Linnæus Banks, 563.

P.

Palmer's (The) Trial, by Captain Bracegirdle, 69.

Peninsular Army (The Services of the), by one who served with it, 548.

Perkapple (Miss) and the Gothics' Ball, by Albert Smith, 1.

Pindar's (Paul) Spring-tide; or, the Angler and his Friends, 333.

Poets, Places, and Pensions, a Gossip with William Howitt, 106.

Portfire's Old Six-pounder, 45.

Prescott (William Hickling), *Memoir of*, by William Rufus Griswold, 429.

Q.

Queen Elizabeth and her Dancing Chancellor, by Dr. W. C. Taylor, 79.

R.

Ramble (A) amongst the Hills and Valleys of Franconian Switzerland, by H. J. Whitling, 511.

Rencontre (A) with some Bachtari Bandits, between Ispahan and Shiraz, by the Hon. Charles Stuart Savile, 290.

Reynolds's (John Hamilton) *Two Enthusiasts*, 209.

Rhoda Frail, by E. V. Ripplingille, 564.

Romer's (Mrs.) *Broken Vow*, 51.

Ripplingille's (E. V.) *Rhoda Frail*, 564.

S.

Savile's (Hon. C. S.) *Rencontre with some Bachtari Bandits, between Ispahan and Shiraz*, 290.

Sentimental Journey (A) through Normandy, by Odard, 274, 395, 528, 629.

Shakespeare Album, 50.

Shots from an old Six-pounder, by Port-fire, 45.

Sir Aldingar, by Albert Smith, 221.

Smith's (Albert) Miss Perkapple and the Gothics' Ball, 1; Thefts from the Percy Reliques—The Boy and the Mantle, 113; Sir Aldingar, 221; The Lady turned Serving-man, 390; Go-a-head Day with Barnum, 522, 623.

Sonnet, the Lark dwells low, 5.

Spanish Succession (The) and Spanish Marriages, by Dr. W. C. Taylor, 249.

Speculation; a Tale of a Bank, by John Parsons Hall, 166.

Spike (Captain); or, The Islets of the Gulf, by J. Fenimore Cooper, 8, 121, 227, 365, 471, 596.

Spring, 451.

Spring-tide; or, The Angler and his Friends, by Paul Pindar, 333.

T.

Taylor's (Dr. W. C.) Queen Elizabeth and her Dancing Chancellor, 79; Nelson and Caraccioli, 142; Spanish Succession and Spanish Marriages, 249; Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 500; Merchant Prince of the Middle Ages, 616.

Tell me, Charmer, tell me, pray, by Alfred Crowquill, 364.

Thefts from the Percy Reliques—The Boy and the Mantle, 113; Sir Aldingar, 221; The Lady turned Serving-man, 390.

The Realms whose Gifts enrich Mankind, 175.

They tell me I must die, Love, 428.

Two Enthusiasts (The), by John Hamilton Reynolds, 209.

V.

Valentine, 175.

Visit (A) to the Cemetery of St. John's, Nuremberg, by H. J. Whitling, 65.

W.

Wars (The) of the Fronde, 213.

W. B's. Address to the Year 1847, 62.

Webster (Daniel), Biographical Sketch of, 299.

Wedding-Suit (My), 177.

Whitehall, and its Predecessors; the old Palace of Westminster,—York Place, 346.

White Rose (The), by the Old Major, 118.

Whitling's (H. J.) Visit to the Cemetery of St. John's, Nuremberg, 65, 190; Ramble amongst the Hills and Valleys of Franconian Switzerland, 511.

Whittle's (Mrs. James) Festivities and Superstitions of Devonshire, 301.

Winter, by Alfred Crowquill, 119.

Wofully Wedded (The), by Mary Howitt, 31.

Y.

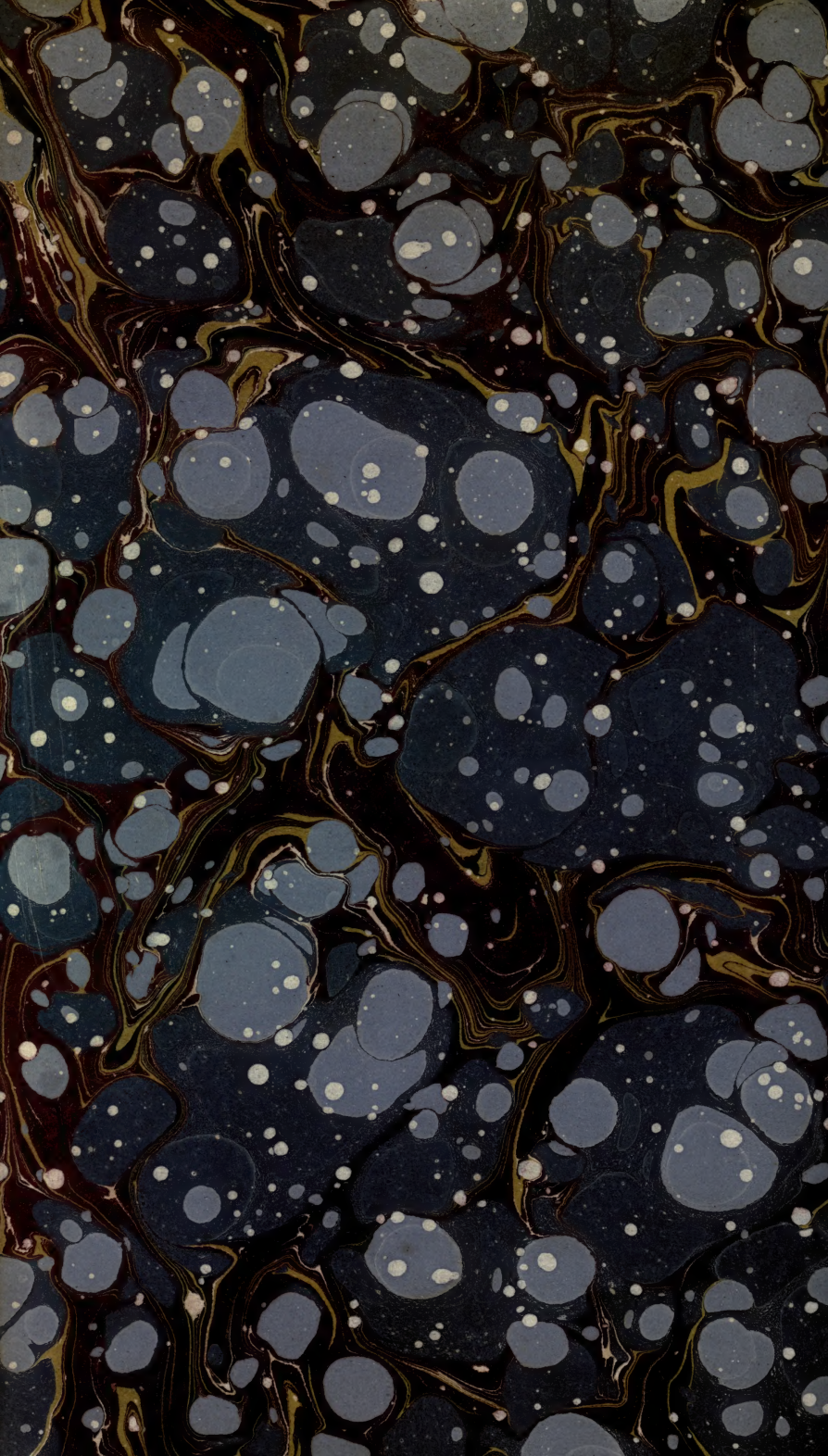
Ye are mine—mine own, 628.

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